



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.

Psalms 42

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