

How the Fire Fell

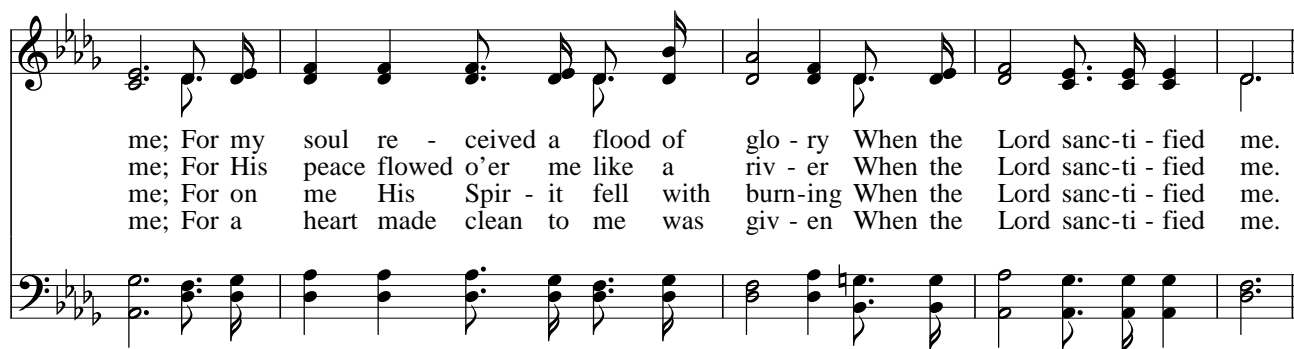
Johnson Oatman, Jr., 1905

Miriam Eulalie Oatman

♩ = 115

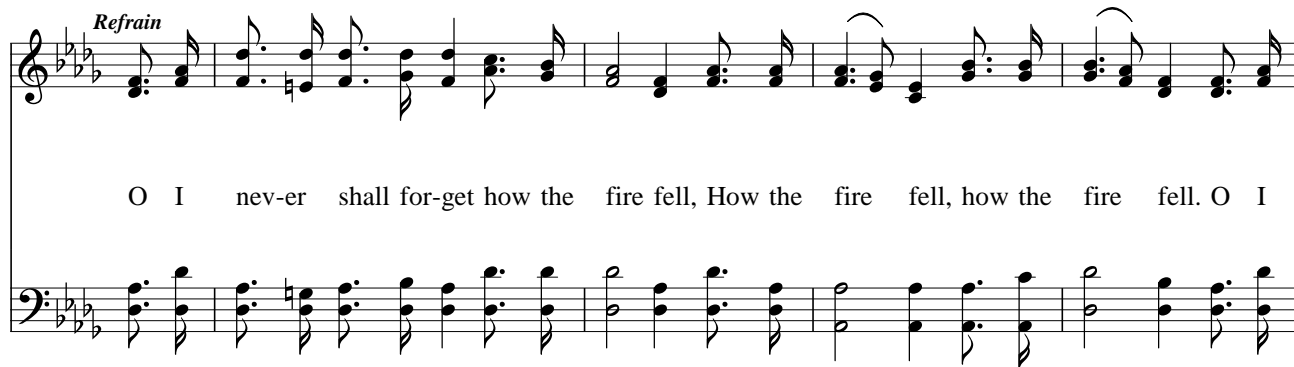


1. O I love to tell the bless-èd sto - ry Since the Lord sanc-ti - fied
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er Since the Lord sanc-ti - fied
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing Since the Lord sanc-ti - fied
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in Heav-en Since the Lord sanc-ti - fied

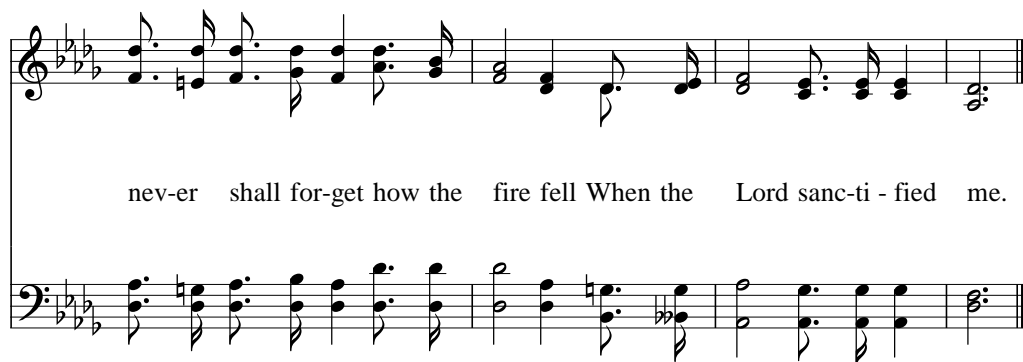


me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry When the Lord sanc-ti - fied me.
me; For His peace flowed o'er me like a riv - er When the Lord sanc-ti - fied me.
me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing When the Lord sanc-ti - fied me.
me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en When the Lord sanc-ti - fied me.

Refrain



O I nev-er shall for-get how the fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell. O I



nev-er shall for-get how the fire fell When the Lord sanc-ti - fied me.