



- 2. Thither, each morning, leave I crave to take my feeble sin-sick soul emerging from that cleansing wave unspotted, vigorous, glad, made whole.
- 3. When faint with noon-day toil and heat, for comfort thither I repair; around it all is calm and sweet, rest and refreshment greet me there.
- 4. And when the shadowy veil of night across the dewy earth is spread, and the pale moonbeam's silvery light soft o'er the silent stream is shed;
- 5. oh, then, in that serenest hour, my purest, holiest joys are given; sin, sorrow, Satan, lose there power, around me breathe the airs of heaven.
- 6. That Holy One who deigned to heal one sufferer by Bethesda's pool, there, while beside the fount I kneel, himself draws near and makes me whole.
- 7. Thrice blessed fountain! when I reach the source from whence thy waters flow, then shall I praise, in fitter speech, that love to which such joys I owe.

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