

Dear Lord, I Come Confessing



Dear Lord, I come con - fess - ing a — hard - 'ning heart of late. The
 You taught us, Lord, some tough things: Do good to those who hate; that
 You came, Lord, in com - pas - sion, to — cold, dark Beth - le - hem. And,
 Your "No" to earth - ly pow - er re - fused the Tempt - er plain. You



grip of black - hole for - ces pulls toward a mouth of hate. Help —
 an - ger counts with mur - der, and — car - ries judg - ment's weight; that for -
 on the way to meet your death, you mourned Je - ru - sa - lem! You —
 gave, in - stead, your life poured out and — Spir - it to — re - main. So —



me re - sist — the im - pulse to — name an — "us" and "them," and —
 give - ness and for - giv - ing have — meas - 'ring cups the same.... Would
 free - ly met with sin - ners; you — did not — count the cost; you —
 let us, in — your steps, Lord, spread bless - ing — side - to - side. To —



let me name in - stead my fears, to — bring to you a - gain.
 I then share no — mer - cy with a soul for whom you came?
 told how Heav'n re - joic - es when one is found who had — been lost.
 act in love, we — can, be - cause of — peace that You pro - vide.

Tune: KINGSFOLD, English folk tune
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