MOURNING AND LONGING



- 2. The favoured souls who know what glories shine in him, pant for his presence as the roe pants for the living stream!
- 3. What trifles tease me now!
 They swarm like summer flies,
 they cleave to everything I do,
 and swim before my eyes.
- 4. How dull the Sabbath-day, without the Sabbath's Lord! How toilsome then to sing and pray, and wait upon the word!
- 5. Of all the truths I hear, how few delight my taste!I glean a berry here and there, but mourn the vintage past.
- 6. Yet let me (as I ought) still hope to be supplied; no pleasure else is worth a thought, nor shall I be denied.
- 7. Though I am but a worm, unworthy of his care, the Lord will my desire perform, and grant me all my prayer.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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