

THE Hiding Place

My Eyes Are Dry

My eyes are dry, my faith is old,
My heart is hard, my prayers are cold,
And now I know how I ought to be,
Alive in You, and dead in me.

Oh what can be done for an old heart like mine?
Soften it up with oil and wine.
The oil is You, Your Spirit of love.
Please wash me anew in the wine of Your blood.