Fulness of the Spirit — By the Cross



- 2. Oh, Lord, how dry my heart is,
 It yearns and pants for Thee;
 The filling of Thy Spirit
 Is now my fervent plea.
 Within the smitten Rock, Lord,
 I would entirely hide;
 Pour thru Thy living water,
 Till I am satisfied.
- 3. How cold my heart has been, Lord,
 How slow obeying Thee;
 So fill me with Thy Spirit,
 I'll ne'er rebellious be.
 I lie upon Thy altar
 And dare not move away;
 Oh, may Thy flame descending
 Consume my all, I pray.

4. Oh, may Thy Cross within me
Deepen its work and burn
In me enlarge Thy measure,
And me to ashes turn.
Oh, may Thy Spirit fill me
Each day more than before,
And may Thy living water
On me and thru me pour.