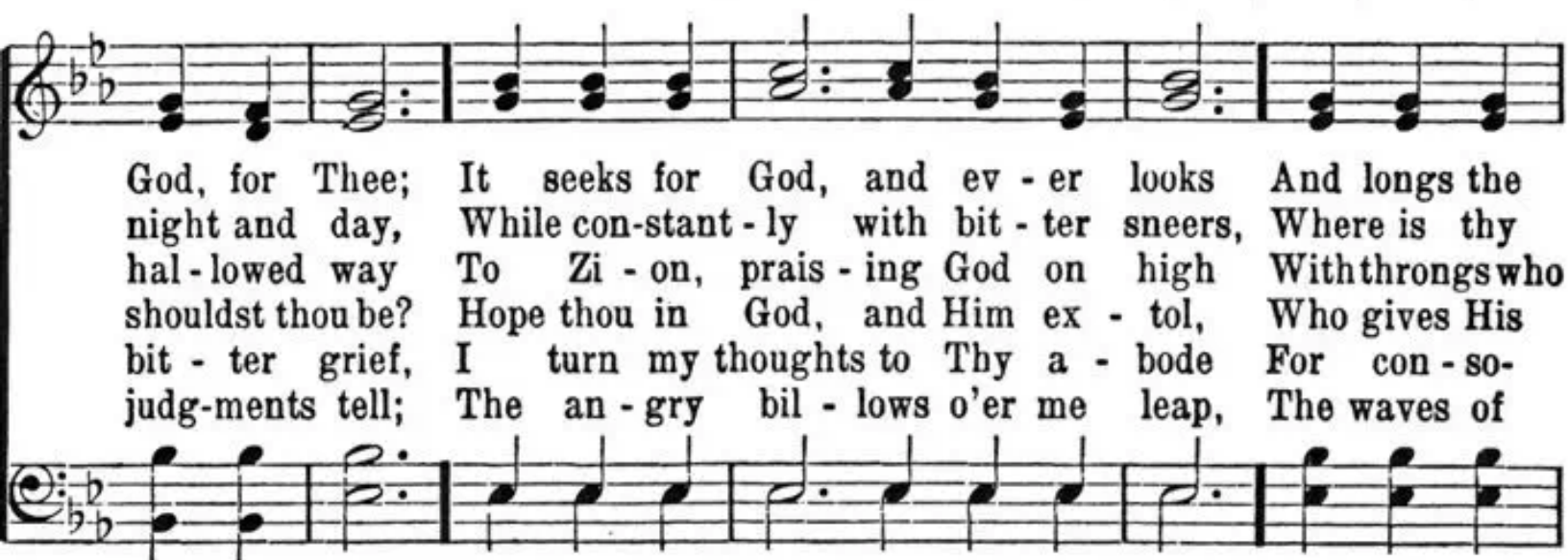



1. As thirsts the hart for wa - ter brooks, So thirsts my soul, O
 2. Far from the courts of God, my tears Have been my food by
 3. With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod the
 4. O why art thou cast down, my soul, And why so troub - led
 5. Since, O my God, my soul is bowed, In ex - ile far, with
 6. With might-y voice deep calls to deep, While rag-ing storms Thy



God, for Thee; It seeks for God, and ev - er looks And longs the
 night and day, While con-stant - ly with bit - ter sneers, Where is thy
 hal - lowed way To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high With throngs who
 shouldst thou be? Hope thou in God, and Him ex - tol, Who gives His
 bit - ter grief, I turn my thoughts to Thy a - bode For con - so -
 judg - ments tell; The an - gry bil - lows o'er me leap, The waves of



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.
 sor - row near me swell, The waves of sor - row near me swell.