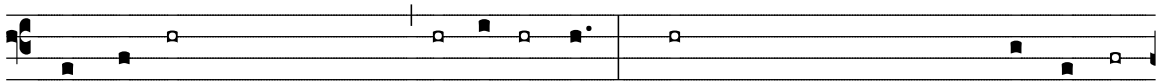
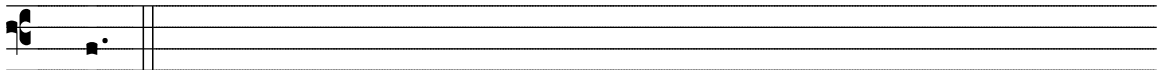


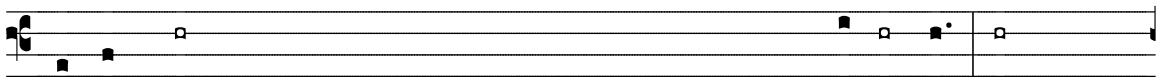
Like a deer that longs for run-ning streams, my soul longs for you, my God.



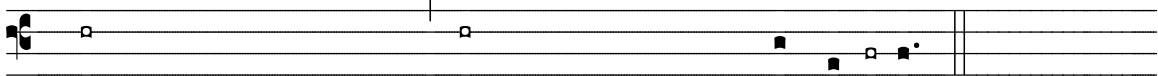
A-thirst is my soul for God, the *liv*-ing God. When shall I go and behold *the* face of



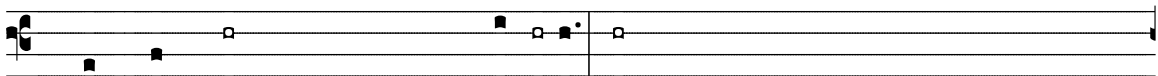
God? *R:*



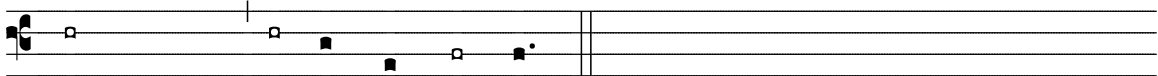
I went with the throng and led them in procession to the *house* of God, amid loud



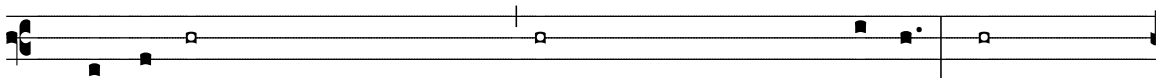
cries of joy and thanksgiving, with the multitude keep-*ing* fes-ti-val. *R:*



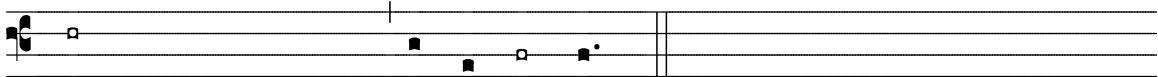
Send forth your light and your *fi-del-i-ty*; they shall lead me on and bring me to your



holy mountain, to *your* dwell-ing-place. *R:*



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! *R:*