

Psalm 42 in Three Liturgical Versions

Book of Common Prayer (1928)

Psalm 42. *Quemadmodum.*

1 LIKE as the hart desireth the water-brooks, * so longeth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God: * when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, * while they daily say unto me, Where is now thy God?

4 Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my heart by myself; * for I went with the multitude, and brought them forth into the house of God;

5 In the voice, of praise and thanksgiving, * among such as keep holy-day.

6 Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul? * and why art thou so disquieted within me?

7 O put thy trust in God; * for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

8 My soul is vexed within me; * therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, from Hermon and the little hill.

9 One deep calleth another, because of the noise of thy water-floods; * all thy waves and storms are gone over me.

10 The LORD will grant his loving-kindness in the daytime; * and in the night season will I sing of him, and make my prayer unto the God of my life.

11 I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast thou forgotten me? * why go I thus heavily, while the enemy oppresses me?

12 My bones are smitten asunder as with a sword, * while mine enemies that trouble me cast me in the teeth;

13 Namely, while they say daily unto me, * Where is now thy God?

14 Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? * and why art thou so disquieted within me?

15 O put thy trust in God; * for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Book of Common Prayer (1979)

42 *Quemadmodum*

1 As the deer longs for the water-brooks, *
so longs my soul for you, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, athirst for the living God; *
when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my food day and night, *
while all day long they say to me, "Where now is your God?"

4 I pour out my soul when I think on these things; *
how I went with the multitude and led them into the house of God,

5 With the voice of praise and thanksgiving, *
among those who keep holy-day.

6 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul? *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

7 Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

8 My soul is heavy within me; *
therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan,
and from the peak of Mizar among the heights of Hermon.

9 One deep calls to another in the noise of your cataracts; *
all your rapids and floods have gone over me.

10 The LORD grants his loving-kindness in the daytime; *
in the night season his song is with me,
a prayer to the God of my life.

11 I will say to the God of my strength, "Why have you forgotten me? *
and why do I go so heavily while the enemy oppresses me?"

12 While my bones are being broken, *
my enemies mock me to my face;

13 All day long they mock me *
and say to me, "Where now is your God?"

14 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul? *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

15 Put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Common Worship (Church of England, 2000)

Psalm 42

1 As the deer longs for the water brooks, *
so longs my soul for you, O God.

2 My soul is athirst for God, even for the living God; *
when shall I come before the presence of God?

3 My tears have been my bread day and night, *
while all day long they say to me, 'Where is now your God?'

4 Now when I think on these things, I pour out my soul: *
how I went with the multitude and led the procession to the house of God,

5 With the voice of praise and thanksgiving, *
among those who kept holy day.

6 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

7 O put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

8 My soul is heavy within me; *
therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan, and from Hermon and the hill of Mizar.

9 Deep calls to deep in the thunder of your waterfalls; *
all your breakers and waves have gone over me.

10 The Lord will grant his loving-kindness in the daytime; *
through the night his song will be with me, a prayer to the God of my life.

11 I say to God my rock, 'Why have you forgotten me, *
and why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresses me?'

12 As they crush my bones, my enemies mock me; *
while all day long they say to me, 'Where is now your God?'

13 Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul, *
and why are you so disquieted within me?

14 O put your trust in God; *
for I will yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

