

Thou Breath from still eternity (New Tune)

Fulness of the Spirit—As the Breath

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1. Thou Breath from still e - ter - ni - ty Breathe o'er my spir - it's
bar - ren land— The pine tree and the myr - tle tree Shall spring a - mid the de - sert
sand; And where Thy liv - ing wa - ter flows The waste shall blos - som as the
rose. And where Thy liv - ing wa - ter flows The waste shall blos - som as the rose.

2. May I in will and deed and word
Obey Thee as a little child;
And keep me in Thy love, my Lord,
For ever holy, undefiled;
Within me teach, and strive, and pray,
Lest I should choose my own wild way.
3. Thy Spirit, Stream by Thee, the Son,
Is opened to us crystal pure,
Forth flowing from the heavenly throne
To waiting hearts and spirits poor;
Athirst and weary do I sink
Beside Thy waters, there to drink.
4. My spirit turns to Thee and clings,
All else forsaking, unto Thee;
Forgetting all created things,
Remembering only "God in me."
Thy living Stream, Thy gracious Rain,
None wait for these, and wait in vain.