

As Pants the Hart for Water Brooks

From Psalm 42.

William Bradbury(1816-1868)

As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee;
For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

Far from Thy sacred courts, my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly with bitter sneers,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.

These things I'll call to mind and cry,
When I shall tread the sacred way
To Zion, praising God on high,
With throngs who keep the holy day.

O why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and Him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to me.

My God, although dejected now,
I think of Thee to check my fear,
From Jordan's land, from Hermon's brow,
And Mizar-hill, for Thou art near.