

PSALM 42

As the stag longs for water, in valleys of streams; so longeth my soul, O God toward Thee.

- 2 My soul ever thirsts, for the God of my life; the face of my God, to be before my eyes.
- 3 I dine upon weeping, each moment is flawed; they mock me and ask me, "Where is your God?"
- 4 I recall how to God's house, we went as a crowd; a joyous procession, with praises aloud.
- 5 "Why are you depressed, my soul as you moan? Wait for our God, He cares for His own."
- 6 My soul is sinking, so God I'll recall; from Jordan and Hermon, and Leb'non's Mitsar.
- 7 Flood upon flood, are spouting their voice; breaker and billows, crash o'er me with noise.
- 8 But the Lord's kind by day, His song fills the night; I lift up my hymns, to the God of my life.
- 9 God is my Rock, Who never forgets; why should I mourn, when my foes all oppress?
- 10 To slaughter my bones, they reproach and vex; asking me daily, "Will your God still bless?"
- 11 "Why are you depressed, my soul as you moan? Wait for our God, He cares for His own."