

My Soul Is Thirsting for You

Thirty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A

David A. Gatwood



1. O 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.
2. 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.
3. 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.
4. I will remember you upon my couch,
and through the night-watches I will meditate on you:
you are my help,
and in the shadow of your wings I shout for joy.

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