

## The Blazing of God

Oh Holy God whose searching sight  
Makes all in darkness as the light,  
Opens up my heart to see  
The deep corruption found in me.

Thy light exposes every trace  
Of guiltiness, despite Thy grace,  
So oft abused throughout my life,  
How deeply grieving in Thy sight.

My heart, it yearns for Thee to show  
My filthiness that I may know,  
The richness of Thy love divine  
Upon the cross to make me Thine.

How great I need Thy washing clean,  
Thy cleansing from where ere I've been,  
Removal of the scum and dross,  
To count all for Thy sake but loss.

Take thou my sins, remove the stain,  
Till in Thy sight not one remain,  
Nail all affections to the cross,  
And view the evil world but dross.

My mind make pure, my heart make clean,  
Until the blessed Lord is seen,  
Reflected in this life of mine,  
As I Lord am more wholly Thine.

When to this evil world I stray,  
Preserve my steps, hedge up the way,  
Keep Thou my soul from grieving Thee,  
And I will have a conscience free.

Or when the waves and billows roll,  
Of guiltiness across my soul,  
Oh Lord draw near, Thy comfort be,  
My solace, all be found in Thee.

And lead me to Thy holy light,  
And there be grasped by Calvary's sight,  
Upon the rugged cross of shame,  
The Lord for me, He bore my blame.

Then bowing contrite at the cross,  
Cleanse all my sins and all the dross,  
Restore to me Thy peace and joy,  
That conscience free without alloy.

. . . . *Rowan Jennings*  
*16th May 2002*