As the Hart, about to Falter From Psalm 42 In its trem-bling ag - o - ny, Are my food by night and day. 1. 1 As the hart, a - bout to fal - ter, 2. 3Bit ter tears of la - men - ta - tion Why dis - qui - et - ed in me? With my soul cast down in me, you griev - ing, the Jor - dan, 3. 5 O mų soul, why are be - yond the 4. From the land the LORD will send sal - va - tion, 5. 8 But And by day His love pro-vide. to God, my for - tress, "Why hast Thou for - got - ten me? 6. ₉I will say 7. 10 O Why dis - qui - et - ed in me? my soul, why are you griev-ing, 8 Longs for flow-ing streams of wa-ter, In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion Hope in God, your faith re-triev-ing: So, O God, I long for Thee. "Where is now your God?" they say. He will still your ref - uge be. From Mount Mi-zar and Mount Her-mon will yet re - mem - ber Thee. He shall be my ex - ul - ta - tion, Why must I pro - ceed in sad-ness, And *e - ven - tide.* en - e - my?" my song at Hound-ed by the Hope in God, your faith re-triev-ing: will still your ref - uge be. He Ю Thee God of life, Ο 2 Yes, a - thirst for cry; when shall 4Oh, my soul's poured out in me, When I bring to mem - o a - gain shall laud For the com - fort Hisof His grace face: the wa - ters plunge and His praise ev'n in the Deep re - ech - oes un - to deep; I will pon - der with de - light, $_{7}\mathrm{As}$ leap, deep; On the night Pierce my bones like point - ed swords, scoff - ing words 10 Their re-bukes and a - gain shall laud His grace For the com - fort of His face: 0 Come a - gain to stand be-fore Thee Thy tem-ple and a - dore Thee? Shout-ing prais-es in Thy tem-ple. How the throngs I would as-sem-ble, will show His help and fa - vor, is my God and Sav-ior. For He

Thy waves and bil-lows roar-ing in pray'r, tran-scend-ing dis-tance, And they say with proud de - fi - ance, He will show His help and fa - vor,

O'er my trou-bled soul are pour-ing. Seek the God of my ex - ist-ence. "Where is God, your firm re - li-ance?" He is my God and Sav-ior. For



Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Johann Crüger, 1658 Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVAN 42]

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