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Job

In the land of Uz there lived a man whose name was Job. This man was blameless and upright; he feared God and shunned evil. He had seven sons and three daughters, and he owned seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen and five hundred donkeys, and had a large number of servants. He was the greatest man among all the people of the East.

His sons used to hold feasts in their homes on their birthdays, and they would invite their three sisters to eat and drink with them. When a period of feasting had run its course, Job would make arrangements for them to be purified. Early in the morning he would sacrifice a burnt offering for each of them, thinking, "Perhaps my children have sinned and cursed God in their hearts." This was Job's regular custom.

One day the angels came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan also came with them. The Lord said to Satan, "Where have you come from?"

Satan answered the Lord, "From roaming throughout the earth, going back and forth on it."

Then the Lord said to Satan, "Have you considered my servant Job? There is no one on earth like him; he is blameless and upright, a man who fears God and shuns evil."

"Does Job fear God for nothing?" Satan replied. "Have you not put a hedge around him and his household and everything he has? You have blessed the work of his hands, so that his flocks and herds are spread throughout the land. But now stretch out your hand and strike everything he has, and he will surely curse you to your face."

The Lord said to Satan, "Very well, then, everything he has is in your power, but on the man himself do not lay a finger."

Then Satan went out from the presence of the Lord.

One day when Job's sons and daughters were feasting and drinking wine at the oldest brother's house, a messenger came to Job and said, "The oxen were plowing and the donkeys were grazing nearby, and the Sabeans attacked and made off with them. They put the servants to the sword, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!"

While he was still speaking, another messenger came and said, "The fire of God fell from the heavens and burned up the sheep and the servants, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!"

While he was still speaking, another messenger came and said, "The Chaldeans formed three raiding parties and swept down on your camels and

made off with them. They put the servants to the sword, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!”

While he was still speaking, yet another messenger came and said, “Your sons and daughters were feasting and drinking wine at the oldest brother’s house, when suddenly a mighty wind swept in from the desert and struck the four corners of the house. It collapsed on them and they are dead, and I am the only one who has escaped to tell you!”

At this, Job got up and tore his robe and shaved his head. Then he fell to the ground in worship and said:

“Naked I came from my mother’s womb,
and naked I will depart.
The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away;
may the name of the Lord be praised.”

In all this, Job did not sin by charging God with wrongdoing.

On another day the angels came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan also came with them to present himself before him. And the Lord said to Satan, “Where have you come from?”

Satan answered the Lord, “From roaming throughout the earth, going back and forth on it.”

Then the Lord said to Satan, “Have you considered my servant Job? There is no one on earth like him; he is blameless and upright, a man who fears God and shuns evil. And he still maintains his integrity, though you incited me against him to ruin him without any reason.”

“Skin for skin!” Satan replied. “A man will give all he has for his own life. But now stretch out your hand and strike his flesh and bones, and he will surely curse you to your face.”

The Lord said to Satan, “Very well, then, he is in your hands; but you must spare his life.”

So Satan went out from the presence of the Lord and afflicted Job with painful sores from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. Then Job took a piece of broken pottery and scraped himself with it as he sat among the ashes.

His wife said to him, “Are you still maintaining your integrity? Curse God and die!”

He replied, “You are talking like a foolish woman. Shall we accept good from God, and not trouble?”

In all this, Job did not sin in what he said.

When Job's three friends, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite, heard about all the troubles that had come upon him, they set out from their homes and met together by agreement to go and sympathize with him and comfort him. When they saw him from a distance, they could hardly recognize him; they began to weep aloud, and they tore their robes and sprinkled dust on their heads. Then they sat on the ground with him for seven days and seven nights. No one said a word to him, because they saw how great his suffering was.

After this, Job opened his mouth and cursed the day of his birth. He said:

“May the day of my birth perish,
 and the night that said, ‘A boy is conceived!’
 That day—may it turn to darkness;
 may God above not care about it;
 may no light shine on it.
 May gloom and utter darkness claim it once more;
 may a cloud settle over it;
 may blackness overwhelm it.
 That night—may thick darkness seize it;
 may it not be included among the days of the year
 nor be entered in any of the months.
 May that night be barren;
 may no shout of joy be heard in it.
 May those who curse days curse that day,
 those who are ready to rouse Leviathan.
 May its morning stars become dark;
 may it wait for daylight in vain
 and not see the first rays of dawn,
 for it did not shut the doors of the womb on me
 to hide trouble from my eyes.

“Why did I not perish at birth,
 and die as I came from the womb?
 Why were there knees to receive me
 and breasts that I might be nursed?
 For now I would be lying down in peace;
 I would be asleep and at rest
 with kings and rulers of the earth,
 who built for themselves places now lying in ruins,

with princes who had gold,
 who filled their houses with silver.
 Or why was I not hidden away in the ground like a stillborn child,
 like an infant who never saw the light of day?
 There the wicked cease from turmoil,
 and there the weary are at rest.
 Captives also enjoy their ease;
 they no longer hear the slave driver's shout.
 The small and the great are there,
 and the slaves are freed from their owners.

"Why is light given to those in misery,
 and life to the bitter of soul,
 to those who long for death that does not come,
 who search for it more than for hidden treasure,
 who are filled with gladness
 and rejoice when they reach the grave?
 Why is life given to a man
 whose way is hidden,
 whom God has hedged in?
 For sighing has become my daily food;
 my groans pour out like water.
 What I feared has come upon me;
 what I dreaded has happened to me.
 I have no peace, no quietness;
 I have no rest, but only turmoil."

Then Eliphaz the Temanite replied:

"If someone ventures a word with you, will you be impatient?
 But who can keep from speaking?
 Think how you have instructed many,
 how you have strengthened feeble hands.
 Your words have supported those who stumbled;
 you have strengthened faltering knees.
 But now trouble comes to you, and you are discouraged;
 it strikes you, and you are dismayed.
 Should not your piety be your confidence
 and your blameless ways your hope?

“Consider now: Who, being innocent, has ever perished?
 Where were the upright ever destroyed?
 As I have observed, those who plow evil
 and those who sow trouble reap it.
 At the breath of God they perish;
 at the blast of his anger they are no more.
 The lions may roar and growl,
 yet the teeth of the great lions are broken.
 The lion perishes for lack of prey,
 and the cubs of the lioness are scattered.

“A word was secretly brought to me,
 my ears caught a whisper of it.
 Amid disquieting dreams in the night,
 when deep sleep falls on people,
 fear and trembling seized me
 and made all my bones shake.
 A spirit glided past my face,
 and the hair on my body stood on end.
 It stopped,
 but I could not tell what it was.
 A form stood before my eyes,
 and I heard a hushed voice:
 ‘Can a mortal be more righteous than God?
 Can even a strong man be more pure than his Maker?
 If God places no trust in his servants,
 if he charges his angels with error,
 how much more those who live in houses of clay,
 whose foundations are in the dust,
 who are crushed more readily than a moth!
 Between dawn and dusk they are broken to pieces;
 unnoticed, they perish forever.
 Are not the cords of their tent pulled up,
 so that they die without wisdom?’

“Call if you will, but who will answer you?
 To which of the holy ones will you turn?
 Resentment kills a fool,
 and envy slays the simple.
 I myself have seen a fool taking root,

but suddenly his house was cursed.
His children are far from safety,
crushed in court without a defender.
The hungry consume his harvest,
taking it even from among thorns,
and the thirsty pant after his wealth.
For hardship does not spring from the soil,
nor does trouble sprout from the ground.
Yet man is born to trouble
as surely as sparks fly upward.

“But if I were you, I would appeal to God;
I would lay my cause before him.
He performs wonders that cannot be fathomed,
miracles that cannot be counted.
He provides rain for the earth;
he sends water on the countryside.
The lowly he sets on high,
and those who mourn are lifted to safety.
He thwarts the plans of the crafty,
so that their hands achieve no success.
He catches the wise in their craftiness,
and the schemes of the wily are swept away.
Darkness comes upon them in the daytime;
at noon they grope as in the night.
He saves the needy from the sword in their mouth;
he saves them from the clutches of the powerful.
So the poor have hope,
and injustice shuts its mouth.

“Blessed is the one whom God corrects;
so do not despise the discipline of the Almighty.
For he wounds, but he also binds up;
he injures, but his hands also heal.
From six calamities he will rescue you;
in seven no harm will touch you.
In famine he will deliver you from death,
and in battle from the stroke of the sword.
You will be protected from the lash of the tongue,
and need not fear when destruction comes.

You will laugh at destruction and famine,
 and need not fear the wild animals.
 For you will have a covenant with the stones of the field,
 and the wild animals will be at peace with you.
 You will know that your tent is secure;
 you will take stock of your property and find nothing missing.
 You will know that your children will be many,
 and your descendants like the grass of the earth.
 You will come to the grave in full vigor,
 like sheaves gathered in season.

“We have examined this, and it is true.
 So hear it and apply it to yourself.”

Then Job replied:

“If only my anguish could be weighed
 and all my misery be placed on the scales!
 It would surely outweigh the sand of the seas—
 no wonder my words have been impetuous.
 The arrows of the Almighty are in me,
 my spirit drinks in their poison;
 God’s terrors are marshaled against me.
 Does a wild donkey bray when it has grass,
 or an ox bellow when it has fodder?
 Is tasteless food eaten without salt,
 or is there flavor in the sap of the mallow?
 I refuse to touch it;
 such food makes me ill.

“Oh, that I might have my request,
 that God would grant what I hope for,
 that God would be willing to crush me,
 to let loose his hand and cut off my life!
 Then I would still have this consolation—
 my joy in unrelenting pain—
 that I had not denied the words of the Holy One.

“What strength do I have, that I should still hope?
 What prospects, that I should be patient?

Do I have the strength of stone?
 Is my flesh bronze?
 Do I have any power to help myself,
 now that success has been driven from me?

“Anyone who withholds kindness from a friend
 forsakes the fear of the Almighty.
 But my brothers are as undependable as intermittent streams,
 as the streams that overflow
 when darkened by thawing ice
 and swollen with melting snow,
 but that stop flowing in the dry season,
 and in the heat vanish from their channels.
 Caravans turn aside from their routes;
 they go off into the wasteland and perish.
 The caravans of Tema look for water,
 the traveling merchants of Sheba look in hope.
 They are distressed, because they had been confident;
 they arrive there, only to be disappointed.
 Now you too have proved to be of no help;
 you see something dreadful and are afraid.
 Have I ever said, ‘Give something on my behalf,
 pay a ransom for me from your wealth,
 deliver me from the hand of the enemy,
 rescue me from the clutches of the ruthless’?

“Teach me, and I will be quiet;
 show me where I have been wrong.
 How painful are honest words!
 But what do your arguments prove?
 Do you mean to correct what I say,
 and treat my desperate words as wind?
 You would even cast lots for the fatherless
 and barter away your friend.

“But now be so kind as to look at me.
 Would I lie to your face?
 Relent, do not be unjust;
 reconsider, for my integrity is at stake.
 Is there any wickedness on my lips?

Can my mouth not discern malice?

“Do not mortals have hard service on earth?
 Are not their days like those of hired laborers?
 Like a slave longing for the evening shadows,
 or a hired laborer waiting to be paid,
 so I have been allotted months of futility,
 and nights of misery have been assigned to me.
 When I lie down I think, ‘How long before I get up?’
 The night drags on, and I toss and turn until dawn.
 My body is clothed with worms and scabs,
 my skin is broken and festering.

“My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle,
 and they come to an end without hope.
 Remember, O God, that my life is but a breath;
 my eyes will never see happiness again.
 The eye that now sees me will see me no longer;
 you will look for me, but I will be no more.
 As a cloud vanishes and is gone,
 so one who goes down to the grave does not return.
 He will never come to his house again;
 his place will know him no more.

“Therefore I will not keep silent;
 I will speak out in the anguish of my spirit,
 I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.
 Am I the sea, or the monster of the deep,
 that you put me under guard?
 When I think my bed will comfort me
 and my couch will ease my complaint,
 even then you frighten me with dreams
 and terrify me with visions,
 so that I prefer strangling and death,
 rather than this body of mine.
 I despise my life; I would not live forever.
 Let me alone; my days have no meaning.

“What is mankind that you make so much of them,
 that you give them so much attention,

that you examine them every morning
 and test them every moment?
 Will you never look away from me,
 or let me alone even for an instant?
 If I have sinned, what have I done to you,
 you who see everything we do?
 Why have you made me your target?
 Have I become a burden to you?
 Why do you not pardon my offenses
 and forgive my sins?
 For I will soon lie down in the dust;
 you will search for me, but I will be no more.”

Then Bildad the Shuhite replied:

“How long will you say such things?
 Your words are a blustering wind.
 Does God pervert justice?
 Does the Almighty pervert what is right?
 When your children sinned against him,
 he gave them over to the penalty of their sin.
 But if you will seek God earnestly
 and plead with the Almighty,
 if you are pure and upright,
 even now he will rouse himself on your behalf
 and restore you to your prosperous state.
 Your beginnings will seem humble,
 so prosperous will your future be.

“Ask the former generation
 and find out what their ancestors learned,
 for we were born only yesterday and know nothing,
 and our days on earth are but a shadow.
 Will they not instruct you and tell you?
 Will they not bring forth words from their understanding?
 Can papyrus grow tall where there is no marsh?
 Can reeds thrive without water?
 While still growing and uncut,
 they wither more quickly than grass.
 Such is the destiny of all who forget God;

so perishes the hope of the godless.
 What they trust in is fragile;
 what they rely on is a spider's web.
 They lean on the web, but it gives way;
 they cling to it, but it does not hold.
 They are like a well-watered plant in the sunshine,
 spreading its shoots over the garden;
 it entwines its roots around a pile of rocks
 and looks for a place among the stones.
 But when it is torn from its spot,
 that place disowns it and says, 'I never saw you.'
 Surely its life withers away,
 and from the soil other plants grow.

"Surely God does not reject one who is blameless
 or strengthen the hands of evildoers.
 He will yet fill your mouth with laughter
 and your lips with shouts of joy.
 Your enemies will be clothed in shame,
 and the tents of the wicked will be no more."

Then Job replied:

"Indeed, I know that this is true.
 But how can mere mortals prove their innocence before God?
 Though they wished to dispute with him,
 they could not answer him one time out of a thousand.
 His wisdom is profound, his power is vast.
 Who has resisted him and come out unscathed?
 He moves mountains without their knowing it
 and overturns them in his anger.
 He shakes the earth from its place
 and makes its pillars tremble.
 He speaks to the sun and it does not shine;
 he seals off the light of the stars.
 He alone stretches out the heavens
 and treads on the waves of the sea.
 He is the Maker of the Bear and Orion,
 the Pleiades and the constellations of the south.
 He performs wonders that cannot be fathomed,

miracles that cannot be counted.
 When he passes me, I cannot see him;
 when he goes by, I cannot perceive him.
 If he snatches away, who can stop him?
 Who can say to him, 'What are you doing?'
 God does not restrain his anger;
 even the cohorts of Rahab cowered at his feet.

"How then can I dispute with him?
 How can I find words to argue with him?
 Though I were innocent, I could not answer him;
 I could only plead with my Judge for mercy.
 Even if I summoned him and he responded,
 I do not believe he would give me a hearing.
 He would crush me with a storm
 and multiply my wounds for no reason.
 He would not let me catch my breath
 but would overwhelm me with misery.
 If it is a matter of strength, he is mighty!
 And if it is a matter of justice, who can challenge him?
 Even if I were innocent, my mouth would condemn me;
 if I were blameless, it would pronounce me guilty.

"Although I am blameless,
 I have no concern for myself;
 I despise my own life.
 It is all the same; that is why I say,
 'He destroys both the blameless and the wicked.'
 When a scourge brings sudden death,
 he mocks the despair of the innocent.
 When a land falls into the hands of the wicked,
 he blindfolds its judges.
 If it is not he, then who is it?

"My days are swifter than a runner;
 they fly away without a glimpse of joy.
 They skim past like boats of papyrus,
 like eagles swooping down on their prey.
 If I say, 'I will forget my complaint,
 I will change my expression, and smile,'

I still dread all my sufferings,
for I know you will not hold me innocent.
Since I am already found guilty,
why should I struggle in vain?
Even if I washed myself with soap
and my hands with cleansing powder,
you would plunge me into a slime pit
so that even my clothes would detest me.

“He is not a mere mortal like me that I might answer him,
that we might confront each other in court.
If only there were someone to mediate between us,
someone to bring us together,
someone to remove God’s rod from me,
so that his terror would frighten me no more.
Then I would speak up without fear of him,
but as it now stands with me, I cannot.

“I loathe my very life;
therefore I will give free rein to my complaint
and speak out in the bitterness of my soul.
I say to God: Do not declare me guilty,
but tell me what charges you have against me.
Does it please you to oppress me,
to spurn the work of your hands,
while you smile on the plans of the wicked?
Do you have eyes of flesh?
Do you see as a mortal sees?
Are your days like those of a mortal
or your years like those of a strong man,
that you must search out my faults
and probe after my sin—
though you know that I am not guilty
and that no one can rescue me from your hand?

“Your hands shaped me and made me.
Will you now turn and destroy me?
Remember that you molded me like clay.
Will you now turn me to dust again?
Did you not pour me out like milk

and curdle me like cheese,
 clothe me with skin and flesh
 and knit me together with bones and sinews?
 You gave me life and showed me kindness,
 and in your providence watched over my spirit.

“But this is what you concealed in your heart,
 and I know that this was in your mind:
 If I sinned, you would be watching me
 and would not let my offense go unpunished.
 If I am guilty—woe to me!
 Even if I am innocent, I cannot lift my head,
 for I am full of shame
 and drowned in my affliction.
 If I hold my head high, you stalk me like a lion
 and again display your awesome power against me.
 You bring new witnesses against me
 and increase your anger toward me;
 your forces come against me wave upon wave.

“Why then did you bring me out of the womb?
 I wish I had died before any eye saw me.
 If only I had never come into being,
 or had been carried straight from the womb to the grave!
 Are not my few days almost over?
 Turn away from me so I can have a moment’s joy
 before I go to the place of no return,
 to the land of gloom and utter darkness,
 to the land of deepest night,
 of utter darkness and disorder,
 where even the light is like darkness.”

Then Zophar the Naamathite replied:

“Are all these words to go unanswered?
 Is this talker to be vindicated?
 Will your idle talk reduce others to silence?
 Will no one rebuke you when you mock?
 You say to God, ‘My beliefs are flawless
 and I am pure in your sight.’

Oh, how I wish that God would speak,
that he would open his lips against you
and disclose to you the secrets of wisdom,
for true wisdom has two sides.
Know this: God has even forgotten some of your sin.

“Can you fathom the mysteries of God?
Can you probe the limits of the Almighty?
They are higher than the heavens above—what can you do?
They are deeper than the depths below—what can you know?
Their measure is longer than the earth
and wider than the sea.

“If he comes along and confines you in prison
and convenes a court, who can oppose him?
Surely he recognizes deceivers;
and when he sees evil, does he not take note?
But the witless can no more become wise
than a wild donkey’s colt can be born human.

“Yet if you devote your heart to him
and stretch out your hands to him,
if you put away the sin that is in your hand
and allow no evil to dwell in your tent,
then, free of fault, you will lift up your face;
you will stand firm and without fear.
You will surely forget your trouble,
recalling it only as waters gone by.
Life will be brighter than noonday,
and darkness will become like morning.
You will be secure, because there is hope;
you will look about you and take your rest in safety.
You will lie down, with no one to make you afraid,
and many will court your favor.
But the eyes of the wicked will fail,
and escape will elude them;
their hope will become a dying gasp.”

Then Job replied:

“Doubtless you are the only people who matter,
 and wisdom will die with you!
 But I have a mind as well as you;
 I am not inferior to you.
 Who does not know all these things?

“I have become a laughingstock to my friends,
 though I called on God and he answered—
 a mere laughingstock, though righteous and blameless!
 Those who are at ease have contempt for misfortune
 as the fate of those whose feet are slipping.
 The tents of marauders are undisturbed,
 and those who provoke God are secure—
 those God has in his hand.

“But ask the animals, and they will teach you,
 or the birds in the sky, and they will tell you;
 or speak to the earth, and it will teach you,
 or let the fish in the sea inform you.
 Which of all these does not know
 that the hand of the Lord has done this?
 In his hand is the life of every creature
 and the breath of all mankind.
 Does not the ear test words
 as the tongue tastes food?
 Is not wisdom found among the aged?
 Does not long life bring understanding?

“To God belong wisdom and power;
 counsel and understanding are his.
 What he tears down cannot be rebuilt;
 those he imprisons cannot be released.
 If he holds back the waters, there is drought;
 if he lets them loose, they devastate the land.
 To him belong strength and insight;
 both deceived and deceiver are his.
 He leads rulers away stripped
 and makes fools of judges.
 He takes off the shackles put on by kings
 and ties a loincloth around their waist.

He leads priests away stripped
 and overthrows officials long established.
 He silences the lips of trusted advisers
 and takes away the discernment of elders.
 He pours contempt on nobles
 and disarms the mighty.
 He reveals the deep things of darkness
 and brings utter darkness into the light.
 He makes nations great, and destroys them;
 he enlarges nations, and disperses them.
 He deprives the leaders of the earth of their reason;
 he makes them wander in a trackless waste.
 They grope in darkness with no light;
 he makes them stagger like drunkards.

“My eyes have seen all this,
 my ears have heard and understood it.
 What you know, I also know;
 I am not inferior to you.
 But I desire to speak to the Almighty
 and to argue my case with God.
 You, however, smear me with lies;
 you are worthless physicians, all of you!
 If only you would be altogether silent!
 For you, that would be wisdom.
 Hear now my argument;
 listen to the pleas of my lips.
 Will you speak wickedly on God’s behalf?
 Will you speak deceitfully for him?
 Will you show him partiality?
 Will you argue the case for God?
 Would it turn out well if he examined you?
 Could you deceive him as you might deceive a mortal?
 He would surely call you to account
 if you secretly showed partiality.
 Would not his splendor terrify you?
 Would not the dread of him fall on you?
 Your maxims are proverbs of ashes;
 your defenses are defenses of clay.

“Keep silent and let me speak;
then let come to me what may.
Why do I put myself in jeopardy
and take my life in my hands?
Though he slay me, yet will I hope in him;
I will surely defend my ways to his face.
Indeed, this will turn out for my deliverance,
for no godless person would dare come before him!
Listen carefully to what I say;
let my words ring in your ears.
Now that I have prepared my case,
I know I will be vindicated.
Can anyone bring charges against me?
If so, I will be silent and die.

“Only grant me these two things, God,
and then I will not hide from you:
Withdraw your hand far from me,
and stop frightening me with your terrors.
Then summon me and I will answer,
or let me speak, and you reply to me.
How many wrongs and sins have I committed?
Show me my offense and my sin.
Why do you hide your face
and consider me your enemy?
Will you torment a windblown leaf?
Will you chase after dry chaff?
For you write down bitter things against me
and make me reap the sins of my youth.
You fasten my feet in shackles;
you keep close watch on all my paths
by putting marks on the soles of my feet.

“So man wastes away like something rotten,
like a garment eaten by moths.

“Mortals, born of woman,
are of few days and full of trouble.
They spring up like flowers and wither away;
like fleeting shadows, they do not endure.

Do you fix your eye on them?

Will you bring them before you for judgment?

Who can bring what is pure from the impure?

No one!

A person's days are determined;

you have decreed the number of his months

and have set limits he cannot exceed.

So look away from him and let him alone,

till he has put in his time like a hired laborer.

“At least there is hope for a tree:

If it is cut down, it will sprout again,

and its new shoots will not fail.

Its roots may grow old in the ground

and its stump die in the soil,

yet at the scent of water it will bud

and put forth shoots like a plant.

But a man dies and is laid low;

he breathes his last and is no more.

As the water of a lake dries up

or a riverbed becomes parched and dry,

so he lies down and does not rise;

till the heavens are no more, people will not awake

or be roused from their sleep.

“If only you would hide me in the grave

and conceal me till your anger has passed!

If only you would set me a time

and then remember me!

If someone dies, will they live again?

All the days of my hard service

I will wait for my renewal to come.

You will call and I will answer you;

you will long for the creature your hands have made.

Surely then you will count my steps

but not keep track of my sin.

My offenses will be sealed up in a bag;

you will cover over my sin.

“But as a mountain erodes and crumbles

and as a rock is moved from its place,
 as water wears away stones
 and torrents wash away the soil,
 so you destroy a person's hope.
 You overpower them once for all, and they are gone;
 you change their countenance and send them away.
 If their children are honored, they do not know it;
 if their offspring are brought low, they do not see it.
 They feel but the pain of their own bodies
 and mourn only for themselves."

Then Eliphaz the Temanite replied:

"Would a wise person answer with empty notions
 or fill their belly with the hot east wind?
 Would they argue with useless words,
 with speeches that have no value?
 But you even undermine piety
 and hinder devotion to God.
 Your sin prompts your mouth;
 you adopt the tongue of the crafty.
 Your own mouth condemns you, not mine;
 your own lips testify against you.

