

My — soul is thirst - ing for God, the God of my life.

Em D G Am C D Bm E4 E

Em Am/C D G Am D Em B F#mEm D G Am B

1. Like the deer that yearns
for running streams,
so my soul is yearning
for you, my God.
2. My soul is thirsting for God,
the God of my life;
when can I enter and see
the face of God?
3. 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.
4. 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.
5. 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.
6. Why are you cast down, my soul,
why groan within me?
Hope in God; I will praise him still,
my saviour and my God.

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

- Masses for the Dead: Burial of Baptised Children