

As Thirsts The Hart For Water Brooks

PSALM 42

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

As thirst the hart for wa - ter brooks,
Far from the courts of God, my tears
With grief I think of days gone by,
O why art thou cast down, my soul,

So thirsts my soul, O God, for Thee;
Have been my food by night and day,
When oft I trod the hal - lowed way
And why so trou - bled shouldst thou be?

It seeks for God, and ev - er looks
While con - stant - ly with bit - ter sneers,
To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high
Hope thou in God, and Him ex - tol,

And longs the liv - ing God to see,
Where is thy God? the scoff - ers say,
With throngs who kept the ho - ly day,
Who gives His say - ing help to me,

And longs the liv - ing God to see.
Where is thy God? the scoff - ers say.
With throngs who kept the ho - ly day.
Who gives His say - ing help to me.