

Birthright of Praise

By Susan K Hawthorne

I have a birthright of praise.
How have I sold it today?
For a temporary fill?
For a momentary thrill?
For a vacillating will?
For just how much would I sell
My holy, daily birthright of praise?

I have a Savior's grace to own,
A full and freeing love to be shown.
Could I treat as common-place
How they spat upon His face
As He carried my disgrace?
Could I let busyness erase
My holy, daily gratitude for grace?

I have a friend on the road.
When will I give Him my load?
Am I hangin' onto stuff,
Like He isn't strong enough,
Like I'm tryin' to be tough?
Will I groan, or will I trust
My wholly faithful friend on the road?

So, do I have an Esau heart,
Or a soul that's set apart?--
That's the question hanging ever,
And the answer shapes Forever.

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