

Like the deer * that yearns for running

streams, so my soul is yearning for you,

my God. *ψ.* My soul is thirsting for my

God the liv-ing God: when can I

ent-ter, and ap-pear- be-fore the face

of God? *ψ.* My tears have be-come

my bread by day, by night, as

they say to me all the day long: Where

is * Your God?