



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