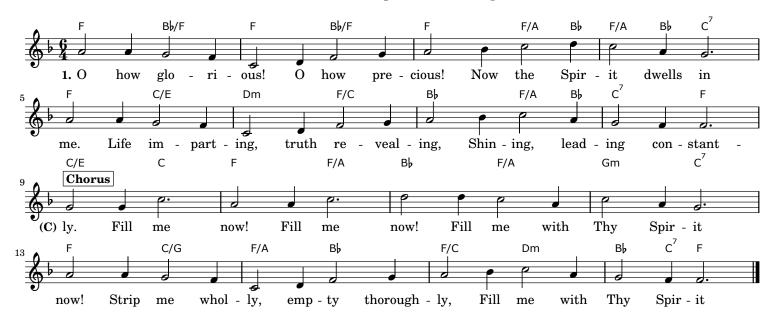
O how glorious! O how precious!

Fulness of the Spirit — The Filling



- 2. Word of promise, real within me, Life divine now freeing me— From sin's cruel control releasing, From death's power setting free.
- 3. Deepest springs of life dispensing, Like the hart I thirst for Thee; Desp'rate, may I drink Thy fullness Till Thy river flows through me.
- 4. May my self be put to death, Lord, Under Thy control I'd be. Transformed to Thy living image, I'd forever flow out Thee.