

# SICUT CERVUS

vii.

**L**

Ike as the hart \* de-si-reth the water brooks:

so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

ψ. My soul is athirst for God, even for

the li- ving God: when shall I come to ap-

pear before the presence of God?

ψ. My tears have been my meat day

and night: while they dai- ly say un- to me,

Where is now \* thy God?