As Panteth The Hart

Words by Robert L. Fletcher
Music by I. H. Meredith

1. As pant-eth the hart in the sul-try glade, When chased from the brook and the
2. My tears are my sus-te-nance night and day, And where is thy God? they of-
3. Why art thou dis-qui-et-ed, O my soul? My life shall the mer-cies of
4. My soul, O my God, have my foes cast down, Yet once were Thy peo-ple held
5. Yet kind-ness and love will the Lord com-mand, And songs in the night in an
6. The sword of my foes seeks my soul to slay, And where is thy God? hear the

cool-ing shade; So, far from Thy courts in cap-tiv-i-ty, My soul is a-
fend-ing say; Then well I re-mem-ber the for-mer days, With mul-ti-
tudes God con-trol; Yet Him will I praise, while my years pro-long, The help of whose
in re-nown; Deep an-swers, too deep when the thun-ders roar, So bil-lows their
al-ien land; Then why do I cry, hath my God for-got? Why mourn that op-
scoff-ers say; Yet Him will I praise, while my years pro-long, The help of whose

thirst, O my God, for Thee.
throng-ing the house of praise.
coun-te-nance is my song.
tor-rents up on me pour.
pres-sion is now my lot?
coun-te-nance is my song.

As pant-eth the hart for wa-ter brooks, so
As Panteth The Hart

pant - eth my soul for Thee; My soul is a - thirst,

My soul is a - thirst, Thy lov - ing face to see.