When Israel's Tribes Were Parched with Thirst

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

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| s  -  | d' -  s  -  l  -  l  -  | s  -  f  -  m  -  m  -  |
  When    Israel's tribes were       parched with thirst, Forth

| f  -  m  -  r  -  s  -  | s  -  fe -  s  -  s  -  |
  from the Rock the          waters burst; And

| d' -  r' -  m' -  d' -  | f' -  m' -  r' -  m' -  |
  all their future            journey through, Yield-

| d' -  l  -  s  -  d' -  | d' -  t  -  d' -  |
  ed them drink and           gospel too!
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The other verses

2 In Moses' rod, a type they saw,
Of his severe and fiery law;
The smitten rock prefigured him,
From whose pierced side all blessings stream.

3 But ah! the types were all too faint,
His sorrows or his worth to paint;
Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,
But he endured the wrath of God.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But ours was wounded, torn and slain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jesus poured forth streams of blood.

5 The earth is like their wilderness,
A land of drought and sore distress;
Without one stream from pole to pole,
To satisfy a thirsty soul.

6 But let the Savior's praise resound!
In him refreshing streams are found;
Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,
And thirsty sinners drink and live.

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