As Pants The Hart

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,

2. For Thee, my God, the liv-ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;

3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Trust God and thou shalt sing

So pants my soul, O Lord! for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou Maj-es-ty di- vine?
His praise a-gain, and find Him still Thy health’s e-ter-nal spring.

Chorus

As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, So pants my
As pants the hart for cool-ing streams,

As pants the hart

As pants the hart, O Lord, for Thee;
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee;
As pants the hart

As pants the hart, O Lord, for Thee.
So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee.

Words: Nabum Tate, 1696; Altered by Henry Frances Lyte, 1834
Music: R. M. McIntosh