

God's Grace In Forgiveness

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So now you're feeling guilty, about the things now past
And with a heart that's heavy the skies are overcast
Though all wiped out by God alone, those sins still trouble you
Then listen to me Christian friend, I'll tell you words so true.

There's not a single particle of goodness left in you
Despite you trying very hard, there's nothing you can do.
You must appreciate the fact, you're are of a fallen race
But God comes in with matchless love, the riches of His grace.

Now this is not God giving you, to do just as you like
To live rebelliously to God, results in darkest night.
For even though a child of God, yes truly born again
God's holy precious word declares, your nature is the same.

For when the Spirit of God's grace, so kindly He draws near
It's not to **Sinai** dear saint, there's nothing now to fear
But never does that ever mean that one can tempt their God
For then He comes to discipline by word and then by rod.

For many years you sinned a sin, t'was no variety
It was the very same old sin, you sinned repeatedly
And then your conscience bothered you, your fall was very grave
Some well intentioned saint would say, "God's ready now to save".

And down you went, and deeper far, how low I do not know
But this I read, Ephesians four, God's son went very low
The good Samaritan, is He, then coming, stooping down
He spoke to me with tender love, "My child don't wear a frown."

"For I am God, I know your sins, I knew them long ago
And by the death of my dear Son, His blood did scarlet flow
What agony He bore that day, the God forsaken man
To lift you from the depths of sin was my eternal plan."

Thus, take a look at Calvary's cross, and there upon the tree
"That is my well Beloved Son; he's suffering there for thee"
Chastised and smitten, all alone, silent in agony
That all thy guilty wretchedness, could now forgiven be.

Thus, bowing low before my God, I do confess my sin
His arms of love around me thrown, my child come in, come in
I have a table spread for thee, a banquet all sublime
Don't stand out there, come boldly in, I died to make thee mine.

So entering in, O what a feast my Father had supplied
There love and grace and mercy flowed, far deeper than the tide
Thy sins have all been put away, there's not a spot remains
The precious blood of Christ the Son, it cleanseth from all stains.

Thus, not a spot remains on me, not ere a single trace
My clothes are white, my life restored, how rich God's wondrous grace
My spirit it rejoicing goes, Praise God for Christ the Lamb
For by the grace of God I am, indeed just what I am.

*Rowan Jennings
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