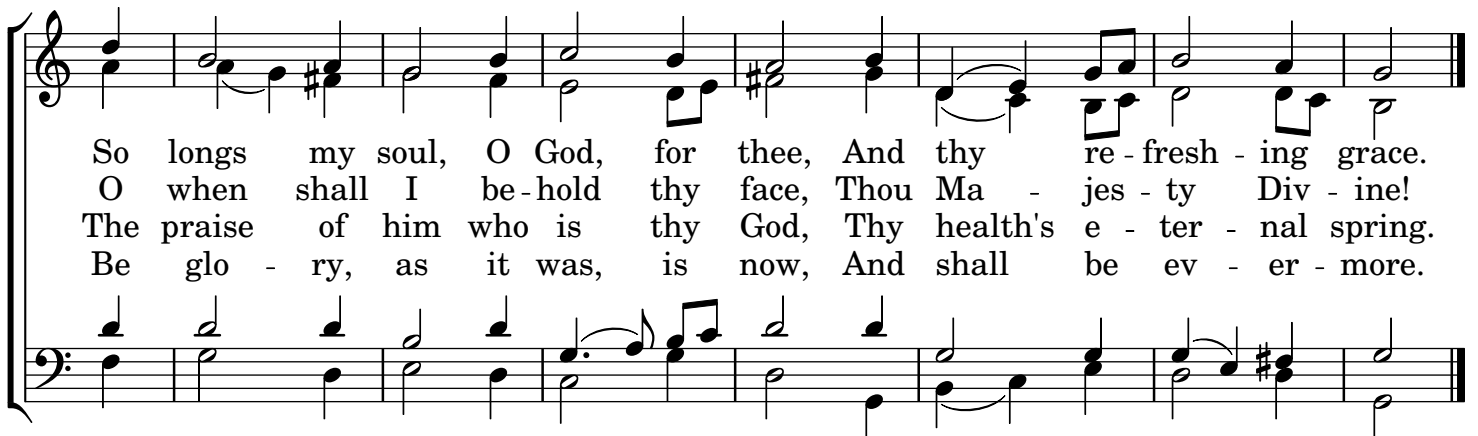


1. As pants the hart for cool - ing strems When heat - ed in the chase,  
 2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine:  
 3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 4. To Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,



So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
 O when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty Div - ine!  
 The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.  
 Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

*Psalm 42*

N. Tate and N. Brady, New Version, 1696