

My soul is thirsting for you, O Lord my God.

Psalm 63

℟. My soul is thirsting for you, O Lord my God.

God, you are my God whom I seek;
 for you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts
 like the earth, parched, lifeless and without water. ℟.

Thus have I gazed toward you in the sanctuary
 to see your power and your glory.
 For your kindness is a greater good than life;
 my lips shall glorify you. ℟.

Thus will I bless you while I live;
 lifting up my hands, I will call upon your name.
 As with the riches of a 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 upholds me. ℟.