

Psalm 42 & 43

As a deer pants for flowing streams,  
so pants my soul for you, O God.  
<sup>2</sup> My soul thirsts for God,  
for the living God.  
When shall I come and appear before God?  
<sup>3</sup> My tears have been my food  
day and night,  
while they say to me all the day long,  
“Where is your God?”  
<sup>4</sup> These things I remember,  
as I pour out my soul:  
how I would go with the throng  
and lead them in procession to the house of God  
with glad shouts and songs of praise,  
a multitude keeping festival.  
<sup>5</sup> Why are you cast down, O my soul,  
and why are you in turmoil within me?  
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,  
my salvation <sup>6</sup> and my God.  
My soul is cast down within me;  
therefore I remember you  
from the land of Jordan and of Hermon,  
from Mount Mizar.  
<sup>7</sup> Deep calls to deep  
at the roar of your waterfalls;  
all your breakers and your waves  
have gone over me.  
<sup>8</sup> By day the Lord commands his steadfast love,  
and at night his song is with me,  
a prayer to the God of my life.  
<sup>9</sup> I say to God, my rock:  
“Why have you forgotten me?  
Why do I go mourning  
because of the oppression of the enemy?”  
<sup>10</sup> As with a deadly wound in my bones,  
my adversaries taunt me,  
while they say to me all the day long,  
“Where is your God?”  
<sup>11</sup> Why are you cast down, O my soul,  
and why are you in turmoil within me?  
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,  
my salvation and my God.

**43** Vindicate me, O God, and defend my cause  
against an ungodly people,  
from the deceitful and unjust man  
deliver me!

<sup>2</sup> For you are the God in whom I take refuge;  
why have you rejected me?  
Why do I go about mourning  
because of the oppression of the enemy?  
<sup>3</sup> Send out your light and your truth;  
let them lead me;  
let them bring me to your holy hill  
and to your dwelling!  
<sup>4</sup> Then I will go to the altar of God,  
to God my exceeding joy,  
and I will praise you with the lyre,  
O God, my God.  
<sup>5</sup> Why are you cast down, O my soul,  
and why are you in turmoil within me?  
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,  
my salvation and my God.

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# The Trials of Life

‘Hope in the trials’

Psalm 42 & 43

**Thirsting....**

**Overwhelmed...**

**Pleading...**

Next Week:  
Series: The trials of life  
Talk: Confidence in the trials (Psalm 107)  
Speaker: Reuben Hunter



After the talk today, there will be a short Q&A session, time permitting