

# Luneville

Treble

1. As pants the hart for cooling streams, When heat-ed in the chase, So  
2. I sigh, when e'er for my cooling thoughts Those hap-py days pre-sent, When

Tenor

3. One trou-ble calls an-oth-er on, And gather-ing o'er my head, Fall  
4. My heart is pierced, as with a sword, While thus my foes up-braid, "Vain

Bass

Tr.

10 15

longs my soul, O God, for Thee; and Thy re-fresh-ing grace. For Thee, my God, the  
I with troops of pi-ous friends Thy tem-ple did fre-quent. When I ad-vanced with

T.

spout-ing down, till round my soul A roar-ing sea is spread. But when Thy pre-sence,  
boast-er, where is now thy God? And where His prom-ised aid?" Why rest-less, why cast

B.

Tr.

20 25

liv-ing God, My thir-sty soul doth pine; O when shall I be-hold Thy face, Thou maj-es-ty di-vine?  
songs of praise, My sol-emn vows to pay; And led the joy-ful sac-red thron'g That kept the fes-tal day.

T.

Lord of life, Has once dis-pelled this storm, To Thee I'll mid-night an-thems sing, And all my vows per-form.  
down my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e-ter-nal spring.

B.