Book Four (Psalms 90–106)

90 A prayer of Moses, the man of God.

1 Lord, through all the generations you have been our home!
2 Before the mountains were born,
   before you gave birth to the earth and the world,
   from beginning to end, you are God.
3 You turn people back to dust, saying,
   “Return to dust, you mortals!”
4 For you, a thousand years are as a passing day,
   as brief as a few night hours.
5 You sweep people away like dreams that disappear.
   They are like grass that springs up in the morning
   In the morning it blooms and flourishes,
   but by evening it is dry and withered.
6 We wither beneath your anger;
   we are overwhelmed by your fury.
7 You spread out our sins before you—
   our secret sins—and you see them all.
8 We live our lives beneath your wrath,
   ending our years with a groan.
9 Seventy years are given to us!
   Some even live to eighty.
   But even the best years are filled with pain and trouble;
   soon they disappear, and we fly away.
10 Who can comprehend the power of your anger?
   Your wrath is as awesome as the fear you deserve.
11 Teach us to realize the brevity of life,
   so that we may grow in wisdom.
12 O LORD, come back to us!
   How long will you delay?
   Take pity on your servants!
13 Satisfy us each morning with your unfailing love,
   so we may sing for joy to the end of our lives.
14 Give us gladness in proportion to our former misery!
   Replace the evil years with good.
15 Let us, your servants, see you work again;
   let our children see your glory.
16 And may the Lord our God show us his approval
   and make our efforts successful.
   Yes, make our efforts successful!

91 Those who live in the shelter of the Most High
   will find rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
2 This I declare about the Lord:
   He alone is my refuge, my place of safety;
   he is my God, and I trust him.
3 For he will rescue you from every trap
   and protect you from deadly disease.
4 He will cover you with his feathers.
   He will shelter you with his wings.
   His faithful promises are your armor and protection.
Psalms 92:12

5 Do not be afraid of the terrors of the night,
   nor the arrow that flies in the day.
6 Do not dread the disease that stalks in darkness,
   nor the disaster that strikes at midday.
7 Though a thousand fall at your side,
   though ten thousand are dying around you,
   these evils will not touch you.
8 Just open your eyes,
   and see how the wicked are punished.
9 If you make the Lord your refuge,
   if you make the Most High your shelter,
10 no evil will come upon you;
   no plague will come near your home.
11 For he will order his angels
   to protect you wherever you go.
12 They will hold you up with their hands
   so you won’t even hurt your foot on a stone.
13 You will trample upon lions and cobras;
   you will crush fierce lions and serpents under
   your feet!
14 The Lord says, “I will rescue those who love me.
   I will protect those who trust in my name.
15 When they call on me, I will answer;
   I will be with them in trouble.
   I will rescue and honor them.
16 I will reward them with a long life
   and give them my salvation.”

Psalm 92. A song to be sung on the Sabbath Day.

1 It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
   to sing praises to the Most High.
2 It is good to proclaim your unfailing love in the morning,
   your faithfulness in the evening,
3 accompanied by a ten-stringed instrument, a harp,
   and the melody of a lyre.
4 You thrill me, Lord, with all you have done for me!
   I sing for joy because of what you have done.
5 O Lord, what great works you do!
   And how deep are your thoughts.
6 Only a simpleton would not know,
   and only a fool would not understand this:
7 Though the wicked sprout like weeds
   and evildoers flourish,
   they will be destroyed forever.
8 But you, O Lord, will be exalted forever.
9 Your enemies, Lord, will surely perish;
   all evildoers will be scattered.
10 But you have made me as strong as a wild ox.
   You have anointed me with the finest oil.
11 My eyes have seen the downfall of my enemies;
   my ears have heard the defeat of my wicked opponents.
12 But the godly will flourish like palm trees
   and grow strong like the cedars of Lebanon.