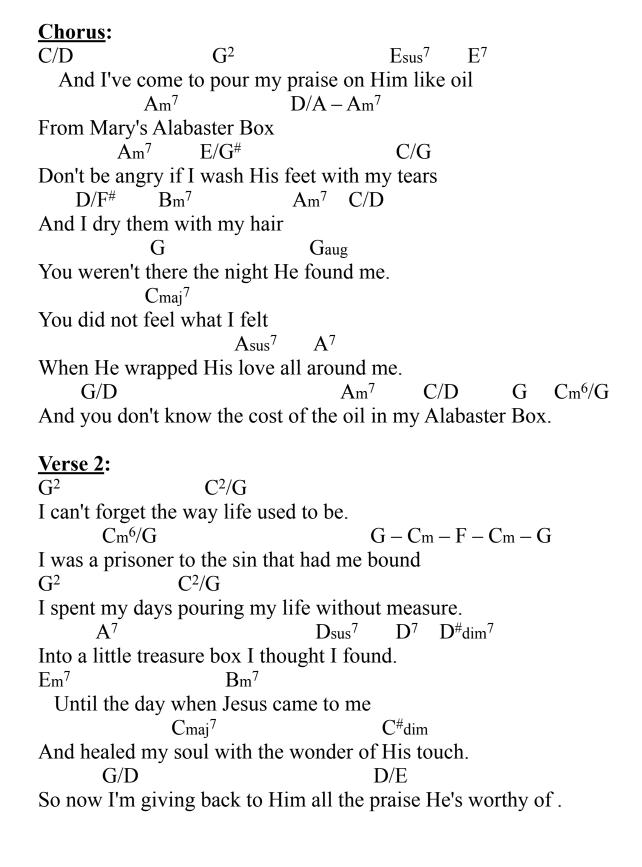
Alabaster Box

Verse 1: C^2/G The room grew still as she made her way to Jesus $G-C\mathsf{m}-F-C\mathsf{m}-G$ Cm⁶/G She stumbles through the tears that made her blind G^2 C^2/G She felt such pain, some spoke in anger $Dsus^7$ D^7 $D^\# dim^7$ Heard folks whisper, there's no place here for her kind. Em^7 Bm^7 Still on she came, through the shame that flushed her face Cmai⁷ Until at last she knelt before His feet. G/D And though she spoke no words Em^7 D/E Everything she said was heard, Am^7 As she poured her love for the Master Cmai⁷ Dsus⁷ From her box of Alabaster.



 ${\rm Am^7}$ ${\rm G^2/B}$ ${\rm Cmaj^7}$ ${\rm Dsus^7}$ I've been forgiven and that's why I love Him so much.

Chorus 2:

D/E A^2 $F^{\#}_{sus}^{7}$ $F^{\#7}$

And I've come to pour my praise on Him like oil

 Bm^7 E/B Bm^7

From Mary's Alabaster Box

 Bm^7 $F^{\#}/A^{\#}$ D/A

Don't be angry if I wash His feet with my tears

 $E/G^{\#}$ $C^{\#}m^{7}$ $F^{\#}m^{7}$ Bm^{7} D/E

And I dry them with my hair, ...my hair.

A Aaug

You weren't there the night Jesus found me.

Dmaj⁷

You did not feel what I felt

 $Bsus^7$ B^7

When He wrapped His love all around me.

A/E D_m/E

And you don't know the cost of the oil

A/E Dm^6/E

Oh, you don't know the cost of my praise.

A/E Bm^7

You don't know the cost of the oil

D/E F^6 B^b maj⁹ A^2

In my Alabaster Box.