

*As the hart panteth after the water brooks,  
so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God:  
when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night,  
while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God? 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. 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.  
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. Deep calleth unto deep  
at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.  
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. I will say unto God my rock,  
Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?  
As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me,  
Where is thy God? 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. Psalm 42*

