

ANON.

MENDELSSOHN

1. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs, That sinks exhausted  
 2. Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight, My heart shall gladden  
 3. Why faint my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid? Thy God the God of

in the summer's chase; So pants my soul for Thee great  
 thru the tedious day; And 'midst the dark and gloomy  
 mercy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall

King of Kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling place.  
 shades of night, To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.  
 yet be paid; Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.