

416.As the Hart About to Falter



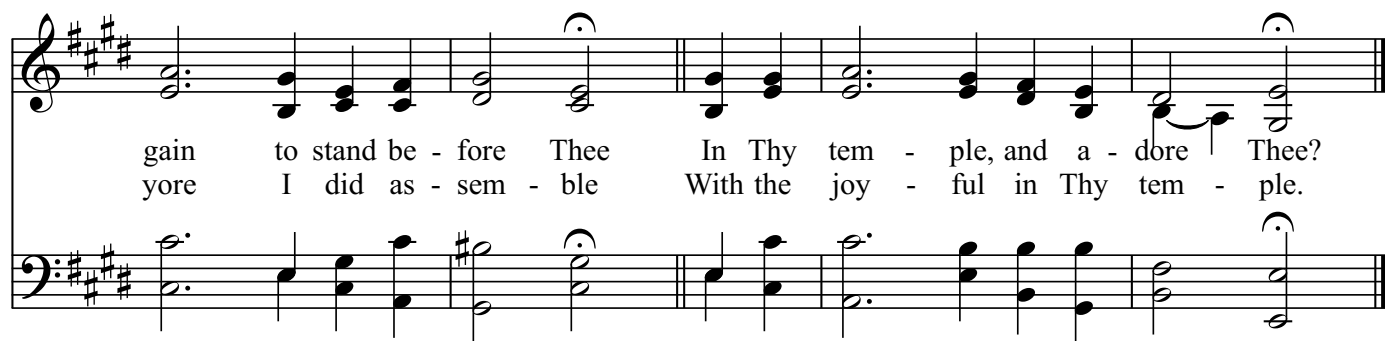
1.As the hart, a-bout to fal - ter, In its trem - bling a - go - ny, Pant-eth
2.Bit - ter tears of la-men - ta - tion Are my food by night and day; In my



for the brooks of wa - ter, So my soul doth pant for Thee. Yea, a -
deep hu - mi - li - a - tion Where is now thy God? they say. Yea, my



thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I Come a -
soul doth melt in me, When I bring to mem - o - ry, How of



gain to stand be - fore Thee In Thy tem - ple, and a - dore Thee?
yore I did as - sem - ble With the joy - ful in Thy tem - ple.

3.O my soul, why art thou grieving,
 Why disquieted in me?
 Hope in God, thy faith retrieving;
 Let Him still thy refuge be.
 I shall yet extol His grace
 For the comfort of His face;
 He has ever turned my sorrow
 Into gladness on the morrow.

4.From the land beyond the Jordan
 I bewail my misery;
 From the foothills of Mount Hermon,
 O my God, I think of Thee.
 As the waters plunge and leap,
 Deep re-echoes unto deep;
 All Thy waves and billows roaring
 O'er my troubled soul are pouring.

5.But the Lord will send salvation,
 And by day His love provide;
 He shall be my exultation,
 And my song at eventide.
 On His praise e'en in the night
 I will ponder with delight,
 And in prayer, transcending distance,
 Seek the God of my existence.

6.I will say to God, my fortress:
 Why hast Thou forsaken me?
 Why go I about in sadness
 For my foes' dread tyranny?
 Their rebukes and scoffing words
 Pierce my bones as pointed sword,
 As they say with proud defiance:
 Where is God, thy soul's reliance?

7.O my soul, why art thou grieving;
 Why disquieted in me?
 Hope in God, thy faith retrieving;
 He will still thy refuge be.
 I shall yet through all my days
 Give to Him my thankful praise;
 God, who will from shame deliver,
 Is my God, my rock, forever.