

1 As thirsts the hart for wa - ter brooks, So thirsts my
soul, O God, for Thee; It seeks for God, and ev - er looks And longs the
liv - ing God to see, And longs the liv - ing God to see.

- 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?
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 judg-
ments 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.