

EARTHEN VESSELS

NATHANAEL CHAN



When I first received that wondrous sight
Of Christ on that cruel cross
I longed to know how these soiled hands
Could e'er undo that loss

How these hands that bruised God
Now could bless my Saviour
How feet worn by a thorny ground
Could walk earth's end, all for His favour

But 'twas You gave trembling dust a tongue
To sing Your praises over
The soft crack in my clayish voice
Unveils Your holy power

This is grace, not that I work
But that Christ now works through me
All that I am is but a wick
To spread His love to thee

And if I ever fall again
Into that haze of doubt
Where lies weigh down my weary gaze
With self-centring doubt

I receive again that wondrous sight
Of Jesus risen, wounded, free
Not that I live in prideful doubt
But broken victory

*You need but rend your heart, My child
His likeness covers all the tears
Of soiled garments, tattered clothes
Now take My best robe and wear*

*Let Me shine through your earthen frame
Let alabaster fill the air*