

Worship Songs

"Alabaster Box"

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The room grew still as she made her way to Jesus
She stumbles through the tears that made her blind
She felt such pain, some spoke in anger
Heard folks whisper, there's no place here for her kind.
Still on she came, through the shame that flushed her face
Until at last she knelt before His feet. And though she spoke no words
Everything she said was heard, As she poured her love for the Master
 >From her box of Alabaster.

CHORUS

And I've come to pour my praise on Him like oil from Mary's Alabaster Box
Don't be angry if I wash His feet with my tears and I dry them with my hair.
You weren't there the night He found me.
You did not feel what I felt when He wrapped His love all around me.
And you don't know the cost of the oil in my Alabaster Box.

VERSE 2

No puedo olvidar mi vida pasada. Era prisionera del pecado que me ataba.
I spent my days pouring my life without measure.
Into a little treasure box I thought I found. Until the day when Jesus came to me
And healed my soul with the wonder of His touch.
So now I'm giving back to Him all the praise He's worthy of .
I've been forgiven and that's why I love Him so much.

(I've been forgiven: He sido perdonada (female) because she was forgiven, but if everybody is singing this must be changed to de male word: perdonado)

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