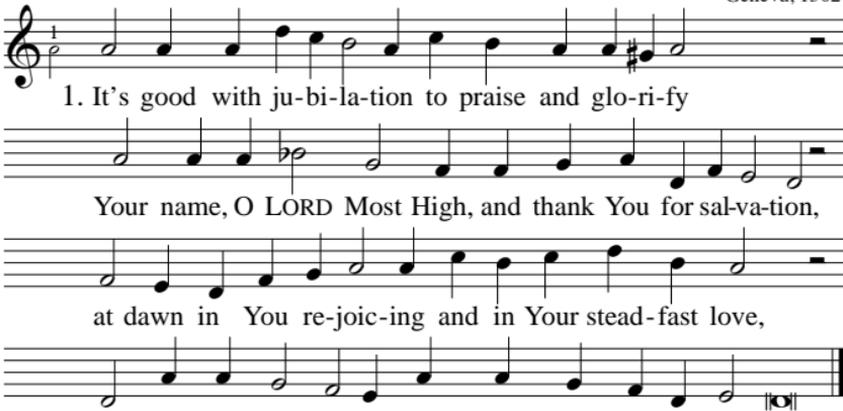


PSALM 92

A psalm. A song. For the Sabbath day.

Geneva, 1562



1. It's good with ju-bi-la-tion to praise and glo-ri-fy
 Your name, O LORD Most High, and thank You for sal-va-tion,
 at dawn in You re-joic-ing and in Your stead-fast love,
 at night the prais-es of Your bound-less mer-cy voic-ing.

2. *With song and music blending, let me Your praise recite;
 let harp and lute unite in harmony unending.
 My thankfulness expressing, I praise Your deeds of might;
 I sing of my delight, Your faithfulness confessing.*
3. *Your works are great and splendid. O how profound Your thought!
 The senseless fool cannot begin to understand it.
 Though evil men may flourish, though like the grass they sprout,
 LORD, You shall root them out. They shall forever perish.*
4. *You are supreme forever. Doomed is Your enemy.
 LORD, see the wicked flee, by none to be delivered!
 With such great strength You bless me that, like the wild ox,
 I lift up my horn on high. The finest oils refresh me.*
5. *I have been vindicated! As my own eyes have seen,
 my foes, to their chagrin, lie humbled and defeated.
 The LORD is my salvation; their downfall is assured.
 With my own ears I've heard their cries of desperation.*

6. The *just* will *He* remember, to them *His* favour show;
they like the palm tree grow, like *Lebanon's* fine timber.
Those whom the *LORD* will cherish within *His* house *He* plants.
There *God* *His* blessing grants: within *His* courts they flourish.

7. Still fruit in old age bearing, they fresh and green remain.
Their witness makes it plain: the *LORD* is just and caring.
His righteousness and favour they shall proclaim in song:
“In *Him* there is no wrong. *He* is my rock forever.”