

Twenty-Second Sunday Year A

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

Org.

1. O God, you are my God; at **dawn** I seek you;
for you my **soul** *is* thirsting./
For you my **flesh** is pining,
like a dry, weary **land** *without* water.
2. I have come before you in the **sanctuary**,
to behold your **strength** *and* your glory.
Your loving mercy is better **than** life;
my **lips** will *speak* your praise.
3. I will bless you **all** my life;
in your name I will **lift up** my hands.
My soul shall be filled as **with** a banquet;
with joyful lips, my **mouth** shall *praise* you.
4. For you have **been** my strength;
in the shadow of your **wings** *I* rejoice.
My soul clings fast **to** you;
your right **hand** *upholds* me.