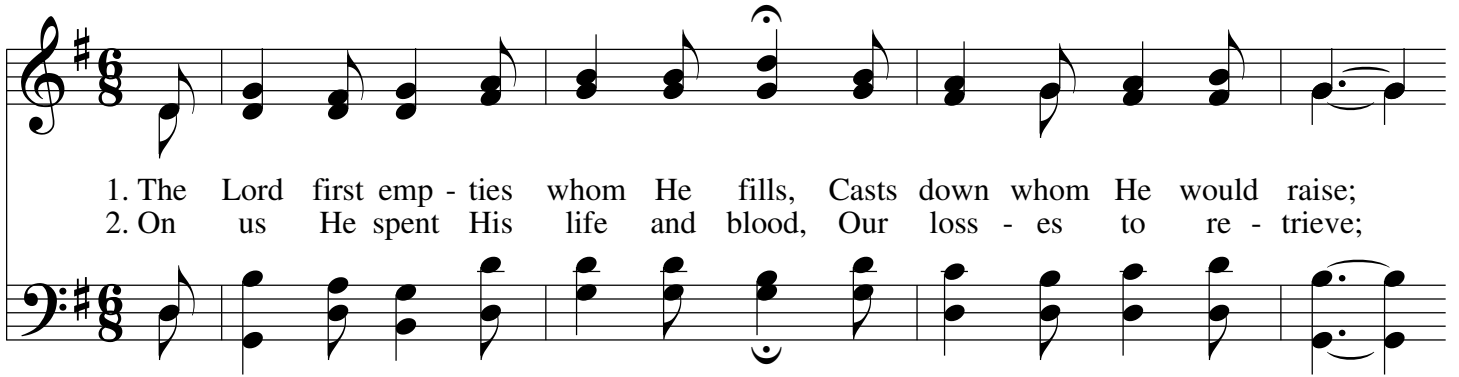
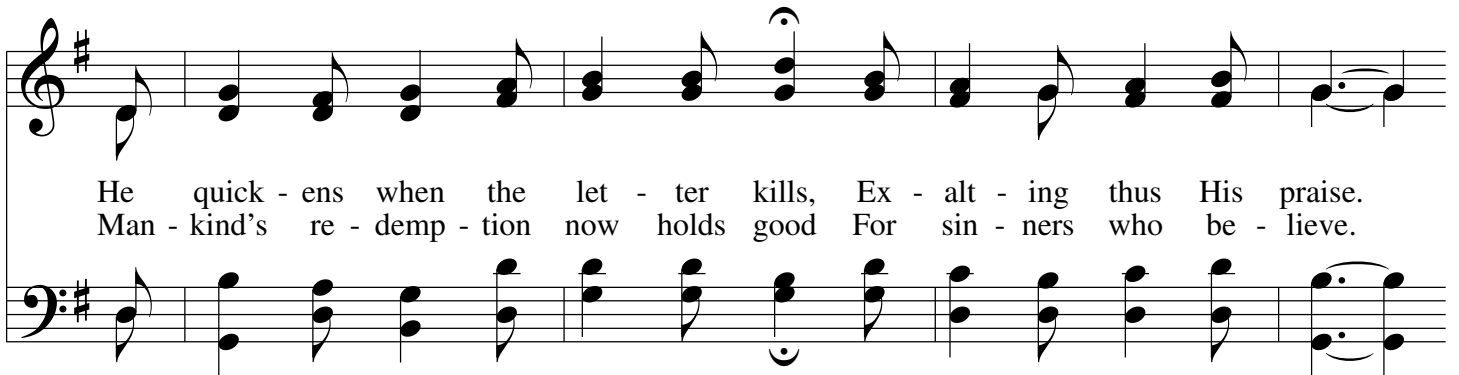


The Lord First Empties Whom He Fills

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1. The Lord first empties whom He fills, Casts down whom He would raise;
2. On us He spent His life and blood, Our losses to retrieve;



He quickens when the letter kills, Exalting thus His praise.
Man-kind's redemption now holds good For sinners who believe.



When He applies His healing blood Unto a sin-sick soul,
Lord, I believe! What-e'er befall, A thankful heart be mine,-



The balsam, pow'rful, precious, good, Ne'er fails to make it whole.
A heart that answers to Thy call,- One that is wholly Thine.