

METRE 1 Philip Doddridge

VESTAL L.M.

1. Blest Je-sus, source of grace di-vine, What soul - refreshing streams are thine, O bring these healing waters nigh, Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2. No trav-el - ler thro' des-ert lands, 'Midst scorching suns and burn-ing sands, More needs the cur-rent to obtain, Or to en - joy re - freshing rain.

3. Our long-ing souls aloud would sing, Spring up, ce - les - tial fountain, spring; To an a - bundant riv-er flow, And cheer this thirst - y land be-low.

4. May this blest riv - er near my side Through all the des-ert gent - ly glide; Then in Im-manuel's land above, Spread to a sea of joy and love.