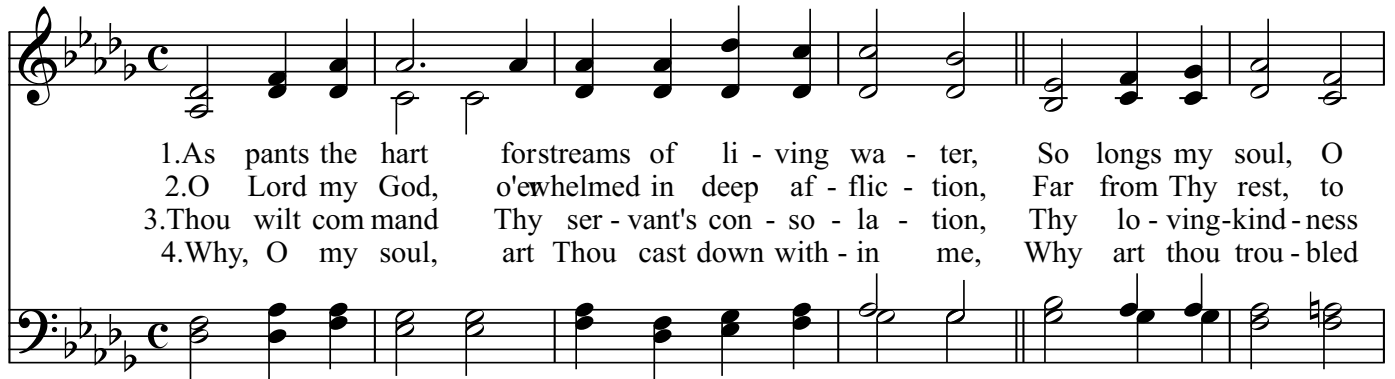
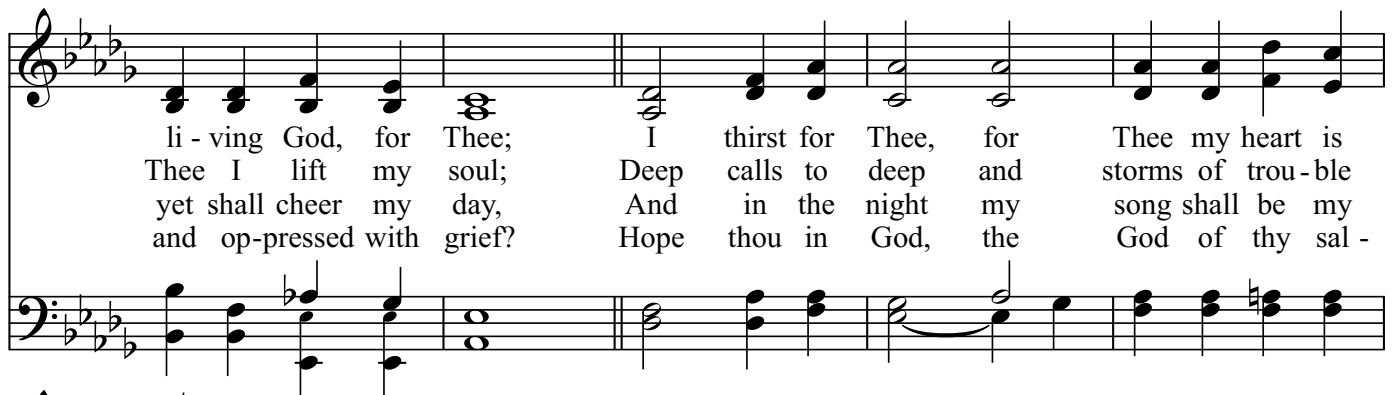


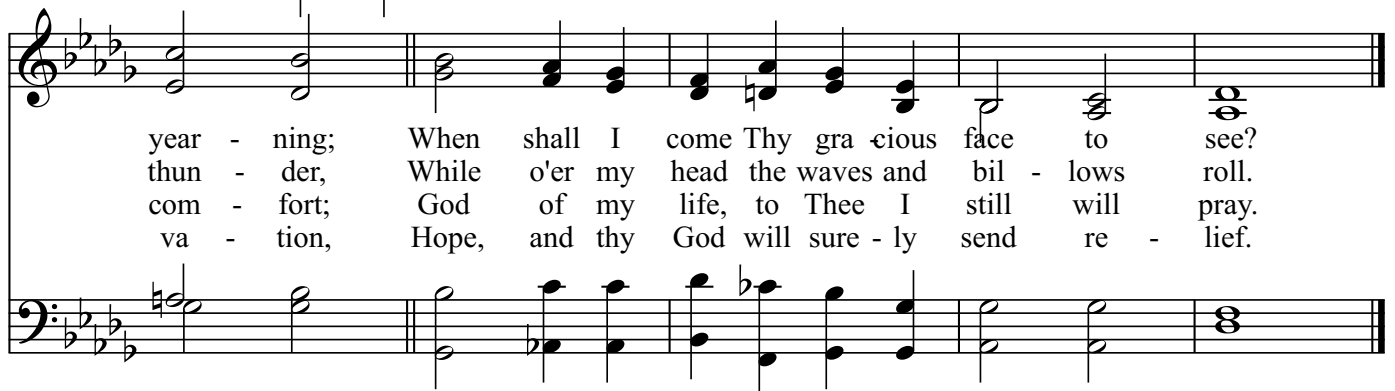
115. Longing After God



1. As pants the hart for streams of li - ving wa - ter, So longs my soul, O
 2. O Lord my God, o'whelmed in deep af - flic - tion, Far from Thy rest, to
 3. Thou wilt com mand Thy ser - vant's con - so - la - tion, Thy lo - ving-kind - ness
 4. Why, O my soul, art Thou cast down with - in me, Why art thou trou - bled



li - ving God, for Thee; I thirst for Thee, for Thee my heart is
 Thee I lift my soul; Deep calls to deep and storms of trou - ble
 yet shall cheer my day, And in the night my song shall be my
 and op-pressed with grief? Hope thou in God, the God of thy sal -



year - ning; When shall I come Thy gra cious face to see?
 thun - der, While o'er my head the waves and bil - lows roll.
 com - fort; God of my life, to Thee I still will pray.
 va - tion, Hope, and thy God will sure - ly send re - lief.