

Like the deer — that yearns for run - ning streams. so my soul — is

yearn - ing — for — you, my God.

My soul is thirsting for God, the God of my life; when can I enter and see the face of 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.

Pss 41 (42):3. 5; 42 (43): 3. 4. R. 41 (42):2

- Easter Vigil: Psalm after Seventh Reading