

## PSALM 42

*As the deer pants for streams of water,  
so my soul pants for you, my God.*

*My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.*

*When can I go and meet with God?*

*My tears have been my food day and night,  
while people say to me all day long,  
“Where is your God?”*

*These things I remember as I pour out my soul:*

*how I used to go to the house of God*

*under the protection of the Mighty One*

*with shouts of joy and praise among the festive throng.*

*Why, my soul, are you downcast? Why so disturbed within me?*

*Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.*

*My soul is downcast within me;*

*therefore I will remember you from the land of the Jordan,*

*the heights of Hermon—from Mount Mizar.*

*Deep calls to deep in the roar of your waterfalls;*

*all your waves and breakers have swept over me.*

*By day the Lord directs his love,*

*at night his song is with me—a prayer to the God of my life.*

*I say to God my Rock, “Why have you forgotten me?”*

*Why must I go about mourning, oppressed by the enemy?”*

*My bones suffer mortal agony as my foes taunt me,*

*saying to me all day long, “Where is your God?”*

*Why, my soul, are you downcast?*

*Why so disturbed within me?*

*Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him,  
my Savior and my God.*