

Alabaster Box

Janice Sjostran

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

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'd thought I'd 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

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 dry them with my hair
You weren't there
The night Jesus 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
Oh, you don't know the cost of my praise
You don't know the cost of the oil
In my alabaster box

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