

PSALM

42b

As pants the hart

1 As pants the hart for streams of liv - ing wa - ter,
 2 O Lord my God, o'er-whelmed in deep af - flic - tion,
 3 Thou wilt com - mand thy ser - vant's con - so - la - tion,

so longs my soul, O liv - ing God, for thee;
 far from thy rest, to thee I lift my soul;
 thy lov - ing - kind - ness yet shall cheer my day,

I thirst for thee, for thee my heart is yearn - ing;
 deep calls to deep, and storms of trou - ble thun - der,
 and in the night thy song shall be my com - fort;

when shall I come thy gra - cious face to see?
 while o'er my head the waves and bil - lows roll.
 God of my life, to thee I still will pray.

4 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down within me?
 Why art thou troubled and oppressed with grief?
 Hope thou in God, the God of thy salvation;
 hope, and thy God will surely send relief.

Text: *Psalter Hymnal*, 1957

Tune: Arranged from Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847

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