

Psalm 42

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To the chief Musician, Maschil, for the sons of Korah.

¹ **A**S 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 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 lovingkindness 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, O 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.