

Psalm 42

As the deer longs for running streams,
so my soul longs for you, O God.
My soul thirsts for God, the living God.
When can I enter and see the face of God?
My tears have been my bread
day and night,
as they ask me every day,
“Where is your God?”
Those times I recall as I pour out my soul,
When I would cross over to the shrine
of the Mighty One, to the house of God,
Amid loud cries of thanksgiving,
with the multitude keeping festival.
Why are you downcast, my soul;
why do you groan within me?
Wait for God, for I shall again praise him,
my savior and my God.
My soul is downcast within me;
therefore I remember you
From the land of the Jordan and Hermon,
from Mount Mizar, Deep calls to deep
in the roar of your torrents,
and all your waves and breakers
sweep over me.
By day may the LORD send his mercy,
and by night may his righteousness
be with me!
I will pray to the God of my life,
I will say to God, my rock:
“Why do you forget me?
Why must I go about mourning
with the enemy oppressing me?”
It shatters my bones,
when my adversaries reproach me,
when they say to me every day:
“Where is your God?”
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why do you groan within me?
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