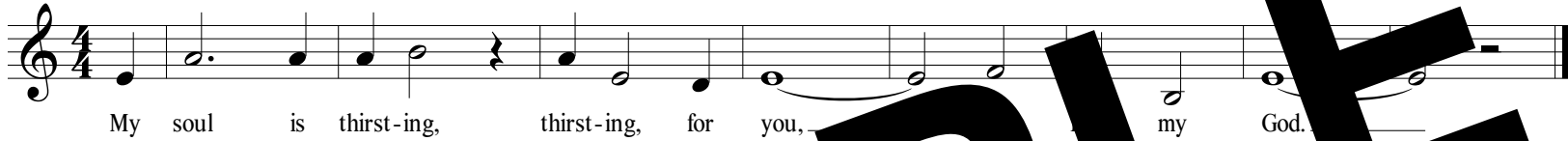


My Soul is Thirsting

PJ Mooney



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

1. O God, you are my God whom I praise,
for you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts
like the earth, parched, lifeless and without water.

2. Thus have I gazed on you in the sanctuary,
and your power and your glory,
For your kindness is a great good that I prize;
my lips shall glorify you.

3. Tell of your greatness you who are Lord,
lifting up my hands, I will praise upon your name.
As the riches of a banquet shall my soul be satisfied,
and my 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.

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