

# As Pants the Hart

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G C G D G D G Em G D

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heat - ed in the chase,  
 2. For Thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst - y soul doth pine  
 3. Why rest - less, why cast - down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt pine  
 4. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,

G D Em G7 C G D G C Em G D G

So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
 O when shall I be - hold Thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?  
 The praise of Him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.  
 Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.