

Clara Teare, 19th Century

Ralph E. Hudson, 1843 - 1901



1. All my life - long I had pant - ed For a draught from some cool spring
2. Feed - ing on the husks a - round me Till my strength was al - most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich - es, Something that would sat - is - fy;
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er spring - ing, Bread of life, so rich and free,



That I hoped would quench the burn - ing Of the thirst I felt with - in.
 Longed my soul for some - thing bet - ter, On - ly still to hun - ger on.
 But the dust I gath - ered round me On - ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
 Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth, My Re - deem - er is to me.



REFRAIN



Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has craved!



Je - sus sat - is - fies my long - ings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

