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As the Deer

D A Bm Dsus D

As the deer pants for the wa - ter, so my

G A7sus A7 D G A7 D A

soul longs af - ter you. You a - lone are my

Bm Dsus D G Asus A7 D

heart's de - sire, and I long to wor - ship you.

Bm Bm/A G D/F# G Bm

You a - lone are my strength, my shield; to you a - lone

Em F#sus F# D A

may my spir - it yield. You a - lone are my

Bm Dsus D G A7sus A7 D

heart's de - sire, and I long to wor - ship you.

This praise chorus begins as a paraphrase of Psalm 42:1 and later incorporates parts of Psalm 28:7. In some early Christian communities, people chanted or sang Psalm 42 on their way to be baptized, and many early Christian baptisteries were decorated with deer drinking water.

to Refrain

from the flood, and I'm saved be - cause of his blood.
of my days, Je - sus Christ will be my heart's praise.
an - y fear; in Christ's righ - teous - ness I am here.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go 833

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
2 O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I yield my
3 O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
4 O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, that
flick - ering torch to thee; my heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, that
close my heart to thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and
ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, and

in thine o - cean depths its flow may rich - er, full - er be.
in thy sun - shine's blaze its day may bright - er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain that morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blos - soms red life that shall end - less be.

This intense hymn of commitment to God (addressed as Love, Light, and Joy) closes with an invocation of the ultimate testimony to those attributes (the Cross). The composer, a Scotsman, named this specially-composed tune for the 11th-century patroness of Scotland.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 223

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

This familiar text from the beginning of the 18th century grew out of Isaac Watts's desire to give Christians the ability to sing about gospel events. It is set here to a very restrained tune from the early 19th century inspired by the patterns of Gregorian chant.