

Pure myrrh and cinnamon
Fulness of the Spirit — As the Compound Spirit

1116

(Guitar: Capo 3)

1. Pure myrrh and cinnamon, Ca - la - mus and cassia— These are Thy el - e - ments, Je - sus my Lord!
 In o - live oil they're blent In wondrous measurement— O what an ointment this, A - nointing us!
 Four - in - one min - gled, Compound - ed Spir - it, Sweet with Christ's suf - fering death,
 Full of the fragrance Of re - sur - rection— O what an ointment flows In spir - it, Lord!

2. Stacte and onycha,
 Galbanum and frankincense—
 These are Thy elements,
 Jesus my Lord!
 Stacte doth sons produce,
 Onycha from sin doth loose,
 Galbanum all death repels,
 In spirit, Lord.
 Equal proportion,
 In resurrection;
 Seasoned with salt are they.
 Ground into powder fine,
 Consumed with fire divine—
 O what an incense this,
 Jesus my Lord!

3. Ointment is Christ for us,
 Exceeding glorious!
 Incense is Christ for God,
 Wholly for Him.
 Ointment flows down to us,
 Christ is our portion thus;
 Incense ascends to God,
 Fragrant to Him.
 'Tis by th' anointing
 Christ we experience
 And then the incense burn.
 Christ in our prayer and praise—
 O what a Christ we raise
 From our experience,
 Precious to God.