

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

*Nahum Tate, 1652-1715,
Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726*