1 As the deer longs for the water brooks, so longs my soul for you, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God; when shall I come before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my bread day and night, while all day long they say to me, 'Where is now your God?'

4 Now when I think on these things, I pour out my soul; how I went with the multitude and led the procession to the house of God, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving, among those who kept holy day.

5 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why are you so disquieted within me?

6 With the voice of praise and thanksgiving, among those who kept holy day.

7 O put your trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm 42.1-7

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit; as it was in the beginning is now and shall be for ever. Amen.