

PSALM 92

It's a pleasure to lift hands, in thanks to the Lord; to strike forth and praise, the Most High with a chord.

- 2 We show forth His kindness, at the break of day; and declare His truth, when the night comes to stay.
- 3 With decachord lyre, and harp in my hand; I'll bring forth a song, so solemn and grand.
- 4 The Lord's brightened and cheered me, in all of His deeds; I'll shout of what His hands, accomplished for me.
- 5 Lord how great, are the things that You do; Your plans and devices, so deep and so true.
- 6 As stupid as cattle, are unknowing men; silly and fat, they cannot comprehend.
- 7 When the guilty and wicked, spring forth as the grass; the evil do blossom, then perish at last.
- 8 But not so with You Lord, Who ever will be; Highest and lofty, for eternity.
- 9 Behold Lord Your enemies, come to an end; those working evil, are broken and spent.
- 10 But my horn is raised, as a bull's in his strength; fresh oil flows o'er me; (as Messiah at length).
- 11 My eye scans for foes, and my ear listens well; for evil men rise, to attack and prevail.
- 12 Your just ones will blossom, as palm tree so stiff; they'll grow like a cedar, on Lebanon's cliff.
- 13 Those planted in Your house, O Lord will break forth; in Your courts enclosed, for God gives us true worth.
- 14 They'll continue as fruitful, when aged and gray; fertile and green, as they prosper each day.
- 15 To show that the Lord, is upright and true; my strong solid Rock, no perverse things He'll do.