

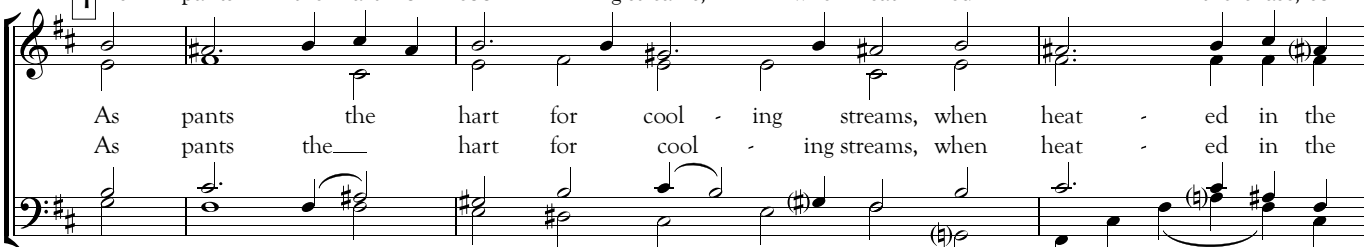
# Why restless, why cast down?

A New Version of the  
Psalms of David, 1760  
Psalm 42

(All verses may be sung congregationally to the setting of verse 1)

ANTONY PITTS

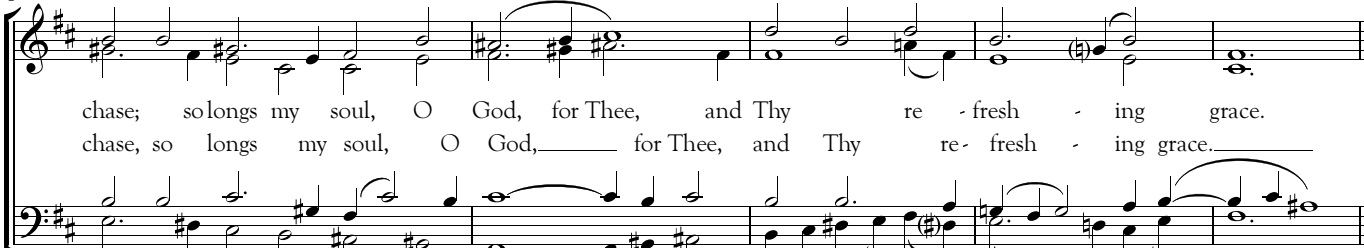
1 As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, when heat - ed in the chase, so



Full  
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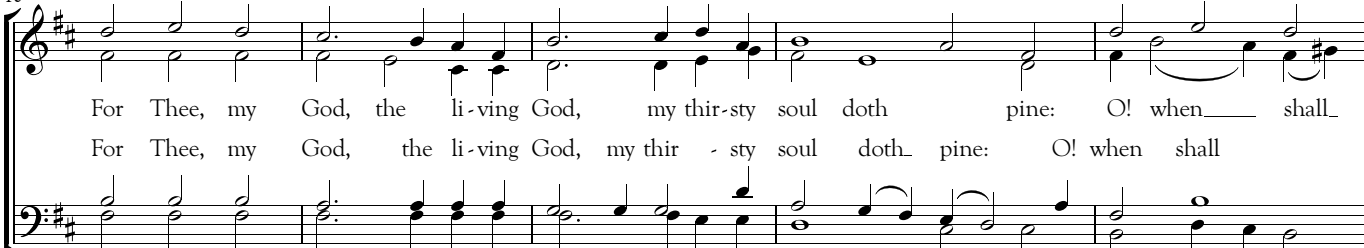
5 longs my soul, O God, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.



Full  
chase; so longs my soul, O God, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.  
chase, so longs my soul, O God, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

chase; so longs my soul, O God, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.


10 For Thee, my God, the li - ving God, my thir - sty soul doth pine: O! when shall



Full  
For Thee, my God, the li - ving God, my thir - sty soul doth pine: O! when shall  
For Thee, my God, the li - ving God, my thir - sty soul doth pine: O! when shall

For Thee, my God, the li - ving God, my thir - sty soul doth pine: O! when shall

15 I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - je - sty Di - vine?



Full  
I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - je - sty Di - vine?  
I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - je - sty Di - vine?

I be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - je - sty Di - vine?

As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
when heated in the chase;  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
and Thy refreshing grace.  
For Thee, my God, the living God,  
my thirsty soul doth pine:  
O! when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine?

Tears are my constant food, while thus  
insulting foes upbraid:  
“Deluded wretch! where’s now thy God?  
“and where His promis’d aid?”  
I sigh whene’er my musing thoughts  
those happy days present,  
When I with troops of pious friends  
Thy Temple did frequent;

When I advanc’d with songs of praise,  
my solemn vows to pay;  
And led the joyful sacred throng,  
and kept the festal day.  
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
trust God; and He’ll employ  
His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
to thankful hymns of joy.

My soul’s cast down, o God; but thinks  
on Thee and Sion, still;  
From Jordan’s bank, from Hermon’s heights,  
and Missar’s humbler hill.  
One trouble calls another on;  
and, bursting o’er my head,  
Fall spouting down, till round my soul,  
a roaring sea is spread.

But when Thy presence, Lord of Life,  
has once dispell’d this storm,  
To Thee I’ll midnight anthems sing,  
and all my vows perform.  
God of my strength, how long shall I,  
like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos’d  
to my oppressor’s scorn?

My heart is pierc’d, as with a sword,  
whilst thus my foes upbraid;  
“Vain boaster, where is now thy God?  
“and where His promis’d aid?”  
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
hope still; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
thy health’s eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
the God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
and shall be evermore.