

¹To the chief Musician, Maschil, for the sons of Korah. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.²My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?³My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?⁴When 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.⁵Why 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.⁶O 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.⁷Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.⁸Yet 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.⁹I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?¹⁰As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?¹¹Why 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.

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