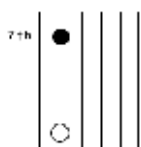
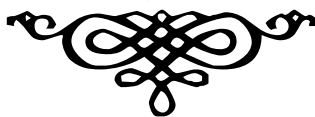
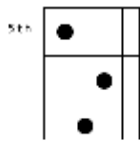


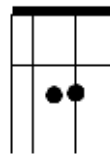
# Substance in the Shade



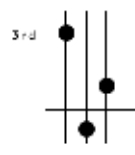
1



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;