

As Thirsts the Hart for Cooling Flood
The Psalter, 1912.
Robert Robertson.

As thirsts the hart for cooling flood,
So longs my soul, O living God,
To taste Thy grace;
When unto Thee shall I draw near,
O when within Thy courts appear,
And see Thy face?

How oft I led the happy throngs
That sought the house of God with songs
Of joy and praise;
I ever joined with true delight
The multitude that kept aright
The holy days.

O why, my soul, such hopelessness?
Why such disquiet and distress?
On God rely;
For I shall yet behold His face,
Who is my God, and I His grace
Will magnify.