

164 Spiritual Longing and Devotion

PSALM 63 C. P. M.

AMERICUS

Charles H. Gabriel

Not too fast

1 Thou art my God, O God of grace, And ear-nest-ly I seek Thy
face, My heart cries out for Thee; My spir-it thirsts Thy grace to taste, An ex-ile
in this des-ert waste In which no wa-ters be, In which no wa-ters be.

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- 2 I long as in the times of old
Thy power and glory to behold
Within Thy holy place;
Because Thy tender love I see
More precious far than life to me,
My lips shall praise Thy grace.
- 3 Thus will I bless Thee while I live,
And with uplifted hands will give
Praise to Thy holy Name;
When by Thy bounty well supplied,
Then shall my soul be satisfied,
My mouth shall praise proclaim.
- 4 My lips shall in Thy praise delight
When on my bed I rest at night
And meditate on Thee;
Because Thy hand assistance brings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
My heart shall joyful be.