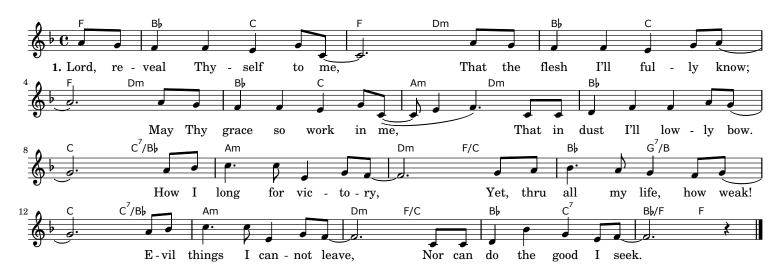
Longings—For Knowing the Flesh



- 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.