

PSALM 63

At dawn my soul thirsts, O my God for You; I pine like a desert, where waters are few.

- 2 To see Your great power, splendor and grace; as often I've gazed, when in Your holy place.
- 3 Your beautiful kindness, more precious than living; loud triumph and praise, my lips will be giving.
- 4 And I'll kneel before You, throughout all my life; lift hands to adore You, in Your name abide.
- 5 My soul shall be full, as with marrow and fat; my mouth offer praise, with lips that are glad.
- 6 Whene'er I recall You, as in bed I rest; in the night watches, murmuring "I'm blessed."
- 7 For You are my helper, becoming my aid; and I shout with joy, for Your wings are my shade.
- 8 My soul clings so tightly, You are my lead; Your right hand maintains me, and meets every need.
- 9 But those who are searching, to wipe out my soul; to the very depths, of the earth will they go.
- 10 They'll fall and be split, by the hand of the sword; become food for jackals, just as they deserve.
- 11 In God joys Messiah; and who wait for him; but all speaking lies, will see their final end.