

Hymn Lyrics

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As, panting in the sultry beam

As panting in the sultry beam,
the hart desires the cooling stream,
so to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
so longs my soul, O God, for thee;
athirst to taste thy living grace,
and see thy glory, face to face.

But rising griefs distress my soul,
and tears on tears successive roll;
for many an evil voice is near,
to chide my woe, and mock my fear;
and silent memory weeps alone
o'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

For I have walked the happy round
that circles Zion's holy ground,
and gladly swelled the choral lays,
that hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
what time the hallowed arches rung
responsive to the solemn song.

Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
whom suppliants never sought in vain —
thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
thy hope, when joy has passed away.

Paraphrase of Psalm 43

John Bowdler (died 1815)