

Lesson 15 / Psalms 42 & 43

New International Version

Psalms 42

1 As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God.

2 My soul thirsts for God, for the living God. When can I go and meet with God?

3 My tears have been my food day and night, while men say to me all day long, “Where is your God?”

4 These things I remember as I pour out my soul: how I used to go with the multitude, leading the procession to the house of God, with shouts of joy and thanksgiving among the festive throng.

5 Why are you downcast, O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and

6 my God. My soul is downcast within me; therefore I will remember you from the land of the Jordan, the heights of Hermon—from Mount Mizar.

7 Deep calls to deep in the roar of your waterfalls; all your waves and breakers have swept over me.

8 By day the LORD directs his love, at night his song is with me— a prayer to the God of my life.

9 I say to God my Rock, “Why have you forgotten me? Why must I go about mourning, oppressed by the enemy?”

10 My bones suffer mortal agony as my foes taunt me, saying to me all day long, “Where is your God?”

11 Why are you downcast, O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.

Psalms 43

1 Vindicate me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation; rescue me from deceitful and wicked men.

2 You are God my stronghold. Why have you rejected me? Why must I go about mourning, oppressed by the enemy?

3 Send forth your light and your truth, let them guide me; let them bring me to your holy mountain, to the place where you dwell.

4 Then will I go to the altar of God, to God, my joy and my delight. I will praise you with the harp, O God, my God.

5 Why are you downcast, O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God, for I will yet praise him, my Savior and my God.

New Living Translation

1 As the deer pants for streams of water, so I long for you, O God.

2 I thirst for God, the living God. When can I come and stand before him?

3 Day and night, I have only tears for food, while my enemies continually taunt me, saying, “Where is this God of yours?”

4 My heart is breaking as I remember how it used to be: I walked among the crowds of worshipers, leading a great procession to the house of God, singing for joy and giving thanks— it was the sound of a great celebration!

5 Why am I discouraged? Why so sad? I will put my hope in God! I will praise him again— my Savior and

6 my God! Now I am deeply discouraged, but I will remember your kindness— from Mount Hermon, the source of the Jordan, from the land of Mount Mizar.

7 I hear the tumult of the raging seas as your waves and surging tides sweep over me.

8 Through each day the LORD pours his unfailing love upon me, and through each night I sing his songs, praying to God who gives me life.

9 “O God my rock,” I cry, “Why have you forsaken me? Why must I wander in darkness, oppressed by my enemies?”

10 Their taunts pierce me like a fatal wound. They scoff, “Where is this God of yours?”

11 Why am I discouraged? Why so sad? I will put my hope in God! I will praise him again— my Savior and my God!

Psalms 43

1 O God, take up my cause! Defend me against these ungodly people. Rescue me from these unjust liars.

2 For you are God, my only safe haven. Why have you tossed me aside? Why must I wander around in darkness, oppressed by my enemies?

3 Send out your light and your truth; let them guide me. Let them lead me to your holy mountain, to the place where you live.

4 There I will go to the altar of God, to God—the source of all my joy. I will praise you with my harp, O God, my God!

5 Why am I discouraged? Why so sad? I will put my hope in God! I will praise him again— my Savior and my God!

Amplified Bible

Psalms 42

1 AS THE hart pants *and* longs for the water brooks, so I pant *and* long for You, O God.

2 My inner self thirsts for God, for the living God. When shall I come and behold the face of God?

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

4 These things I [earnestly] remember and pour myself out within me: how I went slowly before the throng and led them in procession to the house of God [like a bandmaster before his band, timing the steps to the sound of music and the chant of song], with the voice of shouting and praise, a throng keeping festival.

5 Why are you cast down, O my inner self? And why should you moan over me *and* be disquieted within me? Hope in God *and* wait expectantly for Him, for I shall yet praise Him, my Help and my God.

6 O my God, my life is cast down upon me [and I find the burden more than I can bear]; therefore will I [earnestly] remember You from the land of the Jordan [River] and the [summits of Mount] Hermon, from the little mountain Mizar.

7 [Roaring] deep calls to [roaring] deep at the thunder of Your waterspouts; all Your breakers and Your rolling waves have gone over me.

8 Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, a prayer to the God of my life.

9 I will say to God my Rock, Why have You forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

10 As with a sword [crushing] in my bones, my enemies taunt *and* reproach me, while they say continually to me, Where is your God?

11 Why are you cast down, O my inner self? And why should you moan over me *and* be disquieted within me? Hope in God *and* wait expectantly for Him, for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalms 43

1 JUDGE *and* vindicate me, O God; plead and defend my cause against an ungodly nation. O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man!

2 For You are the God of my strength [my Stronghold—in Whom I take refuge]; why have You cast me off? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

3 O send out Your light and Your truth, let them lead me; let them bring me to Your holy hill and to Your dwelling.

4 Then will I go to the altar of God, to God, my exceeding joy; yes, with the lyre will I praise You, O God, my God!

5 Why are you cast down, O my inner self? And why should you moan over me *and* be disquieted within me? Hope in God *and* wait expectantly for Him, for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the help of my [sad] countenance, and my God.

The Message

1 A white-tailed deer drinks from the creek; I want to drink God, deep draughts of God.

2 I'm thirsty for God-alive. I wonder, "Will I ever make it— arrive and drink in God's presence?"

3 I'm on a diet of tears— tears for breakfast, tears for supper. All day long people knock at my door, Pestering, "Where is this God of yours?"

4 These are the things I go over and over, emptying out the pockets of my life. I was always at the head of the worshiping crowd, right out in front, Leading them all, eager to arrive and worship, Shouting praises, singing thanksgiving— celebrating, all of us, God's feast!

5 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul? Why are you crying the blues? Fix my eyes on God— soon I'll be praising again. He puts a smile on my face. He's my God.

6 When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse everything I know of you, From Jordan depths to Hermon heights, including Mount Mizar.

7 Chaos calls to chaos, to the tune of whitewater rapids. Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers crash and crush me.

8 Then GOD promises to love me all day, sing songs all through the night! My life is God's prayer.

9 Sometimes I ask God, my rock-solid God, "Why did you let me down? Why am I walking around in tears, harassed by enemies?"

10 They're out for the kill, these tormentors with their obscenities, Taunting day after day, "Where is this God of yours?"

11 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul? Why are you crying the blues? Fix my eyes on God— soon I'll be praising again. He puts a smile on my face. He's my God.

Psalms 43

1 Clear my name, God; stick up for me against these loveless, immoral people. Get me out of here, away from these lying degenerates.

2 I counted on you, God. Why did you walk out on me? Why am I pacing the floor, wringing my hands over these outrageous people?

3 Give me your lantern and compass, give me a map, So I can find my way to the sacred mountain, to the place of your presence,

4 To enter the place of worship, meet my exuberant God, Sing my thanks with a harp, magnificent God, my God.

5 Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul? Why are you crying the blues? Fix my eyes on God— soon I'll be praising again. He puts a smile on my face. He's my God.