

PSALM 42

¹As the deer longs for the water-brooks, *
so longs my soul for you, O God.

²My soul is athirst for God, athirst for the living God; *
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

³My tears have been my food day and night, *
while all day long they say to me,
"Where now is your God?"

⁴I pour out my soul when I think on these things; *
how I went with the multitude and led them into the house of God,

⁵With the voice of praise and thanksgiving, *
among those who keep holy-day.

⁶Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul? *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

⁷Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to him,
who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

⁸My soul is heavy within me; *
therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan,
and from the peak of Mizar among the heights of Hermon.

⁹One deep calls to another in the noise of your cataracts; *
all your rapids and floods have gone over me.

¹⁰The LORD grants his loving-kindness in the daytime; *
in the night season his song is with me,
a prayer to the God of my life.

¹¹I will say to the God of my strength,
"Why have you forgotten me? *
and why do I go so heavily while the enemy oppresses me?"

¹²While my bones are being broken, *
my enemies mock me to my face;

¹³All day long they mock me *
and say to me, "Where now is your God?"

¹⁴Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul? *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

¹⁵Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to him,
who is the help of my countenance, and my God.