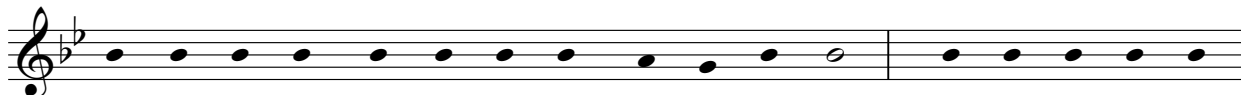




R.  My soul is thirst - ing for you, O Lord my God.


1  O God, you are my God *whom* I seek; for you my flesh pines and


 my *soul* thirsts like the *earth*, parched, life - less and with - *out* wa - ter.


2  Thus have I gazed t'ward you in the *sanc*-tu - ar - y to see your pow - er


 and *your* glo - ry, for your kind - ness is a great - er *good* than life; my lips


 shall glo - ri - *fy* you.

3  Thus will I bless you *while* I live;

 lift - ing up my hands, I will call up - on *your* name. As with the rich - es of a

 ban-quet shall my *soul* be sat - is - fied, and with ex - ult - ant lips my mouth *shall* praise you.

4  You *are* my help, and in the shad - ow of your wings I shout *for* joy.

 My *soul* clings fast to you; your right hand *up* - holds me.

