

PSALM

42 As a deer in want of water

F C F C (Dm Am) B^b F (Dm) C F Gm F C F

1 As a deer in want of wa - ter, so I long for you, O Lord.
 2 Bit - ter tears of lam - en - ta - tion are my food by night and day.
 3 O my soul, why are you griev - ing, why dis - qui - et - ed in me?

Dm C F C (Dm Am) B^b F (Dm) C F Gm F C F

All my heart and be - ing fal - ter, thirst - ing for your liv - ing word.
 In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion "Where is now your God?" they say.
 Put your hope in God, be - liev - ing he will still your ref - uge be.

Dm (Am) F Gm (F C) F C F B^b F (Gm F) C

When shall I be - hold your face? When shall I re - ceive your grace?
 When my sor - rows weigh on me, then I bring to mem - o - ry
 I a - gain shall praise his grace for the com - fort of his face;

F B^b Dm (C) F B^b F (Dm) B^b F (Gm F) C F

When shall I, your prais - es voic - ing, come be - fore you with re - joic - ing?
 how with throngs I would as - sem - ble, shout - ing prais - es in your tem - ple.
 he will show his help and fa - vour, for he is my God and Sav - iour.

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- 4 From the land beyond the Jordan,
in my grief I think of you;
from the foothills of Mount Hermon
I will still remember you.
As the waters plunge and leap,
stormy troubles o'er me sweep.
Day and night God's song is with me
as a prayer to him who loves me.
- 5 I will say to God, my fortress,
"Why have you forgotten me?
Why must I proceed in sadness,
hounded by the enemy?"
Their rebukes and scoffing words
pierce my bones like pointed swords,
as they say with proud defiance,
"Where is God, your firm reliance?"
- 6 O my soul, why are you grieving,
why disquieted in me?
Put your hope in God, believing
he will still your refuge be.
I again shall praise his grace
for the comfort of his face;
he will show his help and favour,
for he is my God and Saviour.

43 Vindicate me, God, my Father

- 1 Vindicate me, God, my Father,
come and plead my urgent cause,
for my enemies forever
threaten me and flout your laws.
I am safe with you alone;
why do you reject your own?
Lord, I need your help and blessing;
keep me safe from this oppressing.
- 2 Send your light and truth to lead me:
send them forth to be my guide.
To your mountain let them bring me,
to the place where you reside.
Then, O God, I will come near
and before your throne appear,
to my Saviour praises bringing
with the harp and joyful singing.
- 3 O my soul, why are you grieving,
why disquieted in me?
Put your hope in God, believing
he will still your refuge be.
I again shall praise his grace
for the comfort of his face;
he will show his help and favour,
for he is my God and Saviour.