

# I Want To Walk With God Above

## My Aspirations

Note the times when either the Lord (*in italics*) or I speak.

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I want to walk with God above, while on this earth below,  
And as the life of Christ is lived, God's love to others show,  
To live for Him when life is hard, or when soft breezes blow.  
To seek to follow in His steps, as He walked to and fro.

To breathe that holy atmosphere, of heavenly grace divine,  
And know His words of comfort cheer, "*My child thou now art mine*",  
In each and every single day, have fellowship sublime,  
And hating every single thing which grieves this heart of Thine.

But, how then can this union come; I ask what is the cost,  
To bow contritely and in truth, at Calvary's precious cross?  
I then look up with watered eyes, my cheeks are wet with tears,  
As anguish fills my deepest soul, my heart yet knows no fears.

I know His heart, He looks at me, the eyes that Peter saw,  
With tender voice He'll speak to me, "*My body it was raw,*  
*Do take a look at my scourged back, behold my beaten face,*  
*Gaze on my pierced and bleeding hands, my child this is God's grace,*  
*Oh not a quick a passing glimpse, but stop and do behold,*  
*Your heart will in a moment say; The half has not been told*".

Behold, as darkness now descends, the worst storm ever known,  
The fury of God's holy wrath, upon the Saviour borne,  
It's dark and fierce, what agony, no tongue can ever tell,  
The fires of judgment that He bore, to save my soul from hell.

*"I suffered long; it was severe, My God forsaking me,  
And all alone, yes all alone, upon that rough-hewn tree,  
I lift my voice to God, I cry, I shout for all to hear,  
Its finished, now the work is o're, the way to heaven's clear.*

*I bowed my head upon the cross, and bid my spirit flee,  
Into the hands of God above, my Father true is He,  
Now come with me through twilights gloom, and see my body laid,  
In Joseph's brand new hewn out tomb, I lie among the dead.*

*For three long days, and three long nights, my body interned lay,  
Just waiting for that Sunday morn, it was a blessed day,  
Up from the dead, I then arose; yes death had lost it's grip,  
I came to heal, make spirits whole, of all who were sin sick,  
Up from the dead, look in my hands, the keys of death and grave,  
There's not a sin enslaves you child, from which I cannot save.*

*I promise freedom from dread sin, for every child of mine,  
For every energy I have, my child it now is thine,  
The Holy Spirit I sent down, the covenant ratified,  
God's Holy will was surely sealed, the day in which I died*".

I'm free! I'm free! Oh praise the Lord, I'm free! I shout again,  
The precious blood of God's dear son, this cleanses from each stain,  
No longer has sin power o're me, now death has lost it's gloom,  
I live on earth with God above, this side of garden tomb,  
I'm free! I'm free! I praise my God, for sacrifice divine,  
A living sacrifice was Christ, now this is love sublime.

Thus, bowing there at Calvary's cross, or at the garden grave,  
My blessed Lord I bowed to Thee, to Thee my life I gave,  
Thus as I live on earth below, so kindly by God given,  
It is sustained by God above, the man on Calvary riven.