

# In A Lifetime Never Met A Clever Rival

Longings — For Knowing the Flesh

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1. My clev - er - ness no match had met In E - sau, I - saac of the  
 8 past; But now it's life or death, and yet I still in self would place my  
 16 trust. My hands are tied— sub - mit - ting not, I still would strug - gle, scheme and plot.

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| <p><b>2.</b> It seems one comes to rob my home;<br/>         Afraid, yet stubborn, I persist,<br/>         I fear my final day has come—<br/>         With every ounce of strength, resist.<br/>         He comes to wrestle; I defend:<br/>         I'll fight Him to the bitter end.</p> <p><b>3.</b> How strange! Though every wile I've used,<br/>         For one whole night, yet still He stands.<br/>         I see my strength has been reduced,<br/>         And yet revenge is not His plan.<br/>         How strange! Although I can't get free,<br/>         My courage grows exceedingly.</p> <p><b>4.</b> I've never met with such a foe,<br/>         And even if He states His name,<br/>         Of this opponent naught I know,<br/>         But that from Him reward I'd gain.<br/>         I'd force Him blessing to bestow,<br/>         And, blessing, His surrender own.</p> <p><b>5.</b> 'Tis dawn, yet have I won, or He?<br/>         It's still impossible to see.<br/>         My Rival, forced, now blesses me,<br/>         To me concedes the victory .<br/>         Says "Israel" is my new name;<br/>         But when I rise, my thigh is lame.</p> <p><b>6.</b> The faintest light in darkened heart<br/>         Begins to shine — I realize:<br/>         If I'm so strong, why grasp the heel?<br/>         If victor, why the crippled thigh?<br/>         'Twas He who won and left this sign,<br/>         From folly warning me thereby.</p> | <p><b>7.</b> A flood of light: This heart of mine,<br/>         As breaks the dike by swelling tide,<br/>         At once in radiance divine<br/>         Must worship, and in shame must hide.<br/>         So great my sin, I must confess:<br/>         I'm lawless, full of filthiness.</p> <p><b>8.</b> Alas! To think: I overcame<br/>         Creator God Omnipotent!<br/>         Ridiculous! Oh, woe is me!<br/>         Death is my fitting punishment.<br/>         That these, mine own two hands, rebelled<br/>         The mighty God to stop and held!</p> <p><b>9.</b> Thou, God, dost shine so gloriously;<br/>         Thou, Lord of hosts, resplendent, bright,<br/>         At once, at recognizing Thee,<br/>         And realizing who Thou art,<br/>         I cry aloud, and tearfully<br/>         I must repent and bow the knee.</p> <p><b>10.</b> How can it be that I could see<br/>         Him face to face and hand to hand?<br/>         If only earth would swallow me,<br/>         My shame to hide, my life to end.<br/>         Why did I not, at life's first start,<br/>         Pass on, from earth in sleep depart?</p> <p><b>11.</b> I hate myself; my heart was dim,<br/>         For blinded were mine eyes by pride;<br/>         Now, at the thought of conquering Him,<br/>         I tremble and am terrified.<br/>         Not just my thigh, but all my strength<br/>         I've lost; I'm broken, paralyzed.</p> | <p><b>12.</b> As I look back at all my life,<br/>         I see that it's corrupt entire.<br/>         For self, my God I sacrificed;<br/>         My foolish heart knew but desire.<br/>         What then I thought that "blessing" be<br/>         Was forcing God to grant my plea.</p> <p><b>13.</b> "I wish: the heav'n must fall in line.<br/>         I plan: my Lord must coincide.<br/>         I want: my God should step aside.<br/>         I work: my God must be my guide.<br/>         When I am rushed, He must not stay,<br/>         For once, His victory to display."</p> <p><b>14.</b> There's one so evil here below,<br/>         So proud, deceitful, obstinate;<br/>         Lord, that I'm Jacob Thou dost know:<br/>         One Thou should'st but detest and hate;<br/>         No hope have I but mercy Thine<br/>         Upon this wretched heart of mine.</p> <p><b>15.</b> I grope — at once His mercy find.<br/>         At first lame step — His grace is mine!<br/>         If I forget, my wounded thigh<br/>         Reminds: on naught can I rely.<br/>         Though Israel I'm named by Thee,<br/>         Yet Jacob ever lame shall be.</p> <p><b>16.</b> O Lord, 'twas Thou that overcame;<br/>         In Thy defeat, defeat I'd claim;<br/>         To Thee I yield my victory;<br/>         Thy weakness drops me to my knees.<br/>         In fear and trembling all my days<br/>         Thy will I'd do, Thy name I'd praise.</p> |
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