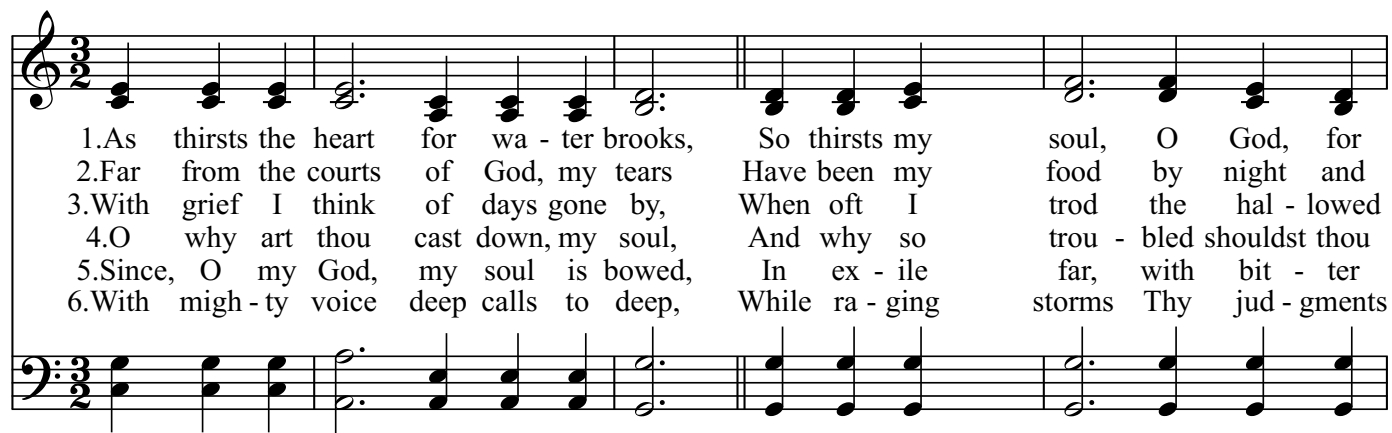
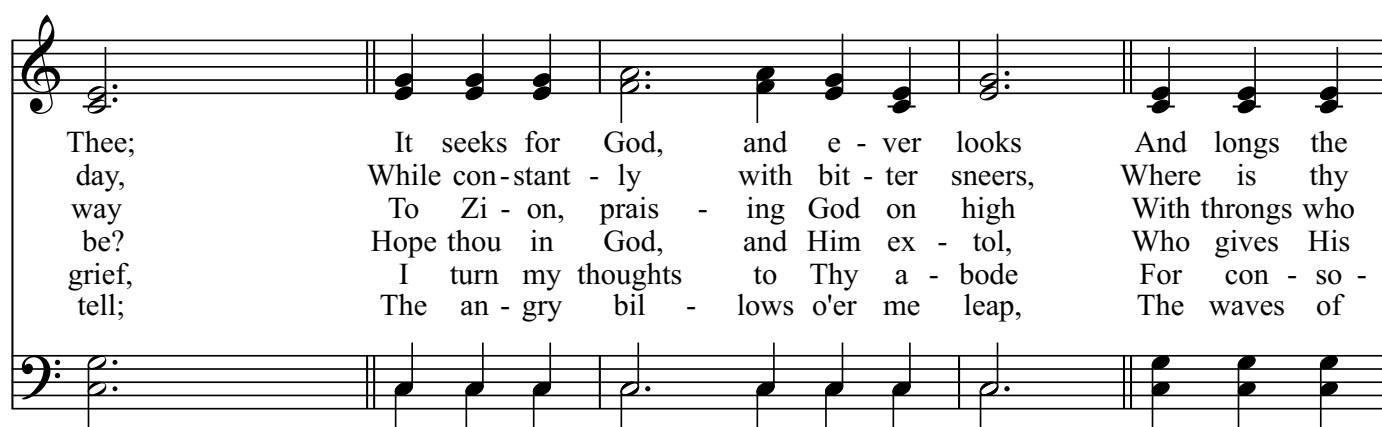


114. Thirstings for God



1. As thirsts the heart for wa - ter brooks, So thirsts my soul, O God, for
 2. Far from the courts of God, my tears Have been my food by night and
 3. With grief I think of days gone by, When oft I trod the hal - lowed
 4. O why art thou cast down, my soul, And why so trou - bled shouldst thou
 5. Since, O my God, my soul is bowed, In ex - ile far, with bit - ter
 6. With migh - ty voice deep calls to deep, While ra - ging storms Thy jud - gments



Thee; It seeks for God, and e - ver looks And longs the
 day, While con - stant - ly with bit - ter sneers, Where is thy
 way To Zi - on, prais - ing God on high With throngs who
 be? Hope thou in God, and Him ex - tol, Who gives His
 grief, I turn my thoughts to Thy a - bode For con - so -
 tell; The an - gry bil - lows o'er me leap, The waves of



li - ving God to see. And longs the li - ving God to see.
 God, the scof - fers say. Where is thy God, the scof - fers say.
 kept the ho - ly day. With throngs who kept the ho - ly day.
 sa - ving help to me. Who gives His sa - ving help to me.
 la - tion and re - lief. For con - so - la - tion and re - lief.
 sor - row near me swell. The waves of sor - row near me swell.

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

8. 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?

9. 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.

10. 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.