"Are you the first man ever born?
 Were you brought forth before the hills?
 Do you listen in on God's council?
 Do you have a monopoly on wisdom?
 What do you know that we do not know?
 What insights do you have that we do not have?
 The gray-haired and the aged are on our side,
 men even older than your father.
 Are God's consolations not enough for you,
 words spoken gently to you?
 Why has your heart carried you away,
 and why do your eyes flash,
 so that you vent your rage against God
 and pour out such words from your mouth?

"What are mortals, that they could be pure,

or those born of woman, that they could be righteous?
If God places no trust in his holy ones,
if even the heavens are not pure in his eyes,
how much less mortals, who are vile and corrupt,
who drink up evil like water!

“Listen to me and I will explain to you;
let me tell you what I have seen,
what the wise have declared,
hiding nothing received from their ancestors
(to whom alone the land was given
when no foreigners moved among them):
All his days the wicked man suffers torment,
the ruthless man through all the years stored up for him.
Terrifying sounds fill his ears;
when all seems well, marauders attack him.
He despairs of escaping the realm of darkness;
he is marked for the sword.
He wanders about for food like a vulture;
he knows the day of darkness is at hand.
Distress and anguish fill him with terror;
troubles overwhelm him, like a king poised to attack,
because he shakes his fist at God
and vaunts himself against the Almighty,
defiantly charging against him
with a thick, strong shield.

“Though his face is covered with fat
and his waist bulges with flesh,
he will inhabit ruined towns
and houses where no one lives,
houses crumbling to rubble.
He will no longer be rich and his wealth will not endure,
nor will his possessions spread over the land.
He will not escape the darkness;
a flame will wither his shoots,
and the breath of God’s mouth will carry him away.
Let him not deceive himself by trusting what is worthless,
for he will get nothing in return.
Before his time he will wither,

and his branches will not flourish.
 He will be like a vine stripped of its unripe grapes,
 like an olive tree shedding its blossoms.
 For the company of the godless will be barren,
 and fire will consume the tents of those who love bribes.
 They conceive trouble and give birth to evil;
 their womb fashions deceit.”

Then Job replied:

“I have heard many things like these;
 you are miserable comforters, all of you!
 Will your long-winded speeches never end?
 What ails you that you keep on arguing?
 I also could speak like you,
 if you were in my place;
 I could make fine speeches against you
 and shake my head at you.
 But my mouth would encourage you;
 comfort from my lips would bring you relief.

“Yet if I speak, my pain is not relieved;
 and if I refrain, it does not go away.
 Surely, God, you have worn me out;
 you have devastated my entire household.
 You have shriveled me up—and it has become a witness;
 my gauntness rises up and testifies against me.
 God assails me and tears me in his anger
 and gnashes his teeth at me;
 my opponent fastens on me his piercing eyes.
 People open their mouths to jeer at me;
 they strike my cheek in scorn
 and unite together against me.
 God has turned me over to the ungodly
 and thrown me into the clutches of the wicked.
 All was well with me, but he shattered me;
 he seized me by the neck and crushed me.
 He has made me his target;
 his archers surround me.
 Without pity, he pierces my kidneys

and spills my gall on the ground.
Again and again he bursts upon me;
he rushes at me like a warrior.

“I have sewed sackcloth over my skin
and buried my brow in the dust.
My face is red with weeping,
dark shadows ring my eyes;
yet my hands have been free of violence
and my prayer is pure.

“Earth, do not cover my blood;
may my cry never be laid to rest!
Even now my witness is in heaven;
my advocate is on high.
My intercessor is my friend
as my eyes pour out tears to God;
on behalf of a man he pleads with God
as one pleads for a friend.

“Only a few years will pass
before I take the path of no return.

My spirit is broken,
my days are cut short,
the grave awaits me.
Surely mockers surround me;
my eyes must dwell on their hostility.

“Give me, O God, the pledge you demand.
Who else will put up security for me?
You have closed their minds to understanding;
therefore you will not let them triumph.
If anyone denounces their friends for reward,
the eyes of their children will fail.

“God has made me a byword to everyone,
a man in whose face people spit.
My eyes have grown dim with grief;
my whole frame is but a shadow.

The upright are appalled at this;
 the innocent are aroused against the ungodly.
 Nevertheless, the righteous will hold to their ways,
 and those with clean hands will grow stronger.

“But come on, all of you, try again!
 I will not find a wise man among you.
 My days have passed, my plans are shattered.
 Yet the desires of my heart
 turn night into day;
 in the face of the darkness light is near.
 If the only home I hope for is the grave,
 if I spread out my bed in the realm of darkness,
 if I say to corruption, ‘You are my father,’
 and to the worm, ‘My mother’ or ‘My sister,’
 where then is my hope—
 who can see any hope for me?
 Will it go down to the gates of death?
 Will we descend together into the dust?”

Then Bildad the Shuhite replied:

“When will you end these speeches?
 Be sensible, and then we can talk.
 Why are we regarded as cattle
 and considered stupid in your sight?
 You who tear yourself to pieces in your anger,
 is the earth to be abandoned for your sake?
 Or must the rocks be moved from their place?”

“The lamp of a wicked man is snuffed out;
 the flame of his fire stops burning.
 The light in his tent becomes dark;
 the lamp beside him goes out.
 The vigor of his step is weakened;
 his own schemes throw him down.
 His feet thrust him into a net;
 he wanders into its mesh.
 A trap seizes him by the heel;
 a snare holds him fast.

A noose is hidden for him on the ground;
a trap lies in his path.
Terrors startle him on every side
and dog his every step.
Calamity is hungry for him;
disaster is ready for him when he falls.
It eats away parts of his skin;
death's firstborn devours his limbs.
He is torn from the security of his tent
and marched off to the king of terrors.
Fire resides in his tent;
burning sulfur is scattered over his dwelling.
His roots dry up below
and his branches wither above.
The memory of him perishes from the earth;
he has no name in the land.
He is driven from light into the realm of darkness
and is banished from the world.
He has no offspring or descendants among his people,
no survivor where once he lived.
People of the west are appalled at his fate;
those of the east are seized with horror.
Surely such is the dwelling of an evil man;
such is the place of one who does not know God."

Then Job replied:

"How long will you torment me
and crush me with words?
Ten times now you have reproached me;
shamelessly you attack me.
If it is true that I have gone astray,
my error remains my concern alone.
If indeed you would exalt yourselves above me
and use my humiliation against me,
then know that God has wronged me
and drawn his net around me.

"Though I cry, 'Violence!' I get no response;
though I call for help, there is no justice.

He has blocked my way so I cannot pass;
he has shrouded my paths in darkness.
He has stripped me of my honor
and removed the crown from my head.
He tears me down on every side till I am gone;
he uproots my hope like a tree.
His anger burns against me;
he counts me among his enemies.
His troops advance in force;
they build a siege ramp against me
and encamp around my tent.

“He has alienated my family from me;
my acquaintances are completely estranged from me.
My relatives have gone away;
my closest friends have forgotten me.
My guests and my female servants count me a foreigner;
they look on me as on a stranger.
I summon my servant, but he does not answer,
though I beg him with my own mouth.
My breath is offensive to my wife;
I am loathsome to my own family.
Even the little boys scorn me;
when I appear, they ridicule me.
All my intimate friends detest me;
those I love have turned against me.
I am nothing but skin and bones;
I have escaped only by the skin of my teeth.

“Have pity on me, my friends, have pity,
for the hand of God has struck me.
Why do you pursue me as God does?
Will you never get enough of my flesh?

“Oh, that my words were recorded,
that they were written on a scroll,
that they were inscribed with an iron tool on lead,
or engraved in rock forever!
I know that my redeemer lives,
and that in the end he will stand on the earth.

And after my skin has been destroyed,
yet in my flesh I will see God;
I myself will see him
with my own eyes—I, and not another.
How my heart yearns within me!

“If you say, ‘How we will hound him,
since the root of the trouble lies in him,’
you should fear the sword yourselves;
for wrath will bring punishment by the sword,
and then you will know that there is judgment.”

Then Zophar the Naamathite replied:

“My troubled thoughts prompt me to answer
because I am greatly disturbed.
I hear a rebuke that dishonors me,
and my understanding inspires me to reply.

“Surely you know how it has been from of old,
ever since mankind was placed on the earth,
that the mirth of the wicked is brief,
the joy of the godless lasts but a moment.
Though the pride of the godless person reaches to the heavens
and his head touches the clouds,
he will perish forever, like his own dung;
those who have seen him will say, ‘Where is he?’
Like a dream he flies away, no more to be found,
banished like a vision of the night.
The eye that saw him will not see him again;
his place will look on him no more.
His children must make amends to the poor;
his own hands must give back his wealth.
The youthful vigor that fills his bones
will lie with him in the dust.

“Though evil is sweet in his mouth
and he hides it under his tongue,
though he cannot bear to let it go
and lets it linger in his mouth,

yet his food will turn sour in his stomach;
it will become the venom of serpents within him.
He will spit out the riches he swallowed;
God will make his stomach vomit them up.
He will suck the poison of serpents;
the fangs of an adder will kill him.
He will not enjoy the streams,
the rivers flowing with honey and cream.
What he toiled for he must give back uneaten;
he will not enjoy the profit from his trading.
For he has oppressed the poor and left them destitute;
he has seized houses he did not build.

“Surely he will have no respite from his craving;
he cannot save himself by his treasure.
Nothing is left for him to devour;
his prosperity will not endure.
In the midst of his plenty, distress will overtake him;
the full force of misery will come upon him.
When he has filled his belly,
God will vent his burning anger against him
and rain down his blows on him.
Though he flees from an iron weapon,
a bronze-tipped arrow pierces him.
He pulls it out of his back,
the gleaming point out of his liver.
Terrors will come over him;
total darkness lies in wait for his treasures.
A fire unfanned will consume him
and devour what is left in his tent.
The heavens will expose his guilt;
the earth will rise up against him.
A flood will carry off his house,
rushing waters on the day of God’s wrath.
Such is the fate God allots the wicked,
the heritage appointed for them by God.”

Then Job replied:

“Listen carefully to my words;

let this be the consolation you give me.
 Bear with me while I speak,
 and after I have spoken, mock on.

“Is my complaint directed to a human being?
 Why should I not be impatient?
 Look at me and be appalled;
 clap your hand over your mouth.
 When I think about this, I am terrified;
 trembling seizes my body.
 Why do the wicked live on,
 growing old and increasing in power?
 They see their children established around them,
 their offspring before their eyes.
 Their homes are safe and free from fear;
 the rod of God is not on them.
 Their bulls never fail to breed;
 their cows calve and do not miscarry.
 They send forth their children as a flock;
 their little ones dance about.
 They sing to the music of timbrel and lyre;
 they make merry to the sound of the pipe.
 They spend their years in prosperity
 and go down to the grave in peace.
 Yet they say to God, ‘Leave us alone!
 We have no desire to know your ways.
 Who is the Almighty, that we should serve him?
 What would we gain by praying to him?’
 But their prosperity is not in their own hands,
 so I stand aloof from the plans of the wicked.

“Yet how often is the lamp of the wicked snuffed out?
 How often does calamity come upon them,
 the fate God allots in his anger?
 How often are they like straw before the wind,
 like chaff swept away by a gale?
 It is said, ‘God stores up the punishment of the wicked for their children.’
 Let him repay the wicked, so that they themselves will experience it!
 Let their own eyes see their destruction;
 let them drink the cup of the wrath of the Almighty.

For what do they care about the families they leave behind
when their allotted months come to an end?

“Can anyone teach knowledge to God,
since he judges even the highest?

One person dies in full vigor,
completely secure and at ease,
well nourished in body,
bones rich with marrow.

Another dies in bitterness of soul,
never having enjoyed anything good.

Side by side they lie in the dust,
and worms cover them both.

“I know full well what you are thinking,
the schemes by which you would wrong me.

You say, ‘Where now is the house of the great,
the tents where the wicked lived?’

Have you never questioned those who travel?

Have you paid no regard to their accounts—
that the wicked are spared from the day of calamity,
that they are delivered from the day of wrath?

Who denounces their conduct to their face?

Who repays them for what they have done?

They are carried to the grave,
and watch is kept over their tombs.

The soil in the valley is sweet to them;
everyone follows after them,
and a countless throng goes before them.

“So how can you console me with your nonsense?

Nothing is left of your answers but falsehood!”

Then Eliphaz the Temanite replied:

“Can a man be of benefit to God?

Can even a wise person benefit him?

What pleasure would it give the Almighty if you were righteous?

What would he gain if your ways were blameless?

“Is it for your piety that he rebukes you
and brings charges against you?
Is not your wickedness great?
Are not your sins endless?
You demanded security from your relatives for no reason;
you stripped people of their clothing, leaving them naked.
You gave no water to the weary
and you withheld food from the hungry,
though you were a powerful man, owning land—
an honored man, living on it.
And you sent widows away empty-handed
and broke the strength of the fatherless.
That is why snares are all around you,
why sudden peril terrifies you,
why it is so dark you cannot see,
and why a flood of water covers you.

“Is not God in the heights of heaven?
And see how lofty are the highest stars!
Yet you say, ‘What does God know?
Does he judge through such darkness?
Thick clouds veil him, so he does not see us
as he goes about in the vaulted heavens.’
Will you keep to the old path
that the wicked have trod?
They were carried off before their time,
their foundations washed away by a flood.
They said to God, ‘Leave us alone!
What can the Almighty do to us?’
Yet it was he who filled their houses with good things,
so I stand aloof from the plans of the wicked.
The righteous see their ruin and rejoice;
the innocent mock them, saying,
‘Surely our foes are destroyed,
and fire devours their wealth.’

“Submit to God and be at peace with him;
in this way prosperity will come to you.
Accept instruction from his mouth
and lay up his words in your heart.

If you return to the Almighty, you will be restored:
 If you remove wickedness far from your tent
 and assign your nuggets to the dust,
 your gold of Ophir to the rocks in the ravines,
 then the Almighty will be your gold,
 the choicest silver for you.
 Surely then you will find delight in the Almighty
 and will lift up your face to God.
 You will pray to him, and he will hear you,
 and you will fulfill your vows.
 What you decide on will be done,
 and light will shine on your ways.
 When people are brought low and you say, 'Lift them up!'
 then he will save the downcast.
 He will deliver even one who is not innocent,
 who will be delivered through the cleanness of your hands."

Then Job replied:

"Even today my complaint is bitter;
 his hand is heavy in spite of my groaning.
 If only I knew where to find him;
 if only I could go to his dwelling!
 I would state my case before him
 and fill my mouth with arguments.
 I would find out what he would answer me,
 and consider what he would say to me.
 Would he vigorously oppose me?
 No, he would not press charges against me.
 There the upright can establish their innocence before him,
 and there I would be delivered forever from my judge.

"But if I go to the east, he is not there;
 if I go to the west, I do not find him.
 When he is at work in the north, I do not see him;
 when he turns to the south, I catch no glimpse of him.
 But he knows the way that I take;
 when he has tested me, I will come forth as gold.
 My feet have closely followed his steps;
 I have kept to his way without turning aside.

I have not departed from the commands of his lips;
I have treasured the words of his mouth more than my daily bread.

“But he stands alone, and who can oppose him?

He does whatever he pleases.

He carries out his decree against me,
and many such plans he still has in store.

That is why I am terrified before him;
when I think of all this, I fear him.

God has made my heart faint;
the Almighty has terrified me.

Yet I am not silenced by the darkness,
by the thick darkness that covers my face.

“Why does the Almighty not set times for judgment?

Why must those who know him look in vain for such days?

There are those who move boundary stones;
they pasture flocks they have stolen.

They drive away the orphan’s donkey
and take the widow’s ox in pledge.

They thrust the needy from the path
and force all the poor of the land into hiding.

Like wild donkeys in the desert,
the poor go about their labor of foraging food;
the wasteland provides food for their children.

They gather fodder in the fields
and glean in the vineyards of the wicked.

Lacking clothes, they spend the night naked;
they have nothing to cover themselves in the cold.

They are drenched by mountain rains
and hug the rocks for lack of shelter.

The fatherless child is snatched from the breast;
the infant of the poor is seized for a debt.

Lacking clothes, they go about naked;
they carry the sheaves, but still go hungry.

They crush olives among the terraces;
they tread the winepresses, yet suffer thirst.

The groans of the dying rise from the city,
and the souls of the wounded cry out for help.

But God charges no one with wrongdoing.

“There are those who rebel against the light,
who do not know its ways
or stay in its paths.
When daylight is gone, the murderer rises up,
kills the poor and needy,
and in the night steals forth like a thief.
The eye of the adulterer watches for dusk;
he thinks, ‘No eye will see me,’
and he keeps his face concealed.
In the dark, thieves break into houses,
but by day they shut themselves in;
they want nothing to do with the light.
For all of them, midnight is their morning;
they make friends with the terrors of darkness.

“Yet they are foam on the surface of the water;
their portion of the land is cursed,
so that no one goes to the vineyards.
As heat and drought snatch away the melted snow,
so the grave snatches away those who have sinned.
The womb forgets them,
the worm feasts on them;
the wicked are no longer remembered
but are broken like a tree.
They prey on the barren and childless woman,
and to the widow they show no kindness.
But God drags away the mighty by his power;
though they become established, they have no assurance of life.
He may let them rest in a feeling of security,
but his eyes are on their ways.
For a little while they are exalted, and then they are gone;
they are brought low and gathered up like all others;
they are cut off like heads of grain.

“If this is not so, who can prove me false
and reduce my words to nothing?”

Then Bildad the Shuhite replied:

“Dominion and awe belong to God;
 he establishes order in the heights of heaven.
 Can his forces be numbered?
 On whom does his light not rise?
 How then can a mortal be righteous before God?
 How can one born of woman be pure?
 If even the moon is not bright
 and the stars are not pure in his eyes,
 how much less a mortal, who is but a maggot—
 a human being, who is only a worm!”

Then Job replied:

“How you have helped the powerless!
 How you have saved the arm that is feeble!
 What advice you have offered to one without wisdom!
 And what great insight you have displayed!
 Who has helped you utter these words?
 And whose spirit spoke from your mouth?

“The dead are in deep anguish,
 those beneath the waters and all that live in them.
 The realm of the dead is naked before God;
 Destruction lies uncovered.
 He spreads out the northern skies over empty space;
 he suspends the earth over nothing.
 He wraps up the waters in his clouds,
 yet the clouds do not burst under their weight.
 He covers the face of the full moon,
 spreading his clouds over it.
 He marks out the horizon on the face of the waters
 for a boundary between light and darkness.
 The pillars of the heavens quake,
 aghast at his rebuke.
 By his power he churned up the sea;
 by his wisdom he cut Rahab to pieces.
 By his breath the skies became fair;
 his hand pierced the gliding serpent.
 And these are but the outer fringe of his works;
 how faint the whisper we hear of him!

Who then can understand the thunder of his power?"

And Job continued his discourse:

"As surely as God lives, who has denied me justice,
the Almighty, who has made my life bitter,
as long as I have life within me,
the breath of God in my nostrils,
my lips will not say anything wicked,
and my tongue will not utter lies.
I will never admit you are in the right;
till I die, I will not deny my integrity.
I will maintain my innocence and never let go of it;
my conscience will not reproach me as long as I live.

"May my enemy be like the wicked,
my adversary like the unjust!
For what hope have the godless when they are cut off,
when God takes away their life?
Does God listen to their cry
when distress comes upon them?
Will they find delight in the Almighty?
Will they call on God at all times?

"I will teach you about the power of God;
the ways of the Almighty I will not conceal.
You have all seen this yourselves.
Why then this meaningless talk?

"Here is the fate God allots to the wicked,
the heritage a ruthless man receives from the Almighty:
However many his children, their fate is the sword;
his offspring will never have enough to eat.
The plague will bury those who survive him,
and their widows will not weep for them.
Though he heaps up silver like dust
and clothes like piles of clay,
what he lays up the righteous will wear,
and the innocent will divide his silver.
The house he builds is like a moth's cocoon,

like a hut made by a watchman.
He lies down wealthy, but will do so no more;
when he opens his eyes, all is gone.
Terrors overtake him like a flood;
a tempest snatches him away in the night.
The east wind carries him off, and he is gone;
it sweeps him out of his place.
It hurls itself against him without mercy
as he flees headlong from its power.
It claps its hands in derision
and hisses him out of his place.”

There is a mine for silver
and a place where gold is refined.
Iron is taken from the earth,
and copper is smelted from ore.
Mortals put an end to the darkness;
they search out the farthest recesses
for ore in the blackest darkness.
Far from human dwellings they cut a shaft,
in places untouched by human feet;
far from other people they dangle and sway.
The earth, from which food comes,
is transformed below as by fire;
lapis lazuli comes from its rocks,
and its dust contains nuggets of gold.
No bird of prey knows that hidden path,
no falcon’s eye has seen it.
Proud beasts do not set foot on it,
and no lion prowls there.
People assault the flinty rock with their hands
and lay bare the roots of the mountains.
They tunnel through the rock;
their eyes see all its treasures.
They search the sources of the rivers
and bring hidden things to light.

But where can wisdom be found?
Where does understanding dwell?
No mortal comprehends its worth;

it cannot be found in the land of the living.
 The deep says, "It is not in me";
 the sea says, "It is not with me."
 It cannot be bought with the finest gold,
 nor can its price be weighed out in silver.
 It cannot be bought with the gold of Ophir,
 with precious onyx or lapis lazuli.
 Neither gold nor crystal can compare with it,
 nor can it be had for jewels of gold.
 Coral and jasper are not worthy of mention;
 the price of wisdom is beyond rubies.
 The topaz of Cush cannot compare with it;
 it cannot be bought with pure gold.

Where then does wisdom come from?
 Where does understanding dwell?
 It is hidden from the eyes of every living thing,
 concealed even from the birds in the sky.
 Destruction and Death say,
 "Only a rumor of it has reached our ears."
 God understands the way to it
 and he alone knows where it dwells,
 for he views the ends of the earth
 and sees everything under the heavens.
 When he established the force of the wind
 and measured out the waters,
 when he made a decree for the rain
 and a path for the thunderstorm,
 then he looked at wisdom and appraised it;
 he confirmed it and tested it.
 And he said to the human race,
 "The fear of the Lord—that is wisdom,
 and to shun evil is understanding."

Job continued his discourse:

"How I long for the months gone by,
 for the days when God watched over me,
 when his lamp shone on my head
 and by his light I walked through darkness!

Oh, for the days when I was in my prime,
when God's intimate friendship blessed my house,
when the Almighty was still with me
and my children were around me,
when my path was drenched with cream
and the rock poured out for me streams of olive oil.

"When I went to the gate of the city
and took my seat in the public square,
the young men saw me and stepped aside
and the old men rose to their feet;
the chief men refrained from speaking
and covered their mouths with their hands;
the voices of the nobles were hushed,
and their tongues stuck to the roof of their mouths.
Whoever heard me spoke well of me,
and those who saw me commended me,
because I rescued the poor who cried for help,
and the fatherless who had none to assist them.
The one who was dying blessed me;
I made the widow's heart sing.
I put on righteousness as my clothing;
justice was my robe and my turban.
I was eyes to the blind
and feet to the lame.
I was a father to the needy;
I took up the case of the stranger.
I broke the fangs of the wicked
and snatched the victims from their teeth.

"I thought, 'I will die in my own house,
my days as numerous as the grains of sand.
My roots will reach to the water,
and the dew will lie all night on my branches.
My glory will not fade;
the bow will be ever new in my hand.'

"People listened to me expectantly,
waiting in silence for my counsel.
After I had spoken, they spoke no more;

my words fell gently on their ears.
They waited for me as for showers
and drank in my words as the spring rain.
When I smiled at them, they scarcely believed it;
the light of my face was precious to them.
I chose the way for them and sat as their chief;
I dwelt as a king among his troops;
I was like one who comforts mourners.

“But now they mock me,
men younger than I,
whose fathers I would have disdained
to put with my sheep dogs.
Of what use was the strength of their hands to me,
since their vigor had gone from them?
Haggard from want and hunger,
they roamed the parched land
in desolate wastelands at night.
In the brush they gathered salt herbs,
and their food was the root of the broom bush.
They were banished from human society,
shouted at as if they were thieves.
They were forced to live in the dry stream beds,
among the rocks and in holes in the ground.
They brayed among the bushes
and huddled in the undergrowth.
A base and nameless brood,
they were driven out of the land.

“And now those young men mock me in song;
I have become a byword among them.
They detest me and keep their distance;
they do not hesitate to spit in my face.
Now that God has unstrung my bow and afflicted me,
they throw off restraint in my presence.
On my right the tribe attacks;
they lay snares for my feet,
they build their siege ramps against me.
They break up my road;
they succeed in destroying me.

'No one can help him,' they say.
They advance as through a gaping breach;
amid the ruins they come rolling in.
Terrors overwhelm me;
my dignity is driven away as by the wind,
my safety vanishes like a cloud.

"And now my life ebbs away;
days of suffering grip me.
Night pierces my bones;
my gnawing pains never rest.
In his great power God becomes like clothing to me;
he binds me like the neck of my garment.
He throws me into the mud,
and I am reduced to dust and ashes.

