

## **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.**

**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.**

**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. Oh you don't know the cost of my praise.  
You don't the cost of the oil in my Alabaster box.**