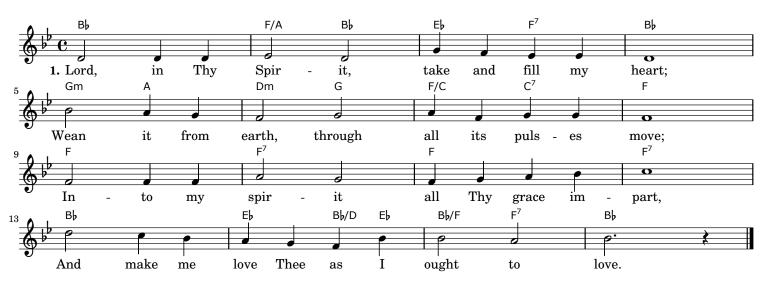
Lord, in Thy Spirit, take and fill my heart

Fulness of the Spirit — The Filling



- 2. I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies, No sudden rending of the veil of clay, No angel visitant, no opening skies; But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine own—soul, heart and strength and mind. I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling. Oh, let me seek Thee, and, oh, let me find.
- 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh; Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear, To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh; Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5. Teach me to love Thee with a virgin love, One holy passion filling all my frame; Thus all the riches of Thyself to prove, My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.