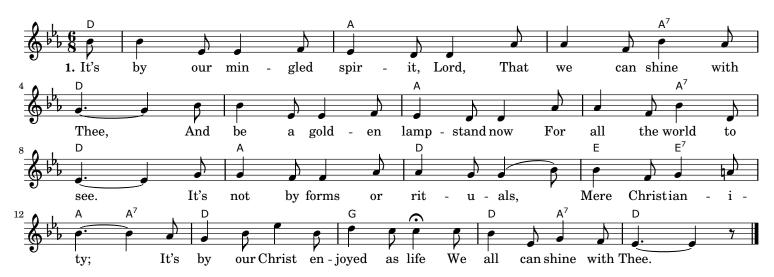
It's by our mingled spirit, Lord

The Church — Her Local Expression

(Guitar: Capo 1)



- 2. The burning Christ has feet as brass Which in the furnace bums, His eyes are as a flame of fire— 'Tis to this Christ we turn! How could we ever lukewarm be When on His face we gaze? O Lord, we give ourselves to You To set us all ablaze!
- 3. The seven golden lampstands in The seven cities see, So burning, shining with this Christ, It's God's economy! We're absolute that this become Our full reality Upon the earth, within the church In each locality.

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