

Psalm 42:1-5

To the chief musician, a contemplation of the sons of Korah

1. As the deer pants for wa - ter brooks, so my soul pants for you, O God.
3. My tears are food both day and night, while they all say, "Where is your God?"
For I had gone with mul - ti - tudes. I went with them to the house of God,
5. O why are you cast down, my soul, and why are you dis - turbed in me?

2. I thirst for God, the liv - ing God. When shall I come and meet with God?
4. When I re - mem - ber all these things, then I pour out my soul in me.
with voice of joy and songs of praise, with throngs that kept a pil - grim feast.
Have hope in God, for I'll yet praise him for the help of his count' - nance.