

## Longings—For Knowing the Flesh

2. Inwardly I want the Lord,  
But my conduct hateful is;  
Though I would, I cannot change,  
O what real bondage 'tis!  
By God's law my sin's revealed,  
But the law of sin doth bind;  
Though I struggle to be free,  
No release my soul can find.

3. Many times I fall and rise,  
Oft resolve, and often fail;  
Craving vict'ry, I retreat,  
And my sad defeat bewail.  
Truly I am sold to sin  
And completely powerless;  
There's no good within my flesh,  
All is dark and sinfulness.

4. Now I know myself in part,  
And confess my helplessness;  
All my temperament is odd,  
All my life corrupted is.  
Subtle self I cannot trust,  
Nor to fleshly strength can cling;  
All my trust and all my hope  
Is in Jesus Christ my King.

5. May the Cross put me to death  
That on Christ I may rely;  
May His Holy Spirit fill,  
That Himself I may apply.  
May His death so work in me  
Daily deeper than before,  
That my self may be destroyed  
And His life thru me may pour.

**6. O how bitter is my case!**  
Who this wretched slave can free,  
Who deliver from this death,  
To a life of victory?  
Jesus shed His blood for me,  
Christ is now my holiness;  
I receive Him as my life  
And my portion measureless.

7. Now I'm wholly sanctified,  
Selfless, I obey His word;  
Nevermore to feel ashamed  
When I come before the Lord.  
How transcendent is this life!  
Grace thru faith He gives to me!  
Praise the Lord, He heard my cry  
And has made me wholly free.