

Psalm 92

*A psalm, a song
to sing and strum
upon the Sabbath day*

It's always good to give thanks to the LORD
And to sing praises to Your name, Most High:
Each morning to declare Your loyal love:
Each evening to declare Your faithfulness!

We sing with music from the lute and harp
And with a melody upon the lyre,
For by Your work, O LORD, You make me glad,
And at Your handiwork I sing for joy!

Your handiwork is great, O LORD my God:
Your thoughts are very deep to comprehend:
The dullard and the stupid man cannot
Appreciate or understand all this!

Although the wicked sprout up like the grass
And evil-doers flourish in the world
Yet they are doomed: destruction is their end!
But You, O LORD, forever reign on high!

Behold, Your enemies, O LORD my God,
Your enemies will perish from the earth:
All evil-doers shall be scattered then
And they will be destroyed for evermore.

You have increased my strength like the wild ox
And You have poured fresh oil over me:
My eyes have seen the downfall of my foes:
My ears have heard of my assailants' end!

The righteous flourish like a strong palm tree:
They grow like cedars grow in Lebanon:
For they are planted in the LORD'S own house:
They flourish in the courts where our God dwells!

They still produce their fruit in their old age,
For they are always green and full of sap,
And they proclaim: "How upright is the LORD!"
My Rock: there's no iniquity in Him!

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