

- 2. With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look; So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook.
- 3. 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.
- 4. Temptations vex my weary soul, And tears are my repast; The foe insults without control, "And where's your God at last?"

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- 5. But why, my soul, sunk down so far Beneath this heavy load? Why do my thoughts indulge despair, And sin against my God?
- 6. Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand Can all thy woes remove, For I shall yet before him stand, And sing restoring love.