

Tr. 1. With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look; So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the coo-ling brook.

C. 2. Temptations vex my weary soul, And tears are my repast; The foe in-sults with-out con-trol, "And where's your God at last?"

T. 3. But why, my soul, sunk down so far Beneath this heavy load? Why do my thoughts indulge despair, And sin a - gainst my God?

B. 8

Tr. 15 20

1. When shall I see thy courts of grace, and meet my God again? So long an absence from thy face My heart endures with pain.

C. 2. 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now I think on ancient days; Then to thy house did num-bers go, And all our work was praise.

T. 8

3. Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand Can all thy woes remove, For I shall yet before him stand, And sing re - sto - ring love.

B.