

When I Receive Gifts, I Can Give Grace

Longings — For Deliverance from Self

8316

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D **G** **D** **A⁷** **D**
1. When I was graced, could grace dis - pense,
G **D** **Bm** **E⁷** **A**
Pi - ti - ful self I re - - - al - ized!
D **B** **Em** **A** **D**
How much my place I'd o - - - ver - stepped,
Bm **C#** **F#m** **C#** **F#m** **C#⁷** **F#m**
Was deep - ly felt, etched in my mind!
A **D** **A** **D**
I lived be - fore my God, I thought,
G **D** **Em** **A⁷** **D**
Yet se - cret - ly did self ex - alt!

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.