"I cry out to you, God, but you do not answer;
I stand up, but you merely look at me.
You turn on me ruthlessly;
with the might of your hand you attack me.
You snatch me up and drive me before the wind;
you toss me about in the storm.
I know you will bring me down to death,
to the place appointed for all the living.

"Surely no one lays a hand on a broken man
when he cries for help in his distress.
Have I not wept for those in trouble?
Has not my soul grieved for the poor?
Yet when I hoped for good, evil came;
when I looked for light, then came darkness.
The churning inside me never stops;
days of suffering confront me.
I go about blackened, but not by the sun;
I stand up in the assembly and cry for help.
I have become a brother of jackals,
a companion of owls.
My skin grows black and peels;
my body burns with fever.
My lyre is tuned to mourning,

and my pipe to the sound of wailing.

“I made a covenant with my eyes
not to look lustfully at a young woman.
For what is our lot from God above,
our heritage from the Almighty on high?
Is it not ruin for the wicked,
disaster for those who do wrong?
Does he not see my ways
and count my every step?

“If I have walked with falsehood
or my foot has hurried after deceit—
let God weigh me in honest scales
and he will know that I am blameless—
if my steps have turned from the path,
if my heart has been led by my eyes,
or if my hands have been defiled,
then may others eat what I have sown,
and may my crops be uprooted.

“If my heart has been enticed by a woman,
or if I have lurked at my neighbor’s door,
then may my wife grind another man’s grain,
and may other men sleep with her.
For that would have been wicked,
a sin to be judged.
It is a fire that burns to Destruction;
it would have uprooted my harvest.

“If I have denied justice to any of my servants,
whether male or female,
when they had a grievance against me,
what will I do when God confronts me?
What will I answer when called to account?
Did not he who made me in the womb make them?
Did not the same one form us both within our mothers?

“If I have denied the desires of the poor
or let the eyes of the widow grow weary,

if I have kept my bread to myself,
not sharing it with the fatherless—
but from my youth I reared them as a father would,
and from my birth I guided the widow—
if I have seen anyone perishing for lack of clothing,
or the needy without garments,
and their hearts did not bless me
for warming them with the fleece from my sheep,
if I have raised my hand against the fatherless,
knowing that I had influence in court,
then let my arm fall from the shoulder,
let it be broken off at the joint.
For I dreaded destruction from God,
and for fear of his splendor I could not do such things.

“If I have put my trust in gold
or said to pure gold, ‘You are my security,’
if I have rejoiced over my great wealth,
the fortune my hands had gained,
if I have regarded the sun in its radiance
or the moon moving in splendor,
so that my heart was secretly enticed
and my hand offered them a kiss of homage,
then these also would be sins to be judged,
for I would have been unfaithful to God on high.

“If I have rejoiced at my enemy’s misfortune
or gloated over the trouble that came to him—
I have not allowed my mouth to sin
by invoking a curse against their life—
if those of my household have never said,
‘Who has not been filled with Job’s meat?’—
but no stranger had to spend the night in the street,
for my door was always open to the traveler—
if I have concealed my sin as people do,
by hiding my guilt in my heart
because I so feared the crowd
and so dreaded the contempt of the clans
that I kept silent and would not go outside—

(“Oh, that I had someone to hear me!
 I sign now my defense—let the Almighty answer me;
 let my accuser put his indictment in writing.
 Surely I would wear it on my shoulder,
 I would put it on like a crown.
 I would give him an account of my every step;
 I would present it to him as to a ruler.)—

“if my land cries out against me
 and all its furrows are wet with tears,
 if I have devoured its yield without payment
 or broken the spirit of its tenants,
 then let briars come up instead of wheat
 and stinkweed instead of barley.”
 The words of Job are ended.

So these three men stopped answering Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. But Elihu son of Barakel the Buzite, of the family of Ram, became very angry with Job for justifying himself rather than God. He was also angry with the three friends, because they had found no way to refute Job, and yet had condemned him. Now Elihu had waited before speaking to Job because they were older than he. But when he saw that the three men had nothing more to say, his anger was aroused.

So Elihu son of Barakel the Buzite said:

“I am young in years,
 and you are old;
 that is why I was fearful,
 not daring to tell you what I know.
 I thought, ‘Age should speak;
 advanced years should teach wisdom.’
 But it is the spirit in a person,
 the breath of the Almighty, that gives them understanding.
 It is not only the old who are wise,
 not only the aged who understand what is right.

“Therefore I say: Listen to me;
 I too will tell you what I know.
 I waited while you spoke,

I listened to your reasoning;
while you were searching for words,
I gave you my full attention.
But not one of you has proved Job wrong;
none of you has answered his arguments.
Do not say, 'We have found wisdom;
let God, not a man, refute him.'
But Job has not marshaled his words against me,
and I will not answer him with your arguments.

"They are dismayed and have no more to say;
words have failed them.
Must I wait, now that they are silent,
now that they stand there with no reply?
I too will have my say;
I too will tell what I know.
For I am full of words,
and the spirit within me compels me;
inside I am like bottled-up wine,
like new wineskins ready to burst.
I must speak and find relief;
I must open my lips and reply.
I will show no partiality,
nor will I flatter anyone;
for if I were skilled in flattery,
my Maker would soon take me away.

"But now, Job, listen to my words;
pay attention to everything I say.
I am about to open my mouth;
my words are on the tip of my tongue.
My words come from an upright heart;
my lips sincerely speak what I know.
The Spirit of God has made me;
the breath of the Almighty gives me life.
Answer me then, if you can;
stand up and argue your case before me.
I am the same as you in God's sight;
I too am a piece of clay.
No fear of me should alarm you,

nor should my hand be heavy on you.

“But you have said in my hearing—
I heard the very words—
‘I am pure, I have done no wrong;
I am clean and free from sin.
Yet God has found fault with me;
he considers me his enemy.
He fastens my feet in shackles;
he keeps close watch on all my paths.’

“But I tell you, in this you are not right,
for God is greater than any mortal.
Why do you complain to him
that he responds to no one’s words?
For God does speak—now one way, now another—
though no one perceives it.
In a dream, in a vision of the night,
when deep sleep falls on people
as they slumber in their beds,
he may speak in their ears
and terrify them with warnings,
to turn them from wrongdoing
and keep them from pride,
to preserve them from the pit,
their lives from perishing by the sword.

“Or someone may be chastened on a bed of pain
with constant distress in their bones,
so that their body finds food repulsive
and their soul loathes the choicest meal.
Their flesh wastes away to nothing,
and their bones, once hidden, now stick out.
They draw near to the pit,
and their life to the messengers of death.
Yet if there is an angel at their side,
a messenger, one out of a thousand,
sent to tell them how to be upright,
and he is gracious to that person and says to God,
‘Spare them from going down to the pit;

I have found a ransom for them—
 let their flesh be renewed like a child's;
 let them be restored as in the days of their youth'—
 then that person can pray to God and find favor with him,
 they will see God's face and shout for joy;
 he will restore them to full well-being.
 And they will go to others and say,
 'I have sinned, I have perverted what is right,
 but I did not get what I deserved.
 God has delivered me from going down to the pit,
 and I shall live to enjoy the light of life.'

"God does all these things to a person—
 twice, even three times—
 to turn them back from the pit,
 that the light of life may shine on them.

"Pay attention, Job, and listen to me;
 be silent, and I will speak.
 If you have anything to say, answer me;
 speak up, for I want to vindicate you.
 But if not, then listen to me;
 be silent, and I will teach you wisdom."

Then Elihu said:

"Hear my words, you wise men;
 listen to me, you men of learning.
 For the ear tests words
 as the tongue tastes food.
 Let us discern for ourselves what is right;
 let us learn together what is good.

"Job says, 'I am innocent,
 but God denies me justice.
 Although I am right,
 I am considered a liar;
 although I am guiltless,
 his arrow inflicts an incurable wound.'
 Is there anyone like Job,

who drinks scorn like water?
He keeps company with evildoers;
he associates with the wicked.
For he says, 'There is no profit
in trying to please God.'

"So listen to me, you men of understanding.
Far be it from God to do evil,
from the Almighty to do wrong.
He repays everyone for what they have done;
he brings on them what their conduct deserves.
It is unthinkable that God would do wrong,
that the Almighty would pervert justice.
Who appointed him over the earth?
Who put him in charge of the whole world?
If it were his intention
and he withdrew his spirit and breath,
all humanity would perish together
and mankind would return to the dust.

"If you have understanding, hear this;
listen to what I say.
Can someone who hates justice govern?
Will you condemn the just and mighty One?
Is he not the One who says to kings, 'You are worthless,'
and to nobles, 'You are wicked,'
who shows no partiality to princes
and does not favor the rich over the poor,
for they are all the work of his hands?
They die in an instant, in the middle of the night;
the people are shaken and they pass away;
the mighty are removed without human hand.

"His eyes are on the ways of mortals;
he sees their every step.
There is no deep shadow, no utter darkness,
where evildoers can hide.
God has no need to examine people further,
that they should come before him for judgment.
Without inquiry he shatters the mighty

and sets up others in their place.
 Because he takes note of their deeds,
 he overthrows them in the night and they are crushed.
 He punishes them for their wickedness
 where everyone can see them,
 because they turned from following him
 and had no regard for any of his ways.
 They caused the cry of the poor to come before him,
 so that he heard the cry of the needy.
 But if he remains silent, who can condemn him?
 If he hides his face, who can see him?
 Yet he is over individual and nation alike,
 to keep the godless from ruling,
 from laying snares for the people.

“Suppose someone says to God,
 ‘I am guilty but will offend no more.
 Teach me what I cannot see;
 if I have done wrong, I will not do so again.’
 Should God then reward you on your terms,
 when you refuse to repent?
 You must decide, not I;
 so tell me what you know.

“Men of understanding declare,
 wise men who hear me say to me,
 ‘Job speaks without knowledge;
 his words lack insight.’
 Oh, that Job might be tested to the utmost
 for answering like a wicked man!
 To his sin he adds rebellion;
 scornfully he claps his hands among us
 and multiplies his words against God.”

Then Elihu said:

“Do you think this is just?
 You say, ‘I am in the right, not God.’
 Yet you ask him, ‘What profit is it to me,
 and what do I gain by not sinning?’

“I would like to reply to you
 and to your friends with you.
 Look up at the heavens and see;
 gaze at the clouds so high above you.
 If you sin, how does that affect him?
 If your sins are many, what does that do to him?
 If you are righteous, what do you give to him,
 or what does he receive from your hand?
 Your wickedness only affects humans like yourself,
 and your righteousness only other people.

“People cry out under a load of oppression;
 they plead for relief from the arm of the powerful.
 But no one says, ‘Where is God my Maker,
 who gives songs in the night,
 who teaches us more than he teaches the beasts of the earth
 and makes us wiser than the birds in the sky?’
 He does not answer when people cry out
 because of the arrogance of the wicked.
 Indeed, God does not listen to their empty plea;
 the Almighty pays no attention to it.
 How much less, then, will he listen
 when you say that you do not see him,
 that your case is before him
 and you must wait for him,
 and further, that his anger never punishes
 and he does not take the least notice of wickedness.
 So Job opens his mouth with empty talk;
 without knowledge he multiplies words.”

Elihu continued:

“Bear with me a little longer and I will show you
 that there is more to be said in God’s behalf.
 I get my knowledge from afar;
 I will ascribe justice to my Maker.
 Be assured that my words are not false;
 one who has perfect knowledge is with you.

“God is mighty, but despises no one;
he is mighty, and firm in his purpose.
He does not keep the wicked alive
but gives the afflicted their rights.
He does not take his eyes off the righteous;
he enthrones them with kings
and exalts them forever.
But if people are bound in chains,
held fast by cords of affliction,
he tells them what they have done—
that they have sinned arrogantly.
He makes them listen to correction
and commands them to repent of their evil.
If they obey and serve him,
they will spend the rest of their days in prosperity
and their years in contentment.
But if they do not listen,
they will perish by the sword
and die without knowledge.

“The godless in heart harbor resentment;
even when he fetters them, they do not cry for help.
They die in their youth,
among male prostitutes of the shrines.
But those who suffer he delivers in their suffering;
he speaks to them in their affliction.

“He is wooing you from the jaws of distress
to a spacious place free from restriction,
to the comfort of your table laden with choice food.
But now you are laden with the judgment due the wicked;
judgment and justice have taken hold of you.
Be careful that no one entices you by riches;
do not let a large bribe turn you aside.
Would your wealth or even all your mighty efforts
sustain you so you would not be in distress?
Do not long for the night,
to drag people away from their homes.
Beware of turning to evil,
which you seem to prefer to affliction.

“God is exalted in his power.
Who is a teacher like him?
Who has prescribed his ways for him,
or said to him, ‘You have done wrong’?
Remember to extol his work,
which people have praised in song.
All humanity has seen it;
mortals gaze on it from afar.
How great is God—beyond our understanding!
The number of his years is past finding out.

“He draws up the drops of water,
which distill as rain to the streams;
the clouds pour down their moisture
and abundant showers fall on mankind.
Who can understand how he spreads out the clouds,
how he thunders from his pavilion?
See how he scatters his lightning about him,
bathing the depths of the sea.
This is the way he governs the nations
and provides food in abundance.
He fills his hands with lightning
and commands it to strike its mark.
His thunder announces the coming storm;
even the cattle make known its approach.

“At this my heart pounds
and leaps from its place.
Listen! Listen to the roar of his voice,
to the rumbling that comes from his mouth.
He unleashes his lightning beneath the whole heaven
and sends it to the ends of the earth.
After that comes the sound of his roar;
he thunders with his majestic voice.
When his voice resounds,
he holds nothing back.
God’s voice thunders in marvelous ways;
he does great things beyond our understanding.
He says to the snow, ‘Fall on the earth,’

and to the rain shower, 'Be a mighty downpour.'
So that everyone he has made may know his work,
he stops all people from their labor.
The animals take cover;
they remain in their dens.
The tempest comes out from its chamber,
the cold from the driving winds.
The breath of God produces ice,
and the broad waters become frozen.
He loads the clouds with moisture;
he scatters his lightning through them.
At his direction they swirl around
over the face of the whole earth
to do whatever he commands them.
He brings the clouds to punish people,
or to water his earth and show his love.

"Listen to this, Job;
stop and consider God's wonders.
Do you know how God controls the clouds
and makes his lightning flash?
Do you know how the clouds hang poised,
those wonders of him who has perfect knowledge?
You who swelter in your clothes
when the land lies hushed under the south wind,
can you join him in spreading out the skies,
hard as a mirror of cast bronze?

"Tell us what we should say to him;
we cannot draw up our case because of our darkness.
Should he be told that I want to speak?
Would anyone ask to be swallowed up?
Now no one can look at the sun,
bright as it is in the skies
after the wind has swept them clean.
Out of the north he comes in golden splendor;
God comes in awesome majesty.
The Almighty is beyond our reach and exalted in power;
in his justice and great righteousness, he does not oppress.
Therefore, people revere him,

for does he not have regard for all the wise in heart?"

Then the Lord spoke to Job out of the storm. He said:

"Who is this that obscures my plans
with words without knowledge?
Brace yourself like a man;
I will question you,
and you shall answer me.

"Where were you when I laid the earth's foundation?
Tell me, if you understand.
Who marked off its dimensions? Surely you know!
Who stretched a measuring line across it?
On what were its footings set,
or who laid its cornerstone—
while the morning stars sang together
and all the angels shouted for joy?

"Who shut up the sea behind doors
when it burst forth from the womb,
when I made the clouds its garment
and wrapped it in thick darkness,
when I fixed limits for it
and set its doors and bars in place,
when I said, 'This far you may come and no farther;
here is where your proud waves halt'?

"Have you ever given orders to the morning,
or shown the dawn its place,
that it might take the earth by the edges
and shake the wicked out of it?
The earth takes shape like clay under a seal;
its features stand out like those of a garment.
The wicked are denied their light,
and their upraised arm is broken.

"Have you journeyed to the springs of the sea
or walked in the recesses of the deep?
Have the gates of death been shown to you?

Have you seen the gates of the deepest darkness?
Have you comprehended the vast expanses of the earth?
Tell me, if you know all this.

“What is the way to the abode of light?
And where does darkness reside?
Can you take them to their places?
Do you know the paths to their dwellings?
Surely you know, for you were already born!
You have lived so many years!

“Have you entered the storehouses of the snow
or seen the storehouses of the hail,
which I reserve for times of trouble,
for days of war and battle?
What is the way to the place where the lightning is dispersed,
or the place where the east winds are scattered over the earth?
Who cuts a channel for the torrents of rain,
and a path for the thunderstorm,
to water a land where no one lives,
an uninhabited desert,
to satisfy a desolate wasteland
and make it sprout with grass?
Does the rain have a father?
Who fathers the drops of dew?
From whose womb comes the ice?
Who gives birth to the frost from the heavens
when the waters become hard as stone,
when the surface of the deep is frozen?

“Can you bind the chains of the Pleiades?
Can you loosen Orion’s belt?
Can you bring forth the constellations in their seasons
or lead out the Bear with its cubs?
Do you know the laws of the heavens?
Can you set up God’s dominion over the earth?

“Can you raise your voice to the clouds
and cover yourself with a flood of water?
Do you send the lightning bolts on their way?

Do they report to you, 'Here we are'?
 Who gives the ibis wisdom
 or gives the rooster understanding?
 Who has the wisdom to count the clouds?
 Who can tip over the water jars of the heavens
 when the dust becomes hard
 and the clods of earth stick together?

"Do you hunt the prey for the lioness
 and satisfy the hunger of the lions
 when they crouch in their dens
 or lie in wait in a thicket?
 Who provides food for the raven
 when its young cry out to God
 and wander about for lack of food?

"Do you know when the mountain goats give birth?
 Do you watch when the doe bears her fawn?
 Do you count the months till they bear?
 Do you know the time they give birth?
 They crouch down and bring forth their young;
 their labor pains are ended.
 Their young thrive and grow strong in the wilds;
 they leave and do not return.

"Who let the wild donkey go free?
 Who untied its ropes?
 I gave it the wasteland as its home,
 the salt flats as its habitat.
 It laughs at the commotion in the town;
 it does not hear a driver's shout.
 It ranges the hills for its pasture
 and searches for any green thing.

"Will the wild ox consent to serve you?
 Will it stay by your manger at night?
 Can you hold it to the furrow with a harness?
 Will it till the valleys behind you?
 Will you rely on it for its great strength?
 Will you leave your heavy work to it?

Can you trust it to haul in your grain
and bring it to your threshing floor?

“The wings of the ostrich flap joyfully,
though they cannot compare
with the wings and feathers of the stork.
She lays her eggs on the ground
and lets them warm in the sand,
unmindful that a foot may crush them,
that some wild animal may trample them.
She treats her young harshly, as if they were not hers;
she cares not that her labor was in vain,
for God did not endow her with wisdom
or give her a share of good sense.
Yet when she spreads her feathers to run,
she laughs at horse and rider.

“Do you give the horse its strength
or clothe its neck with a flowing mane?
Do you make it leap like a locust,
striking terror with its proud snorting?
It paws fiercely, rejoicing in its strength,
and charges into the fray.
It laughs at fear, afraid of nothing;
it does not shy away from the sword.
The quiver rattles against its side,
along with the flashing spear and lance.
In frenzied excitement it eats up the ground;
it cannot stand still when the trumpet sounds.
At the blast of the trumpet it snorts, ‘Aha!’
It catches the scent of battle from afar,
the shout of commanders and the battle cry.

“Does the hawk take flight by your wisdom
and spread its wings toward the south?
Does the eagle soar at your command
and build its nest on high?
It dwells on a cliff and stays there at night;
a rocky crag is its stronghold.
From there it looks for food;

its eyes detect it from afar.
Its young ones feast on blood,
and where the slain are, there it is.”

The Lord said to Job:

“Will the one who contends with the Almighty correct him?
Let him who accuses God answer him!”

Then Job answered the Lord:

“I am unworthy—how can I reply to you?
I put my hand over my mouth.
I spoke once, but I have no answer—
twice, but I will say no more.”

Then the Lord spoke to Job out of the storm:

“Brace yourself like a man;
I will question you,
and you shall answer me.

“Would you discredit my justice?
Would you condemn me to justify yourself?
Do you have an arm like God’s,
and can your voice thunder like his?
Then adorn yourself with glory and splendor,
and clothe yourself in honor and majesty.
Unleash the fury of your wrath,
look at all who are proud and bring them low,
look at all who are proud and humble them,
crush the wicked where they stand.
Bury them all in the dust together;
shroud their faces in the grave.
Then I myself will admit to you
that your own right hand can save you.

“Look at Behemoth,
which I made along with you
and which feeds on grass like an ox.
What strength it has in its loins,

what power in the muscles of its belly!
 Its tail sways like a cedar;
 the sinews of its thighs are close-knit.
 Its bones are tubes of bronze,
 its limbs like rods of iron.
 It ranks first among the works of God,
 yet its Maker can approach it with his sword.
 The hills bring it their produce,
 and all the wild animals play nearby.
 Under the lotus plants it lies,
 hidden among the reeds in the marsh.
 The lotuses conceal it in their shadow;
 the poplars by the stream surround it.
 A raging river does not alarm it;
 it is secure, though the Jordan should surge against its mouth.
 Can anyone capture it by the eyes,
 or trap it and pierce its nose?

“Can you pull in Leviathan with a fishhook
 or tie down its tongue with a rope?
 Can you put a cord through its nose
 or pierce its jaw with a hook?
 Will it keep begging you for mercy?
 Will it speak to you with gentle words?
 Will it make an agreement with you
 for you to take it as your slave for life?
 Can you make a pet of it like a bird
 or put it on a leash for the young women in your house?
 Will traders barter for it?
 Will they divide it up among the merchants?
 Can you fill its hide with harpoons
 or its head with fishing spears?
 If you lay a hand on it,
 you will remember the struggle and never do it again!
 Any hope of subduing it is false;
 the mere sight of it is overpowering.
 No one is fierce enough to rouse it.
 Who then is able to stand against me?
 Who has a claim against me that I must pay?
 Everything under heaven belongs to me.

“I will not fail to speak of Leviathan’s limbs,
its strength and its graceful form.
Who can strip off its outer coat?
Who can penetrate its double coat of armor?
Who dares open the doors of its mouth,
ringed about with fearsome teeth?
Its back has rows of shields
tightly sealed together;
each is so close to the next
that no air can pass between.
They are joined fast to one another;
they cling together and cannot be parted.
Its snorting throws out flashes of light;
its eyes are like the rays of dawn.
Flames stream from its mouth;
sparks of fire shoot out.
Smoke pours from its nostrils
as from a boiling pot over burning reeds.
Its breath sets coals ablaze,
and flames dart from its mouth.
Strength resides in its neck;
dismay goes before it.
The folds of its flesh are tightly joined;
they are firm and immovable.
Its chest is hard as rock,
hard as a lower millstone.
When it rises up, the mighty are terrified;
they retreat before its thrashing.
The sword that reaches it has no effect,
nor does the spear or the dart or the javelin.
Iron it treats like straw
and bronze like rotten wood.
Arrows do not make it flee;
slingstones are like chaff to it.
A club seems to it but a piece of straw;
it laughs at the rattling of the lance.
Its undersides are jagged potsherds,
leaving a trail in the mud like a threshing sledge.
It makes the depths churn like a boiling caldron

and stirs up the sea like a pot of ointment.
 It leaves a glistening wake behind it;
 one would think the deep had white hair.
 Nothing on earth is its equal—
 a creature without fear.
 It looks down on all that are haughty;
 it is king over all that are proud.”

Then Job replied to the Lord:

“I know that you can do all things;
 no purpose of yours can be thwarted.
 You asked, ‘Who is this that obscures my plans without knowledge?’
 Surely I spoke of things I did not understand,
 things too wonderful for me to know.

“You said, ‘Listen now, and I will speak;
 I will question you,
 and you shall answer me.’
 My ears had heard of you
 but now my eyes have seen you.
 Therefore I despise myself
 and repent in dust and ashes.”

After the Lord had said these things to Job, he said to Eliphaz the Temanite, “I am angry with you and your two friends, because you have not spoken the truth about me, as my servant Job has. So now take seven bulls and seven rams and go to my servant Job and sacrifice a burnt offering for yourselves. My servant Job will pray for you, and I will accept his prayer and not deal with you according to your folly. You have not spoken the truth about me, as my servant Job has.” So Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite did what the Lord told them; and the Lord accepted Job’s prayer.

After Job had prayed for his friends, the Lord restored his fortunes and gave him twice as much as he had before. All his brothers and sisters and everyone who had known him before came and ate with him in his house. They comforted and consoled him over all the trouble the Lord had brought on him, and each one gave him a piece of silver and a gold ring.

The Lord blessed the latter part of Job’s life more than the former part. He had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen and a thousand donkeys. And he also had seven sons and three daughters. The

first daughter he named Jemimah, the second Keziah and the third Keren-Happuch. Nowhere in all the land were there found women as beautiful as Job's daughters, and their father granted them an inheritance along with their brothers.

After this, Job lived a hundred and forty years; he saw his children and their children to the fourth generation. And so Job died, an old man and full of years.

