As Pants The Hart

SIMPSON C. M.

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.
   Oh, when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty divine?

2. For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine;
   The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's eternal spring.

3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still; and thou shalt sing

Words: Tate & Brady
Music: Louis Spohr

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