

Easter Vigil VII option a

Voice

Like a deer that longs for run-ning streams, my soul longs for you, my God.

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1. My soul is thirsting for God,
the living God.
When can I enter and appear
before the face of God?
2. For I would go to the place of your wondrous tent,
all the way to the house of God,
amid cries of gladness and thanksgiving,
the throng keeping joyful festival.
3. O send forth your light and your truth;
they will guide me on.
They will bring me to your holy mountain,
to the place where you dwell.
4. And I will come to the altar of God,
to God, my joy and gladness.
To you will I give thanks on the harp,
O God, my God.