

AS pants the deer for streams of life,
So thirsts my soul for Thee,
O Lord, to feel, and taste, and know,
Thy presence near to me.

2 Though trials should night and day endure,
And press me to despair,
And scornful, unbelieving minds
Surround me everywhere . . .

3 Before my God will I recall
The joy of blessings past,
And ask my soul—‘Why such despair?
My Saviour’s love must last!’

4 I’ll call to mind His mighty deeds,
Those times of answered prayer,
When lost in failure and defeat
My Saviour met me there.

5 As surging waves, desponding thoughts
Still break across my way,
Yet Jesus will command His love
And keep me day by day.

6 O why, my soul, let dark despair
Make Satan’s lies seem real?
Trust all your God has done and said,
And all His kindness feel!

Evangelical Psalter