

The Spring Where Waters Flow

A song about the Word of God

Verse lyrics author unknown (c. 1500s)
Chorus lyrics by Shawn Hobson

Music by Shawn Hobson

♩=120
C

Verses

Dm/C

G/C

| | | | | |
|---|---------------------|-----------------|---------|-------|
| 1 | Here is the spring | where wa - ters | flow | to |
| 2 | Here is the judge | that stays the | strife. | When |
| 3 | The ti-dings of | sal - va - tion | dear | Comes |
| 4 | Then be not like | the hog that | hath | a |
| 5 | Read not this book | in an - y | case | but |
| 6 | Pray still in faith | with this re - | spect | to |
| 7 | Then hap-py thou | in all thy | life | What |

6

F²/A

G/B C

| | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| quench our heat of sin | Here is the tree | where truth doth |
| men's de - vi - ses fail | Here is the bread | that feeds the |
| to our ears from hence | The for - tress of | our faith is |
| pearl at his de - sire | and takes more | ple - sure in the |
| with a sing - le eye | Read not but first | de - sire God's |
| fruc - ti - fy there-in | That know-ledge may | bring this ef - |
| so to thee be - falls | Yea, doub - ly hap - | py shalt thou |

11

Dm/C

G/C

F²/A

G/B

| | |
|--------|---------------------------------|
| grow. | To lead our lives ther - ein |
| life | Which death can - not as - sail |
| here | The sheild of our de - fence |
| trough | and wallow-ing in the mire |
| grace | to un - der-stand there-by |
| fect | To mor - ti - fy thy sin |
| be | When God by death thee calls |

17 Am Chorus F² C Em 2

This is the Word _ we hold so _ dear to he - art Clin-ging _ to each pro-

22 F G/B C

- mise we find there _____ All _____ suf-fi - cient

27 C/E F² G^{sus} F² C

cer-tain and _ in - fal - li - ble rule of our faith _ and o - be - di - ence.

*This poem first appeared in Barker's Bible and the Geneva Bible (1599) as a tribute to the Bible as our precious Word of God. The original author remains unknown, but a modernized version of the text was later included in a book of poetry collected by Francis Palgrave in the 1800s. By setting this later version to music and adding a simple chorus, my hope is that our current generation will join with the saints of old in praising God and His marvelous Word.