Psalms

Psalm 1

Blessed is the one
 who does not walk in step with the wicked
or stand in the way that sinners take
 or sit in the company of mockers,
but whose delight is in the law of the Lord,
 and who meditates on his law day and night.
That person is like a tree planted by streams of water,
 which yields its fruit in season
and whose leaf does not wither—
 whatever they do prospers.

Not so the wicked!
 They are like chaff
 that the wind blows away.
Therefore the wicked will not stand in the judgment,
 nor sinners in the assembly of the righteous.

For the Lord watches over the way of the righteous,
 but the way of the wicked leads to destruction.

Psalm 2

Why do the nations conspire
 and the peoples plot in vain?
The kings of the earth rise up
 and the rulers band together
 against the Lord and against his anointed, saying,
“Let us break their chains
 and throw off their shackles.”

The One enthroned in heaven laughs;
 the Lord scoffs at them.
He rebukes them in his anger
 and terrifies them in his wrath, saying,
“I have installed my king

on Zion, my holy mountain.”

I will proclaim the Lord’s decree:

He said to me, “You are my son;
today I have become your father.

Ask me,
and I will make the nations your inheritance,
the ends of the earth your possession.

You will break them with a rod of iron;
you will dash them to pieces like pottery.”

Therefore, you kings, be wise;
be warned, you rulers of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear
and celebrate his rule with trembling.

Kiss his son, or he will be angry
and your way will lead to your destruction,
for his wrath can flare up in a moment.

Blessed are all who take refuge in him.

Psalm 3

A psalm of David. When he fled from his son Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many rise up against me!
Many are saying of me,
“God will not deliver him.”

But you, Lord, are a shield around me,
my glory, the One who lifts my head high.
I call out to the Lord,
and he answers me from his holy mountain.

I lie down and sleep;
I wake again, because the Lord sustains me.
I will not fear though tens of thousands
assail me on every side.

Arise, Lord!

Deliver me, my God!
Strike all my enemies on the jaw;
break the teeth of the wicked.

From the Lord comes deliverance.
May your blessing be on your people.

Psalm 4

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A psalm of David.

Answer me when I call to you,
my righteous God.
Give me relief from my distress;
have mercy on me and hear my prayer.

How long will you people turn my glory into shame?
How long will you love delusions and seek false gods?

Know that the Lord has set apart his faithful servant for himself;
the Lord hears when I call to him.

Tremble and do not sin;
when you are on your beds,
search your hearts and be silent.
Offer the sacrifices of the righteous
and trust in the Lord.

Many, Lord, are asking, "Who will bring us prosperity?"
Let the light of your face shine on us.
Fill my heart with joy
when their grain and new wine abound.

In peace I will lie down and sleep,
for you alone, Lord,
make me dwell in safety.

Psalm 5

For the director of music. For pipes. A psalm of David.

Listen to my words, Lord,

consider my lament.
Hear my cry for help,
my King and my God,
for to you I pray.

In the morning, Lord, you hear my voice;
in the morning I lay my requests before you
and wait expectantly.
For you are not a God who is pleased with wickedness;
with you, evil people are not welcome.
The arrogant cannot stand
in your presence.
You hate all who do wrong;
you destroy those who tell lies.
The bloodthirsty and deceitful
you, Lord, detest.
But I, by your great love,
can come into your house;
in reverence I bow down
toward your holy temple.

Lead me, Lord, in your righteousness
because of my enemies—
make your way straight before me.
Not a word from their mouth can be trusted;
their heart is filled with malice.
Their throat is an open grave;
with their tongues they tell lies.
Declare them guilty, O God!
Let their intrigues be their downfall.
Banish them for their many sins,
for they have rebelled against you.
But let all who take refuge in you be glad;
let them ever sing for joy.
Spread your protection over them,
that those who love your name may rejoice in you.

Surely, Lord, you bless the righteous;
you surround them with your favor as with a shield.

Psalm 6

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. According to *sheminith*. A psalm of David.

Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger
 or discipline me in your wrath.
 Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am faint;
 heal me, Lord, for my bones are in agony.
 My soul is in deep anguish.
 How long, Lord, how long?

Turn, Lord, and deliver me;
 save me because of your unfailing love.
 Among the dead no one proclaims your name.
 Who praises you from the grave?

I am worn out from my groaning.

All night long I flood my bed with weeping
 and drench my couch with tears.
 My eyes grow weak with sorrow;
 they fail because of all my foes.

Away from me, all you who do evil,
 for the Lord has heard my weeping.
 The Lord has heard my cry for mercy;
 the Lord accepts my prayer.
 All my enemies will be overwhelmed with shame and anguish;
 they will turn back and suddenly be put to shame.

Psalm 7

A *shiggaion* of David, which he sang to the Lord concerning Cush, a Benjamite.

Lord my God, I take refuge in you;
 save and deliver me from all who pursue me,
 or they will tear me apart like a lion

and rip me to pieces with no one to rescue me.

Lord my God, if I have done this
and there is guilt on my hands—
if I have repaid my ally with evil
or without cause have robbed my foe—
then let my enemy pursue and overtake me;
let him trample my life to the ground
and make me sleep in the dust.

Arise, Lord, in your anger;
rise up against the rage of my enemies.
Awake, my God; decree justice.
Let the assembled peoples gather around you,
while you sit enthroned over them on high.
Let the Lord judge the peoples.
Vindicate me, Lord, according to my righteousness,
according to my integrity, O Most High.
Bring to an end the violence of the wicked
and make the righteous secure—
you, the righteous God
who probes minds and hearts.

My shield is God Most High,
who saves the upright in heart.
God is a righteous judge,
a God who displays his wrath every day.
If he does not relent,
he will sharpen his sword;
he will bend and string his bow.
He has prepared his deadly weapons;
he makes ready his flaming arrows.

Whoever is pregnant with evil
conceives trouble and gives birth to disillusionment.
Whoever digs a hole and scoops it out
falls into the pit they have made.
The trouble they cause recoils on them;
their violence comes down on their own heads.

I will give thanks to the Lord because of his righteousness;
I will sing the praises of the name of the Lord Most High.

Psalm 8

For the director of music. According to *gittith*. A psalm of David.

Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is your name in all the earth!

You have set your glory
in the heavens.

Through the praise of children and infants
you have established a stronghold against your enemies,
to silence the foe and the avenger.

When I consider your heavens,
the work of your fingers,
the moon and the stars,
which you have set in place,
what is mankind that you are mindful of them,
human beings that you care for them?

You have made them a little lower than the angels
and crowned them with glory and honor.

You made them rulers over the works of your hands;
you put everything under their feet:
all flocks and herds,
and the animals of the wild,
the birds in the sky,
and the fish in the sea,
all that swim the paths of the seas.

Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is your name in all the earth!

Psalm 9

For the director of music. To the tune of "The Death of the Son." A psalm of David.

I will give thanks to you, Lord, with all my heart;
I will tell of all your wonderful deeds.

I will be glad and rejoice in you;
I will sing the praises of your name, O Most High.

My enemies turn back;
they stumble and perish before you.
For you have upheld my right and my cause,
sitting enthroned as the righteous judge.
You have rebuked the nations and destroyed the wicked;
you have blotted out their name for ever and ever.
Endless ruin has overtaken my enemies,
you have uprooted their cities;
even the memory of them has perished.

The Lord reigns forever;
he has established his throne for judgment.
He rules the world in righteousness
and judges the peoples with equity.
The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed,
a stronghold in times of trouble.
Those who know your name trust in you,
for you, Lord, have never forsaken those who seek you.

Sing the praises of the Lord, enthroned in Zion;
proclaim among the nations what he has done.
For he who avenges blood remembers;
he does not ignore the cries of the afflicted.

Lord, see how my enemies persecute me!
Have mercy and lift me up from the gates of death,
that I may declare your praises
in the gates of Daughter Zion,
and there rejoice in your salvation.

The nations have fallen into the pit they have dug;
their feet are caught in the net they have hidden.
The Lord is known by his acts of justice;
the wicked are ensnared by the work of their hands.
The wicked go down to the realm of the dead,
all the nations that forget God.
But God will never forget the needy;

the hope of the afflicted will never perish.

Arise, Lord, do not let mortals triumph;
 let the nations be judged in your presence.
 Strike them with terror, Lord;
 let the nations know they are only mortal.

Psalm 10

Why, Lord, do you stand far off?
 Why do you hide yourself in times of trouble?

In his arrogance the wicked man hunts down the weak,
 who are caught in the schemes he devises.
 He boasts about the cravings of his heart;
 he blesses the greedy and reviles the Lord.
 In his pride the wicked man does not seek him;
 in all his thoughts there is no room for God.
 His ways are always prosperous;
 your laws are rejected by him;
 he sneers at all his enemies.
 He says to himself, "Nothing will ever shake me."
 He swears, "No one will ever do me harm."

His mouth is full of lies and threats;
 trouble and evil are under his tongue.
 He lies in wait near the villages;
 from ambush he murders the innocent.
 His eyes watch in secret for his victims;
 like a lion in cover he lies in wait.
 He lies in wait to catch the helpless;
 he catches the helpless and drags them off in his net.
 His victims are crushed, they collapse;
 they fall under his strength.
 He says to himself, "God will never notice;
 he covers his face and never sees."

Arise, Lord! Lift up your hand, O God.
 Do not forget the helpless.
 Why does the wicked man revile God?

Why does he say to himself,
 "He won't call me to account"?
 But you, God, see the trouble of the afflicted;
 you consider their grief and take it in hand.
 The victims commit themselves to you;
 you are the helper of the fatherless.
 Break the arm of the wicked man;
 call the evildoer to account for his wickedness
 that would not otherwise be found out.

The Lord is King for ever and ever;
 the nations will perish from his land.
 You, Lord, hear the desire of the afflicted;
 you encourage them, and you listen to their cry,
 defending the fatherless and the oppressed,
 so that mere earthly mortals
 will never again strike terror.

Psalm 11

For the director of music. Of David.

In the Lord I take refuge.
 How then can you say to me:
 "Flee like a bird to your mountain.
 For look, the wicked bend their bows;
 they set their arrows against the strings
 to shoot from the shadows
 at the upright in heart.
 When the foundations are being destroyed,
 what can the righteous do?"

The Lord is in his holy temple;
 the Lord is on his heavenly throne.
 He observes everyone on earth;
 his eyes examine them.
 The Lord examines the righteous,
 but the wicked, those who love violence,
 he hates with a passion.
 On the wicked he will rain
 fiery coals and burning sulfur;

a scorching wind will be their lot.

For the Lord is righteous,
 he loves justice;
 the upright will see his face.

Psalm 12

For the director of music. According to *sheminith*. A psalm of David.

Help, Lord, for no one is faithful anymore;
 those who are loyal have vanished from the human race.
 Everyone lies to their neighbor;
 they flatter with their lips
 but harbor deception in their hearts.

May the Lord silence all flattering lips
 and every boastful tongue—
 those who say,
 “By our tongues we will prevail;
 our own lips will defend us—who is lord over us?”

“Because the poor are plundered and the needy groan,
 I will now arise,” says the Lord.
 “I will protect them from those who malign them.”
 And the words of the Lord are flawless,
 like silver purified in a crucible,
 like gold refined seven times.

You, Lord, will keep the needy safe
 and will protect us forever from the wicked,
 who freely strut about
 when what is vile is honored by the human race.

Psalm 13

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

How long, Lord? Will you forget me forever?
 How long will you hide your face from me?
 How long must I wrestle with my thoughts
 and day after day have sorrow in my heart?

How long will my enemy triumph over me?

Look on me and answer, Lord my God.

Give light to my eyes, or I will sleep in death,
and my enemy will say, "I have overcome him,"
and my foes will rejoice when I fall.

But I trust in your unfailing love;
my heart rejoices in your salvation.
I will sing the Lord's praise,
for he has been good to me.

Psalm 14

For the director of music. Of David.

The fool says in his heart,
"There is no God."
They are corrupt, their deeds are vile;
there is no one who does good.

The Lord looks down from heaven
on all mankind
to see if there are any who understand,
any who seek God.
All have turned away, all have become corrupt;
there is no one who does good,
not even one.

Do all these evildoers know nothing?

They devour my people as though eating bread;
they never call on the Lord.
But there they are, overwhelmed with dread,
for God is present in the company of the righteous.
You evildoers frustrate the plans of the poor,
but the Lord is their refuge.

Oh, that salvation for Israel would come out of Zion!
When the Lord restores his people,
let Jacob rejoice and Israel be glad!

Psalm 15

A psalm of David.

Lord, who may dwell in your sacred tent?
Who may live on your holy mountain?

The one whose walk is blameless,
who does what is righteous,
who speaks the truth from their heart;
whose tongue utters no slander,
who does no wrong to a neighbor,
and casts no slur on others;
who despises a vile person
but honors those who fear the Lord;
who keeps an oath even when it hurts,
and does not change their mind;
who lends money to the poor without interest;
who does not accept a bribe against the innocent.

Whoever does these things
will never be shaken.

Psalm 16

A *miktam* of David.

Keep me safe, my God,
for in you I take refuge.

I say to the Lord, "You are my Lord;
apart from you I have no good thing."
I say of the holy people who are in the land,
"They are the noble ones in whom is all my delight."
Those who run after other gods will suffer more and more.
I will not pour out libations of blood to such gods
or take up their names on my lips.

Lord, you alone are my portion and my cup;

you make my lot secure.
 The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places;
 surely I have a delightful inheritance.
 I will praise the Lord, who counsels me;
 even at night my heart instructs me.
 I keep my eyes always on the Lord.
 With him at my right hand, I will not be shaken.

Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices;
 my body also will rest secure,
 because you will not abandon me to the realm of the dead,
 nor will you let your faithful one see decay.
 You make known to me the path of life;
 you will fill me with joy in your presence,
 with eternal pleasures at your right hand.

Psalm 17

A prayer of David.

Hear me, Lord, my plea is just;
 listen to my cry.
 Hear my prayer—
 it does not rise from deceitful lips.
 Let my vindication come from you;
 may your eyes see what is right.

Though you probe my heart,
 though you examine me at night and test me,
 you will find that I have planned no evil;
 my mouth has not transgressed.
 Though people tried to bribe me,
 I have kept myself from the ways of the violent
 through what your lips have commanded.
 My steps have held to your paths;
 my feet have not stumbled.

I call on you, my God, for you will answer me;
 turn your ear to me and hear my prayer.
 Show me the wonders of your great love,
 you who save by your right hand

those who take refuge in you from their foes.
 Keep me as the apple of your eye;
 hide me in the shadow of your wings
 from the wicked who are out to destroy me,
 from my mortal enemies who surround me.

They close up their callous hearts,
 and their mouths speak with arrogance.
 They have tracked me down, they now surround me,
 with eyes alert, to throw me to the ground.
 They are like a lion hungry for prey,
 like a fierce lion crouching in cover.

Rise up, Lord, confront them, bring them down;
 with your sword rescue me from the wicked.
 By your hand save me from such people, Lord,
 from those of this world whose reward is in this life.
 May what you have stored up for the wicked fill their bellies;
 may their children gorge themselves on it,
 and may there be leftovers for their little ones.

As for me, I will be vindicated and will see your face;
 when I awake, I will be satisfied with seeing your likeness.

Psalm 18

For the director of music. Of David the servant of the Lord. He sang to the Lord the words of this song when the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his enemies and from the hand of Saul. He said:

I love you, Lord, my strength.

The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer;
 my God is my rock, in whom I take refuge,
 my shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.

I called to the Lord, who is worthy of praise,
 and I have been saved from my enemies.
 The cords of death entangled me;
 the torrents of destruction overwhelmed me.
 The cords of the grave coiled around me;

the snares of death confronted me.

In my distress I called to the Lord;
I cried to my God for help.
From his temple he heard my voice;
my cry came before him, into his ears.
The earth trembled and quaked,
and the foundations of the mountains shook;
they trembled because he was angry.
Smoke rose from his nostrils;
consuming fire came from his mouth,
burning coals blazed out of it.
He parted the heavens and came down;
dark clouds were under his feet.
He mounted the cherubim and flew;
he soared on the wings of the wind.
He made darkness his covering, his canopy around him—
the dark rain clouds of the sky.
Out of the brightness of his presence clouds advanced,
with hailstones and bolts of lightning.
The Lord thundered from heaven;
the voice of the Most High resounded.
He shot his arrows and scattered the enemy,
with great bolts of lightning he routed them.
The valleys of the sea were exposed
and the foundations of the earth laid bare
at your rebuke, Lord,
at the blast of breath from your nostrils.

He reached down from on high and took hold of me;
he drew me out of deep waters.
He rescued me from my powerful enemy,
from my foes, who were too strong for me.
They confronted me in the day of my disaster,
but the Lord was my support.
He brought me out into a spacious place;
he rescued me because he delighted in me.

The Lord has dealt with me according to my righteousness;
according to the cleanness of my hands he has rewarded me.

For I have kept the ways of the Lord;
I am not guilty of turning from my God.
All his laws are before me;
I have not turned away from his decrees.
I have been blameless before him
and have kept myself from sin.
The Lord has rewarded me according to my righteousness,
according to the cleanness of my hands in his sight.

To the faithful you show yourself faithful,
to the blameless you show yourself blameless,
to the pure you show yourself pure,
but to the devious you show yourself shrewd.
You save the humble
but bring low those whose eyes are haughty.
You, Lord, keep my lamp burning;
my God turns my darkness into light.
With your help I can advance against a troop;
with my God I can scale a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect:
The Lord's word is flawless;
he shields all who take refuge in him.
For who is God besides the Lord?
And who is the Rock except our God?
It is God who arms me with strength
and keeps my way secure.
He makes my feet like the feet of a deer;
he causes me to stand on the heights.
He trains my hands for battle;
my arms can bend a bow of bronze.
You make your saving help my shield,
and your right hand sustains me;
your help has made me great.
You provide a broad path for my feet,
so that my ankles do not give way.

I pursued my enemies and overtook them;
I did not turn back till they were destroyed.
I crushed them so that they could not rise;

they fell beneath my feet.
You armed me with strength for battle;
you humbled my adversaries before me.
You made my enemies turn their backs in flight,
and I destroyed my foes.
They cried for help, but there was no one to save them—
to the Lord, but he did not answer.
I beat them as fine as windblown dust;
I trampled them like mud in the streets.
You have delivered me from the attacks of the people;
you have made me the head of nations.
People I did not know now serve me,
foreigners cower before me;
as soon as they hear of me, they obey me.
They all lose heart;
they come trembling from their strongholds.

The Lord lives! Praise be to my Rock!
Exalted be God my Savior!
He is the God who avenges me,
who subdues nations under me,
who saves me from my enemies.
You exalted me above my foes;
from a violent man you rescued me.
Therefore I will praise you, Lord, among the nations;
I will sing the praises of your name.

He gives his king great victories;
he shows unfailing love to his anointed,
to David and to his descendants forever.

Psalm 19

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
the skies proclaim the work of his hands.
Day after day they pour forth speech;
night after night they reveal knowledge.
They have no speech, they use no words;
no sound is heard from them.

Yet their voice goes out into all the earth,
their words to the ends of the world.
In the heavens God has pitched a tent for the sun.
It is like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
like a champion rejoicing to run his course.
It rises at one end of the heavens
and makes its circuit to the other;
nothing is deprived of its warmth.

The law of the Lord is perfect,
refreshing the soul.
The statutes of the Lord are trustworthy,
making wise the simple.
The precepts of the Lord are right,
giving joy to the heart.
The commands of the Lord are radiant,
giving light to the eyes.
The fear of the Lord is pure,
enduring forever.
The decrees of the Lord are firm,
and all of them are righteous.

They are more precious than gold,
than much pure gold;
they are sweeter than honey,
than honey from the honeycomb.
By them your servant is warned;
in keeping them there is great reward.
But who can discern their own errors?
Forgive my hidden faults.
Keep your servant also from willful sins;
may they not rule over me.
Then I will be blameless,
innocent of great transgression.

May these words of my mouth and this meditation of my heart
be pleasing in your sight,
Lord, my Rock and my Redeemer.

Psalm 20

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

May the Lord answer you when you are in distress;
 may the name of the God of Jacob protect you.
 May he send you help from the sanctuary
 and grant you support from Zion.
 May he remember all your sacrifices
 and accept your burnt offerings.
 May he give you the desire of your heart
 and make all your plans succeed.
 May we shout for joy over your victory
 and lift up our banners in the name of our God.

May the Lord grant all your requests.

Now this I know:

The Lord gives victory to his anointed.
 He answers him from his heavenly sanctuary
 with the victorious power of his right hand.
 Some trust in chariots and some in horses,
 but we trust in the name of the Lord our God.
 They are brought to their knees and fall,
 but we rise up and stand firm.
 Lord, give victory to the king!
 Answer us when we call!

Psalm 21

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

The king rejoices in your strength, Lord.
 How great is his joy in the victories you give!

You have granted him his heart's desire
 and have not withheld the request of his lips.
 You came to greet him with rich blessings
 and placed a crown of pure gold on his head.

He asked you for life, and you gave it to him—
 length of days, for ever and ever.
 Through the victories you gave, his glory is great;
 you have bestowed on him splendor and majesty.
 Surely you have granted him unending blessings
 and made him glad with the joy of your presence.
 For the king trusts in the Lord;
 through the unfailing love of the Most High
 he will not be shaken.

Your hand will lay hold on all your enemies;
 your right hand will seize your foes.
 When you appear for battle,
 you will burn them up as in a blazing furnace.
 The Lord will swallow them up in his wrath,
 and his fire will consume them.
 You will destroy their descendants from the earth,
 their posterity from mankind.
 Though they plot evil against you
 and devise wicked schemes, they cannot succeed.
 You will make them turn their backs
 when you aim at them with drawn bow.

Be exalted in your strength, Lord;
 we will sing and praise your might.

Psalm 22

For the director of music. To the tune of “The Doe of the Morning.” A psalm of David.

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
 Why are you so far from saving me,
 so far from my cries of anguish?
 My God, I cry out by day, but you do not answer,
 by night, but I find no rest.

Yet you are enthroned as the Holy One;
 you are the one Israel praises.
 In you our ancestors put their trust;
 they trusted and you delivered them.

To you they cried out and were saved;
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.

But I am a worm and not a man,
scorned by everyone, despised by the people.
All who see me mock me;
they hurl insults, shaking their heads.
“He trusts in the Lord,” they say,
“let the Lord rescue him.
Let him deliver him,
since he delights in him.”

Yet you brought me out of the womb;
you made me trust in you, even at my mother’s breast.
From birth I was cast on you;
from my mother’s womb you have been my God.

Do not be far from me,
for trouble is near
and there is no one to help.

Many bulls surround me;
strong bulls of Bashan encircle me.
Roaring lions that tear their prey
open their mouths wide against me.
I am poured out like water,
and all my bones are out of joint.
My heart has turned to wax;
it has melted within me.
My mouth is dried up like a potsherd,
and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;
you lay me in the dust of death.

Dogs surround me,
a pack of villains encircles me;
they pierce my hands and my feet.
All my bones are on display;
people stare and gloat over me.
They divide my clothes among them
and cast lots for my garment.

But you, Lord, do not be far from me.
You are my strength; come quickly to help me.
Deliver me from the sword,
my precious life from the power of the dogs.
Rescue me from the mouth of the lions;
save me from the horns of the wild oxen.

I will declare your name to my people;
in the assembly I will praise you.
You who fear the Lord, praise him!
All you descendants of Jacob, honor him!
Revere him, all you descendants of Israel!
For he has not despised or scorned
the suffering of the afflicted one;
he has not hidden his face from him
but has listened to his cry for help.

From you comes the theme of my praise in the great assembly;
before those who fear you I will fulfill my vows.
The poor will eat and be satisfied;
those who seek the Lord will praise him—
may your hearts live forever!

All the ends of the earth
will remember and turn to the Lord,
and all the families of the nations
will bow down before him,
for dominion belongs to the Lord
and he rules over the nations.

All the rich of the earth will feast and worship;
all who go down to the dust will kneel before him—
those who cannot keep themselves alive.
Posterity will serve him;
future generations will be told about the Lord.
They will proclaim his righteousness,
declaring to a people yet unborn:
He has done it!

Psalm 23

A psalm of David.

The Lord is my shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures,
he leads me beside quiet waters,
he refreshes my soul.
He guides me along the right paths
for his name's sake.
Even though I walk
through the darkest valley,
I will fear no evil,
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff,
they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me
in the presence of my enemies.
You anoint my head with oil;
my cup overflows.
Surely your goodness and love will follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

Psalm 24

Of David. A psalm.

The earth is the Lord's, and everything in it,
the world, and all who live in it;
for he founded it on the seas
and established it on the waters.

Who may ascend the mountain of the Lord?
Who may stand in his holy place?
The one who has clean hands and a pure heart,
who does not trust in an idol

or swear by a false god.

They will receive blessing from the Lord
and vindication from God their Savior.
Such is the generation of those who seek him,
who seek your face, God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, you gates;
be lifted up, you ancient doors,
that the King of glory may come in.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, you gates;
lift them up, you ancient doors,
that the King of glory may come in.

Who is he, this King of glory?
The Lord Almighty—
he is the King of glory.

Psalm 25

Of David.

In you, Lord my God,
I put my trust.

