

AS YOU'VE BEEN RECONCILED

INTRO | D | A | G | A | D | D |

VERSE 1 ^D “I hate my loathsome ^G bitterness”,
^A We claim, yet seldom ^G fight.
^D Its roots run deep, and strong they grip;
^G Beguiling us with ^A lies.
^G Sin pleads, “A little ^A soothes the ^{F#m} soul.” ^{Bm}
^{Em} All while its leaven ^{Bm} stains the ^A whole.
^G Defiled, our love for men ^A grows ^{F#m} cold, ^{Bm}
^G As discord in the church is ^D sown,
And grieves the Spirit’s heart. ^A | ^G | ^A

VERSE 2 ^D Instead why do we not ^G forgive,
^A And lay offense ^G aside?
^D For love can cover many ^A sins,
^G And heal our wounded ^D pride.
^G Why do we oft reject this ^A peace, ^{F#m} ^{Bm}
When Jesus died for our ^{Em} reprieve? ^{Bm} ^A
Like fools, we nurture our ^G disease, ^A ^{F#m} ^{Bm}
And plague ourselves with ^G countless ^D griefs ^A
When joy could be our ^D prize. ^A

CHORUS ^G He who has been ^D forgiven ^A much, ^{Bm} loves ^G much
^D Loves much
^G He who has been ^D forgiven ^A much, ^{Bm} loves ^G much
^D Loves much, loves much ^D | ^A | ^G | ^A

