

LIVING IN THE VINE



*No asp is worse than my own self,
No serpent ever more beguiled,
Which begs the question - why did God
Ever choose me as His child?*

*I tend to wander far from Him,
I tend to rest, I tend to lust,
I tend to ease and comfort most,
I tend away from all that's just.*

*Oh, with my mind I would agree
With the law and with the right,
But how to do the things I would
I neither power have nor might.*

*Left to myself I would decay,
I am my own worst enemy,
Which makes me glad as glad can be
That God has promised good to me.*

*His heart of love my heart embraced
And drew me near unto Himself;
Now I can walk and talk with Him
As did Peter and the twelve.*

*He tells me that I am a branch
And that Jesus is the Vine;
Now all I need I draw from Him
Into this 'poverty' life of mine.*

*Now Heaven's gates are open wide
And I am a friend of God
Because Jesus gave His life*

And shed for me His precious Blood.

*Why? Because God Himself is good,
The source of all that's true and right;
He shines His light and I am changed
As the day comes from the night.*