

Like the deer that yearns, yearns for run-ning streams,

so my soul is yearn - ing for you, my God.

1. My soul is thirsting for God,
the God of my life;
when can I enter and see
the face of God?
2. These things will I remember
as I pour out my soul:
how I would lead the rejoicing crowd
into the house of God,
amid cries of gladness and thanksgiving,
the throng wild with joy.
3. O send forth your light and your truth;
let these be my guide.
Let them bring me to your holy mountain
to the place where you dwell.
4. And I will come to the altar of God,
the God of my joy.
My redeemer, I will thank you on the harp,
O God, my God.

Optional Coda

Like the deer that yearns, yearns for run - ning streams,

streams, so my soul is yearn - ing for you, my God.

so my souls is yearn - ing, yearn - ing for you, my God.