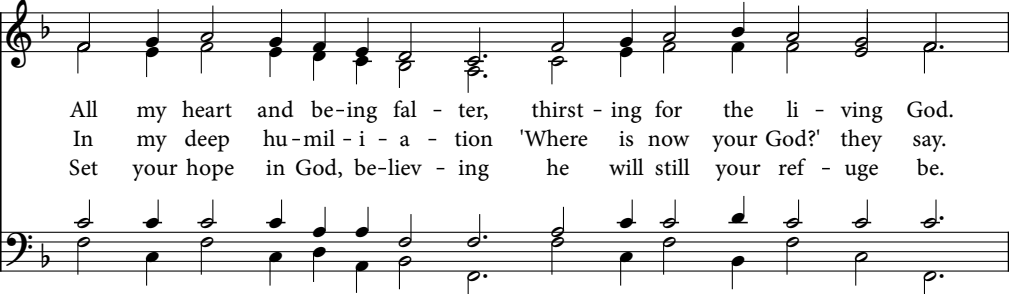
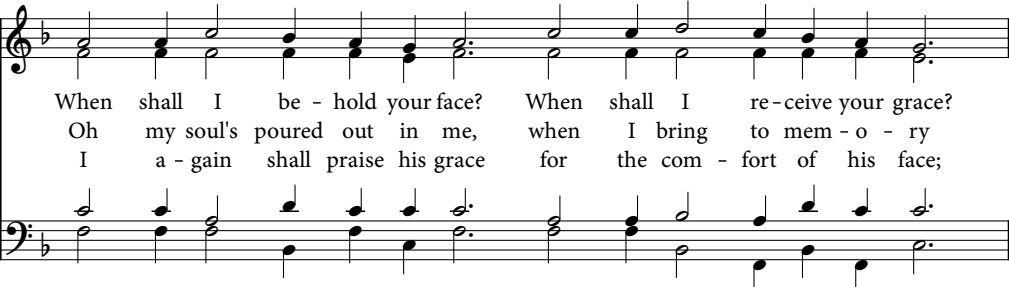


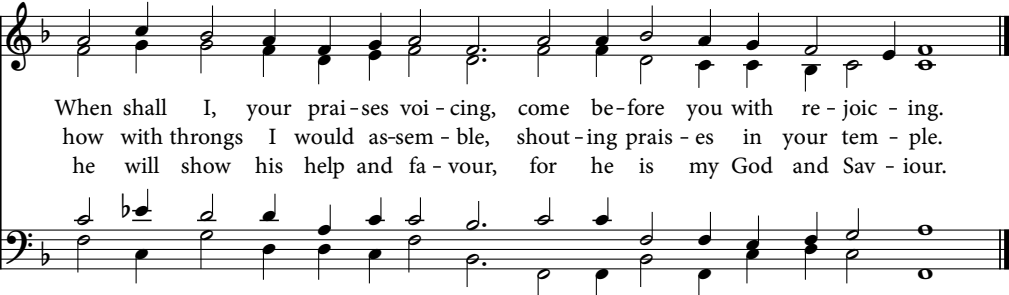
As a deer that longs for wa - ter, so I long for you O God.
 Bit - ter tears of la - men - ta - tion are my food by night and day.
 O my soul, why are you griev - ing? Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?



All my heart and be - ing fal - ter, thirst - ing for the li - ving God.
 In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion 'Where is now your God?' they say.
 Set your hope in God, be - liev - ing he will still your ref - uge be.



When shall I be - hold your face? When shall I re - ceive your grace?
 Oh my soul's poured out in me, when I bring to mem - o - ry
 I a - gain shall praise his grace for the com - fort of his face;



When shall I, your prai - ses voi - cing, come be - fore you with re - joic - ing.
 how with throngs I would as - sem - ble, shout - ing prais - es in your tem - ple.
 he will show his help and fa - vour, for he is my God and Sav - iour.