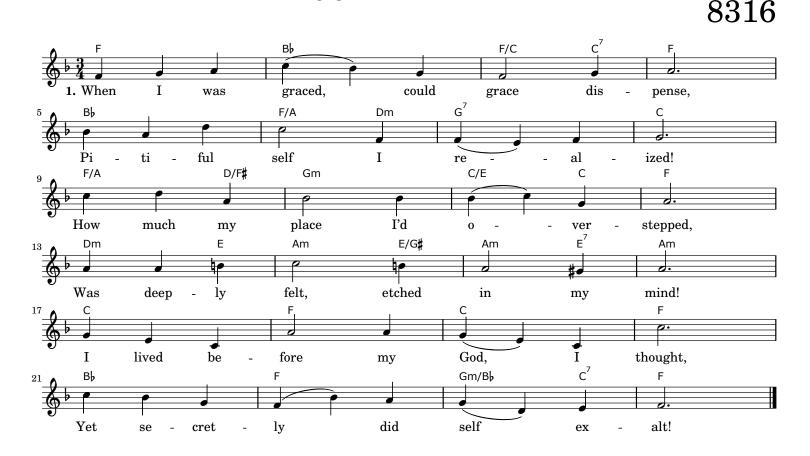
When I Receive Gifts. I Can Give Grace

Longings — For Deliverance from Self



- **2.** All of my life's been filled with woes, Trials beyond what most could bear; Though of my suffrings 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; 11. O Lord, my heart doth Thee implore: 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 beauteous. 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!
- 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.