

Send dine strømme af nåde.

Send dine strømme af nåde.
Som du har sag i dit ord;
Åbner du himmelens sluser,
grønnes den tørreste jord.

Strømme, strømme af nåde
bier vi efter, o Gud;
Lad ikke dråber, men strømme
vælde fra sluserne ud.

Send dine strømme af nåde.
Kom med opvækkelsens ånd.
Bøj os i anger og tårer.
Bryd vore lænker og bånd.

Send dine strømme af nåde.
Fuld af forventning vi stå.
Lad nu den frelsende bølge
hen til de sukkende nå.

Send dine strømme af nåde.
Tak, at du gav os et tegn:
Hen over bjerge og dale
hører vi susen af regn.

Granahahn - Whittle

Engelsk udgave:

There shall be showers of blessing;
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
Sent from the Savior above.

*Showers, showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing we need:
Mercy-drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead.*

There shall be showers of blessing,
Precious reviving again;
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sound of abundance of rain.

There shall be showers of blessing;
Send them upon us, O Lord;
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honor Thy Word.

There shall be showers of blessing:
Oh, that today they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

There shall be showers of blessing,
If we but trust and obey;
There shall be seasons refreshing,
If we let God have His way.