

R. 

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


Based on a tone by Fr. Samuel Weber, OSB

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 

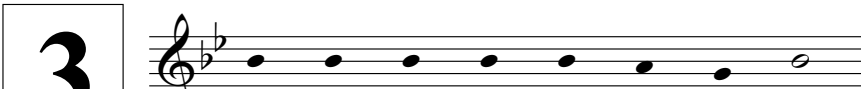
Thus have I gazed t'ward you in the *sanc*-tu - ar - y to see your pow - er




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.

