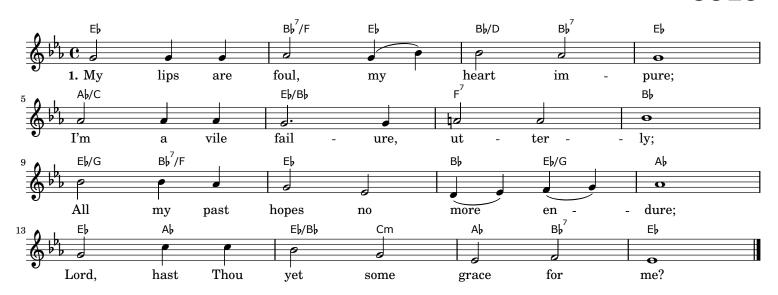
Unclean Lips, Impure Heart

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

8315



- 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?