I Thirst, but Not as Once I Did

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
  I       thirst, but not as       once I did, The

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
  vain delights of       earth to share; Thy

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
  wounds, Emmanuel,          all forbid, That

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
  I should seek my          pleasures there.
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The other verses

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross,
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows;
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye;
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

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