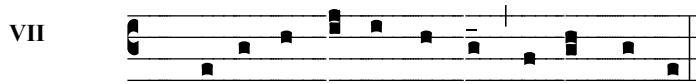


Psalm 63 Twelfth Sunday in Ordinary Time- C

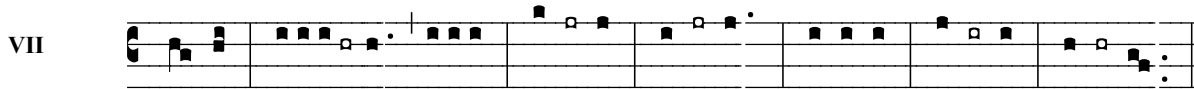
Psalm 63: 2, 3-4, 5-6, 8-9

Deus, Deus meus



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

Flex: + +



Flex: + + ,

O God,/ you are my God **whom** (I) seek; for you my flesh/ **pin**es (and) my/ **soul** thirsts *
like the earth, parched, lifeless and/ **with**out/ **wa**-ter.

Thus have/ I gazed toward you in the/ **sanc**-tu-/**a**-ry * to see your/ **power** (and) your/ **glory**,
--/For your kindness is a/**greater**/ **good** (than) life; * my lips shall/ **glo**-ri-/fy you.

Thus will/ I /**bles**s you/ **while** (I) live; * lifting up my hands, I will/ **call** (up)on/ your name.
--/As with the riches of a banquet shall my/**soul** be/ **sa**(tis)fied, * and with exultant lips
my/ **mouth** shall/ **praise** you.

Flex: + ,

You are/ my help, and in the shadow of your/ **wings** I/ **shout** (for) joy. * My soul clings fast to
you; your/ **right** hand/ **up**(holds) me.

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Alleluia



Al- le- lu- ia, Al- le- lu- ia, Al- le- lu- ia.



My sheep hear/ my voice / **says** (the) Lord; * I know them, / **and** they/ **fol**- (low) me.