



AS THE DEER PANTS FOR STREAMS OF WATER,
SO MY SOUL PANTS FOR YOU, O 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 MEN 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 WITH THE MULTITUDE,
LEADING THE PROCESSION TO THE HOUSE OF GOD,
WITH SHOUTS OF JOY AND THANKSGIVING AMONG THE FESTIVE THRONG.
WHY ARE YOU DOWNCAST, O MY SOUL? WHY SO DISTURBED WITHIN ME?
PUT YOUR HOPE IN GOD, FOR I WILL YET PRAISE HIM,
MY SAVIOR AND

MY GOD. MY ⁴² 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 ROAD OF YOUR WATERFALLS;
ALL YOUR WAVES AND BREAKERS HAVE SWEEPED 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 ARE YOU DOWNCAST, O MY SOUL? WHY SO DISTURBED WITHIN ME?
PUT YOUR HOPE IN GOD, FOR I WILL YET PRAISE HIM, MY SAVIOR AND MY GOD.

Psalm 42