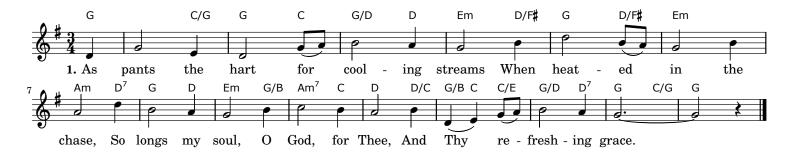
As pants the hart for cooling streams

Longings — For God

349



- 2. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Trust God, who will employ His aid for thee, and change these sighs To thankful hymns of joy.
- 3. For Thee, my God, the living God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I behold Thy face, Thou Majesty Divine?
- 4. God of my strength, how long shall I, Like one forgotten, mourn, Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5. Why restless, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's eternal spring.