

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FORTY-SECOND PSALM.

As pants the hart for water brooks,
 Pursued afar, and sorely pressed,—
 So pants my soul, and upward looks
 To Thee for rest!

For Thee I thirst, O God, alone!
 For Thee, the living God, for Thee!
 When shall I come before Thy throne,
 My God to see?

My tears have been my meat by day;
 My sighs the night-wind bears abroad;
 As come my mocking foes to say,
 "Where is thy God?"

This I remember and lament,
 And pour my soul in sighs to Thee;—
 For once I with Thy people went,
 Thy Courts to see:—

With solemn joy they onward swept,
 The Lord in His own House to praise;
 And with the multitude I kept
 God's holy-days.

Then why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Dejected, and to grief a prey;
 Hope thou in God! His smile shall roll
 Thy gloom away!

Cast down, my God, and sorely tried,
 My soul to Thee turns yearning still;
 From Jordan's land, and Hermon's side,
 And Mizar's hill.

Afar, deep calleth unto deep,
 Thy waterspout I hear with dread;
 Thy waters close, Thy billows leap,
 Above my head!

The Lord to me will yet display
 His love, and calm my spirit's strife;—
 My song by night, my prayer by day—
 God of my life!

I'll say unto the Lord my Rock,
 Why hast Thou me forgotten so?
 For foes oppress, and haters mock,
 And I have wo!

My foes' reproach within each bone
 Is daily like a piercing sword;
 They say, Where is Thy refuge flown?
 And where's thy Lord?

But why, my soul, art thou cast down?
 Disquieted in sore amaze?
 Trust Him who is my health, my crown,
 My God, my Praise!