

1	לְמַנְצֵחַ מִשְׁכִּיל לְבְנֵי־קֹרַח	To the lead player, a <i>maskil</i> for the Korahites.
2	כְּאֵיל תַּעֲרַג עַל־אֲפִיקֵי־מַיִם כֵּן נַפְשִׁי תַעֲרַג אֵלֶיךָ אֱלֹהִים	As a deer yearns for streams of water, so I yearn for You, O God.
3	צָמְאָה נַפְשִׁי לֵאלֹהִים לְאֵל חַי מַתִּי אָבוֹא וְאֶרְאֶה פְּנֵי אֱלֹהִים	My whole being thirsts for God, for the living God. When shall I come and see the presence of God?
4	הִי־תָהֱלִי דִמְעָתִי לֶחֶם יוֹמָם וְלַיְלָה בְּאָמַר אֵלַי כָּל־הַיּוֹם אַיֵּה אֱלֹהֶיךָ	My tears became my bread day and night as they said to me all day long, "Where is your God?"
5	אֵלֶּה אֶזְכְּרָה וְאֶשְׁפָּכָה עָלַי נַפְשִׁי כִּי אֶעֱבֹר בַּסֶּף אֲדִידִים עַד־בֵּית אֱלֹהִים בְּקוֹל־רִנָּה וְתוֹדָה הֶמְוֵן חוּגֵג	These do I recall and pour out my heart: when I would step in the procession, when I would march to the house of God with the sound of glad song of the celebrant throng.
6	מֵה־תִּשְׁתַּוְּחָחִי נַפְשִׁי וְתַהֲמֵי עָלַי הוֹחִילִי לֵאלֹהִים כִּי־עוֹד אוֹדְנוּ יִשׁוּעוֹת פְּנִיו	How bent, my being, how you moan for me! Hope in God, for yet will I acclaim Him for His rescuing presence.
7	אֱלֹהֵי עָלַי נַפְשִׁי תִשְׁתַּוְּחָח עַל־כֵּן אֶזְכְּרֶךָ מֵאֶרֶץ יַרְדֵּן וְחֶרְמוֹנִים מִהַר מְצָעַר	My God, my being is bent for my plight. Therefore do I recall You from Jordan land, from the Hermons and Mount Mizar.
8	תְּהוֹם אֶל־תְּהוֹם קוֹרָא לְקוֹל צְנוּרִיךָ כָּל־מִשְׁבְּרֶיךָ וְגַלְיֶיךָ עָלַי עָבְרוּ	Deep unto deep calls out at the sound of Your channels. All Your breakers and waves have surged over me.
9	יוֹמָם יִצְוֶה לִי חֶסֶד וּבַלַּיְלָה שִׁירוּ עִמִּי תְּפִלָּה לְאֵל חַיִּי	By day the Lord ordains His kindness and by night His song is with me -- prayer to the God of my life.

Psalm 42

10

אֹמְרָה לְאֵל סֶלַעִי
לְמָה שָׁכַחְתָּנִי
לְמָה־קָּדַר אֵלַי בְּלַחֵץ אוֹיֵב

I would say to the God my Rock,
“Why have You forgotten me?
Why in gloom do I go, hard pressed by the
foe?”

11

בְּרָצַח בְּעַצְמוֹתַי חֲרָפוּנִי צוֹרְרֵי
בְּאִמְרָם אֵלַי כָּל־הַיּוֹם אֵיךְ אֱלֹהֶיךָ

With murder in my bones, my enemies revile me
when they say to me all day long, “Where is
your God?”

12

מֵה־תִּשְׁתַּחֲוֶה נַפְשִׁי וּמֵה־תִּקְרָא
עָלַי
הוֹחִילִי לְאֱלֹהִים כִּי־עוֹד אוֹדְנוּ
יְשׁוּעַת פְּנֵי וְאֱלֹהֵי:

How bent, my being, how you moan for me!
Hope in God, for yet I will proclaim Him,
His rescuing presence and my God.