

# Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh

Wesley's Collection  
1840 Manchester Hymnal, #18

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,  
'Tis God invites the fallen race;  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
"Return, ye weary wanderers, home,  
And find my grace is free for all."

See from the rock a fountain rise;  
To you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye lab'ring, burdened sin-sick souls.

Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have and are behind;  
Frankly the gift of God receives,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus Find.

"Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?  
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed,  
Ye spend your little all in vain.

"In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife:  
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?  
I have the words of endless life.

"Hearken to me with earnest care,  
And freely eat substantial food;  
The sweetness of my mercy share;  
And taste that I alone am good.

"I bid you all my goodness prove,  
My promises for all are free:  
Come, taste the manna of my love,  
And let your souls delight in me.

"Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words believingly receive;  
Quickened your souls by faith divine,  
An everlasting life shall live."