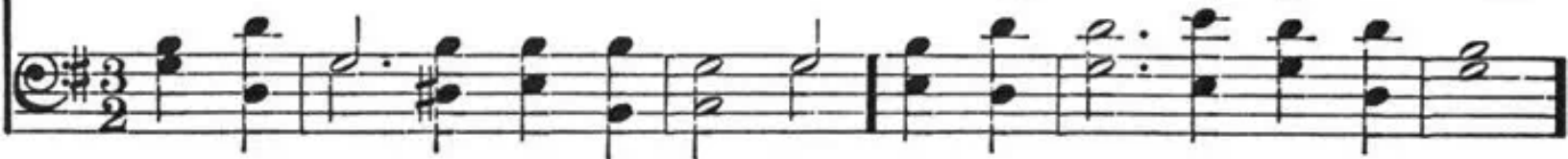




1 As the hart, a-bout to fal-ter, In its trem-bling ag-o-ny,
2 Bit-ter tears of lam-en-ta-tion Are my food by night and day;



Pant-eth for the brooks of wa-ter, So my soul doth pant for Thee.
In my deep hu-mil-i-a-tion Where is now thy God? they say.



Yea, a-thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I
Yea, my soul doth melt in me, When I bring to mem-o-ry,



Come a-gain to stand be-fore Thee In Thy tem-ple, and a-dore Thee?
How of yore I did as-sem-ble With the joy-ful in Thy tem-ple.

