

When I Receive Gifts, I Can Give Grace

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

8316

(Guitar: Capo 3)

1. When I was graced, could grace dispense,
 Pi - ti - ful self I re - al - ized!
 How much my place I'd o - ver - stepped,
 Was deep - ly felt, etched in my mind!
 I lived be - fore my God, I thought,
 Yet se - cret - ly did self ex - alt!

Chords: D, G, D, A⁷, D, G, D, Bm, E⁷, A, D, D, B, Em, A, D, Bm, C[#], F^{#m}, C[#], F^{#m}, C^{#7}, F^{#m}, A, D, A, D, G, D, Em, A⁷, D

2. All of my life's been filled with woes,
 Trials beyond what most could bear;
 Though of my sufferings no one knows,
 Yet of my staunchness I'm aware;
 I think self's been discarded, yet
 What I've been through, I don't forget!

3. I have received much grace, I know;
 No one on earth more so than I!
 Upon my body, in my soul,
 Evidence of God's work I find.
 I know all He has done in me,
 Appreciate it thoroughly!

4. All my success I clearly see,
 And know my every righteous deed;
 Pride enters in, unconsciously;
 My center shifts from God to me;
 Yesterday's manna I hold tight,
 But it's gone rotten overnight.

5. When friends console me in my plight,
 When they express their sympathy,
 I can no more conceal my pride,
 Patience runs out immediately;
 I fail as any common folks:
 Cursing my birth, I'm thus exposed.

6. O God, about Thee, much I've heard,
 And can expound on Thee at length,
 Yet my poor self's corrupt, impure;
 Never have I for Thee been changed;
 I use Thy gifts to pride inflate,
 Self even more to elevate.

7. But now mine eye has seen Thee, Lord;
 Thy holiness — my filth's exposed.
 Thy shining light — I am destroyed,
 Thy glory — deep contrition flows;
 I hate myself; How could I be
 With self obsessed so utterly?

8. Oh, how ashamed, ashamed am I!
 Self I adorned with Thy free grace!
 I used Thy works to lift self high;
 My every motive's low and base;
 My failure's beyond salvaging;
 More shameful yet, my victory.

9. What shame, that I so proud can be!
 What blindness, and what foolishness!
 Filthiness to consider clean,
 Or flesh consider beautiful.
 Self-righteous I, obtuse as well,
 Thy glory stealing for my self.

10. That I'm corrupt, Thou knowest well;
 As for myself, I had no clue;
 I thought I could rely on self,
 But it is shameful, through and through;
 O Lord, today, please rescue me!
 Come loose my bonds, and set me free!

11. O Lord, my heart doth Thee implore:
 Grant me some dust in which to lie;
 Ashes to on my body pour,
 For fallen self repent thereby;
 I am ashamed unceasingly,
 That so corrupt my heart could be.

12. My words are so inaccurate;
 My life is shallow to the core;
 My every motive is corrupt,
 And all my being I abhor.
 I hate myself now, O my Lord;
 My only hope: abide in Thee.