7 As panting deer desire the waterbrooks

1. As pant - ing deer de - sire the wa - ter - brooks
2. Both day and night my tears have been my food,
3. Why are you heav - y - heart - ed, O my soul?

when wan-dering in a dry and des - ert place, so yearns my thirst-y soul for
while sof - fers taunt me, "Where is your God now?" My soul dis-solves as I re-
And why are you so mired in deep dis-cord? Still put your hope and trust in

you, O God, and longs at last to see you face to face.
call the throng whose pil-grim hymns I led to Zi-on’s brow.
God a-lone, whom I will praise, my Sav-ior and my Lord.

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