

# That Deep Love of Mary

## Experience of Christ — Loving Him

*(Guitar: Capo 3)*

D	A	Bm	D	G	D	Em
1. Lo,	Mar - y	gave	You all	she had,	Re-leased the sweet fra-grance of	nard;
A	D	A	Bm	D	G	A
	Dis - ci -	ples cried,	“What waste,	this deed!”	But You carved it deep in Your	heart.
D <sup>7</sup>	G	A	D	G	A	D
	She broke her flask, of - fered her - self,			Cared not for their view-point at		all;
D	G	A	F <sup>#7</sup>	Bm	Em <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	Her eyes, transfixed,	saw just	Your-self,	By glo - ri - ous beau - ty en - thralled.		
D	A	F <sup>#m</sup>	Bm	G	A	D
	(C) O Je - sus, Je - sus, glad - ly I'd			That deep love of Mar - y's out - pour,		
D	Bm	A	F <sup>#7</sup>	Bm	Em <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	“Waste” all on You with all	my might,	No mat - ter the cost, my dear Lord.			

2. “Three hundred whole denarii!”  
 Some outraged, her act did decry;  
 But she, in tears, gave no reply;  
 She knew Your departure was nigh.  
 From head to toe, ointment flowed down;  
 She stooped, wiped Your feet with her crown,  
 No thought, no hesitation, doubt—  
 Till every last drop was poured out.
  
3. I can't pour oil whene'er I please;  
 Just while You still sit at the feast.  
 Before it's gone, this chance I'll seize,  
 Upon You, sweet ointment release.  
 Though sometimes I'm fallen and low,  
 Rebellious, rejecting and cold,  
 If I just turn, what grace I know,  
 And love that will not let me go!
  
4. Do I for self still harbor goals?  
 Do I for base gain still aspire?  
 Was ointment poured out just for show,  
 Not truly for Your heart's desire?  
 Lord, rid me of natural self.  
 I'd seek only You, all my days.  
 Completely break me, Lord, I pray,  
 Till meet as Your vessel I'm made.