

Psalms 42,43

*To the maestro:
a word of wisdom
of the sons of Korah*

As the gazelle longs for the flowing streams
So longs my soul for You, O God, today:
My soul is thirsting for the living God:
When shall I come before the face of God?

My tears have been my food by day and night
As people say to me, without respite:
"Where is your God?" and I recall past days:
My soul is poured out in me for myself!

I would cross over with the happy throng
With thankful voices and with shouts of praise,
And I would lead them to the house of God
And keep the pilgrim feasts on those glad days!

*Why are you so cast down, my soul, today?
Why so depressed and anxious ev'ry day?
Look up above, and put your hope in God:
I shall yet praise my Saviour and my God!*

O God, my soul is so depressed today:
I will recall Your help along the way.
From Jordan's land, and Hermon's rugged heights,
And Mizar Mountain, where the eagles play!

Deep calls to deep where cataracts flow down:
And all Your waves and billows cover me:
But in the day the LORD commands His love,
At night His song with prayer my life shall crown.

God is my Rock, the God of my whole life:
I say to Him: "Why am I in this strife?
Why, Lord, have You forgotten me right now?
Why do my enemies oppress me so?"

My enemies reproach me all day long:
Their taunts are like the breaking of my bones.
“Where is your God?” they ask me day by day:
Their’s is a mocking, aggravating song!

*Why are you so cast down, my soul, today?
Why so depressed and anxious ev’ry day?
Look up above, and put your hope in God:
I shall yet praise my Saviour and my God!*

[Psalm 43]

O God, will You not vindicate me now?
Defend my cause, as now to You I bow,
Against a wicked and ungodly race!
Unjust, deceitful men would trap me now!

You are my stronghold and my mighty God:
Why have You cast me off, my God, today?
Why must I walk so mournfully each day,
While enemies oppress me all the way?

Send out Your light and truth for me today!
Let them lead me, and show to me the way!
Let them bring me unto Your holy hill:
Your dwelling place upon the earth this day!

Then I will go up to Your altar, God,
With joy and gladness I will praise my God:
Upon the lyre I’ll play, and praise Your name:
You are my God, O LORD, the living God!

*Why are you so cast down, my soul, today?
Why so depressed and anxious ev’ry day?
Look up above, and put your hope in God:
I shall yet praise my Saviour and my God!*

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