

# THE SOWER.

## SATISFIED.

Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,  
At Sychar's lonely well,  
When a poor outcast heard Thee there  
Thy great salvation tell.

Thither she came; but, oh, her heart,  
All fill'd with earthly care,  
Dream'd not of Thee, nor thought to find  
The Hope of Israel there.

Lord! 'twas Thy power unseen that drew  
The stray one to that place,  
In solitude to learn from Thee  
The secrets of Thy grace.

And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,  
Thy gracious lips have told  
That mystery of love, reveal'd  
At Jacob's well of old.

In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee  
Beside the springing well  
Of life and peace, and heard Thee there  
Its healing virtues tell.

No hope of rest in aught beside,  
No beauty, Lord, we see;  
And, like Samaria's daughter, seek  
And find our all in Thee.