

Psalm 102

*The prayer
of an afflicted man
when he is overwhelmed
and pours out his complaint
before the LORD*

O LORD, please hear my prayer and let my cry
Come unto You: hide not Your face from me!
I am in trouble: bend Your ear to me,
And when I call, please answer speedily!

My days are vanishing away like smoke:
My bones are burning like a furnace does:
My heart is withered like grass in a drought,
So I forget even to eat my bread!

My constant groaning sounds out day and night:
My bones are dried, and cleaving to my flesh:
I'm like a pelican in desert lands:
I'm like a great owl among ruined homes.

I stay awake, for I am feeling like
A little bird alone upon a roof,
For ev'ry day my enemies revile:
Those who are mad at me now curse my name!

For I am eating dust as I eat bread,
And I am mingling what I drink with tears,
Because of Your great anger and Your wrath
For You have picked me up and thrown me down!

My days are like a shadow in the dusk,
And I am withering away like grass,
But, You, O LORD, forever are enthroned -
All generations will remember You!

You surely will arise, O LORD, I know
And You will have compassion on Zion:
This is the time that You should favour her:
The time that You Yourself have set for her!

Because Your servants value all her stones
And have compassion even on her dust
The nations fear the name of the LORD God,
And all the kings of earth Your glory fear!

The LORD will build up Zion by His pow'r:
He will appear in all His glory there,
And when the destitute pray unto Him
He will regard, and not despise their prayer.

Let this be written down for those to come,
A people yet unborn will praise the LORD,
And He will look down from His holy place,
From heav'n the LORD looks down upon the earth!

He hears the groaning of the prisoners:
He will set free those who are doomed to die:
They will declare His name on Zion's Hill
And sing His praises in Jerusalem!

Peoples will be gathered together there,
And kingdoms gathered there to serve the LORD:
He humbled my strength in the way I trod,
And He has shortened my days on the earth!

So say to Me: Do not take me away,
For I am in the middle of my days:
Your years shall be for all eternity:
And for all generations You will last!

Of old You laid the earth's foundation down:
The heavens are the work of Your own hands:
They all will perish: You will surely stand
And all of them like clothing will wear out!

You can discard them like a worn out cloak,
And they will disappear forevermore:
But You, O LORD, always remain the same,
Your years, O LORD, will never have an end!

The children of Your servants will survive,
And in Your presence they will be secure:
A generation that is yet to come
Will gladly praise Your great and holy name!

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