

Mary Bowley

Aaron Williams

1. Whom have we, Lord, but Thee, Soul - thirst to sat - is - fy?  
 2. Our hearts by Thee are set On brighter things a - bove;  
 3. Yet oft we cre - dit not He free - ly gives as God,

Ex - haustless spring! The wa - ters free! All oth - er streams are dry.  
 Strange that we ev - er should for - get Thine own most faith - ful love.  
 Though well we know our hap - py lot In trust - ing to His blood.

4 None like the ransomed host  
 That precious blood have known;  
 Redemption gives faith's holy boast  
 To draw so near the throne.

5 Higher and higher yet!  
 Pleading that same lifeblood;  
 We taste the love that knows no let,  
 Of Abba, as of God.