Psalm 42,43

Music by Stuart D. Gathman

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As the hart pants after water brooks. So pants my soul for you my God.

My soul thirsts for you for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God.

My tears have been my food day and night, while they keep saying to me where is your God.

These things I remember as I pour out my soul within me.

How I went with the throng and led them to the house of God.

With a voice of joy and of praise a multitude keeping holy day!

Why are you cast down O my soul? And why are you not quiet in me?

Hope you in God I'll yet praise Him who's the help of my countenance and my God.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me therefor I remember you from the Land of the Jordan, and the Hermons, from the Hill Mizar.

Deep calls to deep at the noise of your water-falls. All your waves and your billows are gone over me.
Yet Jehovah will command His kindness in the daytime.

And in the night His song shall be with me even a song to the God of my life.

I will say to God my rock, "Why have you forgotten me?"

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?"

As with a sword in my bones mine adversaries reproach me.

While they keep saying all the day long, "Where is your God?"

Why are you cast down O my soul? And why are you not quiet in me?

Hope you in God I'll yet praise Him who's the help of my countenance and my God.

Judge me O God and plead my cause against an ungodly nation.

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For you are the God of my strength: why have you cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?"

O! Send out your light and your truth! Let them lead me.
Let them bring me to your holy hill and to your tents.

Then will I go to the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy!

Yes! Upon the harp will I praise You, O God my God!

Why are you cast down O my soul? And why are you not quiet in me?

Hope you in God I'll yet praise Him who's the help of my countenance and my God.