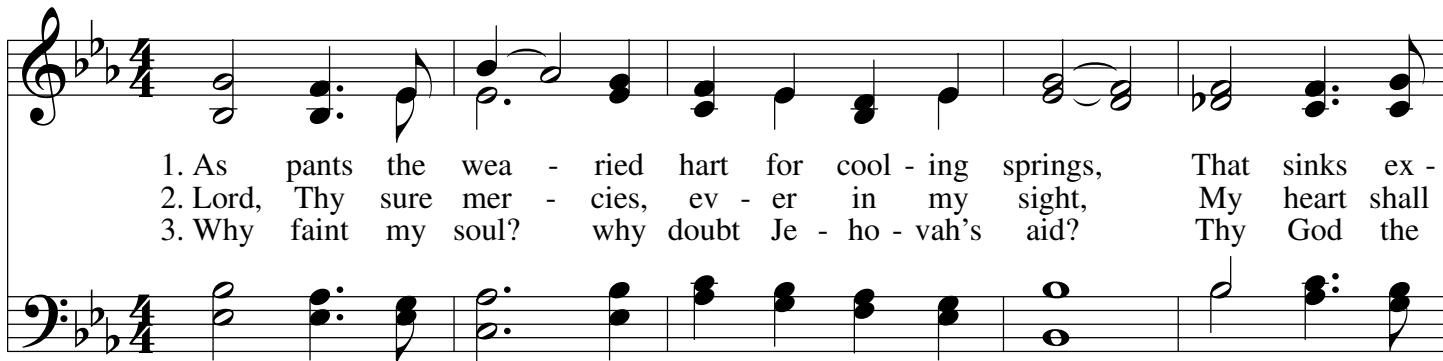


As Pants The Hart

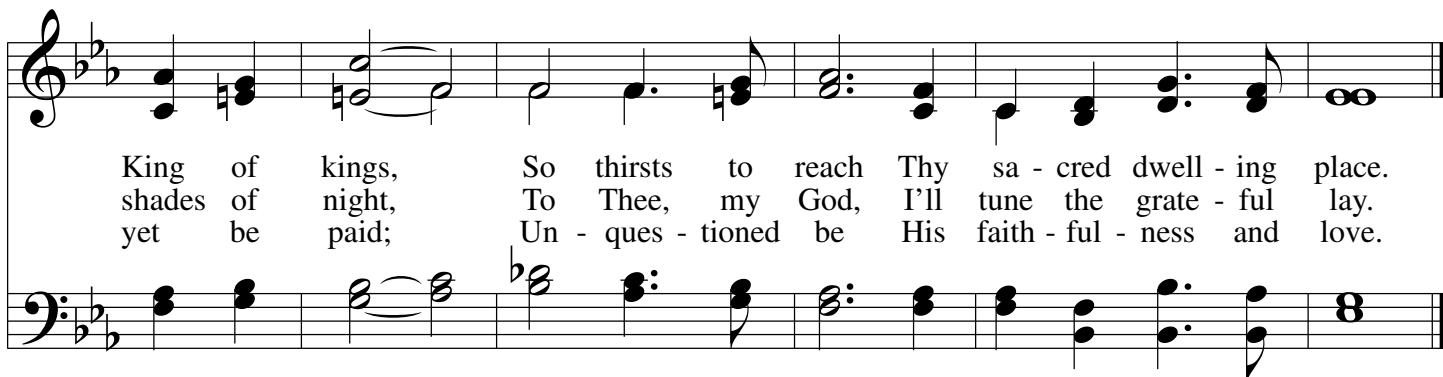
E♭



1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -
2. Lord, Thy sure mer - cies, ev - er in my sight, My heart shall
3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Je - ho - vah's aid? Thy God the



haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great
glad - den thru the te - dious day; And 'midst the dark and gloom - y
God of mer - cy still shall prove; With - in His courts thy thanks shall



King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing place.
shades of night, To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grate - ful lay.
yet be paid; Un - ques - tioned be His faith - ful - ness and love.