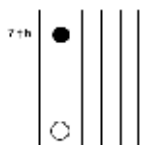
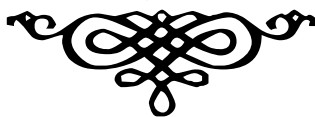
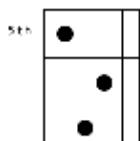


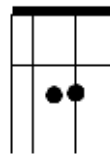
Substance in the Shade



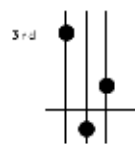
1



2



3



4

1
LONG have I seemed to serve you, Lord,

2
With UNAVAILING pain;

1
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,

2
And heard it preached in vain.

3
My boast - Of means an idol made;

Oft did I with the assembly join,
And near your altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.
My boast - Of means an idol made;

3
The spirit in the letter lost,

4
The substance in the shade.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love divine.
My boast - Of means an idol made;

To please you thus,
at length I see,
Vainly I hoped and strove;
For what are outward
things to thee,
Unless they spring from love?

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
My boast - Of means an idol made;

Where am I now, or what my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to you my soul looks up,
'Tis you must make it new.
My boast - Of means an idol made;