

Tract.

8.

L

Ike as the hart * de-si- reth the wa-ter

brooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O

God. Ψ . My soul is athirst for God, even

for the li- ving God: when shall I come

to appear be-fore the pre-sence of God?

 Ψ . My tears have been my meat

day and night: while they dai- ly say un- to

me, Where is now * thy God?