**PSALM 42**

Judica me, Deus.

*The prophet aspireth after the temple and altar of God.*

**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.

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

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

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

**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?

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