

PSALMUS 41

41 : 1 IN FĪNEM INTELLĒCTUS FĪLIĪS CORE:

Unto the end, understanding for the sons of Core.

41 : 2 Quemadmodum dēsīderat cervus ad fontēs aquārum, ita
dēsīderat anima mea ad tē, Deus.

As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so my soul panteth after thee, O God.

41 : 3 Sitīvit anima mea ad Deum fortem vīvum; quandō veniam et
appārēbō ante faciem Deī?

My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God?

41 : 4 Fuērunt mihī lacrimae meae pānēs diē ac nocte, dum dīcitur
mihī quotīdiē: Ubī est Deus tuus?

My tears have been my bread day and night, whilst it is said to me daily: Where is thy God?

41 : 5 Haec recordātus sum, et effūdī in mē animam meam, quoniam
trānsībō in locum tabernāculī admirābilis, usque ad dōnum
Deī, in vōce exultātiōnis, et cōfessiōnis, sonus epulantis.

These things I remembered, and poured out my soul in me, for I shall go over into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, the noise of one feasting.

41 : 6 Quārē trīstis es, anima mea? Et quārē conturbās mē? Spērā in
Deō, quoniam adhūc cōfitebōr illī, salūtāre vultūs meī, et
Deus meus.

Why art thou sad, O my soul? And why dost thou trouble me? Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him, the salvation of my countenance, and my God.

41 : 7 Ad mē ipsum anima mea conturbāta est; propterea memor erō
tuī dē terrā Jordānis et Hermoniim ā monte modicō.

My soul is troubled within myself; therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and Hermoniim from the little hill.

41 : 8 Abissus abissum invocat, in vōce cataractārum tuārum; omnia
excelsa tua et flūctūs tuī super mē trānsiērunt.

Deep calleth on deep, at the noise of thy flood-gates; all thy heights and thy billows have passed over me.

41 : 9 In diē mandāvit Dominus misericordiam suam, et nocte
canticum ejus. Apud mē ōrātiō Deō vītae meae.

In the daytime the Lord hath commanded his mercy, and a canticle to him in the night. With me is prayer to the God of my life.

41 : 10 Dīcam Deō: Susceptor meus es; quārē oblītus es meī? Et quārē
contrīstātus incēdō, dum affligit mē inimīcus?

I will say to God: Thou art my support; why hast thou forgotten me? And why go I mourning, whilst my enemy afflicteth me?

41 : 11 Dum cōnfringuntur ossa mea, exprobrāvērunt mihī quī
trībulant mē inimīcī meī, dum dīcunt mihī per singulōs diēs:
Ubī est Deus tuus?

Whilst my bones are broken, my enemies who trouble me have reproached me, whilst they say to me day by day: Where is thy God?

41 : 12 Quārē trīstis es, anima mea? Et quārē conturbās mē? Spērā in
Deō, quoniam adhūc cōfitebōr illī, salūtāre vultūs meī, et
Deus meus.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why dost thou disquiet me? Hope thou in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance, and my God.