

Hungry, and thirsty, weary too,
 He sits on Jacob's well ;
 But the strong thirstings of His love
 To rescue souls from hell,
 Make Him forget all but her need
 All but His Father's will :
 His meat, His drink, His one delight,
 His mission to fulfil.

It was a task that needed all
 His gracious skill, to win
 That hardened heart and darkened mind
 So long enslaved by sin :
 What wise and faithful tenderness
 In all his words we see !
 Each one of us, O Lord confess
 Thou did'st the same for me.

And still, O Lord, Thou art the same,
 Though seated on the throne,
 As when, on that eventful day,
 Thy grace to her was shown :
 Thyself, the precious gift of God,
 Givest those waters free ;
 And openest lips, like hers of old,
 To win fresh souls to Thee.

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