

Milton

Tr. 1. With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look; So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook. When shall I see thy

C. 2. Temptations vex my weary soul, And tears are my re-past; The foe insults without control, "And where's your God at last?" 'Tis with a mournful

T. 3. But why, my soul, sunk down so far Beneath this heavy load? Why do my thoughts indulge despair, And sin against my God? Hope in the Lord, whose

B.

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2. plea-sure now I think on an - cient days; Then to thy house did numbers go, And all our work was praise. Then to thy house did
3. migh-ty hand Can all thy woes re - move, For I shall yet before him stand, And sing re - sto - ring love. For I shall yet be -

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Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017. Measure 17, first note: Treble changed from D to A, Tenor changed from G to E.