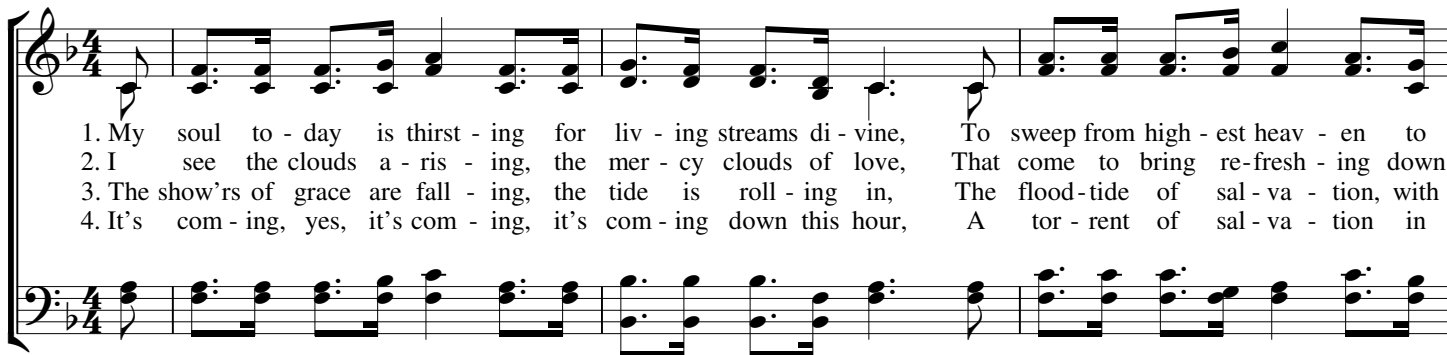


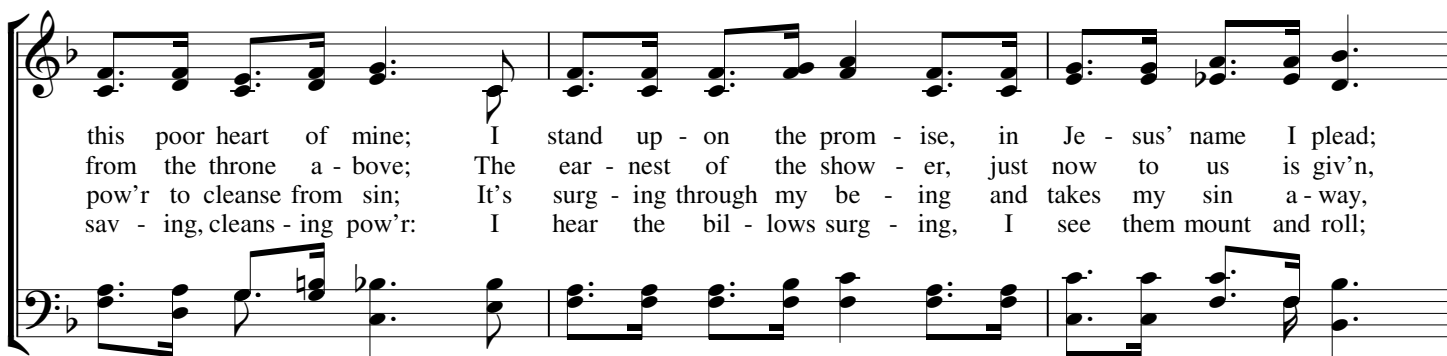
Like a Mighty Sea

JOHN 7:38
Henry J. Zelle

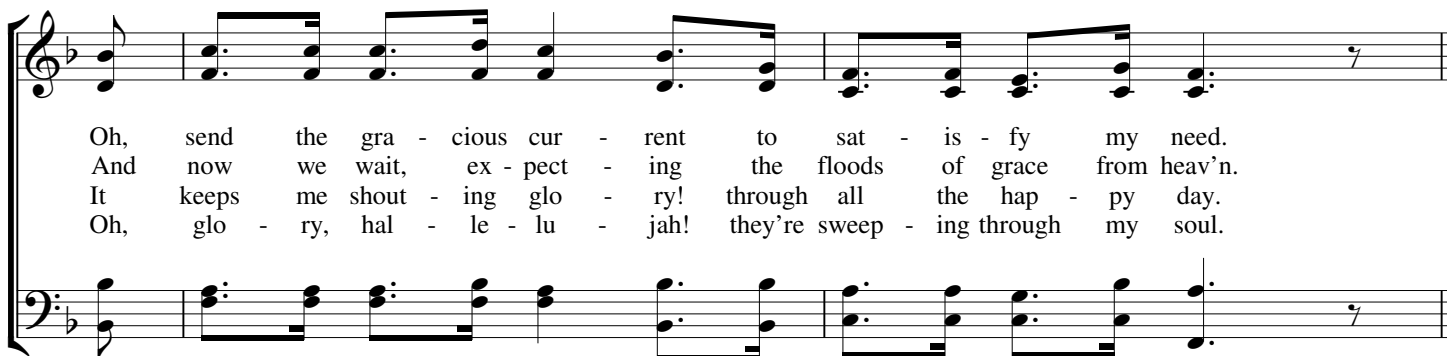
Henry L. Gilmour, 1900



1. My soul to - day is thirst - ing for liv - ing streams di - vine, To sweep from high - est heav - en to
2. I see the clouds a - ris - ing, the mer - cy clouds of love, That come to bring re - fresh - ing down
3. The show'rs of grace are fall - ing, the tide is roll - ing in, The flood - tide of sal - va - tion, with
4. It's com - ing, yes, it's com - ing, it's com - ing down this hour, A tor - rent of sal - va - tion in

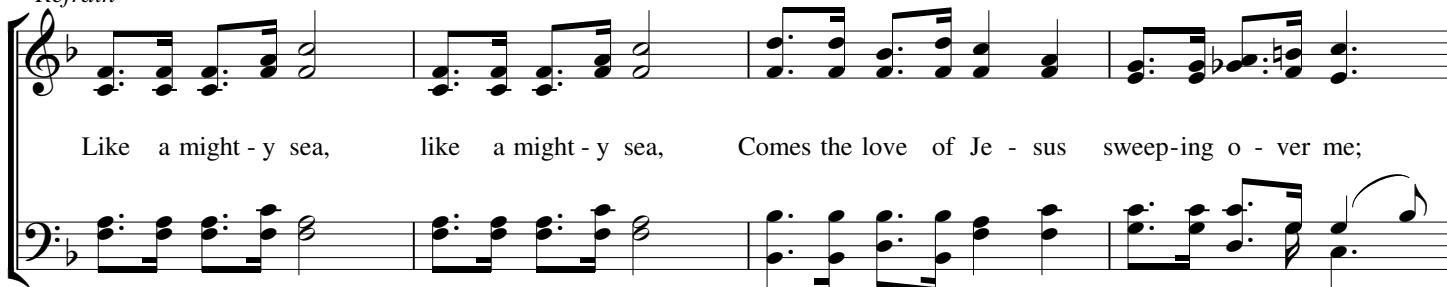


this poor heart of mine; I stand up - on the prom - ise, in Je - sus' name I plead;
from the throne a - bove; The ear - nest of the show - er, just now to us is giv'n,
pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surg - ing through my be - ing and takes my sin a - way,
sav - ing, cleans - ing pow'r: I hear the bil - lows surg - ing, I see them mount and roll;



Oh, send the gra - cious cur - rent to sat - is - fy my need.
And now we wait, ex - pect - ing the floods of grace from heav'n.
It keeps me shout - ing glo - ry! through all the hap - py day.
Oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! they're sweep - ing through my soul.

Refrain



Like a might - y sea, like a might - y sea, Comes the love of Je - sus sweep - ing o - ver me;



The waves of glo - ry roll, the shouts I can't con - trol; Comes the love of Je - sus sweep - ing o'er my soul.