LYRIC SHEET · FOR CHURCHES

costly strain

Emmeline · My Portion

I spent my twenties learning how to earn,
stacking every stone to build a name.
The world said climb and I was keen to learn—
God said lose it all
and I could not explain.

They'll sell you wisdom at a market rate,
they'll tell you knowledge is the highest ground.
But I have found the smartest thing to date
is fall down on my face
and stay face-down.

Oh, it's a costly strain,
to count the whole world loss—
but were the whole of it my own,
I'd leave it at the cross.
So amazing, so severe,
this love that asks for all—
I count my kingdoms cheap as straw
and let my towers fall.

My résumé was sixteen pages long,
I had the world arranged inside my grip,
but every rung I climbed, I climbed it blind—
the ladder leaned against an empty wall
and I didn't trip.

I jumped.

And on the way down, something cracked in two
—
not bone, not pride, but something more like
scales.
I hit the ground and found the sky was new
and wide and free
and nothing there for sale.

Oh, it's a costly strain,
to count the whole world loss—
but were the whole of it my own,
I'd leave it at the cross.
So amazing, so severe,
this love that asks for all—
I count my kingdoms cheap as straw
and let my towers fall.

Search me. Know me.
Try the restless places in my chest.
The fear of You is where it starts,
and where it starts
is where I rest.

Not the middle, not the end—
the fear of the Lord is the beginning.

And I am just beginning.

Oh, it's a costly strain,
to count the whole world loss—
but I would trade my every crown
for the splinter of the cross.
So amazing, so severe,
this love that asks for all—
I count my kingdoms cheap as straw
and let my towers fall.

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