

My soul is thirsting for the living God: when shall I see him face to face?

Psalm 42 and 43

℟. My soul is thirsting for the living God: when shall I see him face to face?

As the hind longs for the running waters,
so my soul longs for you, O God. ℟.

Athirst is my soul for God, the living God.
When shall I go and behold the face of God? ℟.

Send forth your light and your fidelity;
they shall lead me on
And bring me to your holy mountain,
to your dwelling-place. ℟.

Then will I go in to the altar of God,
the God of my gladness and joy;
then will I give you thanks upon the harp,
O God, my God! ℟.

Why are you so downcast, O my soul?
Why do you sigh within me?
Hope in God! For I shall again be thanking him,
in the presence of my savior and my God. ℟.