When I am in the natural man

John D. Roberts, 1883





When I am in the natural man, How very strong I feel I am. I do not know, I cannot scan How weak I am.

When in the world I have my life, I cannot sense my failure rife, But boasting in my earnest strife, I forward press.

When I within the darkness dwell, My shallow state I cannot tell, I only think how I excel, And proudly dream.

But when at last I come to Thee, Thy searching light uncovers me, I see what I could never see-My self exposed.

I wither 'neath Thy piercing ray, And all my strength dissolves away, My self-esteem in dust I lay, And lowly bow. How blind and foolish is the pride With which my soul was fortified; From my dark heart, self-satisfied, It issued forth.

There's not a thing that pride can claim, There's not a member but is lame, There's only deep regret and shame, How can I pray?

Thy blood from judgment saveth me. Thy life from wrath delivers me, How filthy yet in poverty I really am.

I want to pray, but faith have not, I fain would seek Thee as Thou art. Oh, canst Thou e'er renew my heart, Have mercy, Lord!

Watchman Nee