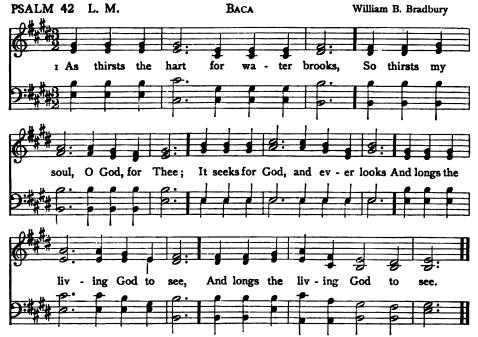
## 114

## Thirstings for God



2 Far from the courts of God, my tears
Have been my food by night and
day,

While constantly with bitter sneers, Where is thy God, the scoffers say.

- 3 With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod the hallowed way To Zion, praising God on high With throngs who kept the holy day.
- 4 O why art thou cast down, my soul,
  And why so troubled shouldst thou
  be?

  Hene thou in Cod and Him ortal
- Hope thou in God, and Him extol, Who gives His saving help to me.
- 5 Since, O my God, my soul is bowed, In exile far, with bitter grief, I turn my thoughts to Thy abode For consolation and relief.

- 6 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 Whom I live.
- 8 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 With anguish as from piercing sword Reproach of bitter foes I hear, While day by day, with taunting word Where is thy God, the scoffers sneer

10 O why art thou cast down, my soul,
And why so troubled shouldst thou be?
Hope thou in God, and Him extol,
Who gives His saving help to me.