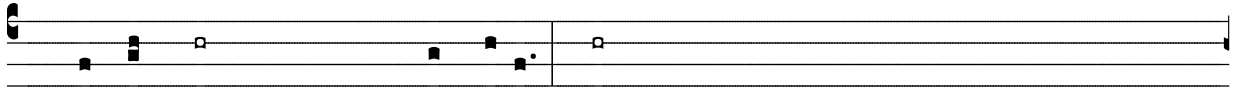
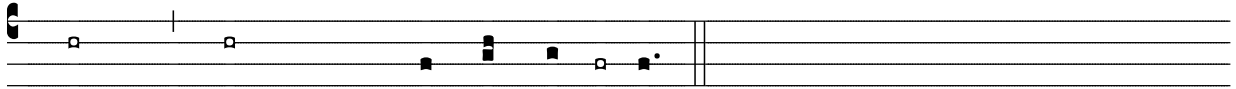


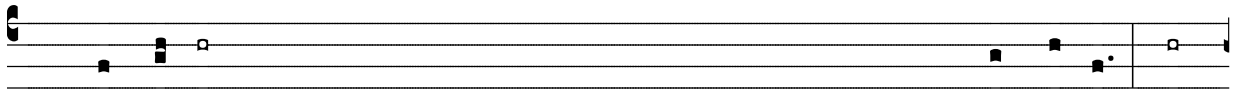
My soul is thirst-ing for you, O Lord my God.



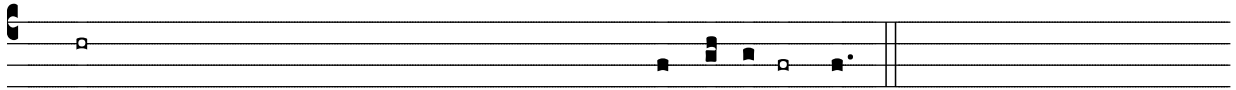
O God, you are my God, *whom* I seek. For you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts like



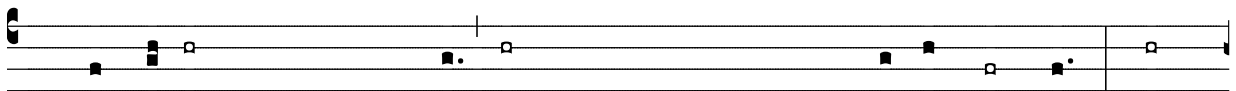
the earth, parched, lifeless, *and* with-out wa-ter.   ℞



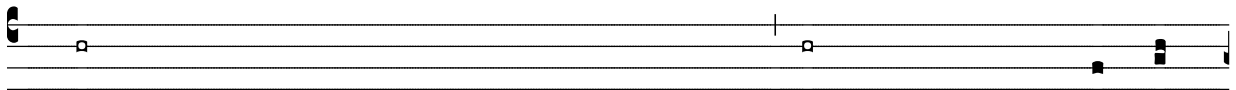
Thus have I gazed toward you in the sanctuary to see your power and *your* glo-ry. For



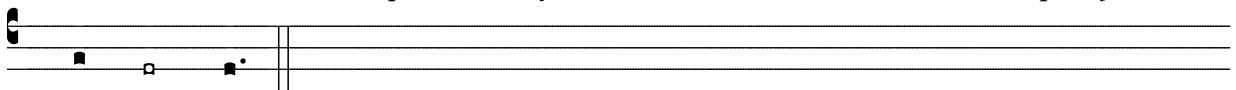
kindness is a greater good than life; my lips *shall* glo-ri-fy you.   ℞



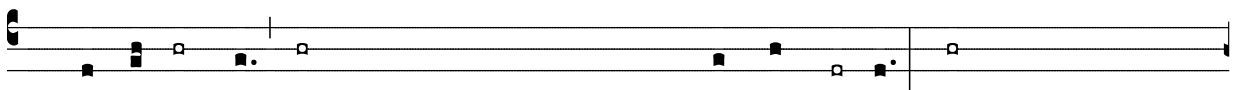
Thus will I bless you while I *live*; lifting up my hands I will call *up-on* your name. As



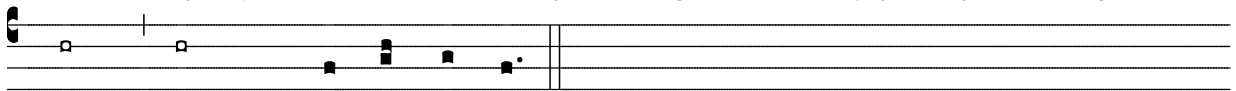
with the riches of the banquet shall my soul be satisfied, and with exultant lips *my* mouth



shall praise you.   ℞



You are my *help*, and in the shadow of your wings I shout for joy. My soul clings fast



to you; your right *hand* up-holds me.   ℞