

1. As pant - ing deer de - sire the wa - ter - brooks  
 2. Both day and night my tears have been my food,  
 3. Why are you heav - y - heart - ed, O my soul?

when wan - dering in a dry and des - ert place, so years my thirs - ty soul for  
 while scof - fers taunt me, "Where is your God now?" My soul dis - solves as I re -  
 And why are you so mired in deep dis - cord? Still put your hope and trust in

you, O God, and longs at last to see you face to face.  
 call the throng whose pil - grim hymns I led to Zi - on's brow.  
 God a - lone, whom I will praise, my Sav - ior and my Lord.