

Himself

Himself by A.B. Simpson

Original is in black text, personalized in *blue italics*

Monday

Once it was the blessing, now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling, now it is Your Word.
Once Your gifts I wanted, now the Giver own;
Once I sought for healing, now **Himself** alone.

*Once it was the blessing I sought, now it is You Lord;
Once it was the feeling I desired, now it is Your Word.
Once Your gifts I wanted, now the Giver I own;
Once I sought for healing, now it is **You Yourself** alone.*

Tuesday

Once 'twas painful trying, now 'tis perfect trust;
Once a half salvation, Now the uttermost.
Once 'twas ceaseless holding, now He holds me fast;
Once 'twas constant drifting, now my **anchor's** cast.

*Once 'twas painful trying, now 'tis perfect trust;
Once a half salvation (saved from the **penalty** of sin but not from the **power**),
Now the uttermost.
Once 'twas ceaseless holding, now You hold me fast;
Once 'twas constant drifting, now my **anchor's** cast.
Thank You Lord for what You have done!*

Wednesday

Once 'twas busy planning, now 'tis trustful prayer;
Once 'twas anxious caring, now He has the care.
Once 'twas what I wanted, now what Jesus says;
Once 'twas constant asking, now 'tis ceaseless praise.

Himself

*Once 'twas busy planning, now 'tis trustful prayer;
Once 'twas anxious caring, now He has the care. (1 Pet 5:7 Casting
all your care upon Him)
Once 'twas what I wanted, now what Jesus says;
Once 'twas constant asking, now 'tis ceaseless praise.*

Thursday

Once it was my working, His it hence shall be;
Once I tried to use Him, now He uses me.
Once the power I wanted, now the Mighty One;
Once for self I labored, now I rest in Him alone.

*Once it was my working, Yours it hence shall be;
Once I tried to use You, now may You use me.
Once the power I wanted, now the Mighty One;
Once for self I labored, now I rest in You alone.*

Friday

Once I wished for Jesus, now I know He's mine;
Once my lamps were dying, now they brightly shine.
Once for death I waited, now His coming hail;
And my **hopes** are **anchored**, safe within the veil.

Heb 6:19 We have this hope as an **anchor** for the soul, firm and secure. It enters the inner sanctuary behind the curtain, 20 where Jesus, our forerunner, has entered on our behalf. *Lord, You Yourself are my **Hope**, both for now and for all eternity.*

*Once I would not have You, now I know You are mine;
Once my lamps were dying, now they brightly shine.
Once for death I shuddered, now Your coming hail;
And my hopes are anchored, safe within the veil.
Thank You Lord that my **hopes** are **anchored** in You, safely behind the veil.*

Himself

Saturday

Once my hands were always trying,
Trying hard to do my best;
Now my heart is sweetly trusting,
And my soul is all at rest.

*Once my hands were always trying,
Trying hard to do my best; (trying to live the Christian life, trying to
be like Christ.)*

*Now my heart is sweetly trusting,
And my soul is all at rest.*

*Thank You Lord that my soul is all at rest in **You**, and in Your perfect
finished work.*