

EASTER VIGIL (7)

Mode 3 (a)

like a deer that yearns for running streams, my soul longs for you my God.

1. My soul is thirsting for God, the God of my life.

When shall 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.