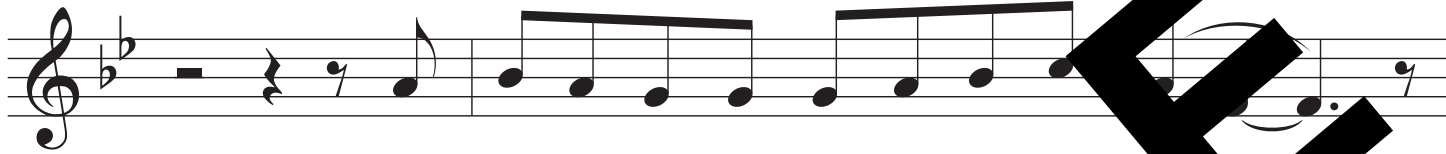


Like a Deer That Longs for Running Streams

All Souls

David A. Gatwood



My soul is thirst-ing for the liv-ing



when shall I see his face to face?

1. As the hind longs for the running waters,
so my soul longs for you, O God.
2. Athirst is my soul for God, the living God.
When shall I go and behold the face of God?
3. I went with the throng and led them in procession
and let them in procession praise the name of God.
I will praise you, O God, with the multitude keeping festival,
and I will praise you with the multitude keeping festival.
4. Send forth your light and your fidelity;
they shall lead me on
And bring me to your holy mountain,
to your dwelling-place.
5. 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!
6. Why are you 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.

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