

How the Fire Fell
Johnson Oatman, 1905.
Miriam Oatman.

O I love to tell the blessed story
Since the Lord sanctified me;
For my soul received a flood of glory
When the Lord sanctified me.

Refrain

O I never shall forget how the fire fell,
How the fire fell, how the fire fell.
O I never shall forget how the fire fell
When the Lord sanctified me.

All my doubts and fears are gone forever
Since the Lord sanctified me;
For His peace flowed o'er me like a river
When the Lord sanctified me.

Refrain

To the world no more my heart is turning
Since the Lord sanctified me;
For on me His Spirit fell with burning
When the Lord sanctified me.

Refrain

There's a crown awaiting me in Heaven
Since the Lord sanctified me;
For a heart made clean to me was given
When the Lord sanctified me.

Refrain