



# As the Deer

Martin Nystrom



As the deer pant-eth for the wa-ter, So my soul long-eth af-ter Thee.  
You're my friend and You are my bro-ther, Ev-en tho'— You are a King.  
I want You more than gold or sil-ver, On-ly You— can sa-tis-fy.

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You a-lone are my heart's de-sire— and I long to wor-ship Thee.  
I love You more than an-y oth-er, So much more than an-y-thing.  
You a-lone are the real joy giv-er, And the ap-ple of my eye.

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You a-lone are my strength, my shield; To You, a-lone, may my

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spir-it yield. You a-lone are my

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