

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of Thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
All worldly mirth, and pomp of kings.

3 I need that grace that springs from Thee,
That quickens everywhere it flows,
And makes a desert thorn like me,
Please as the myrtle or the rose.

4 For of the plants around that share
The notice of Thy gracious eye,
None is less grateful of Thy care,
Or yields Thee meaner fruit than I.

5 Dear Fountain of delights unknown,
I would forsake this meaner part;
Come, overflow, on me come down,
Life-giving stream, O fill my heart.

William Cowper, 1731-1800‡