

His are the thousand sparkling rills

His are the thousand sparkling rills
that from a thousand fountains burst,
and fill with music all the hills;
and yet he saith, "I thirst."

All fiery pangs on battlefields;
on fever beds where sick men toss,
and in that human cry he yields
to anguish on the cross.

But more than pains that racked him then,
was the deep longing thirst divine
that thirsted for the souls of men:
dear Lord! and one was mine.

O Love most patient, give me grace;
make all my soul athirst for thee;
that parched dry lip, that anguished face,
that thirst, were all for me.

Words: Cecil Frances Alexander, 1875

Music: Saffron Walden, Trust

Meter: 88 86