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,

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

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

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.