Psalm 42



Like the deer that yearns for running streams So my soul is thirsting for you.

My soul is thirsting for God, the God of my life.
When can I enter, when can I enter and see the face of God?
Like the deer that yearns for running streams
So my soul is thirsting for you.

These things will I remember as I pour out my soul; how I would lead the rejoicing crowd into the house of God. Like the deer that yearns for running streams So my soul is thirsting for you.

O send forth your light and your truth, let these be my guide; Let them bring me to the holy mountain, to the place where you dwell.

Like the deer that yearns for running streams So my soul is thirsting for you.

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. Like the deer that yearns for running streams So my soul is thirsting for you.

Glory to the Father, glory to the Son, Glory to the Holy Spirit now and for ever. Amen. Like the deer that yearns for running streams So my soul is thirsting for you.

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