

Come, See a Man

BeShiny Anthems | Lyrics

At noon she walked the sun-struck road,
Her waterpot against her side;
The town lay far beyond the dust,
The ancient well was dark and wide.

A weary Man sat by the stone,
Road-dust upon His clothes;
He raised His eyes to meet her own,
A gentle question rose.

“Please give Me a drink.”

“How can You ask this thing of me?
You are a Jew — I am Samaritan.
Why cross the lines that stand between
Our people and this well?”

“If you knew the gift of God,
You would ask of Me;
I would give you living water,
Life that rises free.”

“Sir, You have no rope or jar,
The well is deep and old;
Are You greater than our father Jacob,
Who gave this water cold?”

“Who drinks this water thirsts again;
The water I give will be
A spring of everlasting life,
Rising up within.”

“Sir, give this living water now,
That I may thirst no more;
Give me the life You promise here,
The river at my door.”

Living water, rise in me,
Where every strength runs dry;
A spring no rope can ever draw,
A life that will not die.

Living water, gift of God,
Bring me to the Father's heart;
Teach my thirsty heart to worship
In Your Spirit and Your truth.

"Go, call your husband."

"I have no husband," she replied;
The noon air held its breath.

He knew the story underneath,
The losses and the pain;
His knowing carried no contempt,
His mercy still remained.

"Sir, I can see You are a prophet.
Our fathers worshipped here;
But where may thirsty hearts draw near?
Where does the Father hear?"

"The Father seeks true worshippers,
In Spirit and in truth;
An hour has come for all who thirst
To come to God anew."

"I know Messiah comes one day;
He will make all things clear."

"I who speak to you am He."

Living water, rise in me,
Where every strength runs dry;
A spring no rope can ever draw,
A life that will not die.

Living water, gift of God,
Bring me to the Father's heart;
Teach my thirsty heart to worship
In Your Spirit and Your truth.

The hand that asked her for a drink
Would bear the nails in love;
The Giver of the living water
Would thirst upon the cross.

From His pierced side came blood and water,
Mercy flowing wide;
The way into the Father's house
Was opened through His side.

She left the waterpot by the stone,
Her hands were free to run;
No finished sermon on her lips,
Only what He had done.

"Come, see a Man who knew my life!"

Her breathless witness rang;
The road that held her loneliness
Soon filled with feet again.

Now we know: this is the Christ,
The Saviour of the world;
He meets the thirsty in the dust,
His living water flows.

Now we know: this is the Christ,
The Father calls us near;
In Spirit and in truth we come,
And find His mercy here.

Come and see.

The Saviour of the world.

Text and production credits

Lyrics developed with substantial ChatGPT drafting, then revised under the editorial oversight and rigorous theological direction of Steven Forsberg. Musical composition, vocals and instrumental audio generated using Suno under human musical direction.