



Rags To Riches

When I came to Jesus all tattered and torn
My life was in shambles, my feelings so worn,
No hope for tomorrow, no help for today,
My anger had driven all friendships away.

Sin shipwrecked my life and battered my soul,
My boat lost its anchor, sin's billows did roll,
Angry and bitter, profane and disgraced,
Sinsick and weary, a sad end I faced.

My dreams had all vanished, my voice I had lost,
My hands once so nimble were crippled, what cost!
My mind once so active was sluggish and slow,
My eyes were fast failing, my heart hurt me so.

Existence was wretched, no more could I take,
Despair took me over, my heart hurt from ache.
I stumbled before Him, in rags I had made
Of all I possessed, so low had I strayed.

I fell at His feet, for I could not face
The hurt in His eyes, for He'd took my place,
I begged His forgiveness, I promised to serve
With the rest of my life—much more He deserved.

He reached down and lifted me, I saw Him smile,
He whispered, "I love you! You're so special, Child!"
He wrapped me in raiments much whiter than snow,
Yes, He rescued my life when He saved my soul.

My dreams are of Heaven, with voice I do sing
And lift hands in honor to Jesus, the King.
My mind is now restful, no turmoil I feel,
My eyes feast on Jesus and doing His will.

He took the rags of a life of despair
And put in their place riches beyond compare.
He extended Grace, sufficient and free,
And turned rags to riches when He forgave me.

. . . . *Unknown*