I trust in you;
do not let me be put to shame,
nor let my enemies triumph over me.

No one who hopes in you
will ever be put to shame,
but shame will come on those
who are treacherous without cause.

Show me your ways, Lord,
teach me your paths.
Guide me in your truth and teach me,
for you are God my Savior,
and my hope is in you all day long.
Remember, Lord, your great mercy and love,

for they are from of old.
Do not remember the sins of my youth
and my rebellious ways;
according to your love remember me,
for you, Lord, are good.

Good and upright is the Lord;
therefore he instructs sinners in his ways.
He guides the humble in what is right
and teaches them his way.
All the ways of the Lord are loving and faithful
toward those who keep the demands of his covenant.
For the sake of your name, Lord,
forgive my iniquity, though it is great.

Who, then, are those who fear the Lord?
He will instruct them in the ways they should choose.
They will spend their days in prosperity,
and their descendants will inherit the land.
The Lord confides in those who fear him;
he makes his covenant known to them.
My eyes are ever on the Lord,
for only he will release my feet from the snare.

Turn to me and be gracious to me,
for I am lonely and afflicted.
Relieve the troubles of my heart
and free me from my anguish.
Look on my affliction and my distress
and take away all my sins.
See how numerous are my enemies
and how fiercely they hate me!

Guard my life and rescue me;
do not let me be put to shame,
for I take refuge in you.
May integrity and uprightness protect me,
because my hope, Lord, is in you.

Deliver Israel, O God,

from all their troubles!

Psalm 26

Of David.

Vindicate me, Lord,
for I have led a blameless life;
I have trusted in the Lord
and have not faltered.
Test me, Lord, and try me,
examine my heart and my mind;
for I have always been mindful of your unfailing love
and have lived in reliance on your faithfulness.

I do not sit with the deceitful,
nor do I associate with hypocrites.
I abhor the assembly of evildoers
and refuse to sit with the wicked.
I wash my hands in innocence,
and go about your altar, Lord,
proclaiming aloud your praise
and telling of all your wonderful deeds.

Lord, I love the house where you live,
the place where your glory dwells.
Do not take away my soul along with sinners,
my life with those who are bloodthirsty,
in whose hands are wicked schemes,
whose right hands are full of bribes.
I lead a blameless life;
deliver me and be merciful to me.

My feet stand on level ground;
in the great congregation I will praise the Lord.

Psalm 27

Of David.

The Lord is my light and my salvation—

whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the stronghold of my life—
of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked advance against me
to devour me,
it is my enemies and my foes
who will stumble and fall.
Though an army besiege me,
my heart will not fear;
though war break out against me,
even then I will be confident.

One thing I ask from the Lord,
this only do I seek:
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life,
to gaze on the beauty of the Lord
and to seek him in his temple.
For in the day of trouble
he will keep me safe in his dwelling;
he will hide me in the shelter of his sacred tent
and set me high upon a rock.

Then my head will be exalted
above the enemies who surround me;
at his sacred tent I will sacrifice with shouts of joy;
I will sing and make music to the Lord.

Hear my voice when I call, Lord;
be merciful to me and answer me.
My heart says of you, "Seek his face!"
Your face, Lord, I will seek.
Do not hide your face from me,
do not turn your servant away in anger;
you have been my helper.
Do not reject me or forsake me,
God my Savior.
Though my father and mother forsake me,
the Lord will receive me.

Teach me your way, Lord;
lead me in a straight path
because of my oppressors.
Do not turn me over to the desire of my foes,
for false witnesses rise up against me,
spouting malicious accusations.

I remain confident of this:
I will see the goodness of the Lord
in the land of the living.
Wait for the Lord;
be strong and take heart
and wait for the Lord.

Psalm 28

Of David.

To you, Lord, I call;
you are my Rock,
do not turn a deaf ear to me.
For if you remain silent,
I will be like those who go down to the pit.
Hear my cry for mercy
as I call to you for help,
as I lift up my hands
toward your Most Holy Place.

Do not drag me away with the wicked,
with those who do evil,
who speak cordially with their neighbors
but harbor malice in their hearts.
Repay them for their deeds
and for their evil work;
repay them for what their hands have done
and bring back on them what they deserve.

Because they have no regard for the deeds of the Lord
and what his hands have done,
he will tear them down
and never build them up again.

Praise be to the Lord,
for he has heard my cry for mercy.
The Lord is my strength and my shield;
my heart trusts in him, and he helps me.
My heart leaps for joy,
and with my song I praise him.

The Lord is the strength of his people,
a fortress of salvation for his anointed one.
Save your people and bless your inheritance;
be their shepherd and carry them forever.

Psalm 29

A psalm of David.

Ascribe to the Lord, you heavenly beings,
ascribe to the Lord glory and strength.
Ascribe to the Lord the glory due his name;
worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness.

The voice of the Lord is over the waters;
the God of glory thunders,
the Lord thunders over the mighty waters.
The voice of the Lord is powerful;
the voice of the Lord is majestic.
The voice of the Lord breaks the cedars;
the Lord breaks in pieces the cedars of Lebanon.
He makes Lebanon leap like a calf,
Sirion like a young wild ox.
The voice of the Lord strikes
with flashes of lightning.
The voice of the Lord shakes the desert;
the Lord shakes the Desert of Kadesh.
The voice of the Lord twists the oaks
and strips the forests bare.
And in his temple all cry, "Glory!"

The Lord sits enthroned over the flood;
the Lord is enthroned as King forever.

The Lord gives strength to his people;
the Lord blesses his people with peace.

Psalm 30

A psalm. A song. For the dedication of the temple. Of David.

I will exalt you, Lord,
for you lifted me out of the depths
and did not let my enemies gloat over me.
Lord my God, I called to you for help,
and you healed me.
You, Lord, brought me up from the realm of the dead;
you spared me from going down to the pit.

Sing the praises of the Lord, you his faithful people;
praise his holy name.
For his anger lasts only a moment,
but his favor lasts a lifetime;
weeping may stay for the night,
but rejoicing comes in the morning.

When I felt secure, I said,
“I will never be shaken.”
Lord, when you favored me,
you made my royal mountain stand firm;
but when you hid your face,
I was dismayed.

To you, Lord, I called;
to the Lord I cried for mercy:
“What is gained if I am silenced,
if I go down to the pit?
Will the dust praise you?
Will it proclaim your faithfulness?
Hear, Lord, and be merciful to me;
Lord, be my help.”

You turned my wailing into dancing;
you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,
that my heart may sing your praises and not be silent.

Lord my God, I will praise you forever.

Psalm 31

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

In you, Lord, I have taken refuge;
let me never be put to shame;
deliver me in your righteousness.
Turn your ear to me,
come quickly to my rescue;
be my rock of refuge,
a strong fortress to save me.
Since you are my rock and my fortress,
for the sake of your name lead and guide me.
Keep me free from the trap that is set for me,
for you are my refuge.
Into your hands I commit my spirit;
deliver me, Lord, my faithful God.

I hate those who cling to worthless idols;
as for me, I trust in the Lord.
I will be glad and rejoice in your love,
for you saw my affliction
and knew the anguish of my soul.
You have not given me into the hands of the enemy
but have set my feet in a spacious place.

Be merciful to me, Lord, for I am in distress;
my eyes grow weak with sorrow,
my soul and body with grief.
My life is consumed by anguish
and my years by groaning;
my strength fails because of my affliction,
and my bones grow weak.
Because of all my enemies,
I am the utter contempt of my neighbors
and an object of dread to my closest friends—
those who see me on the street flee from me.
I am forgotten as though I were dead;

I have become like broken pottery.
For I hear many whispering,
“Terror on every side!”
They conspire against me
and plot to take my life.

But I trust in you, Lord;
I say, “You are my God.”
My times are in your hands;
deliver me from the hands of my enemies,
from those who pursue me.
Let your face shine on your servant;
save me in your unfailing love.
Let me not be put to shame, Lord,
for I have cried out to you;
but let the wicked be put to shame
and be silent in the realm of the dead.
Let their lying lips be silenced,
for with pride and contempt
they speak arrogantly against the righteous.

How abundant are the good things
that you have stored up for those who fear you,
that you bestow in the sight of all,
on those who take refuge in you.
In the shelter of your presence you hide them
from all human intrigues;
you keep them safe in your dwelling
from accusing tongues.

Praise be to the Lord,
for he showed me the wonders of his love
when I was in a city under siege.
In my alarm I said,
“I am cut off from your sight!”
Yet you heard my cry for mercy
when I called to you for help.

Love the Lord, all his faithful people!
The Lord preserves those who are true to him,

but the proud he pays back in full.
Be strong and take heart,
all you who hope in the Lord.

Psalm 32

Of David. A *maskil*.

Blessed is the one
whose transgressions are forgiven,
whose sins are covered.

Blessed is the one
whose sin the Lord does not count against them
and in whose spirit is no deceit.

When I kept silent,
my bones wasted away
through my groaning all day long.
For day and night
your hand was heavy on me;
my strength was sapped
as in the heat of summer.

Then I acknowledged my sin to you
and did not cover up my iniquity.
I said, "I will confess
my transgressions to the Lord."
And you forgave
the guilt of my sin.

Therefore let all the faithful pray to you
while you may be found;
surely the rising of the mighty waters
will not reach them.
You are my hiding place;
you will protect me from trouble
and surround me with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go;
I will counsel you with my loving eye on you.
Do not be like the horse or the mule,
which have no understanding

but must be controlled by bit and bridle
or they will not come to you.
Many are the woes of the wicked,
but the Lord's unfailing love
surrounds the one who trusts in him.

Rejoice in the Lord and be glad, you righteous;
sing, all you who are upright in heart!

Psalm 33

Sing joyfully to the Lord, you righteous;
it is fitting for the upright to praise him.
Praise the Lord with the harp;
make music to him on the ten-stringed lyre.
Sing to him a new song;
play skillfully, and shout for joy.

For the word of the Lord is right and true;
he is faithful in all he does.
The Lord loves righteousness and justice;
the earth is full of his unfailing love.

By the word of the Lord the heavens were made,
their starry host by the breath of his mouth.
He gathers the waters of the sea into jars;
he puts the deep into storehouses.
Let all the earth fear the Lord;
let all the people of the world revere him.
For he spoke, and it came to be;
he commanded, and it stood firm.

The Lord foils the plans of the nations;
he thwarts the purposes of the peoples.
But the plans of the Lord stand firm forever,
the purposes of his heart through all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord,
the people he chose for his inheritance.
From heaven the Lord looks down

and sees all mankind;
 from his dwelling place he watches
 all who live on earth—
 he who forms the hearts of all,
 who considers everything they do.

No king is saved by the size of his army;
 no warrior escapes by his great strength.
 A horse is a vain hope for deliverance;
 despite all its great strength it cannot save.
 But the eyes of the Lord are on those who fear him,
 on those whose hope is in his unfailing love,
 to deliver them from death
 and keep them alive in famine.

We wait in hope for the Lord;
 he is our help and our shield.
 In him our hearts rejoice,
 for we trust in his holy name.
 May your unfailing love be with us, Lord,
 even as we put our hope in you.

Psalm 34

Of David. When he pretended to be insane before Abimelek, who drove him away, and he left.

I will extol the Lord at all times;
 his praise will always be on my lips.
 I will glory in the Lord;
 let the afflicted hear and rejoice.
 Glorify the Lord with me;
 let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me;
 he delivered me from all my fears.
 Those who look to him are radiant;
 their faces are never covered with shame.
 This poor man called, and the Lord heard him;
 he saved him out of all his troubles.
 The angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear him,

and he delivers them.

Taste and see that the Lord is good;
blessed is the one who takes refuge in him.
Fear the Lord, you his holy people,
for those who fear him lack nothing.
The lions may grow weak and hungry,
but those who seek the Lord lack no good thing.
Come, my children, listen to me;
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
Whoever of you loves life
and desires to see many good days,
keep your tongue from evil
and your lips from telling lies.
Turn from evil and do good;
seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are on the righteous,
and his ears are attentive to their cry;
but the face of the Lord is against those who do evil,
to blot out their name from the earth.

The righteous cry out, and the Lord hears them;
he delivers them from all their troubles.
The Lord is close to the brokenhearted
and saves those who are crushed in spirit.

The righteous person may have many troubles,
but the Lord delivers him from them all;
he protects all his bones,
not one of them will be broken.

Evil will slay the wicked;
the foes of the righteous will be condemned.
The Lord will rescue his servants;
no one who takes refuge in him will be condemned.

Psalm 35

Of David.

Contend, Lord, with those who contend with me;
 fight against those who fight against me.
 Take up shield and armor;
 arise and come to my aid.
 Brandish spear and javelin
 against those who pursue me.
 Say to me,
 "I am your salvation."

May those who seek my life
 be disgraced and put to shame;
 may those who plot my ruin
 be turned back in dismay.
 May they be like chaff before the wind,
 with the angel of the Lord driving them away;
 may their path be dark and slippery,
 with the angel of the Lord pursuing them.

Since they hid their net for me without cause
 and without cause dug a pit for me,
 may ruin overtake them by surprise—
 may the net they hid entangle them,
 may they fall into the pit, to their ruin.
 Then my soul will rejoice in the Lord
 and delight in his salvation.
 My whole being will exclaim,
 "Who is like you, Lord?
 You rescue the poor from those too strong for them,
 the poor and needy from those who rob them."

Ruthless witnesses come forward;
 they question me on things I know nothing about.
 They repay me evil for good
 and leave me like one bereaved.
 Yet when they were ill, I put on sackcloth
 and humbled myself with fasting.
 When my prayers returned to me unanswered,
 I went about mourning
 as though for my friend or brother.
 I bowed my head in grief

as though weeping for my mother.
But when I stumbled, they gathered in glee;
assailants gathered against me without my knowledge.
They slandered me without ceasing.
Like the ungodly they maliciously mocked;
they gnashed their teeth at me.

How long, Lord, will you look on?
Rescue me from their ravages,
my precious life from these lions.
I will give you thanks in the great assembly;
among the throngs I will praise you.
Do not let those gloat over me
who are my enemies without cause;
do not let those who hate me without reason
maliciously wink the eye.
They do not speak peaceably,
but devise false accusations
against those who live quietly in the land.
They sneer at me and say, "Aha! Aha!
With our own eyes we have seen it."

Lord, you have seen this; do not be silent.
Do not be far from me, Lord.
Awake, and rise to my defense!
Contend for me, my God and Lord.
Vindicate me in your righteousness, Lord my God;
do not let them gloat over me.
Do not let them think, "Aha, just what we wanted!"
or say, "We have swallowed him up."

May all who gloat over my distress
be put to shame and confusion;
may all who exalt themselves over me
be clothed with shame and disgrace.
May those who delight in my vindication
shout for joy and gladness;
may they always say, "The Lord be exalted,
who delights in the well-being of his servant."

My tongue will proclaim your righteousness,
your praises all day long.

Psalm 36

For the director of music. Of David the servant of the Lord.

I have a message from God in my heart
concerning the sinfulness of the wicked:
There is no fear of God
before their eyes.

In their own eyes they flatter themselves
too much to detect or hate their sin.
The words of their mouths are wicked and deceitful;
they fail to act wisely or do good.
Even on their beds they plot evil;
they commit themselves to a sinful course
and do not reject what is wrong.

Your love, Lord, reaches to the heavens,
your faithfulness to the skies.
Your righteousness is like the highest mountains,
your justice like the great deep.
You, Lord, preserve both people and animals.
How priceless is your unfailing love, O God!
People take refuge in the shadow of your wings.
They feast on the abundance of your house;
you give them drink from your river of delights.
For with you is the fountain of life;
in your light we see light.

Continue your love to those who know you,
your righteousness to the upright in heart.
May the foot of the proud not come against me,
nor the hand of the wicked drive me away.
See how the evildoers lie fallen—
thrown down, not able to rise!

Psalm 37

Of David.

Do not fret because of those who are evil
or be envious of those who do wrong;
for like the grass they will soon wither,
like green plants they will soon die away.

Trust in the Lord and do good;
dwell in the land and enjoy safe pasture.
Take delight in the Lord,
and he will give you the desires of your heart.

Commit your way to the Lord;
trust in him and he will do this:
He will make your righteous reward shine like the dawn,
your vindication like the noonday sun.

Be still before the Lord
and wait patiently for him;
do not fret when people succeed in their ways,
when they carry out their wicked schemes.

Refrain from anger and turn from wrath;
do not fret—it leads only to evil.
For those who are evil will be destroyed,
but those who hope in the Lord will inherit the land.

A little while, and the wicked will be no more;
though you look for them, they will not be found.
But the meek will inherit the land
and enjoy peace and prosperity.

The wicked plot against the righteous
and gnash their teeth at them;
but the Lord laughs at the wicked,
for he knows their day is coming.

The wicked draw the sword
and bend the bow
to bring down the poor and needy,
to slay those whose ways are upright.

But their swords will pierce their own hearts,
and their bows will be broken.

Better the little that the righteous have
than the wealth of many wicked;
for the power of the wicked will be broken,
but the Lord upholds the righteous.

The blameless spend their days under the Lord's care,
and their inheritance will endure forever.
In times of disaster they will not wither;
in days of famine they will enjoy plenty.

But the wicked will perish:
Though the Lord's enemies are like the flowers of the field,
they will be consumed, they will go up in smoke.

The wicked borrow and do not repay,
but the righteous give generously;
those the Lord blesses will inherit the land,
but those he curses will be destroyed.

The Lord makes firm the steps
of the one who delights in him;
though he may stumble, he will not fall,
for the Lord upholds him with his hand.

I was young and now I am old,
yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken
or their children begging bread.
They are always generous and lend freely;
their children will be a blessing.

Turn from evil and do good;
then you will dwell in the land forever.
For the Lord loves the just
and will not forsake his faithful ones.

Wrongdoers will be completely destroyed;
the offspring of the wicked will perish.

The righteous will inherit the land
and dwell in it forever.

The mouths of the righteous utter wisdom,
and their tongues speak what is just.
The law of their God is in their hearts;
their feet do not slip.

The wicked lie in wait for the righteous,
intent on putting them to death;
but the Lord will not leave them in the power of the wicked
or let them be condemned when brought to trial.

Hope in the Lord
and keep his way.
He will exalt you to inherit the land;
when the wicked are destroyed, you will see it.

I have seen a wicked and ruthless man
flourishing like a luxuriant native tree,
but he soon passed away and was no more;
though I looked for him, he could not be found.

Consider the blameless, observe the upright;
a future awaits those who seek peace.
But all sinners will be destroyed;
there will be no future for the wicked.

The salvation of the righteous comes from the Lord;
he is their stronghold in time of trouble.
The Lord helps them and delivers them;
he delivers them from the wicked and saves them,
because they take refuge in him.

Psalm 38

A psalm of David. A petition.

Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.
Your arrows have pierced me,

and your hand has come down on me.
Because of your wrath there is no health in my body;
there is no soundness in my bones because of my sin.
My guilt has overwhelmed me
like a burden too heavy to bear.

My wounds fester and are loathsome
because of my sinful folly.
I am bowed down and brought very low;
all day long I go about mourning.
My back is filled with searing pain;
there is no health in my body.
I am feeble and utterly crushed;
I groan in anguish of heart.

All my longings lie open before you, Lord;
my sighing is not hidden from you.
My heart pounds, my strength fails me;
even the light has gone from my eyes.
My friends and companions avoid me because of my wounds;
my neighbors stay far away.
Those who want to kill me set their traps,
those who would harm me talk of my ruin;
all day long they scheme and lie.

I am like the deaf, who cannot hear,
like the mute, who cannot speak;
I have become like one who does not hear,
whose mouth can offer no reply.
Lord, I wait for you;
you will answer, Lord my God.
For I said, "Do not let them gloat
or exalt themselves over me when my feet slip."

For I am about to fall,
and my pain is ever with me.
I confess my iniquity;
I am troubled by my sin.
Many have become my enemies without cause;
those who hate me without reason are numerous.

Those who repay my good with evil
 lodge accusations against me,
 though I seek only to do what is good.

Lord, do not forsake me;
 do not be far from me, my God.
 Come quickly to help me,
 my Lord and my Savior.

Psalm 39

For the director of music. For Jeduthun. A psalm of David.

I said, "I will watch my ways
 and keep my tongue from sin;
 I will put a muzzle on my mouth
 while in the presence of the wicked."
 So I remained utterly silent,
 not even saying anything good.
 But my anguish increased;
 my heart grew hot within me.
 While I meditated, the fire burned;
 then I spoke with my tongue:

"Show me, Lord, my life's end
 and the number of my days;
 let me know how fleeting my life is.
 You have made my days a mere handbreadth;
 the span of my years is as nothing before you.
 Everyone is but a breath,
 even those who seem secure.

"Surely everyone goes around like a mere phantom;
 in vain they rush about, heaping up wealth
 without knowing whose it will finally be.

"But now, Lord, what do I look for?
 My hope is in you.
 Save me from all my transgressions;
 do not make me the scorn of fools.
 I was silent; I would not open my mouth,

for you are the one who has done this.
 Remove your scourge from me;
 I am overcome by the blow of your hand.
 When you rebuke and discipline anyone for their sin,
 you consume their wealth like a moth—
 surely everyone is but a breath.

“Hear my prayer, Lord,
 listen to my cry for help;
 do not be deaf to my weeping.
 I dwell with you as a foreigner,
 a stranger, as all my ancestors were.
 Look away from me, that I may enjoy life again
 before I depart and am no more.”

Psalm 40

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.

I waited patiently for the Lord;
 he turned to me and heard my cry.
 He lifted me out of the slimy pit,
 out of the mud and mire;
 he set my feet on a rock
 and gave me a firm place to stand.
 He put a new song in my mouth,
 a hymn of praise to our God.
 Many will see and fear the Lord
 and put their trust in him.

Blessed is the one
 who trusts in the Lord,
 who does not look to the proud,
 to those who turn aside to false gods.
 Many, Lord my God,
 are the wonders you have done,
 the things you planned for us.
 None can compare with you;
 were I to speak and tell of your deeds,
 they would be too many to declare.

Sacrifice and offering you did not desire—
but my ears you have opened—
burnt offerings and sin offerings you did not require.
Then I said, “Here I am, I have come—
it is written about me in the scroll.
I desire to do your will, my God;
your law is within my heart.”

I proclaim your saving acts in the great assembly;
I do not seal my lips, Lord,
as you know.
I do not hide your righteousness in my heart;
I speak of your faithfulness and your saving help.
I do not conceal your love and your faithfulness
from the great assembly.

Do not withhold your mercy from me, Lord;
may your love and faithfulness always protect me.
For troubles without number surround me;
my sins have overtaken me, and I cannot see.
They are more than the hairs of my head,
and my heart fails within me.
Be pleased to save me, Lord;
come quickly, Lord, to help me.

May all who want to take my life
be put to shame and confusion;
may all who desire my ruin
be turned back in disgrace.
May those who say to me, “Aha! Aha!”
be appalled at their own shame.
But may all who seek you
rejoice and be glad in you;
may those who long for your saving help always say,
“The Lord is great!”

But as for me, I am poor and needy;
may the Lord think of me.
You are my help and my deliverer;
you are my God, do not delay.

Psalm 41

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Blessed are those who have regard for the weak;
the Lord delivers them in times of trouble.
The Lord protects and preserves them—
they are counted among the blessed in the land—
he does not give them over to the desire of their foes.
The Lord sustains them on their sickbed
and restores them from their bed of illness.

I said, “Have mercy on me, Lord;
heal me, for I have sinned against you.”
My enemies say of me in malice,
“When will he die and his name perish?”
When one of them comes to see me,
he speaks falsely, while his heart gathers slander;
then he goes out and spreads it around.

All my enemies whisper together against me;
they imagine the worst for me, saying,
“A vile disease has afflicted him;
he will never get up from the place where he lies.”
Even my close friend,
someone I trusted,
one who shared my bread,
has turned against me.

But may you have mercy on me, Lord;
raise me up, that I may repay them.
I know that you are pleased with me,
for my enemy does not triumph over me.
Because of my integrity you uphold me
and set me in your presence forever.

Praise be to the Lord, the God of Israel,
from everlasting to everlasting.

Amen and Amen.

Psalm 42

For the director of music. A *maskil* of the Sons of Korah.

As the deer pants for streams of water,
 so my soul pants for you, my God.
 My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.
 When can I go and meet with God?
 My tears have been my food
 day and night,
 while people say to me all day long,
 “Where is your God?”
 These things I remember
 as I pour out my soul:
 how I used to go to the house of God
 under the protection of the Mighty One
 with shouts of joy and praise
 among the festive throng.

Why, my soul, are you downcast?
 Why so disturbed within me?
 Put your hope in God,
 for I will yet praise him,
 my Savior and my God.

My soul is downcast within me;
 therefore I will remember you
 from the land of the Jordan,
 the heights of Hermon—from Mount Mizar.
 Deep calls to deep
 in the roar of your waterfalls;
 all your waves and breakers
 have swept over me.

By day the Lord directs his love,
 at night his song is with me—
 a prayer to the God of my life.

I say to God my Rock,
 “Why have you forgotten me?
 Why must I go about mourning,
 oppressed by the enemy?”
 My bones suffer mortal agony
 as my foes taunt me,
 saying to me all day long,
 “Where is your God?”

