As the Hart, about to Falter

From Psalm 42

1. As the hart, a-bout to fal-ter, In its trem-bling ag-o-ny,
2. Bit-ter tears of la-men-ta-tion Are my food by night and day.
3. O my soul, why are you griev-ing, Why dis-qui-et-ed in me?
4. From the land be-yond the Jor-dan, With my soul cast down in me,
5. But the Lord will send sal-va-tion, And by day His love pro-vide.
6. I will say to God, my for-tress, "Why hast Thou for-got-ten me?
7. O my soul, why are you griev-ing, Why dis-qui-et-ed in me?

Longs for flow-ing streams of wa-ter, So, O God, I long for Thee.
In my deep hu-mil-i-a-tion "Where is now your God?" they say.
Hope in God, your faith re-ti-er-ing; He will still your ref-uge be.
From Mount Mi-zar and Mount Her-mon I will yet re-mem-ber Thee.
He shall be my ex-ul-fa-tion, And my song at even-tide.
Why must I pro-cceed in sad-ness, Hound-ed by the en-e-my?"
Hope in God, your faith re-ti-er-ing; He will still your ref-uge be.

Yes, a-thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I
Oh, my soul's poured out in me, When I bring to mem-o-ry
I a-gain shall laud His grace For the com-fort of His face:
As the wa-ters plunge and leap, Deep re-ech-oes un-to deep;
On His praise ev'n in the night I will pon-der with de-light,
Their re-bukes and scoff-ing words Pierce my bones like point-ed swords,
I a-gain shall laud His grace For the com-fort of His face:

Come a-gain to stand be-fore Thee In Thy tem-ple and a-dore Thee?
How the throngs I would as-sem-ble, Shout-ing prais-es in Thy tem-ple.
He will show His help and fa-vor, For He is my God and Sav-i-or.
All Thy waves and bil-ows roar-ing O'er my trou-bled soul are pour-ing.
And in pray'rs, tran-scend-ing dis-tance, Seek the God of my ex-ist-ence.
As they say with proud de-fi-ance, "Where is God, your firm re-li-ance?"
He will show His help and fa-vor, For He is my God and Sav-i-or.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Johann Crüger, 1658
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AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVEAN 42]
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