

## SHE WASHED HIS FEET WITH HER TEARS

1. She came in and stood behind him,  
carried a jar in her hand;  
poured the perfume she bought for Jesus,  
let down her hair for this man.  
They were undecided about who he was:  
should they acclaim or condemn?  
Oh, when everyone else was unclear  
she washed his feet with her tears.
2. Tears don't fall for some that easy,  
feelings are hidden within;  
strong emotions are reined and bridled,  
passion suppressed like a sin.  
Is it fear of being mistreated, misjudged?  
Can love survive on a leash?  
True love flourishes on the frontier,  
she washed his feet with her tears.
3. Simon's eyes were disapproving;  
did Jesus know what she was?  
Did a prophet need signs to tell him  
she was a breaker of laws?  
She'd a reputation for being too free,  
now she was kissing his feet.  
It's outrageous! But that's her career,  
she washes feet with her tears.
4. Like a magnet he draws these people,  
prodigals all coming home.  
Though their names are unrecorded,  
he recognises his own.  
In this world their status may be  
second-best,  
they may be common or plain.  
But they're all number one people here;  
she washed his feet with her tears.
5. Jesus turned to his host for dinner,  
'Simon, d'you see what she's done?  
She gave me a feast of welcome,  
you gave me just a few crumbs.  
Though her life may not be  
upright or correct,  
she knows the meaning of love.  
She deserves your applause  
not your sneer,  
she washed my feet with her tears.'
6. Did she cry in celebration?  
Was it a sign of release!?  
Or was she anticipating  
blood as the price of her peace?  
Did she dream of arms  
stretching out on a cross,  
Jesus embracing the world?  
Long before he was stuck with a spear,  
she washed his feet with her tears.
7. Things will never be quite normal,  
nothing can be quite the same.  
Even though his death was ugly,  
Jesus has got quite a name.  
In a world where carpenters  
rise from the dead,  
nothing is settled or fixed.  
Every moment his love interferes;  
he washes feet with his tears.

*She brought an alabaster jar full of perfume and stood behind Jesus, by his feet, crying and wetting his feet with her tears. Then she dried his feet with her hair, kissed them and poured the perfume on them. Luke 7:37,38*

*1992. The title for this song was the theme for the July 1992 student service at St Stephen's, from the gospel for the day, Luke 7:36-50. The unnamed woman's action is both a tremendous expression of love, and an act of hospitality and service to Jesus. The text is also another prodigal son/waiting father story, only here the prodigal is a woman, Jesus is the accepting father, and the older brother is a Pharisee.*