

## Psalm 42

- 1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
- 2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?
- 3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, *Where is thy God?*
- 4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.
- 5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
- 6 O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites from the hill of Mizar.
- 7 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
- 8 Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
- 9 I will say unto God, my rock, *Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?*
- 10 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, *Where is thy God?*
- 11 Why art thou cast down, Oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.