

Psalm 42

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

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

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

4 Now when I think on these things, I pour out my soul:
how I went with the multitude
and led the procession to the house of God,

5 With the voice of praise and thanksgiving,
among those who kept holy day.

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

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

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

9 Deep calls to deep in the thunder of your waterfalls;
all your breakers and waves have gone over me.

10 The Lord will grant his loving-kindness in the daytime;
through the night his song will be with me,
a prayer to the God of my life.

11 I say to God my rock,
'Why have you forgotten me,

and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresses me?’

12 As they crush my bones, my enemies mock me;

while all day long they say to me, ‘Where is now your God?’

13 *Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul,*

and why are you so disquieted within me?

14 *O put your trust in God;*

for I will yet give him thanks,

who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

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