

## Psalm 42

- 1 As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heated in the chase So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine: O when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's eternal spring.