

As a deer pants for water

so I long for You, Lord!
I hunger for your presence,
I thirst for your word;
for mockers deride me:
'Your God, he has gone!'
and tears, they come streaming
at night and at dawn.

Great joys I remember
midst my pain and distress:
sweet songs of your people,
my voice with the rest!
O why are you grieving?
My soul, why so sad?
Again I shall praise him,
my Saviour, my God!

When my heart is near breaking
I remember my Lord;
though his waves have but drowned me
he commands his great love!
A song rises in me,
a prayer, to God my Rock:
how can you forget me,
this lamb of your flock?

O why are you grieving?
My soul, why so sad?
Again I shall praise him,
my Saviour, my God —
yes, though I go mourning,
oppressed, by many foes
or weakened by sickness,
even death in my bones.

Vindicate me Lord Jesus,
you who save me from hell!
Let your light and truth lead me,
to the place where you dwell!
O why are you grieving?
My soul, why so sad?
Again I shall praise him,
my Saviour, my God!

William J.U. Philip

As a Deer Pants for Water

Words: W. J. U. Philip
(from Psalms 42 & 43)

Tune: The Last Rose of Summer
Arr: B. Christie and M. Wilkinson

Piano

1. As a deer pants for wa - ter, so I long for you, Lord! I
joys I re - mem - ber midst my pain and dis - tress sweet
heart is near break - ing I re - mem - ber my Lord; though his
why are you griev - ing? My soul why so sad? A -

C F/C C C/G G C

Pno.

hun - ger for your pres - ence I thirst for your word; for
songs of your peo - ple, my voice with the rest! O
waves have but drowned me he com - mands his great love! A
gain I shall praise him, My Sav - iour, my God. Yes,

C F/C C C/G G C

Pno.

mock - ers de - ride me: 'Your God, he has gone!' and
why are you griev - ing? my soul, why so sad? A
song ri - ses in me, a prayer, to God my Rock: how
though I go mourn - ing, op - pressed by ma - ny foes or

Am Em Am E Am Fm/Ab

Pno.

tears, they come stream - ing at night and at dawn. 2. Great
gain I shall praise him my Sav - iour, my God! 3. When my
can you for - get me, this lamb of your flock? 4. O
weak - ened by sick - ness, e - ven death in my

13 C F/C C Fm C/G G C

1.2.3.

17 ^{4.} C Fm C/G G A(sus4) A

Pno. bones. 5. Vin - di -

20 D G/D D D/A A D

Pno. cate me_ Lord_ Je - sus, you who save me_ from_ hell! Let your

24 D G/D D D/A A D

Pno. light and_ truth_ lead me, to the place where you_ dwell! O_

28 Bm F#m Bm F# Bm Gm/Bb

Pno. why_ are you griev - ing? My_ soul_ why so sad? A -

32 D G/D D Gm D/A A D

Pno. gain I_ shall_ praise him, my_ Sav - iour, my_ God!