

That Deep Love of Mary

Experience of Christ — Loving Him

1. Lo, Mar - y gave You all she had, Re - leased the sweet fragrance of nard;
 Dis - ci - ples cried, "What waste, this deed!" But You carved it deep in Your heart.
 She broke her flask, of - fered her - self, Cared not for their viewpoint at all;
 Her eyes, trans - fixed, saw just Your - self, By glo - ri - ous beau - ty en - thralled.

Chorus
 (C) O Je - sus, Je - sus, glad - ly I'd That deep love of Mar - y's out - pour,
 "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.