

# 42A As Thirsts The Hart For Water Brooks

vs. 1-11

1. As thirsts the hart for wa - ter brooks, 2 So thirsts my soul,  
 2. Far from the courts of God, my tears Have been my food  
 3. With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod  
 4. O why art thou cast down, my soul, And why so troub-  
 5. Since, O my God, my soul is bowed, In ex - ile far,

O God, for Thee; It seeks for God, and ev - er looks And longs the  
 by night and day, While con - stant - ly with bit - ter sneers Where is thy  
 the hal - lowed way To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high With throngs who  
 led shouldst thou be? Hope thou in God, and Him ex - tol, Who gives His  
 with bit - ter grief, I turn my thoughts to Thy a - bode For con - so -

liv - ing God to see, And longs the liv - ing God to see.  
 God, the scoff - ers say, Where is thy God, the scoff - ers say.  
 kept the ho - ly day, With throngs who kept the ho - ly day.  
 sav - ing help to me, Who gives His sav - ing help to me.  
 la - tion and re - lief, For con - so - la - tion and re - lief.

6. 7 With mighty voice deep calls to deep,  
 While raging storms Thy judgments tell;  
 The angry billows o'er me leap,  
 The waves of sorrow near me swell,
7. Though troubles surge, yet through the day  
 The Lord His gracious help will give,  
 And in the night my heart shall pray  
 And sing to Him in Whome I live.
8. 9 To God my Rock I cry and say,  
 O why hast Thou forgotten me?  
 Why go I mourning on my way,  
 Oppressed by foes that know not Thee?
9. 10 With anguish as from piercing sword  
 Reproach and bitter foes I hear,  
 While day by day, with taunting word  
 Where is thy God, the scoffers sneer.
10. 11 O why art thou cast down, my soul,  
 And why to troubled shouldst thou be?  
 Hope thou in God, and Him extol,  
 Who gives His saving help to me.