Why, my soul, are you downcast?
 Why so disturbed within me?
 Put your hope in God,
 for I will yet praise him,
 my Savior and my God.

Psalm 43

Vindicate me, my God,
 and plead my cause
 against an unfaithful nation.
 Rescue me from those who are
 deceitful and wicked.
 You are God my stronghold.
 Why have you rejected me?
 Why must I go about mourning,
 oppressed by the enemy?
 Send me your light and your faithful care,
 let them lead me;
 let them bring me to your holy mountain,
 to the place where you dwell.
 Then I will go to the altar of God,
 to God, my joy and my delight.
 I will praise you with the lyre,
 O God, my God.

Why, my soul, are you downcast?
 Why so disturbed within me?
 Put your hope in God,
 for I will yet praise him,
 my Savior and my God.

Psalm 44

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A *maskil*.

We have heard it with our ears, O God;
our ancestors have told us
what you did in their days,
in days long ago.
With your hand you drove out the nations
and planted our ancestors;
you crushed the peoples
and made our ancestors flourish.
It was not by their sword that they won the land,
nor did their arm bring them victory;
it was your right hand, your arm,
and the light of your face, for you loved them.

You are my King and my God,
who decrees victories for Jacob.
Through you we push back our enemies;
through your name we trample our foes.
I put no trust in my bow,
my sword does not bring me victory;
but you give us victory over our enemies,
you put our adversaries to shame.
In God we make our boast all day long,
and we will praise your name forever.

But now you have rejected and humbled us;
you no longer go out with our armies.
You made us retreat before the enemy,
and our adversaries have plundered us.
You gave us up to be devoured like sheep
and have scattered us among the nations.
You sold your people for a pittance,
gaining nothing from their sale.

You have made us a reproach to our neighbors,

the scorn and derision of those around us.
 You have made us a byword among the nations;
 the peoples shake their heads at us.
 I live in disgrace all day long,
 and my face is covered with shame
 at the taunts of those who reproach and revile me,
 because of the enemy, who is bent on revenge.

All this came upon us,
 though we had not forgotten you;
 we had not been false to your covenant.
 Our hearts had not turned back;
 our feet had not strayed from your path.
 But you crushed us and made us a haunt for jackals;
 you covered us over with deep darkness.

If we had forgotten the name of our God
 or spread out our hands to a foreign god,
 would not God have discovered it,
 since he knows the secrets of the heart?
 Yet for your sake we face death all day long;
 we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.

Awake, Lord! Why do you sleep?
 Rouse yourself! Do not reject us forever.
 Why do you hide your face
 and forget our misery and oppression?

We are brought down to the dust;
 our bodies cling to the ground.
 Rise up and help us;
 rescue us because of your unfailing love.

Psalm 45

For the director of music. To the tune of "Lilies." Of the Sons of Korah. A *maskil*. A wedding song.

My heart is stirred by a noble theme
 as I recite my verses for the king;
 my tongue is the pen of a skillful writer.

You are the most excellent of men
and your lips have been anointed with grace,
since God has blessed you forever.

Gird your sword on your side, you mighty one;
clothe yourself with splendor and majesty.
In your majesty ride forth victoriously
in the cause of truth, humility and justice;
let your right hand achieve awesome deeds.
Let your sharp arrows pierce the hearts of the king's enemies;
let the nations fall beneath your feet.
Your throne, O God, will last for ever and ever;
a scepter of justice will be the scepter of your kingdom.
You love righteousness and hate wickedness;
therefore God, your God, has set you above your companions
by anointing you with the oil of joy.
All your robes are fragrant with myrrh and aloes and cassia;
from palaces adorned with ivory
the music of the strings makes you glad.
Daughters of kings are among your honored women;
at your right hand is the royal bride in gold of Ophir.

Listen, daughter, and pay careful attention:
Forget your people and your father's house.
Let the king be enthralled by your beauty;
honor him, for he is your lord.
The city of Tyre will come with a gift,
people of wealth will seek your favor.
All glorious is the princess within her chamber;
her gown is interwoven with gold.
In embroidered garments she is led to the king;
her virgin companions follow her—
those brought to be with her.
Led in with joy and gladness,
they enter the palace of the king.

Your sons will take the place of your fathers;
you will make them princes throughout the land.

I will perpetuate your memory through all generations;
 therefore the nations will praise you for ever and ever.

Psalm 46

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. According to *alamoth*. A song.

God is our refuge and strength,
 an ever-present help in trouble.
 Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way
 and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea,
 though its waters roar and foam
 and the mountains quake with their surging.

There is a river whose streams make glad the city of God,
 the holy place where the Most High dwells.
 God is within her, she will not fall;
 God will help her at break of day.
 Nations are in uproar, kingdoms fall;
 he lifts his voice, the earth melts.

The Lord Almighty is with us;
 the God of Jacob is our fortress.

Come and see what the Lord has done,
 the desolations he has brought on the earth.
 He makes wars cease
 to the ends of the earth.
 He breaks the bow and shatters the spear;
 he burns the shields with fire.
 He says, "Be still, and know that I am God;
 I will be exalted among the nations,
 I will be exalted in the earth."

The Lord Almighty is with us;
 the God of Jacob is our fortress.

Psalm 47

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.

Clap your hands, all you nations;
shout to God with cries of joy.

For the Lord Most High is awesome,
the great King over all the earth.
He subdued nations under us,
peoples under our feet.
He chose our inheritance for us,
the pride of Jacob, whom he loved.

God has ascended amid shouts of joy,
the Lord amid the sounding of trumpets.
Sing praises to God, sing praises;
sing praises to our King, sing praises.
For God is the King of all the earth;
sing to him a psalm of praise.

God reigns over the nations;
God is seated on his holy throne.
The nobles of the nations assemble
as the people of the God of Abraham,
for the kings of the earth belong to God;
he is greatly exalted.

Psalm 48

A song. A psalm of the Sons of Korah.

Great is the Lord, and most worthy of praise,
in the city of our God, his holy mountain.

Beautiful in its loftiness,
the joy of the whole earth,
like the heights of Zaphon is Mount Zion,
the city of the Great King.
God is in her citadels;
he has shown himself to be her fortress.

When the kings joined forces,
when they advanced together,
they saw her and were astounded;

they fled in terror.
 Trembling seized them there,
 pain like that of a woman in labor.
 You destroyed them like ships of Tarshish
 shattered by an east wind.

As we have heard,
 so we have seen
 in the city of the Lord Almighty,
 in the city of our God:
 God makes her secure
 forever.

Within your temple, O God,
 we meditate on your unfailing love.
 Like your name, O God,
 your praise reaches to the ends of the earth;
 your right hand is filled with righteousness.
 Mount Zion rejoices,
 the villages of Judah are glad
 because of your judgments.

Walk about Zion, go around her,
 count her towers,
 consider well her ramparts,
 view her citadels,
 that you may tell of them
 to the next generation.

For this God is our God for ever and ever;
 he will be our guide even to the end.

Psalm 49

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.

Hear this, all you peoples;
 listen, all who live in this world,
 both low and high,
 rich and poor alike:
 My mouth will speak words of wisdom;

the meditation of my heart will give you understanding.
I will turn my ear to a proverb;
with the harp I will expound my riddle:

Why should I fear when evil days come,
when wicked deceivers surround me—
those who trust in their wealth
and boast of their great riches?

No one can redeem the life of another
or give to God a ransom for them—
the ransom for a life is costly,
no payment is ever enough—
so that they should live on forever
and not see decay.

For all can see that the wise die,
that the foolish and the senseless also perish,
leaving their wealth to others.

Their tombs will remain their houses forever,
their dwellings for endless generations,
though they had named lands after themselves.

People, despite their wealth, do not endure;
they are like the beasts that perish.

This is the fate of those who trust in themselves,
and of their followers, who approve their sayings.
They are like sheep and are destined to die;
death will be their shepherd
(but the upright will prevail over them in the morning).

Their forms will decay in the grave,
far from their princely mansions.

But God will redeem me from the realm of the dead;
he will surely take me to himself.

Do not be overawed when others grow rich,
when the splendor of their houses increases;
for they will take nothing with them when they die,
their splendor will not descend with them.

Though while they live they count themselves blessed—
and people praise you when you prosper—
they will join those who have gone before them,

who will never again see the light of life.

People who have wealth but lack understanding
are like the beasts that perish.

Psalm 50

A psalm of Asaph.

The Mighty One, God, the Lord,
speaks and summons the earth
from the rising of the sun to where it sets.

From Zion, perfect in beauty,
God shines forth.

Our God comes
and will not be silent;
a fire devours before him,
and around him a tempest rages.

He summons the heavens above,
and the earth, that he may judge his people:

“Gather to me this consecrated people,
who made a covenant with me by sacrifice.”

And the heavens proclaim his righteousness,
for he is a God of justice.

“Listen, my people, and I will speak;

I will testify against you, Israel:

I am God, your God.

I bring no charges against you concerning your sacrifices
or concerning your burnt offerings, which are ever before me.

I have no need of a bull from your stall
or of goats from your pens,

for every animal of the forest is mine,
and the cattle on a thousand hills.

I know every bird in the mountains,
and the insects in the fields are mine.

If I were hungry I would not tell you,
for the world is mine, and all that is in it.

Do I eat the flesh of bulls
or drink the blood of goats?

“Sacrifice thank offerings to God,
 fulfill your vows to the Most High,

and call on me in the day of trouble;
 I will deliver you, and you will honor me.”

But to the wicked person, God says:

“What right have you to recite my laws
 or take my covenant on your lips?
 You hate my instruction
 and cast my words behind you.
 When you see a thief, you join with him;
 you throw in your lot with adulterers.
 You use your mouth for evil
 and harness your tongue to deceit.
 You sit and testify against your brother
 and slander your own mother’s son.
 When you did these things and I kept silent,
 you thought I was exactly like you.
 But I now arraign you
 and set my accusations before you.

“Consider this, you who forget God,
 or I will tear you to pieces, with no one to rescue you:
 Those who sacrifice thank offerings honor me,
 and to the blameless I will show my salvation.”

Psalm 51

For the director of music. A psalm of David. When the prophet Nathan came to him after David had committed adultery with Bathsheba.

Have mercy on me, O God,
 according to your unfailing love;
 according to your great compassion
 blot out my transgressions.
 Wash away all my iniquity
 and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions,

and my sin is always before me.
Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight;
so you are right in your verdict
and justified when you judge.
Surely I was sinful at birth,
sinful from the time my mother conceived me.
Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb;
you taught me wisdom in that secret place.

Cleanse me with hyssop, and I will be clean;
wash me, and I will be whiter than snow.
Let me hear joy and gladness;
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.
Hide your face from my sins
and blot out all my iniquity.

Create in me a pure heart, O God,
and renew a steadfast spirit within me.
Do not cast me from your presence
or take your Holy Spirit from me.
Restore to me the joy of your salvation
and grant me a willing spirit, to sustain me.

Then I will teach transgressors your ways,
so that sinners will turn back to you.
Deliver me from the guilt of bloodshed, O God,
you who are God my Savior,
and my tongue will sing of your righteousness.
Open my lips, Lord,
and my mouth will declare your praise.
You do not delight in sacrifice, or I would bring it;
you do not take pleasure in burnt offerings.
My sacrifice, O God, is a broken spirit;
a broken and contrite heart
you, God, will not despise.

May it please you to prosper Zion,
to build up the walls of Jerusalem.
Then you will delight in the sacrifices of the righteous,

in burnt offerings offered whole;
then bulls will be offered on your altar.

Psalm 52

For the director of music. A *maskil* of David. When Doeg the Edomite had gone to Saul and told him: “David has gone to the house of Ahimelek.”

Why do you boast of evil, you mighty hero?
Why do you boast all day long,
you who are a disgrace in the eyes of God?
You who practice deceit,
your tongue plots destruction;
it is like a sharpened razor.
You love evil rather than good,
falsehood rather than speaking the truth.
You love every harmful word,
you deceitful tongue!

Surely God will bring you down to everlasting ruin:
He will snatch you up and pluck you from your tent;
he will uproot you from the land of the living.
The righteous will see and fear;
they will laugh at you, saying,
“Here now is the man
who did not make God his stronghold
but trusted in his great wealth
and grew strong by destroying others!”

But I am like an olive tree
flourishing in the house of God;
I trust in God’s unfailing love
for ever and ever.
For what you have done I will always praise you
in the presence of your faithful people.
And I will hope in your name,
for your name is good.

Psalm 53

For the director of music. According to *mahalath*. A *maskil* of David.

The fool says in his heart,
 “There is no God.”
 They are corrupt, and their ways are vile;
 there is no one who does good.

God looks down from heaven
 on all mankind
 to see if there are any who understand,
 any who seek God.
 Everyone has turned away, all have become corrupt;
 there is no one who does good,
 not even one.

Do all these evildoers know nothing?

They devour my people as though eating bread;
 they never call on God.
 But there they are, overwhelmed with dread,
 where there was nothing to dread.
 God scattered the bones of those who attacked you;
 you put them to shame, for God despised them.

Oh, that salvation for Israel would come out of Zion!
 When God restores his people,
 let Jacob rejoice and Israel be glad!

Psalm 54

**For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A *maskil* of David.
 When the Ziphites had gone to Saul and said, “Is not David hiding among
 us?”**

Save me, O God, by your name;
 vindicate me by your might.
 Hear my prayer, O God;
 listen to the words of my mouth.

Arrogant foes are attacking me;
 ruthless people are trying to kill me—
 people without regard for God.

Surely God is my help;
the Lord is the one who sustains me.

Let evil recoil on those who slander me;
in your faithfulness destroy them.

I will sacrifice a freewill offering to you;
I will praise your name, Lord, for it is good.
You have delivered me from all my troubles,
and my eyes have looked in triumph on my foes.

Psalm 55

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A *maskil* of David.

Listen to my prayer, O God,
do not ignore my plea;
hear me and answer me.

My thoughts trouble me and I am distraught
because of what my enemy is saying,
because of the threats of the wicked;
for they bring down suffering on me
and assail me in their anger.

My heart is in anguish within me;
the terrors of death have fallen on me.
Fear and trembling have beset me;
horror has overwhelmed me.
I said, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove!
I would fly away and be at rest.
I would flee far away
and stay in the desert;
I would hurry to my place of shelter,
far from the tempest and storm."

Lord, confuse the wicked, confound their words,
for I see violence and strife in the city.
Day and night they prowl about on its walls;
malice and abuse are within it.
Destructive forces are at work in the city;
threats and lies never leave its streets.

If an enemy were insulting me,
I could endure it;
if a foe were rising against me,
I could hide.
But it is you, a man like myself,
my companion, my close friend,
with whom I once enjoyed sweet fellowship
at the house of God,
as we walked about
among the worshipers.

Let death take my enemies by surprise;
let them go down alive to the realm of the dead,
for evil finds lodging among them.

As for me, I call to God,
and the Lord saves me.
Evening, morning and noon
I cry out in distress,
and he hears my voice.
He rescues me unharmed
from the battle waged against me,
even though many oppose me.
God, who is enthroned from of old,
who does not change—
he will hear them and humble them,
because they have no fear of God.

My companion attacks his friends;
he violates his covenant.
His talk is smooth as butter,
yet war is in his heart;
his words are more soothing than oil,
yet they are drawn swords.

Cast your cares on the Lord
and he will sustain you;
he will never let
the righteous be shaken.

But you, God, will bring down the wicked
 into the pit of decay;
 the bloodthirsty and deceitful
 will not live out half their days.

But as for me, I trust in you.

Psalm 56

For the director of music. To the tune of “A Dove on Distant Oaks.” Of David. A *miktam*. When the Philistines had seized him in Gath.

Be merciful to me, my God,
 for my enemies are in hot pursuit;
 all day long they press their attack.
 My adversaries pursue me all day long;
 in their pride many are attacking me.

When I am afraid, I put my trust in you.
 In God, whose word I praise—
 in God I trust and am not afraid.
 What can mere mortals do to me?

All day long they twist my words;
 all their schemes are for my ruin.
 They conspire, they lurk,
 they watch my steps,
 hoping to take my life.
 Because of their wickedness do not let them escape;
 in your anger, God, bring the nations down.

Record my misery;
 list my tears on your scroll—
 are they not in your record?
 Then my enemies will turn back
 when I call for help.
 By this I will know that God is for me.

In God, whose word I praise,
 in the Lord, whose word I praise—
 in God I trust and am not afraid.

What can man do to me?

I am under vows to you, my God;
 I will present my thank offerings to you.
 For you have delivered me from death
 and my feet from stumbling,
 that I may walk before God
 in the light of life.

Psalm 57

For the director of music. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” Of David. A *miktam*. When he had fled from Saul into the cave.

Have mercy on me, my God, have mercy on me,
 for in you I take refuge.
 I will take refuge in the shadow of your wings
 until the disaster has passed.

I cry out to God Most High,
 to God, who vindicates me.
 He sends from heaven and saves me,
 rebuking those who hotly pursue me—
 God sends forth his love and his faithfulness.

I am in the midst of lions;
 I am forced to dwell among ravenous beasts—
 men whose teeth are spears and arrows,
 whose tongues are sharp swords.

Be exalted, O God, above the heavens;
 let your glory be over all the earth.

They spread a net for my feet—
 I was bowed down in distress.
 They dug a pit in my path—
 but they have fallen into it themselves.

My heart, O God, is steadfast,
 my heart is steadfast;
 I will sing and make music.

Awake, my soul!
 Awake, harp and lyre!
 I will awaken the dawn.

I will praise you, Lord, among the nations;
 I will sing of you among the peoples.
 For great is your love, reaching to the heavens;
 your faithfulness reaches to the skies.

Be exalted, O God, above the heavens;
 let your glory be over all the earth.

Psalm 58

For the director of music. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” Of David. A *miktam*.

Do you rulers indeed speak justly?
 Do you judge people with equity?
 No, in your heart you devise injustice,
 and your hands mete out violence on the earth.

Even from birth the wicked go astray;
 from the womb they are wayward, spreading lies.
 Their venom is like the venom of a snake,
 like that of a cobra that has stopped its ears,
 that will not heed the tune of the charmer,
 however skillful the enchanter may be.

Break the teeth in their mouths, O God;
 Lord, tear out the fangs of those lions!
 Let them vanish like water that flows away;
 when they draw the bow, let their arrows fall short.
 May they be like a slug that melts away as it moves along,
 like a stillborn child that never sees the sun.

Before your pots can feel the heat of the thorns—
 whether they be green or dry—the wicked will be swept away.
 The righteous will be glad when they are avenged,
 when they dip their feet in the blood of the wicked.
 Then people will say,

“Surely the righteous still are rewarded;
surely there is a God who judges the earth.”

Psalm 59

For the director of music. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” Of David. A *miktam*. When Saul had sent men to watch David’s house in order to kill him.

Deliver me from my enemies, O God;
be my fortress against those who are attacking me.
Deliver me from evildoers
and save me from those who are after my blood.

See how they lie in wait for me!
Fierce men conspire against me
for no offense or sin of mine, Lord.
I have done no wrong, yet they are ready to attack me.
Arise to help me; look on my plight!
You, Lord God Almighty,
you who are the God of Israel,
rouse yourself to punish all the nations;
show no mercy to wicked traitors.

They return at evening,
snarling like dogs,
and prowl about the city.
See what they spew from their mouths—
the words from their lips are sharp as swords,
and they think, “Who can hear us?”
But you laugh at them, Lord;
you scoff at all those nations.

You are my strength, I watch for you;
you, God, are my fortress,
my God on whom I can rely.

God will go before me
and will let me gloat over those who slander me.
But do not kill them, Lord our shield,
or my people will forget.

In your might uproot them
 and bring them down.
 For the sins of their mouths,
 for the words of their lips,
 let them be caught in their pride.
 For the curses and lies they utter,
 consume them in your wrath,
 consume them till they are no more.
 Then it will be known to the ends of the earth
 that God rules over Jacob.

They return at evening,
 snarling like dogs,
 and prowl about the city.
 They wander about for food
 and howl if not satisfied.
 But I will sing of your strength,
 in the morning I will sing of your love;
 for you are my fortress,
 my refuge in times of trouble.

You are my strength, I sing praise to you;
 you, God, are my fortress,
 my God on whom I can rely.

Psalm 60

For the director of music. To the tune of “The Lily of the Covenant.” A *miktam* of David. For teaching. When he fought Aram Naharaim and Aram Zobah, and when Joab returned and struck down twelve thousand Edomites in the Valley of Salt.

You have rejected us, God, and burst upon us;
 you have been angry—now restore us!
 You have shaken the land and torn it open;
 mend its fractures, for it is quaking.
 You have shown your people desperate times;
 you have given us wine that makes us stagger.
 But for those who fear you, you have raised a banner
 to be unfurled against the bow.

Save us and help us with your right hand,
 that those you love may be delivered.
 God has spoken from his sanctuary:
 “In triumph I will parcel out Shechem
 and measure off the Valley of Sukkoth.
 Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine;
 Ephraim is my helmet,
 Judah is my scepter.
 Moab is my washbasin,
 on Edom I toss my sandal;
 over Philistia I shout in triumph.”

Who will bring me to the fortified city?
 Who will lead me to Edom?
 Is it not you, God, you who have now rejected us
 and no longer go out with our armies?
 Give us aid against the enemy,
 for human help is worthless.
 With God we will gain the victory,
 and he will trample down our enemies.

Psalm 61

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. Of David.

Hear my cry, O God;
 listen to my prayer.

From the ends of the earth I call to you,
 I call as my heart grows faint;
 lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
 For you have been my refuge,
 a strong tower against the foe.

I long to dwell in your tent forever
 and take refuge in the shelter of your wings.
 For you, God, have heard my vows;
 you have given me the heritage of those who fear your name.

Increase the days of the king's life,
 his years for many generations.

May he be enthroned in God's presence forever;
 appoint your love and faithfulness to protect him.

Then I will ever sing in praise of your name
 and fulfill my vows day after day.

Psalm 62

For the director of music. For Jeduthun. A psalm of David.

Truly my soul finds rest in God;
 my salvation comes from him.
 Truly he is my rock and my salvation;
 he is my fortress, I will never be shaken.

How long will you assault me?
 Would all of you throw me down—
 this leaning wall, this tottering fence?
 Surely they intend to topple me
 from my lofty place;
 they take delight in lies.
 With their mouths they bless,
 but in their hearts they curse.

Yes, my soul, find rest in God;
 my hope comes from him.
 Truly he is my rock and my salvation;
 he is my fortress, I will not be shaken.
 My salvation and my honor depend on God;
 he is my mighty rock, my refuge.
 Trust in him at all times, you people;
 pour out your hearts to him,
 for God is our refuge.

Surely the lowborn are but a breath,
 the highborn are but a lie.
 If weighed on a balance, they are nothing;
 together they are only a breath.
 Do not trust in extortion
 or put vain hope in stolen goods;
 though your riches increase,

do not set your heart on them.

One thing God has spoken,
 two things I have heard:
 “Power belongs to you, God,
 and with you, Lord, is unfailing love”;
 and, “You reward everyone
 according to what they have done.”

Psalm 63

A psalm of David. When he was in the Desert of Judah.

You, God, are my God,
 earnestly I seek you;
 I thirst for you,
 my whole being longs for you,
 in a dry and parched land
 where there is no water.

I have seen you in the sanctuary
 and beheld your power and your glory.
 Because your love is better than life,
 my lips will glorify you.
 I will praise you as long as I live,
 and in your name I will lift up my hands.
 I will be fully satisfied as with the richest of foods;
 with singing lips my mouth will praise you.

On my bed I remember you;
 I think of you through the watches of the night.
 Because you are my help,
 I sing in the shadow of your wings.
 I cling to you;
 your right hand upholds me.

Those who want to kill me will be destroyed;
 they will go down to the depths of the earth.
 They will be given over to the sword
 and become food for jackals.

But the king will rejoice in God;
 all who swear by God will glory in him,
 while the mouths of liars will be silenced.

Psalm 64

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Hear me, my God, as I voice my complaint;
 protect my life from the threat of the enemy.

Hide me from the conspiracy of the wicked,
 from the plots of evildoers.

They sharpen their tongues like swords
 and aim cruel words like deadly arrows.

They shoot from ambush at the innocent;
 they shoot suddenly, without fear.

They encourage each other in evil plans,
 they talk about hiding their snares;
 they say, "Who will see it?"

They plot injustice and say,
 "We have devised a perfect plan!"
 Surely the human mind and heart are cunning.

But God will shoot them with his arrows;
 they will suddenly be struck down.
 He will turn their own tongues against them
 and bring them to ruin;
 all who see them will shake their heads in scorn.

All people will fear;
 they will proclaim the works of God
 and ponder what he has done.

The righteous will rejoice in the Lord
 and take refuge in him;
 all the upright in heart will glory in him!

Psalm 65

For the director of music. A psalm of David. A song.

Praise awaits you, our God, in Zion;

to you our vows will be fulfilled.
You who answer prayer,
to you all people will come.
When we were overwhelmed by sins,
you forgave our transgressions.
Blessed are those you choose
and bring near to live in your courts!
We are filled with the good things of your house,
of your holy temple.

