

118.Spiritual Thirst

1.As thirsts the hart for cool-ing flood, So longs my soul, O li-ving God, To
2.How oft I led the hap-py throngs That sought the house of God with songs Of
3.O why, my soul, thy hope-less- ness? Why such dis- qui- et and dis- tress? On

taste Thy grace; When un- to Thee shall I draw near,
joy and praise; I e- ver joined with true de- light
God re- ly; For I shall yet be- hold His face,

O when with- in Thy courts ap- pear, And see Thy face?
The mul- ti- tude that kept a- right The ho- ly days.
Who is my God, and I His grace Will mag- ni- fy.