

Flowing easily

1. I hun - ger and I thirst: Je - su, my man - na be; —

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the rock — for me.

- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
My life-long wants supply;  
As living souls are fed,  
O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,  
Let me thy sweetness prove;  
Renew my life with thine,  
Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod  
Since first their course began:  
Feed me, thou Bread of God;  
Help me, thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies  
My thirsting soul before:  
O living waters, rise  
Within me evermore.