

Life of God, poured out like water

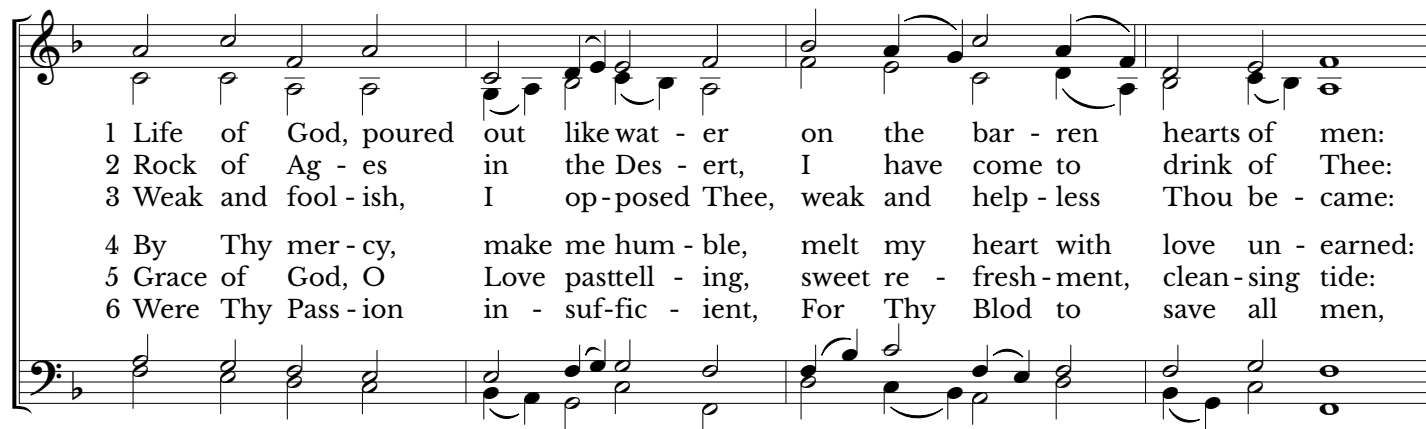
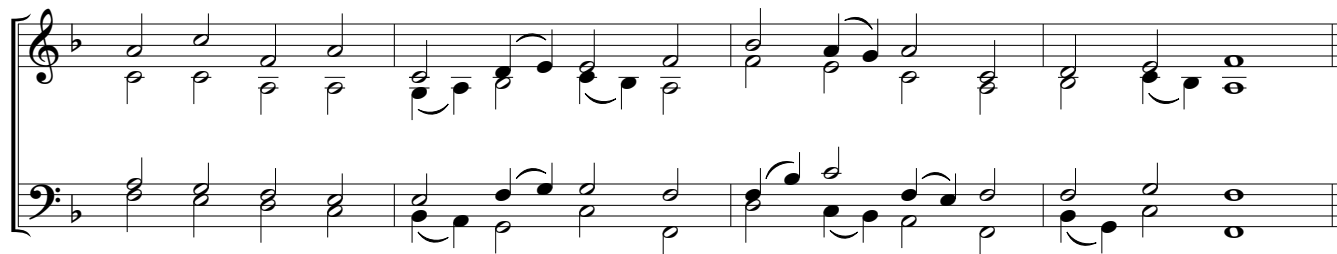
Hymn for the Sacred Heart of Jesus

Words: Sean Connolly

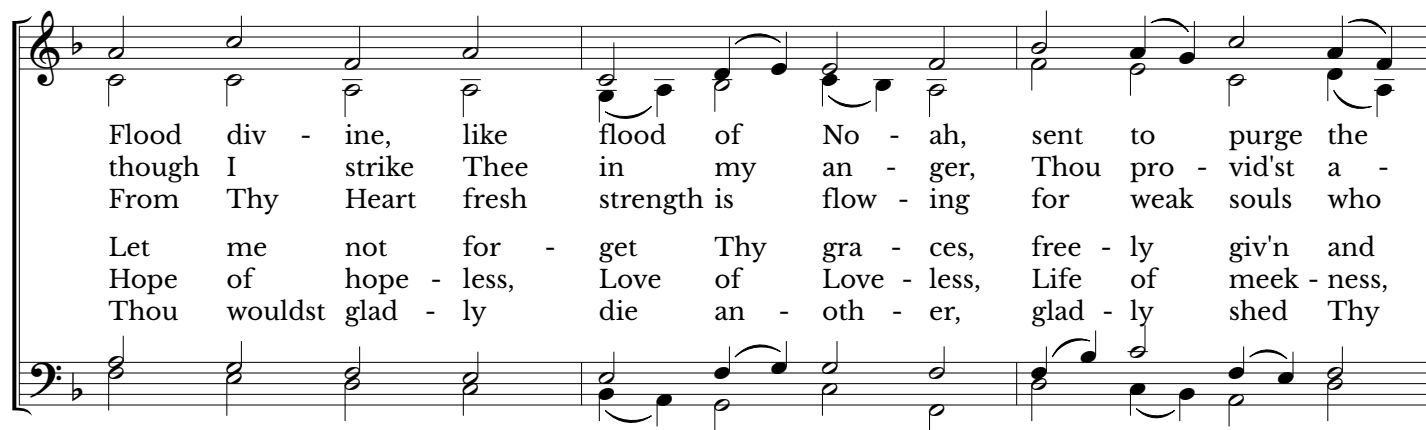
Tune & music: CORDE NATUS (87. 87. D)

