

R.

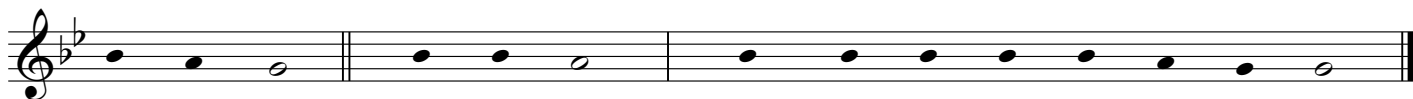


My soul is thirst - ing for you, O Lord my God.

1



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

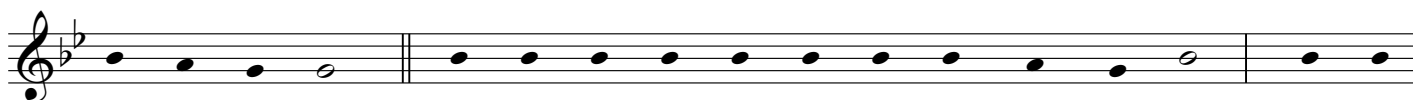


my *soul* thirsts like the *earth*, parched, life - less and with - *out* wa - ter.

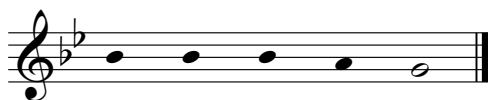
2



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

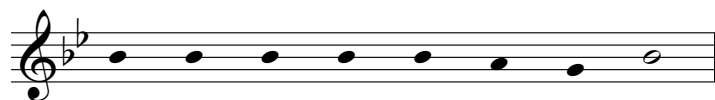


and *your* glo - ry, for your kind - ness is a great - er *good* than life; my lips



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

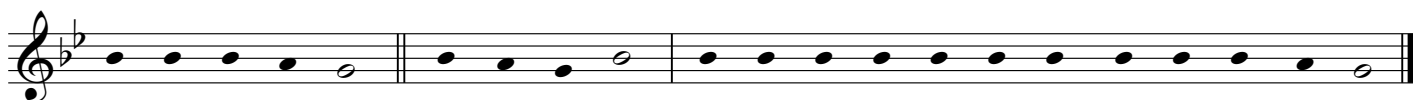


ban - quet shall my *soul* be sat - is - fied, and with ex - ult - ant lips my mouth *shall* praise you.

4



I will re - mem - ber you up - *on* my couch, and through the night - watch - es I will



med - i - tate *on* you: You *are* my help, and in the shad - ow of your wings I shout *for* joy.