Ps 42

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| Fr. Lazarus | Edited | AI | Psalter according 70 | Psalter for prayer | NETS | Brenton | OSB |
| (A Psalm by David) | (For the end; a Psalm by David; without superscription in the Hebrew) |  | For the end: a psalm of David, without superscription among the Hebrews. | A Psalm of David. Without superscription in the Hebrew. | A Psalm. Pertaining to Dauid. | A Psalm of David. | A psalm by David. |
| 1 Judge me, O God, and defend my cause  from an unholy nation;  deliver me from the wicked and treacherous man. | 1 Judge me, O God, and defend my cause  from an unholy nation;  deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man! | Judge me, O God, and avenge my cause against an unclean nation: and from a man unjust and deceitful deliver me. | Judge me, O God, and give judgment in my cause, against a nation that is not holy; from a man unjust and crafty deliver me. | JUDGE me, O God, and defend my cause; from an unholy nation, from the unjust and crafty man, deliver me. | Vindicate [Judge] me, O God, and defend my cause  from a nation not devout;  from a person, unjust and deceitful,  rescue me! | Judge me, o God, and plead my cause, against an ungodly nation: deliver me from the unjust and crafty man. | Judge me, O God, and pass judgment in my cause against an unholy nation;  Deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man. |
| 2 For You, O God, are my strength.  Why have You rejected me?  And why must I go mourning  with my enemy oppressing me? | 2 For You, O God, are my strength.  Why have You rejected me?  And why must I go about mourning  at my enemy oppresses me? | or Thou art my God and my strength: why hast Thou cast me off?  And why do I go sorrowful whilst my enemy troubles me? | For Thou, O God, art my strength. Wherefore hast Thou cast me off? And wherefore go I with downcast face whilst mine enemy afflicteth me? | For Thou, O God, art my strength; why hast Thou rejected me? And why go I so heavily, while the enemy oppresseth me? | Because you, O God, are my empowerment;  why did you reject me?  And why do I walk about sullenly  as the [my] enemy oppresses me? | For thou, O God, art my strength: wherefore hast thou cast me off? and why do I go sad of countenance, while the enemy oppresses me? | For You, O God, are my strength;  Why do You cast me off?  Why do I go about with a sad face when my enemy afflicts me? |
| 3 O send out Your light and Your truth  that they may lead me and bring me  to Your holy mountain and to Your dwelling. | 3 Send out Your light and Your truth,  that they may guide me and lead me  to Your holy mountain, and to Your Tabernacle[[1]](#footnote-1). | Send forth Thy light and Thy truth: they have guided me and brought me up to Thine holy mountain, and to Thy dwelling place. | O send out Thy light and Thy truth; they have guided me along the way, and have brought me unto Thy holy mountain, and unto Thy tabernacles. | O send out Thy light and Thy truth; they have led me, and brought me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwellings. | O send out your light and your truth;  these led me,  and they brought me to your holy mountain  and to your coverts. | Send forth thy light and thy truth: they have led me, and brought me to thy holy mountain, and to thy tabernacles. | Send out Your light and Your truth;  They guided me and led me to Your holy mountain  And to Your tabernacles. |
| 4 And I will go to the altar of God,  to God, the joy of my youth.[[2]](#footnote-2)  I will praise and thank You  on the harp, O God, my God. | 4 And I will go to the altar of God,  to the God who makes glad my youth.[[3]](#footnote-3)  I will confess You thankfully  on the harp, O God, my God. | Then will I go unto the altar of God, before the face of God Who has given joy to my youth.  I will confess to Thee upon the harp, O God my God. | And I shall go in unto the altar of God, unto God who giveth gladnesss to my youth; I will give praise unto Thee, O God, my God, with the harp. | And I will go in unto the altar of God, even unto the God who giveth joy to my youth; upon the harp will I give thanks unto Thee, O God, my God. | And I will enter to the altar of God,  To God who makes glad my youth.  I will acknowledge you with a lyre, O God, my God. | And I will go in to the altar of God, to God who gladdens my youth: I will give thanks to thee on the harp, O God, my God. | And I will come to the altar of God,  To the God who makes glad my youth;  I will give thanks to You with the lyre, O God, my God. |
| 5 Why are you downcast, O my soul?  And why are you disquieting me? | 5 Why are you deeply grieved, O my soul?  And why do you trouble me?  Hope in God, for I will confess Him thankfully;  He is the salvation of my face, and my God. | Why are you sad, O my soul?  And why do you trouble me?  Hope in God: for to Him will I confess.  The salvation of my countenance is my God.  *Alleluia.* | Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why dost thou disquiet me? Hope in God, for I will give thanks unto Him; He is the salvation of my countenance, and my God. | Why art thou so full of sadness, O my soul? And why dost thou trouble me?  Put thy trust in God, for I will yet give Him thanks, the salvation of my countenance, and my God. | Why are you deeply grieved, O my soul,  and why are you throwing me into confusion?  Hope in God, because I shall acknowledge him;  deliverance of my face and my God he is. | Wherefore art thou very sad, O my soul? and wherefore dost thou trouble me? Hope in God; for I will give thanks to him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God. | Why are you so sad, O my soul? And why do you trouble me?  Hope in God, for I will give thanks to Him;  My God is the salvation of my countenance. |
| 6 Trust in God, for I will praise and thank Him;  He is the salvation of my person and my God. |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

1. [JS] Fr. Lazarus has “dwelling” [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. The way to God is the way of the altar of the cross (Heb. 4:16; 13:10). God is the joy of the new man born crucified. Joy renews life. (St Athanasius) [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. The way to God is the way of the altar of the cross (Heb. 4:16; 13:10). God is the joy of the new man born crucified. Joy renews life. (St Athanasius) [↑](#footnote-ref-3)