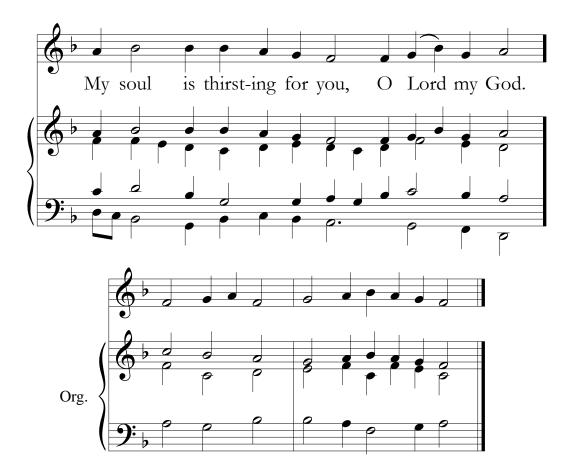
Twenty-Second Sunday Year A



- 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 with out water.
- 2. I have come before you in the **sanc**tuary, 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.
- For you have been my strength; in the shadow of your wings *I* rejoice. My soul clings fast to you; your right hand up holds me.