You answer us with awesome and righteous deeds,
God our Savior,
the hope of all the ends of the earth
and of the farthest seas,
who formed the mountains by your power,
having armed yourself with strength,
who stilled the roaring of the seas,
the roaring of their waves,
and the turmoil of the nations.
The whole earth is filled with awe at your wonders;
where morning dawns, where evening fades,
you call forth songs of joy.

You care for the land and water it;
you enrich it abundantly.
The streams of God are filled with water
to provide the people with grain,
for so you have ordained it.
You drench its furrows and level its ridges;
you soften it with showers and bless its crops.
You crown the year with your bounty,
and your carts overflow with abundance.
The grasslands of the wilderness overflow;
the hills are clothed with gladness.
The meadows are covered with flocks
and the valleys are mantled with grain;
they shout for joy and sing.

Psalm 66

For the director of music. A song. A psalm.

Shout for joy to God, all the earth!
Sing the glory of his name;
make his praise glorious.
Say to God, "How awesome are your deeds!
So great is your power
that your enemies cringe before you.
All the earth bows down to you;
they sing praise to you,
they sing the praises of your name."

Come and see what God has done,
his awesome deeds for mankind!
He turned the sea into dry land,
they passed through the waters on foot—
come, let us rejoice in him.
He rules forever by his power,
his eyes watch the nations—
let not the rebellious rise up against him.

Praise our God, all peoples,
let the sound of his praise be heard;
he has preserved our lives
and kept our feet from slipping.
For you, God, tested us;
you refined us like silver.
You brought us into prison
and laid burdens on our backs.
You let people ride over our heads;
we went through fire and water,
but you brought us to a place of abundance.

I will come to your temple with burnt offerings
and fulfill my vows to you—
vows my lips promised and my mouth spoke
when I was in trouble.
I will sacrifice fat animals to you
and an offering of rams;
I will offer bulls and goats.

Come and hear, all you who fear God;
 let me tell you what he has done for me.
 I cried out to him with my mouth;
 his praise was on my tongue.
 If I had cherished sin in my heart,
 the Lord would not have listened;
 but God has surely listened
 and has heard my prayer.
 Praise be to God,
 who has not rejected my prayer
 or withheld his love from me!

Psalm 67

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A psalm. A song.

May God be gracious to us and bless us
 and make his face shine on us—
 so that your ways may be known on earth,
 your salvation among all nations.

May the peoples praise you, God;
 may all the peoples praise you.
 May the nations be glad and sing for joy,
 for you rule the peoples with equity
 and guide the nations of the earth.
 May the peoples praise you, God;
 may all the peoples praise you.

The land yields its harvest;
 God, our God, blesses us.
 May God bless us still,
 so that all the ends of the earth will fear him.

Psalm 68

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm. A song.

May God arise, may his enemies be scattered;
 may his foes flee before him.
 May you blow them away like smoke—
 as wax melts before the fire,

may the wicked perish before God.
 But may the righteous be glad
 and rejoice before God;
 may they be happy and joyful.

Sing to God, sing in praise of his name,
 extol him who rides on the clouds;
 rejoice before him—his name is the Lord.
 A father to the fatherless, a defender of widows,
 is God in his holy dwelling.
 God sets the lonely in families,
 he leads out the prisoners with singing;
 but the rebellious live in a sun-scorched land.

When you, God, went out before your people,
 when you marched through the wilderness,
 the earth shook, the heavens poured down rain,
 before God, the One of Sinai,
 before God, the God of Israel.
 You gave abundant showers, O God;
 you refreshed your weary inheritance.
 Your people settled in it,
 and from your bounty, God, you provided for the poor.

The Lord announces the word,
 and the women who proclaim it are a mighty throng:
 “Kings and armies flee in haste;
 the women at home divide the plunder.
 Even while you sleep among the sheep pens,
 the wings of my dove are sheathed with silver,
 its feathers with shining gold.”
 When the Almighty scattered the kings in the land,
 it was like snow fallen on Mount Zalmon.

Mount Bashan, majestic mountain,
 Mount Bashan, rugged mountain,
 why gaze in envy, you rugged mountain,
 at the mountain where God chooses to reign,
 where the Lord himself will dwell forever?
 The chariots of God are tens of thousands

and thousands of thousands;
 the Lord has come from Sinai into his sanctuary.
 When you ascended on high,
 you took many captives;
 you received gifts from people,
 even from the rebellious—
 that you, Lord God, might dwell there.

Praise be to the Lord, to God our Savior,
 who daily bears our burdens.
 Our God is a God who saves;
 from the Sovereign Lord comes escape from death.
 Surely God will crush the heads of his enemies,
 the hairy crowns of those who go on in their sins.
 The Lord says, "I will bring them from Bashan;
 I will bring them from the depths of the sea,
 that your feet may wade in the blood of your foes,
 while the tongues of your dogs have their share."

Your procession, God, has come into view,
 the procession of my God and King into the sanctuary.
 In front are the singers, after them the musicians;
 with them are the young women playing the timbrels.
 Praise God in the great congregation;
 praise the Lord in the assembly of Israel.
 There is the little tribe of Benjamin, leading them,
 there the great throng of Judah's princes,
 and there the princes of Zebulun and of Naphtali.

Summon your power, God;
 show us your strength, our God, as you have done before.
 Because of your temple at Jerusalem
 kings will bring you gifts.
 Rebuke the beast among the reeds,
 the herd of bulls among the calves of the nations.
 Humbled, may the beast bring bars of silver.
 Scatter the nations who delight in war.
 Envoys will come from Egypt;
 Cush will submit herself to God.

Sing to God, you kingdoms of the earth,
 sing praise to the Lord,
 to him who rides across the highest heavens, the ancient heavens,
 who thunders with mighty voice.
 Proclaim the power of God,
 whose majesty is over Israel,
 whose power is in the heavens.
 You, God, are awesome in your sanctuary;
 the God of Israel gives power and strength to his people.

Praise be to God!

Psalm 69

For the director of music. To the tune of "Lilies." Of David.

Save me, O God,
 for the waters have come up to my neck.
 I sink in the miry depths,
 where there is no foothold.
 I have come into the deep waters;
 the floods engulf me.
 I am worn out calling for help;
 my throat is parched.
 My eyes fail,
 looking for my God.
 Those who hate me without reason
 outnumber the hairs of my head;
 many are my enemies without cause,
 those who seek to destroy me.
 I am forced to restore
 what I did not steal.

You, God, know my folly;
 my guilt is not hidden from you.

Lord, the Lord Almighty,
 may those who hope in you
 not be disgraced because of me;
 God of Israel,
 may those who seek you

not be put to shame because of me.
For I endure scorn for your sake,
and shame covers my face.
I am a foreigner to my own family,
a stranger to my own mother's children;
for zeal for your house consumes me,
and the insults of those who insult you fall on me.
When I weep and fast,
I must endure scorn;
when I put on sackcloth,
people make sport of me.
Those who sit at the gate mock me,
and I am the song of the drunkards.

But I pray to you, Lord,
in the time of your favor;
in your great love, O God,
answer me with your sure salvation.
Rescue me from the mire,
do not let me sink;
deliver me from those who hate me,
from the deep waters.
Do not let the floodwaters engulf me
or the depths swallow me up
or the pit close its mouth over me.

Answer me, Lord, out of the goodness of your love;
in your great mercy turn to me.
Do not hide your face from your servant;
answer me quickly, for I am in trouble.
Come near and rescue me;
deliver me because of my foes.

You know how I am scorned, disgraced and shamed;
all my enemies are before you.
Scorn has broken my heart
and has left me helpless;
I looked for sympathy, but there was none,
for comforters, but I found none.
They put gall in my food

and gave me vinegar for my thirst.

May the table set before them become a snare;
may it become retribution and a trap.
May their eyes be darkened so they cannot see,
and their backs be bent forever.
Pour out your wrath on them;
let your fierce anger overtake them.
May their place be deserted;
let there be no one to dwell in their tents.
For they persecute those you wound
and talk about the pain of those you hurt.
Charge them with crime upon crime;
do not let them share in your salvation.
May they be blotted out of the book of life
and not be listed with the righteous.

But as for me, afflicted and in pain—
may your salvation, God, protect me.

I will praise God's name in song
and glorify him with thanksgiving.
This will please the Lord more than an ox,
more than a bull with its horns and hooves.
The poor will see and be glad—
you who seek God, may your hearts live!
The Lord hears the needy
and does not despise his captive people.

Let heaven and earth praise him,
the seas and all that move in them,
for God will save Zion
and rebuild the cities of Judah.
Then people will settle there and possess it;
the children of his servants will inherit it,
and those who love his name will dwell there.

Psalm 70

For the director of music. Of David. A petition.

Hasten, O God, to save me;
 come quickly, Lord, to help me.

May those who want to take my life
 be put to shame and confusion;
 may all who desire my ruin
 be turned back in disgrace.

May those who say to me, "Aha! Aha!"
 turn back because of their shame.

But may all who seek you
 rejoice and be glad in you;
 may those who long for your saving help always say,
 "The Lord is great!"

But as for me, I am poor and needy;
 come quickly to me, O God.
 You are my help and my deliverer;
 Lord, do not delay.

Psalm 71

In you, Lord, I have taken refuge;
 let me never be put to shame.
 In your righteousness, rescue me and deliver me;
 turn your ear to me and save me.
 Be my rock of refuge,
 to which I can always go;
 give the command to save me,
 for you are my rock and my fortress.
 Deliver me, my God, from the hand of the wicked,
 from the grasp of those who are evil and cruel.

For you have been my hope, Sovereign Lord,
 my confidence since my youth.
 From birth I have relied on you;
 you brought me forth from my mother's womb.
 I will ever praise you.
 I have become a sign to many;
 you are my strong refuge.
 My mouth is filled with your praise,

declaring your splendor all day long.

Do not cast me away when I am old;
do not forsake me when my strength is gone.
For my enemies speak against me;
those who wait to kill me conspire together.
They say, "God has forsaken him;
pursue him and seize him,
for no one will rescue him."
Do not be far from me, my God;
come quickly, God, to help me.
May my accusers perish in shame;
may those who want to harm me
be covered with scorn and disgrace.

As for me, I will always have hope;
I will praise you more and more.

My mouth will tell of your righteous deeds,
of your saving acts all day long—
though I know not how to relate them all.
I will come and proclaim your mighty acts, Sovereign Lord;
I will proclaim your righteous deeds, yours alone.
Since my youth, God, you have taught me,
and to this day I declare your marvelous deeds.
Even when I am old and gray,
do not forsake me, my God,
till I declare your power to the next generation,
your mighty acts to all who are to come.

Your righteousness, God, reaches to the heavens,
you who have done great things.
Who is like you, God?
Though you have made me see troubles,
many and bitter,
you will restore my life again;
from the depths of the earth
you will again bring me up.
You will increase my honor
and comfort me once more.

I will praise you with the harp
for your faithfulness, my God;
I will sing praise to you with the lyre,
Holy One of Israel.
My lips will shout for joy
when I sing praise to you—
I whom you have delivered.
My tongue will tell of your righteous acts
all day long,
for those who wanted to harm me
have been put to shame and confusion.

Psalm 72

Of Solomon.

Endow the king with your justice, O God,
the royal son with your righteousness.
May he judge your people in righteousness,
your afflicted ones with justice.

May the mountains bring prosperity to the people,
the hills the fruit of righteousness.
May he defend the afflicted among the people
and save the children of the needy;
may he crush the oppressor.
May he endure as long as the sun,
as long as the moon, through all generations.
May he be like rain falling on a mown field,
like showers watering the earth.
In his days may the righteous flourish
and prosperity abound till the moon is no more.

May he rule from sea to sea
and from the River to the ends of the earth.
May the desert tribes bow before him
and his enemies lick the dust.
May the kings of Tarshish and of distant shores
bring tribute to him.
May the kings of Sheba and Seba

present him gifts.
 May all kings bow down to him
 and all nations serve him.

For he will deliver the needy who cry out,
 the afflicted who have no one to help.
 He will take pity on the weak and the needy
 and save the needy from death.
 He will rescue them from oppression and violence,
 for precious is their blood in his sight.

Long may he live!
 May gold from Sheba be given him.
 May people ever pray for him
 and bless him all day long.
 May grain abound throughout the land;
 on the tops of the hills may it sway.
 May the crops flourish like Lebanon
 and thrive like the grass of the field.
 May his name endure forever;
 may it continue as long as the sun.

Then all nations will be blessed through him,
 and they will call him blessed.

Praise be to the Lord God, the God of Israel,
 who alone does marvelous deeds.
 Praise be to his glorious name forever;
 may the whole earth be filled with his glory.
 Amen and Amen.

This concludes the prayers of David son of Jesse.

Psalm 73

A psalm of Asaph.

Surely God is good to Israel,
 to those who are pure in heart.

But as for me, my feet had almost slipped;

I had nearly lost my foothold.
For I envied the arrogant
when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

They have no struggles;
their bodies are healthy and strong.
They are free from common human burdens;
they are not plagued by human ills.
Therefore pride is their necklace;
they clothe themselves with violence.
From their callous hearts comes iniquity;
their evil imaginations have no limits.
They scoff, and speak with malice;
with arrogance they threaten oppression.
Their mouths lay claim to heaven,
and their tongues take possession of the earth.
Therefore their people turn to them
and drink up waters in abundance.
They say, "How would God know?
Does the Most High know anything?"

This is what the wicked are like—
always free of care, they go on amassing wealth.

Surely in vain I have kept my heart pure
and have washed my hands in innocence.
All day long I have been afflicted,
and every morning brings new punishments.

If I had spoken out like that,
I would have betrayed your children.
When I tried to understand all this,
it troubled me deeply
till I entered the sanctuary of God;
then I understood their final destiny.

Surely you place them on slippery ground;
you cast them down to ruin.
How suddenly are they destroyed,
completely swept away by terrors!

They are like a dream when one awakes;
 when you arise, Lord,
 you will despise them as fantasies.

When my heart was grieved
 and my spirit embittered,
 I was senseless and ignorant;
 I was a brute beast before you.

Yet I am always with you;
 you hold me by my right hand.
 You guide me with your counsel,
 and afterward you will take me into glory.
 Whom have I in heaven but you?
 And earth has nothing I desire besides you.
 My flesh and my heart may fail,
 but God is the strength of my heart
 and my portion forever.

Those who are far from you will perish;
 you destroy all who are unfaithful to you.
 But as for me, it is good to be near God.
 I have made the Sovereign Lord my refuge;
 I will tell of all your deeds.

Psalm 74

A maskil of Asaph.

O God, why have you rejected us forever?
 Why does your anger smolder against the sheep of your pasture?
 Remember the nation you purchased long ago,
 the people of your inheritance, whom you redeemed—
 Mount Zion, where you dwelt.
 Turn your steps toward these everlasting ruins,
 all this destruction the enemy has brought on the sanctuary.

Your foes roared in the place where you met with us;
 they set up their standards as signs.
 They behaved like men wielding axes
 to cut through a thicket of trees.

They smashed all the carved paneling
with their axes and hatchets.
They burned your sanctuary to the ground;
they defiled the dwelling place of your Name.
They said in their hearts, "We will crush them completely!"
They burned every place where God was worshiped in the land.

We are given no signs from God;
no prophets are left,
and none of us knows how long this will be.
How long will the enemy mock you, God?
Will the foe revile your name forever?
Why do you hold back your hand, your right hand?
Take it from the folds of your garment and destroy them!

But God is my King from long ago;
he brings salvation on the earth.

It was you who split open the sea by your power;
you broke the heads of the monster in the waters.
It was you who crushed the heads of Leviathan
and gave it as food to the creatures of the desert.
It was you who opened up springs and streams;
you dried up the ever-flowing rivers.
The day is yours, and yours also the night;
you established the sun and moon.
It was you who set all the boundaries of the earth;
you made both summer and winter.

Remember how the enemy has mocked you, Lord,
how foolish people have reviled your name.
Do not hand over the life of your dove to wild beasts;
do not forget the lives of your afflicted people forever.
Have regard for your covenant,
because haunts of violence fill the dark places of the land.
Do not let the oppressed retreat in disgrace;
may the poor and needy praise your name.
Rise up, O God, and defend your cause;
remember how fools mock you all day long.
Do not ignore the clamor of your adversaries,

the uproar of your enemies, which rises continually.

Psalm 75

For the director of music. To the tune of “Do Not Destroy.” A psalm of Asaph. A song.

We praise you, God,
we praise you, for your Name is near;
people tell of your wonderful deeds.

You say, “I choose the appointed time;
it is I who judge with equity.
When the earth and all its people quake,
it is I who hold its pillars firm.
To the arrogant I say, ‘Boast no more,’
and to the wicked, ‘Do not lift up your horns.
Do not lift your horns against heaven;
do not speak so defiantly.’”

No one from the east or the west
or from the desert can exalt themselves.
It is God who judges:
He brings one down, he exalts another.
In the hand of the Lord is a cup
full of foaming wine mixed with spices;
he pours it out, and all the wicked of the earth
drink it down to its very dregs.

As for me, I will declare this forever;
I will sing praise to the God of Jacob,
who says, “I will cut off the horns of all the wicked,
but the horns of the righteous will be lifted up.”

Psalm 76

For the director of music. With stringed instruments. A psalm of Asaph. A song.

God is renowned in Judah;
in Israel his name is great.

His tent is in Salem,
 his dwelling place in Zion.
 There he broke the flashing arrows,
 the shields and the swords, the weapons of war.

You are radiant with light,
 more majestic than mountains rich with game.
 The valiant lie plundered,
 they sleep their last sleep;
 not one of the warriors
 can lift his hands.
 At your rebuke, God of Jacob,
 both horse and chariot lie still.

It is you alone who are to be feared.
 Who can stand before you when you are angry?
 From heaven you pronounced judgment,
 and the land feared and was quiet—
 when you, God, rose up to judge,
 to save all the afflicted of the land.
 Surely your wrath against mankind brings you praise,
 and the survivors of your wrath are restrained.

Make vows to the Lord your God and fulfill them;
 let all the neighboring lands
 bring gifts to the One to be feared.
 He breaks the spirit of rulers;
 he is feared by the kings of the earth.

Psalm 77

For the director of music. For Jeduthun. Of Asaph. A psalm.

I cried out to God for help;
 I cried out to God to hear me.
 When I was in distress, I sought the Lord;
 at night I stretched out untiring hands,
 and I would not be comforted.

I remembered you, God, and I groaned;
 I meditated, and my spirit grew faint.

You kept my eyes from closing;
I was too troubled to speak.
I thought about the former days,
the years of long ago;
I remembered my songs in the night.
My heart meditated and my spirit asked:

“Will the Lord reject forever?
Will he never show his favor again?
Has his unfailing love vanished forever?
Has his promise failed for all time?
Has God forgotten to be merciful?
Has he in anger withheld his compassion?”

Then I thought, “To this I will appeal:
the years when the Most High stretched out his right hand.
I will remember the deeds of the Lord;
yes, I will remember your miracles of long ago.
I will consider all your works
and meditate on all your mighty deeds.”

Your ways, God, are holy.
What god is as great as our God?
You are the God who performs miracles;
you display your power among the peoples.
With your mighty arm you redeemed your people,
the descendants of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw you, God,
the waters saw you and writhed;
the very depths were convulsed.
The clouds poured down water,
the heavens resounded with thunder;
your arrows flashed back and forth.
Your thunder was heard in the whirlwind,
your lightning lit up the world;
the earth trembled and quaked.
Your path led through the sea,
your way through the mighty waters,
though your footprints were not seen.

You led your people like a flock
by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

Psalm 78

A *maskil* of Asaph.

My people, hear my teaching;
listen to the words of my mouth.
I will open my mouth with a parable;
I will utter hidden things, things from of old—
things we have heard and known,
things our ancestors have told us.
We will not hide them from their descendants;
we will tell the next generation
the praiseworthy deeds of the Lord,
his power, and the wonders he has done.
He decreed statutes for Jacob
and established the law in Israel,
which he commanded our ancestors
to teach their children,
so the next generation would know them,
even the children yet to be born,
and they in turn would tell their children.
Then they would put their trust in God
and would not forget his deeds
but would keep his commands.
They would not be like their ancestors—
a stubborn and rebellious generation,
whose hearts were not loyal to God,
whose spirits were not faithful to him.

The men of Ephraim, though armed with bows,
turned back on the day of battle;
they did not keep God's covenant
and refused to live by his law.
They forgot what he had done,
the wonders he had shown them.
He did miracles in the sight of their ancestors
in the land of Egypt, in the region of Zoan.
He divided the sea and led them through;

he made the water stand up like a wall.
He guided them with the cloud by day
and with light from the fire all night.
He split the rocks in the wilderness
and gave them water as abundant as the seas;
he brought streams out of a rocky crag
and made water flow down like rivers.

But they continued to sin against him,
rebelling in the wilderness against the Most High.
They willfully put God to the test
by demanding the food they craved.
They spoke against God;
they said, "Can God really
spread a table in the wilderness?
True, he struck the rock,
and water gushed out,
streams flowed abundantly,
but can he also give us bread?
Can he supply meat for his people?"
When the Lord heard them, he was furious;
his fire broke out against Jacob,
and his wrath rose against Israel,
for they did not believe in God
or trust in his deliverance.
Yet he gave a command to the skies above
and opened the doors of the heavens;
he rained down manna for the people to eat,
he gave them the grain of heaven.
Human beings ate the bread of angels;
he sent them all the food they could eat.
He let loose the east wind from the heavens
and by his power made the south wind blow.
He rained meat down on them like dust,
birds like sand on the seashore.
He made them come down inside their camp,
all around their tents.
They ate till they were gorged—
he had given them what they craved.
But before they turned from what they craved,

even while the food was still in their mouths,
God's anger rose against them;
he put to death the sturdiest among them,
cutting down the young men of Israel.

In spite of all this, they kept on sinning;
in spite of his wonders, they did not believe.
So he ended their days in futility
and their years in terror.
Whenever God slew them, they would seek him;
they eagerly turned to him again.
They remembered that God was their Rock,
that God Most High was their Redeemer.
But then they would flatter him with their mouths,
lying to him with their tongues;
their hearts were not loyal to him,
they were not faithful to his covenant.
Yet he was merciful;
he forgave their iniquities
and did not destroy them.
Time after time he restrained his anger
and did not stir up his full wrath.
He remembered that they were but flesh,
a passing breeze that does not return.

How often they rebelled against him in the wilderness
and grieved him in the wasteland!
Again and again they put God to the test;
they vexed the Holy One of Israel.
They did not remember his power—
the day he redeemed them from the oppressor,
the day he displayed his signs in Egypt,
his wonders in the region of Zoan.
He turned their river into blood;
they could not drink from their streams.
He sent swarms of flies that devoured them,
and frogs that devastated them.
He gave their crops to the grasshopper,
their produce to the locust.
He destroyed their vines with hail

and their sycamore-figs with sleet.
He gave over their cattle to the hail,
their livestock to bolts of lightning.
He unleashed against them his hot anger,
his wrath, indignation and hostility—
a band of destroying angels.
He prepared a path for his anger;
he did not spare them from death
but gave them over to the plague.
He struck down all the firstborn of Egypt,
the firstfruits of manhood in the tents of Ham.
But he brought his people out like a flock;
he led them like sheep through the wilderness.
He guided them safely, so they were unafraid;
but the sea engulfed their enemies.
And so he brought them to the border of his holy land,
to the hill country his right hand had taken.
He drove out nations before them
and allotted their lands to them as an inheritance;
he settled the tribes of Israel in their homes.

But they put God to the test
and rebelled against the Most High;
they did not keep his statutes.
Like their ancestors they were disloyal and faithless,
as unreliable as a faulty bow.
They angered him with their high places;
they aroused his jealousy with their idols.
When God heard them, he was furious;
he rejected Israel completely.
He abandoned the tabernacle of Shiloh,
the tent he had set up among humans.
He sent the ark of his might into captivity,
his splendor into the hands of the enemy.
He gave his people over to the sword;
he was furious with his inheritance.
Fire consumed their young men,
and their young women had no wedding songs;
their priests were put to the sword,
and their widows could not weep.

Then the Lord awoke as from sleep,
 as a warrior wakes from the stupor of wine.
 He beat back his enemies;
 he put them to everlasting shame.
 Then he rejected the tents of Joseph,
 he did not choose the tribe of Ephraim;
 but he chose the tribe of Judah,
 Mount Zion, which he loved.
 He built his sanctuary like the heights,
 like the earth that he established forever.
 He chose David his servant
 and took him from the sheep pens;
 from tending the sheep he brought him
 to be the shepherd of his people Jacob,
 of Israel his inheritance.
 And David shepherded them with integrity of heart;
 with skillful hands he led them.

Psalm 79

A psalm of Asaph.

O God, the nations have invaded your inheritance;
 they have defiled your holy temple,
 they have reduced Jerusalem to rubble.
 They have left the dead bodies of your servants
 as food for the birds of the sky,
 the flesh of your own people for the animals of the wild.
 They have poured out blood like water
 all around Jerusalem,
 and there is no one to bury the dead.
 We are objects of contempt to our neighbors,
 of scorn and derision to those around us.

