

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase,
 2. For Thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine:
 3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 4. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a-dore,

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So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
 O when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou Maj-es-ty di-vine?
 The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-nal spring.
 Be glo-ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.