

Book of Psalms

Chapter 42

Douay-Rheims Bible

Psalms Chapter 42

Judica me, Deus.

The prophet aspireth after the temple and altar of God.

42:1. A psalm for David. Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy: deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.

42:2. For thou art God my strength: why hast thou cast me off? and why do I go sorrowful whilst the enemy afflicteth me?

42:3. Sent forth thy light and thy truth: they have conducted me, and brought me unto thy holy hill, and into thy tabernacles.

42:4. And I will go in to the altar of God: to God who giveth joy to my youth.

42:5. To thee, O God my God, I will give praise upon the harp: why art thou sad, O my soul? and why dost thou disquiet me?

42:6. Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance, and my God.