The Smitten Rock

1. From the re-v'en Rock there flow-eth, Liv-ing wa-ter ev-er clear;
3. Faint-ing in the de-sert, drear-y, Guilt-y sin-ner, bark! 'tis He!

Wea-ry pil-grim, jour-ny-ing on-ward, Know you not that Fount is near?
Thirst-y trav-el'r, be en-cour-aged, Know you not the Fount is free?
'Tis the Sav-ior still en-treat-ing, Know you not He call-eth thee?

Chorus

Je-sus is the Rock of Ag-es-Smit-ten, strick-en, lo! He dies;
From His side a liv-ing foun-tain, Know you not it sat-is-fies?