### Psalms

## Chapter 92

A Psalm for the Sabbath Day.   
  
  
  
  
1It’s good to praise You, O Most High Jehovah,  
 And to strum to Your Name…  
 2To [sing] of Your mercies each morning  
 And about Your truths every night,  
 3As [I strum] on my lute of 10-strings…  
 Playing songs of You on my harp.  
  
4O Jehovah,  
  
You bring me much joy  
 With all the things that You do.  
 So I’ll shout in praise of the works of Your hands.  
  
5How great are Your deeds, O Jehovah,  
 And how deep are the things that You think!  
  
6A foolish man won’t understand,  
 And such things, the senseless can’t comprehend;  
 7Although sinners keep arising like grass,  
 And the lawless keep on increasing;  
 Throughout ages of ages, they’ll be destroyed.  
  
8Throughout the ages, You’ve been the Most High!  
 9So, when you notice Your enemies, Lord,  
 {Look!} You’ll scatter them and they’ll perish…  
 All those who work at doing what’s bad.  
  
10Like a great rhinoceros, I’ll raise my horn high,  
 And until I’m old, offer You plenty of oil.  
  
11Although my eyes must look on my enemies  
 (Those who are rising against me),  
 And although my ears must still hear of the wicked;  
 12Soon the righteous will blossom like palms,  
 And grow like Lebanon’s cedars…  
 13Those who are planted in the House of the Lord,  
 And those in God’s courtyard, will bloom.  
 14There, they’ll grow old and have plenty,  
 And take much pleasure in proclaiming:  
  
 15‘Our God, Jehovah, is righteous,  
 And in Him, there’s no injustice.’