

With Earnest Longings of the Mind

Isaac Watts, from Psalm 42

With earn-est long-ings of the mind, My God, to Thee I look; So
When shall I see Thy courts of grace, And meet my God a - gain? So
Temp - ta - tions vex my wea - ry soul, And tears are my re - past; The
'Tis with a mourn-ful plea - sure now I think on an - cient days; Then
But why, my soul, sunk down so far Be - neath this heav-y load? Why
Hope in the Lord, whose might-y hand Can all thy woes re - move; For

pants the hunt - ed hart find And taste the cool - ing brook.
long an ab - sence from Thy face My heart en - dures with pain.
foe in - sults with - out con-trol, And where's your God at last?
to Thy house did num - bers go, And all our work was praise.
do my thoughts in - dulge des-pair, And sin a - gainst my God?
I shall yet be - fore Him stand, And sing re - stor - ing love.