

As Deer for Streams, I Pant for God

Brian E. Coombs, 2001

As deer for streams, I pant for God; I pant for
 In stead - y streams, tears from my eyes have been my
 My yearn - ing soul turns to the past; to keep the
 O why, my soul, do you grow ill? And why are

You so long - ing - ly. I thirst for God, the liv - ing
 food each night and day; while those a - round, with mock - ing
 feast I led the crowd. Up to God's house we'd come at
 you cast down in me? Hope now in God. I'll praise Him

God; how long un - til God's face I see?
 cries, "Where is your God?" to me they say.
 last; with joy - ful thanks we'd shout a - loud.
 still, my help - er and my God is He.