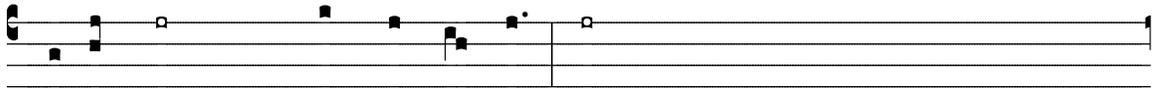
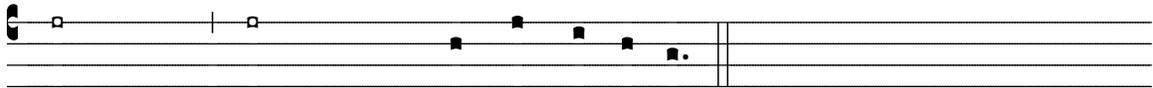


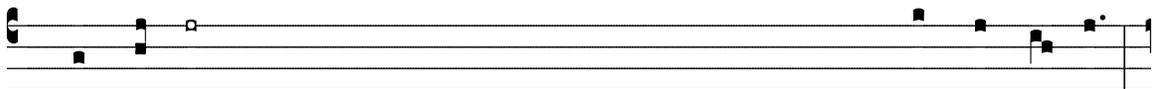
My soul is thirst-ing for you, O Lord my God.



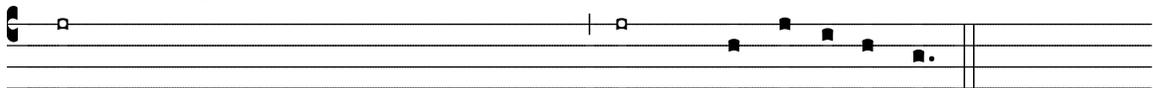
O God, you are my *God* whom I seek; for you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts



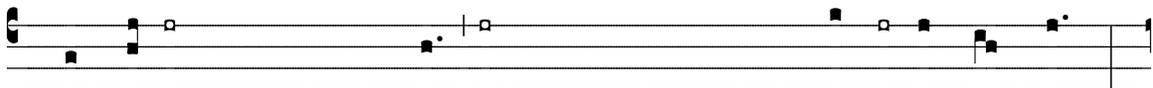
like the earth, parched, lifeless *and* with-out wa-ter. *℟.*



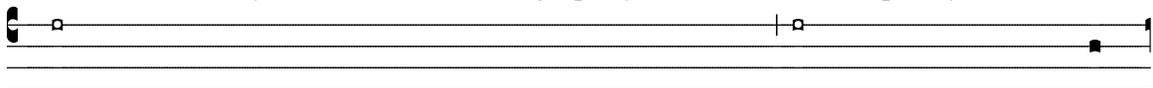
Thus have I gazed toward you in the sanctuary to see your power *and* your glo- ry,



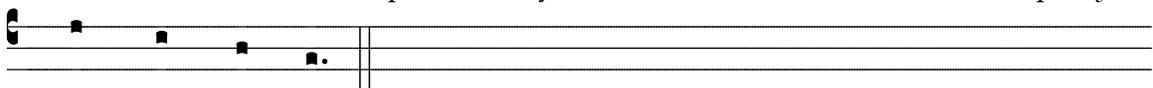
For your kindness is greater good than life; my lips *shall* glo-ri- fy you. *℟.*



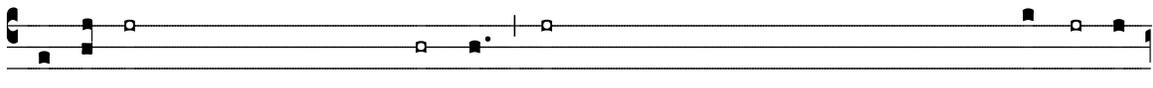
Thus will I bless you while I *live*; lifting up my hands, I will *call* up-on your name.



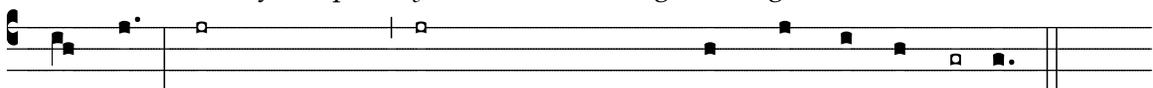
As with the riches of a banquet shall my soul be satisfied, and with exultant lips *my*



mouth shall praise you. *℟.*



I will remember you upon *my* couch, and through the night-watches I will *med-i-tate*



on you: You are my help, and in the shadow of *your* wings I shout for joy. *℟.*