

Ce Ce Winans, Alabaster Box

Ce Ce Winans

Miscellaneous

Alabaster Box

The room grew still

As she made her way to Jesus

She stumbled through the tears

That make 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 loving arms around me

And you don't know the cost

Of the oil in my Alabaster box

I can't forget the way life used to be

I was a prisoner to the sin that had me bound

And I spent my days

Poured 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

Chorus