

As Thirsts the Hart for Water Brooks  
The Psalter, 1912.  
William Bradbury, 1858.

As thirsts the hart for water brooks,  
So thirsts my soul, O God, for Thee;  
It seeks for God, and ever looks,  
And longs the living God to see,  
And longs the living God to see.

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

With grief I think of days gone by,  
When oft I trod the hallowed way  
To Zion, praising God on high  
With throngs who kept the holy day,  
With throngs who kept the holy day.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,  
And why so troubled shouldst thou be?  
Hope thou in God, and Him extol,  
Who gives His saving help to me,  
Who gives His saving help to me.

Since, O my God, my soul is bowed,  
In exile far, with bitter grief,  
I turn my thoughts to Thy abode,  
For consolation and relief,  
For consolation and relief.

With mighty voice deep calls to deep,  
While raging storms Thy judgments tell;  
The angry billows o'er me leap,  
The waves of sorrow near me swell,  
The waves of sorrow near me swell.

Though troubles surge, yet through the day  
The Lord His gracious help will give,  
And in the night my heart will pray  
And sing to Him in whom I live,  
And sing to Him in whom I live.

To God my Rock I cry and say,  
"O why hast Thou forgotten me?  
Why go I mourning on my way,  
Oppressed by foes that know not Thee,  
Oppressed by foes that know not Thee?"

With anguish as from piercing sword  
Reproach of bitter foes I hear,  
While day by day, with taunting word,  
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers sneer  
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers sneer.

O why art thou cast down, my soul,  
And why so troubled shouldst thou be?  
Hope thou in God, and Him extol,  
Who gives His saving help to me,

