

My Soul Is Filled with Glory
John Harris, 1905.

Jesus found me when afar I wandered,
Brought me pardon from the throne above,
Gave me peace that passeth understanding,
Joy unspeakable and full of love.

Praise the Lord! My soul is filled with glory!
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the story
Of His grace that justifies me freely,
And I'm shouting, "Glory!" till I get home.

Thro' His Word He taught me full salvation
How His blood could cleanse and sanctify.
Then by faith I plunged into the fountain;
Now I'm looking for that home on high.

Praise the Lord! My soul is filled with glory!
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the story
Of His grace that justifies me wholly,
And I'm shouting, "Glory!" till I get home.

Trials many will beset my pathway,
And temptations I shall surely meet;
But my Savior promised grace to help me
Till I lay my trophies at His feet.

Praise the Lord! My soul is filled with glory!
Praise the Lord! I love to tell the story
Of His grace that keeps and gives me vict'ry,
And I'm shouting, "Glory!" till I get home.