As pants the hart





As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee And Thy refreshing grace.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, who will employ His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.

For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; O, when shall I behold Thy face, Thou majesty divine?

God of my strength, how long shall I Like one forgotten mourn, Forlorn, forsaken and exposed To my oppressor's scorn?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady

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