by Charles H. Giffen, (b. 1940)

Optional Introduction



1 Life of God, poured out like water on the barren hearts of men:
2 Rock of Ages in the Desert, I have come to drink of Thee:
3 Weak and foolish, I opposed Thee, weak and help-less Thou became:
4 By Thy mercy, make me humble, melt my heart with love un-earned:
5 Grace of God, O Love pasttelling, sweet refreshment, clean-sing tide:
6 Were Thy Passion in-sufficient, For Thy Blod to save all men,



Flood div - ine, like flood of No - ah, sent to purge the
though I strike Thee in my an - ger, Thou pro - vid'st a -
From Thy Heart fresh strength is flow - ing for weak souls who
Let me not for - get Thy gra - ces, free - ly giv'n and
Hope of hope - less, Love of Love - less, Life of meek - ness,
Thou wouldst glad - ly die an - oth - er, glad - ly shed Thy

world of sin: I am drowned in Thee, but drown - ing
 bun - dant - ly: with each wound the flow but deep - ens,
 call Thy Name: Je - sus, save me, for I per - ish,
 cold - ly spurned. Let me not de - spise my neigh - bour,
 death of pride: Love of Fath - er, Son, and Spir - it,
 Blood a - gain: Thou wouldst from ten thou - sand man - gers

'board the Ark pre - pared for me: In Thy emp - ty -
 with each sin, Thy mer - cy grows. Who can strike Thee
 Je - sus, spare this life of mine: Heart of Je - sus,
 though his sins to heav - en cry: Loud - er cry my
 burn - ing fire, and heal - ing Flood: Hid - den life in
 go once more to heal and teach: Hang ten thou - sand

ing, my full - ness, - Emp - ty, I am filled by Thee.
 and still hate Thee? For Thy friends, Thou tak'st Thy foes.
 meek and hum - ble, Make my heart like un - to Thine.
 sins, now pard - oned, "There but for God's grace go I!"
 Him, Whose Heart still yearns to shed His pre - cious Blood.
 heads in sor - row, not for all men, - - - - but for each.

Additional stanza ending | Last stanza ending

Charles H. Giffen: *Life of God, poured out like water*

Descants

1 

5 Grace of God, O Love past tell - ing, sweet re - fresh - ment, clean - sing tide:
6 Were Thy Pass - ion in - suf - fic - ient, For Thy Blood to save all men,

2 

3 Weak and fool - ish, I op - posed Thee, weak and help - less Thou be - came:
6 Were Thy Pass - ion in - suf - fic - ient, For Thy Blood to save all men,

1 

Hope of hope - less, Love of love - less, Life of meek - ness, death of pride:
Thou wouldst glad - ly die an - oth - er, glad - ly shed Thy Blood a - gain:

2 

From Thy Heart fresh strength is flow - ing for weak souls who call Thy Name:
Thou wouldst glad - ly die an - oth - er, glad - ly shed Thy Blood a - gain:

1 

Love of Fath - er, Son, and Spir - it, burn - ing fire, and heal - ing Flood:
Thou wouldst from ten thou - sand man - gers go once more to heal and teach:

2 

Je - sus, save me, for I per - ish, Je - sus, spare this life of mine:
Thou wouldst from ten thou - sand man - gers go once more to heal and teach:

1 

Hid - den life in Him, Whose Heart still yearns to shed His Pre - cious Blood.
Hang ten thou - sand heads in sor - row, not for all men but for each.

2 

Heart of Je - sus, meek and hum - ble, Make my heart like un - to Thine.
Hang ten thou - sand heads in sor - row, not for all men but for each.