

Unclean Lips, Impure Heart

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

8315

1. My lips are foul, my heart im - pure;
I'm a vile fail - ure, ut - ter - ly;
All my past hopes no more en - dure;
Lord, hast Thou yet some grace for me?

Chords: Eb, Bb7/F, Eb, Bb/D, Bb7, Eb, Ab/C, Eb/Bb, F7, Bb, Eb/G, Ab, Eb/G, Ab, Eb/Bb, Cm, Ab, Bb7, Eb.

2. In holiness, self's active yet;
When humble, I on self rely;
E'en the remorseful tears I shed,
These, too, Thy cleansing blood require.

3. In best intentions, self remains;
In highest sacrifice, self's aims;
My heart is my own enemy;
Lord, may my hope yet in Thee stay?

4. In serving God, opinions lurk;
In loving man, self-interest hides.
I dare not stop, nor can I work;
Everywhere, in all, self abides.

5. The old creation's hard to shed;
If I but move, there self is mired.
Oh, that Thy glory Thou wouldst send,
My heart to flood and bless entire.

6. Naught dare I ask, nor aught avow;
Naught can I do but gaze on Thee.
Might Thou Thy precious Word bestow,
Glory divine reveal to me?