How long, Lord? Will you be angry forever?
 How long will your jealousy burn like fire?
 Pour out your wrath on the nations
 that do not acknowledge you,
 on the kingdoms
 that do not call on your name;

for they have devoured Jacob
and devastated his homeland.

Do not hold against us the sins of past generations;
may your mercy come quickly to meet us,
for we are in desperate need.

Help us, God our Savior,
for the glory of your name;
deliver us and forgive our sins
for your name's sake.

Why should the nations say,
"Where is their God?"

Before our eyes, make known among the nations
that you avenge the outpoured blood of your servants.
May the groans of the prisoners come before you;
with your strong arm preserve those condemned to die.
Pay back into the laps of our neighbors seven times
the contempt they have hurled at you, Lord.
Then we your people, the sheep of your pasture,
will praise you forever;
from generation to generation
we will proclaim your praise.

Psalm 80

For the director of music. To the tune of "The Lilies of the Covenant." Of Asaph. A psalm.

Hear us, Shepherd of Israel,
you who lead Joseph like a flock.
You who sit enthroned between the cherubim,
shine forth before Ephraim, Benjamin and Manasseh.
Awaken your might;
come and save us.

Restore us, O God;
make your face shine on us,
that we may be saved.

How long, Lord God Almighty,

will your anger smolder
against the prayers of your people?
You have fed them with the bread of tears;
you have made them drink tears by the bowlful.
You have made us an object of derision to our neighbors,
and our enemies mock us.

Restore us, God Almighty;
make your face shine on us,
that we may be saved.

You transplanted a vine from Egypt;
you drove out the nations and planted it.
You cleared the ground for it,
and it took root and filled the land.
The mountains were covered with its shade,
the mighty cedars with its branches.
Its branches reached as far as the Sea,
its shoots as far as the River.

Why have you broken down its walls
so that all who pass by pick its grapes?
Boars from the forest ravage it,
and insects from the fields feed on it.
Return to us, God Almighty!
Look down from heaven and see!
Watch over this vine,
the root your right hand has planted,
the son you have raised up for yourself.

Your vine is cut down, it is burned with fire;
at your rebuke your people perish.
Let your hand rest on the man at your right hand,
the son of man you have raised up for yourself.
Then we will not turn away from you;
revive us, and we will call on your name.

Restore us, Lord God Almighty;
make your face shine on us,
that we may be saved.

Psalm 81

For the director of music. According to *gittith*. Of Asaph.

Sing for joy to God our strength;
shout aloud to the God of Jacob!
Begin the music, strike the timbrel,
play the melodious harp and lyre.

Sound the ram's horn at the New Moon,
and when the moon is full, on the day of our festival;
this is a decree for Israel,
an ordinance of the God of Jacob.
When God went out against Egypt,
he established it as a statute for Joseph.

I heard an unknown voice say:

"I removed the burden from their shoulders;
their hands were set free from the basket.
In your distress you called and I rescued you,
I answered you out of a thundercloud;
I tested you at the waters of Meribah.
Hear me, my people, and I will warn you—
if you would only listen to me, Israel!
You shall have no foreign god among you;
you shall not worship any god other than me.
I am the Lord your God,
who brought you up out of Egypt.
Open wide your mouth and I will fill it.

"But my people would not listen to me;
Israel would not submit to me.
So I gave them over to their stubborn hearts
to follow their own devices.

"If my people would only listen to me,
if Israel would only follow my ways,

how quickly I would subdue their enemies
 and turn my hand against their foes!
 Those who hate the Lord would cringe before him,
 and their punishment would last forever.
 But you would be fed with the finest of wheat;
 with honey from the rock I would satisfy you.”

Psalm 82

A psalm of Asaph.

God presides in the great assembly;
 he renders judgment among the “gods”:

“How long will you defend the unjust
 and show partiality to the wicked?
 Defend the weak and the fatherless;
 uphold the cause of the poor and the oppressed.
 Rescue the weak and the needy;
 deliver them from the hand of the wicked.

“The ‘gods’ know nothing, they understand nothing.
 They walk about in darkness;
 all the foundations of the earth are shaken.

“I said, ‘You are “gods”;
 you are all sons of the Most High.’
 But you will die like mere mortals;
 you will fall like every other ruler.”

Rise up, O God, judge the earth,
 for all the nations are your inheritance.

Psalm 83

A song. A psalm of Asaph.

O God, do not remain silent;
 do not turn a deaf ear,
 do not stand aloof, O God.
 See how your enemies growl,
 how your foes rear their heads.

With cunning they conspire against your people;
 they plot against those you cherish.
 “Come,” they say, “let us destroy them as a nation,
 so that Israel’s name is remembered no more.”

With one mind they plot together;
 they form an alliance against you—
 the tents of Edom and the Ishmaelites,
 of Moab and the Hagrites,
 Byblos, Ammon and Amalek,
 Philistia, with the people of Tyre.
 Even Assyria has joined them
 to reinforce Lot’s descendants.

Do to them as you did to Midian,
 as you did to Sisera and Jabin at the river Kishon,
 who perished at Endor
 and became like dung on the ground.
 Make their nobles like Oreb and Zeeb,
 all their princes like Zebah and Zalmunna,
 who said, “Let us take possession
 of the pasturelands of God.”

Make them like tumbleweed, my God,
 like chaff before the wind.
 As fire consumes the forest
 or a flame sets the mountains ablaze,
 so pursue them with your tempest
 and terrify them with your storm.
 Cover their faces with shame, Lord,
 so that they will seek your name.

May they ever be ashamed and dismayed;
 may they perish in disgrace.
 Let them know that you, whose name is the Lord—
 that you alone are the Most High over all the earth.

Psalm 84

For the director of music. According to *gittith*. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.

How lovely is your dwelling place,
Lord Almighty!
My soul yearns, even faints,
for the courts of the Lord;
my heart and my flesh cry out
for the living God.
Even the sparrow has found a home,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may have her young—
a place near your altar,
Lord Almighty, my King and my God.
Blessed are those who dwell in your house;
they are ever praising you.

Blessed are those whose strength is in you,
whose hearts are set on pilgrimage.
As they pass through the Valley of Baka,
they make it a place of springs;
the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
They go from strength to strength,
till each appears before God in Zion.

Hear my prayer, Lord God Almighty;
listen to me, God of Jacob.
Look on our shield, O God;
look with favor on your anointed one.

Better is one day in your courts
than a thousand elsewhere;
I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God
than dwell in the tents of the wicked.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield;
the Lord bestows favor and honor;
no good thing does he withhold
from those whose walk is blameless.

Lord Almighty,
blessed is the one who trusts in you.

Psalm 85

For the director of music. Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm.

You, Lord, showed favor to your land;
you restored the fortunes of Jacob.
You forgave the iniquity of your people
and covered all their sins.
You set aside all your wrath
and turned from your fierce anger.

Restore us again, God our Savior,
and put away your displeasure toward us.
Will you be angry with us forever?
Will you prolong your anger through all generations?
Will you not revive us again,
that your people may rejoice in you?
Show us your unfailing love, Lord,
and grant us your salvation.

I will listen to what God the Lord says;
he promises peace to his people, his faithful servants—
but let them not turn to folly.
Surely his salvation is near those who fear him,
that his glory may dwell in our land.

Love and faithfulness meet together;
righteousness and peace kiss each other.
Faithfulness springs forth from the earth,
and righteousness looks down from heaven.
The Lord will indeed give what is good,
and our land will yield its harvest.
Righteousness goes before him
and prepares the way for his steps.

Psalm 86

A prayer of David.

Hear me, Lord, and answer me,
for I am poor and needy.
Guard my life, for I am faithful to you;

save your servant who trusts in you.
You are my God; have mercy on me, Lord,
for I call to you all day long.
Bring joy to your servant, Lord,
for I put my trust in you.

You, Lord, are forgiving and good,
abounding in love to all who call to you.
Hear my prayer, Lord;
listen to my cry for mercy.
When I am in distress, I call to you,
because you answer me.

Among the gods there is none like you, Lord;
no deeds can compare with yours.
All the nations you have made
will come and worship before you, Lord;
they will bring glory to your name.
For you are great and do marvelous deeds;
you alone are God.

Teach me your way, Lord,
that I may rely on your faithfulness;
give me an undivided heart,
that I may fear your name.
I will praise you, Lord my God, with all my heart;
I will glorify your name forever.
For great is your love toward me;
you have delivered me from the depths,
from the realm of the dead.

Arrogant foes are attacking me, O God;
ruthless people are trying to kill me—
they have no regard for you.
But you, Lord, are a compassionate and gracious God,
slow to anger, abounding in love and faithfulness.
Turn to me and have mercy on me;
show your strength in behalf of your servant;
save me, because I serve you
just as my mother did.

Give me a sign of your goodness,
 that my enemies may see it and be put to shame,
 for you, Lord, have helped me and comforted me.

Psalm 87

Of the Sons of Korah. A psalm. A song.

He has founded his city on the holy mountain.
 The Lord loves the gates of Zion
 more than all the other dwellings of Jacob.

Glorious things are said of you,
 city of God:
 “I will record Rahab and Babylon
 among those who acknowledge me—
 Philistia too, and Tyre, along with Cush—
 and will say, ‘This one was born in Zion.’”
 Indeed, of Zion it will be said,
 “This one and that one were born in her,
 and the Most High himself will establish her.”
 The Lord will write in the register of the peoples:
 “This one was born in Zion.”

As they make music they will sing,
 “All my fountains are in you.”

Psalm 88

A song. A psalm of the Sons of Korah. For the director of music. According to *mahalath leannoth*. A *maskil* of Heman the Ezrahite.

Lord, you are the God who saves me;
 day and night I cry out to you.
 May my prayer come before you;
 turn your ear to my cry.

I am overwhelmed with troubles
 and my life draws near to death.
 I am counted among those who go down to the pit;
 I am like one without strength.
 I am set apart with the dead,
 like the slain who lie in the grave,

whom you remember no more,
 who are cut off from your care.

You have put me in the lowest pit,
 in the darkest depths.
 Your wrath lies heavily on me;
 you have overwhelmed me with all your waves.
 You have taken from me my closest friends
 and have made me repulsive to them.
 I am confined and cannot escape;
 my eyes are dim with grief.

I call to you, Lord, every day;
 I spread out my hands to you.
 Do you show your wonders to the dead?
 Do their spirits rise up and praise you?
 Is your love declared in the grave,
 your faithfulness in Destruction?
 Are your wonders known in the place of darkness,
 or your righteous deeds in the land of oblivion?

But I cry to you for help, Lord;
 in the morning my prayer comes before you.
 Why, Lord, do you reject me
 and hide your face from me?

From my youth I have suffered and been close to death;
 I have borne your terrors and am in despair.
 Your wrath has swept over me;
 your terrors have destroyed me.
 All day long they surround me like a flood;
 they have completely engulfed me.
 You have taken from me friend and neighbor—
 darkness is my closest friend.

Psalm 89

A *maskil* of Ethan the Ezrahite.

I will sing of the Lord's great love forever;
 with my mouth I will make your faithfulness known

through all generations.
 I will declare that your love stands firm forever,
 that you have established your faithfulness in heaven itself.
 You said, "I have made a covenant with my chosen one,
 I have sworn to David my servant,
 'I will establish your line forever
 and make your throne firm through all generations.'"

The heavens praise your wonders, Lord,
 your faithfulness too, in the assembly of the holy ones.
 For who in the skies above can compare with the Lord?
 Who is like the Lord among the heavenly beings?
 In the council of the holy ones God is greatly feared;
 he is more awesome than all who surround him.
 Who is like you, Lord God Almighty?
 You, Lord, are mighty, and your faithfulness surrounds you.

You rule over the surging sea;
 when its waves mount up, you still them.
 You crushed Rahab like one of the slain;
 with your strong arm you scattered your enemies.
 The heavens are yours, and yours also the earth;
 you founded the world and all that is in it.
 You created the north and the south;
 Tabor and Hermon sing for joy at your name.
 Your arm is endowed with power;
 your hand is strong, your right hand exalted.

Righteousness and justice are the foundation of your throne;
 love and faithfulness go before you.
 Blessed are those who have learned to acclaim you,
 who walk in the light of your presence, Lord.
 They rejoice in your name all day long;
 they celebrate your righteousness.
 For you are their glory and strength,
 and by your favor you exalt our horn.
 Indeed, our shield belongs to the Lord,
 our king to the Holy One of Israel.

Once you spoke in a vision,

to your faithful people you said:
“I have bestowed strength on a warrior;
I have raised up a young man from among the people.
I have found David my servant;
with my sacred oil I have anointed him.
My hand will sustain him;
surely my arm will strengthen him.
The enemy will not get the better of him;
the wicked will not oppress him.
I will crush his foes before him
and strike down his adversaries.
My faithful love will be with him,
and through my name his horn will be exalted.
I will set his hand over the sea,
his right hand over the rivers.
He will call out to me, ‘You are my Father,
my God, the Rock my Savior.’
And I will appoint him to be my firstborn,
the most exalted of the kings of the earth.
I will maintain my love to him forever,
and my covenant with him will never fail.
I will establish his line forever,
his throne as long as the heavens endure.

“If his sons forsake my law
and do not follow my statutes,
if they violate my decrees
and fail to keep my commands,
I will punish their sin with the rod,
their iniquity with flogging;
but I will not take my love from him,
nor will I ever betray my faithfulness.
I will not violate my covenant
or alter what my lips have uttered.
Once for all, I have sworn by my holiness—
and I will not lie to David—
that his line will continue forever
and his throne endure before me like the sun;
it will be established forever like the moon,
the faithful witness in the sky.”

But you have rejected, you have spurned,
 you have been very angry with your anointed one.
 You have renounced the covenant with your servant
 and have defiled his crown in the dust.
 You have broken through all his walls
 and reduced his strongholds to ruins.
 All who pass by have plundered him;
 he has become the scorn of his neighbors.
 You have exalted the right hand of his foes;
 you have made all his enemies rejoice.
 Indeed, you have turned back the edge of his sword
 and have not supported him in battle.
 You have put an end to his splendor
 and cast his throne to the ground.
 You have cut short the days of his youth;
 you have covered him with a mantle of shame.

How long, Lord? Will you hide yourself forever?
 How long will your wrath burn like fire?
 Remember how fleeting is my life.
 For what futility you have created all humanity!
 Who can live and not see death,
 or who can escape the power of the grave?
 Lord, where is your former great love,
 which in your faithfulness you swore to David?
 Remember, Lord, how your servant has been mocked,
 how I bear in my heart the taunts of all the nations,
 the taunts with which your enemies, Lord, have mocked,
 with which they have mocked every step of your anointed one.

Praise be to the Lord forever!
 Amen and Amen.

Psalm 90

A prayer of Moses the man of God.

Lord, you have been our dwelling place
 throughout all generations.
 Before the mountains were born

or you brought forth the whole world,
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.

You turn people back to dust,
saying, "Return to dust, you mortals."
A thousand years in your sight
are like a day that has just gone by,
or like a watch in the night.
Yet you sweep people away in the sleep of death—
they are like the new grass of the morning:
In the morning it springs up new,
but by evening it is dry and withered.

We are consumed by your anger
and terrified by your indignation.
You have set our iniquities before you,
our secret sins in the light of your presence.
All our days pass away under your wrath;
we finish our years with a moan.
Our days may come to seventy years,
or eighty, if our strength endures;
yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow,
for they quickly pass, and we fly away.
If only we knew the power of your anger!
Your wrath is as great as the fear that is your due.
Teach us to number our days,
that we may gain a heart of wisdom.

Relent, Lord! How long will it be?
Have compassion on your servants.
Satisfy us in the morning with your unfailing love,
that we may sing for joy and be glad all our days.
Make us glad for as many days as you have afflicted us,
for as many years as we have seen trouble.
May your deeds be shown to your servants,
your splendor to their children.

May the favor of the Lord our God rest on us;
establish the work of our hands for us—
yes, establish the work of our hands.

Psalm 91

Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High
will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress,
my God, in whom I trust."

Surely he will save you
from the fowler's snare
and from the deadly pestilence.
He will cover you with his feathers,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
his faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.
You will not fear the terror of night,
nor the arrow that flies by day,
nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness,
nor the plague that destroys at midday.
A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you.
You will only observe with your eyes
and see the punishment of the wicked.

If you say, "The Lord is my refuge,"
and you make the Most High your dwelling,
no harm will overtake you,
no disaster will come near your tent.
For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways;
they will lift you up in their hands,
so that you will not strike your foot against a stone.
You will tread on the lion and the cobra;
you will trample the great lion and the serpent.

"Because he loves me," says the Lord, "I will rescue him;
I will protect him, for he acknowledges my name.
He will call on me, and I will answer him;

I will be with him in trouble,
 I will deliver him and honor him.
 With long life I will satisfy him
 and show him my salvation.”

Psalm 92

A psalm. A song. For the Sabbath day.

It is good to praise the Lord
 and make music to your name, O Most High,
 proclaiming your love in the morning
 and your faithfulness at night,
 to the music of the ten-stringed lyre
 and the melody of the harp.

For you make me glad by your deeds, Lord;
 I sing for joy at what your hands have done.
 How great are your works, Lord,
 how profound your thoughts!
 Senseless people do not know,
 fools do not understand,
 that though the wicked spring up like grass
 and all evildoers flourish,
 they will be destroyed forever.

But you, Lord, are forever exalted.

For surely your enemies, Lord,
 surely your enemies will perish;
 all evildoers will be scattered.
 You have exalted my horn like that of a wild ox;
 fine oils have been poured on me.
 My eyes have seen the defeat of my adversaries;
 my ears have heard the rout of my wicked foes.

The righteous will flourish like a palm tree,
 they will grow like a cedar of Lebanon;
 planted in the house of the Lord,
 they will flourish in the courts of our God.
 They will still bear fruit in old age,

they will stay fresh and green,
 proclaiming, "The Lord is upright;
 he is my Rock, and there is no wickedness in him."

Psalm 93

The Lord reigns, he is robed in majesty;
 the Lord is robed in majesty and armed with strength;
 indeed, the world is established, firm and secure.
 Your throne was established long ago;
 you are from all eternity.

The seas have lifted up, Lord,
 the seas have lifted up their voice;
 the seas have lifted up their pounding waves.
 Mightier than the thunder of the great waters,
 mightier than the breakers of the sea—
 the Lord on high is mighty.

Your statutes, Lord, stand firm;
 holiness adorns your house
 for endless days.

Psalm 94

The Lord is a God who avenges.
 O God who avenges, shine forth.
 Rise up, Judge of the earth;
 pay back to the proud what they deserve.
 How long, Lord, will the wicked,
 how long will the wicked be jubilant?

They pour out arrogant words;
 all the evildoers are full of boasting.
 They crush your people, Lord;
 they oppress your inheritance.
 They slay the widow and the foreigner;
 they murder the fatherless.
 They say, "The Lord does not see;
 the God of Jacob takes no notice."

Take notice, you senseless ones among the people;
 you fools, when will you become wise?
 Does he who fashioned the ear not hear?
 Does he who formed the eye not see?
 Does he who disciplines nations not punish?
 Does he who teaches mankind lack knowledge?
 The Lord knows all human plans;
 he knows that they are futile.

Blessed is the one you discipline, Lord,
 the one you teach from your law;
 you grant them relief from days of trouble,
 till a pit is dug for the wicked.
 For the Lord will not reject his people;
 he will never forsake his inheritance.
 Judgment will again be founded on righteousness,
 and all the upright in heart will follow it.

Who will rise up for me against the wicked?
 Who will take a stand for me against evildoers?
 Unless the Lord had given me help,
 I would soon have dwelt in the silence of death.
 When I said, "My foot is slipping,"
 your unfailing love, Lord, supported me.
 When anxiety was great within me,
 your consolation brought me joy.

Can a corrupt throne be allied with you—
 a throne that brings on misery by its decrees?
 The wicked band together against the righteous
 and condemn the innocent to death.
 But the Lord has become my fortress,
 and my God the rock in whom I take refuge.
 He will repay them for their sins
 and destroy them for their wickedness;
 the Lord our God will destroy them.

Psalm 95

Come, let us sing for joy to the Lord;

let us shout aloud to the Rock of our salvation.
 Let us come before him with thanksgiving
 and extol him with music and song.

For the Lord is the great God,
 the great King above all gods.
 In his hand are the depths of the earth,
 and the mountain peaks belong to him.
 The sea is his, for he made it,
 and his hands formed the dry land.

Come, let us bow down in worship,
 let us kneel before the Lord our Maker;
 for he is our God
 and we are the people of his pasture,
 the flock under his care.
 Today, if only you would hear his voice,

“Do not harden your hearts as you did at Meribah,
 as you did that day at Massah in the wilderness,
 where your ancestors tested me;
 they tried me, though they had seen what I did.
 For forty years I was angry with that generation;
 I said, ‘They are a people whose hearts go astray,
 and they have not known my ways.’
 So I declared on oath in my anger,
 ‘They shall never enter my rest.’”

Psalm 96

Sing to the Lord a new song;
 sing to the Lord, all the earth.
 Sing to the Lord, praise his name;
 proclaim his salvation day after day.
 Declare his glory among the nations,
 his marvelous deeds among all peoples.

For great is the Lord and most worthy of praise;
 he is to be feared above all gods.
 For all the gods of the nations are idols,

but the Lord made the heavens.
 Splendor and majesty are before him;
 strength and glory are in his sanctuary.

Ascribe to the Lord, all you families of nations,
 ascribe to the Lord glory and strength.
 Ascribe to the Lord the glory due his name;
 bring an offering and come into his courts.
 Worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness;
 tremble before him, all the earth.
 Say among the nations, "The Lord reigns."
 The world is firmly established, it cannot be moved;
 he will judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens rejoice, let the earth be glad;
 let the sea resound, and all that is in it.
 Let the fields be jubilant, and everything in them;
 let all the trees of the forest sing for joy.
 Let all creation rejoice before the Lord, for he comes,
 he comes to judge the earth.
 He will judge the world in righteousness
 and the peoples in his faithfulness.

Psalm 97

The Lord reigns, let the earth be glad;
 let the distant shores rejoice.
 Clouds and thick darkness surround him;
 righteousness and justice are the foundation of his throne.
 Fire goes before him
 and consumes his foes on every side.
 His lightning lights up the world;
 the earth sees and trembles.
 The mountains melt like wax before the Lord,
 before the Lord of all the earth.
 The heavens proclaim his righteousness,
 and all peoples see his glory.

All who worship images are put to shame,
 those who boast in idols—

worship him, all you gods!

Zion hears and rejoices

and the villages of Judah are glad
because of your judgments, Lord.

For you, Lord, are the Most High over all the earth;
you are exalted far above all gods.

Let those who love the Lord hate evil,
for he guards the lives of his faithful ones
and delivers them from the hand of the wicked.

Light shines on the righteous
and joy on the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, you who are righteous,
and praise his holy name.

Psalm 98

A psalm.

Sing to the Lord a new song,
for he has done marvelous things;
his right hand and his holy arm
have worked salvation for him.
The Lord has made his salvation known
and revealed his righteousness to the nations.
He has remembered his love
and his faithfulness to Israel;
all the ends of the earth have seen
the salvation of our God.

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth,
burst into jubilant song with music;
make music to the Lord with the harp,
with the harp and the sound of singing,
with trumpets and the blast of the ram's horn—
shout for joy before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea resound, and everything in it,
the world, and all who live in it.
Let the rivers clap their hands,
let the mountains sing together for joy;

let them sing before the Lord,
for he comes to judge the earth.
He will judge the world in righteousness
and the peoples with equity.

Psalm 99

The Lord reigns,
let the nations tremble;
he sits enthroned between the cherubim,
let the earth shake.
Great is the Lord in Zion;
he is exalted over all the nations.
Let them praise your great and awesome name—
he is holy.

The King is mighty, he loves justice—
you have established equity;
in Jacob you have done
what is just and right.
Exalt the Lord our God
and worship at his footstool;
he is holy.

Moses and Aaron were among his priests,
Samuel was among those who called on his name;
they called on the Lord
and he answered them.
He spoke to them from the pillar of cloud;
they kept his statutes and the decrees he gave them.

Lord our God,
you answered them;
you were to Israel a forgiving God,
though you punished their misdeeds.
Exalt the Lord our God
and worship at his holy mountain,
for the Lord our God is holy.

Psalm 100

A psalm. For giving grateful praise.

Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth.

Worship the Lord with gladness;
come before him with joyful songs.

Know that the Lord is God.

It is he who made us, and we are his;
we are his people, the sheep of his pasture.

Enter his gates with thanksgiving

and his courts with praise;
give thanks to him and praise his name.

For the Lord is good and his love endures forever;
his faithfulness continues through all generations.

Psalm 101

Of David. A psalm.

I will sing of your love and justice;
to you, Lord, I will sing praise.

I will be careful to lead a blameless life—
when will you come to me?

I will conduct the affairs of my house
with a blameless heart.

I will not look with approval
on anything that is vile.

I hate what faithless people do;
I will have no part in it.

The perverse of heart shall be far from me;
I will have nothing to do with what is evil.

Whoever slanders their neighbor in secret,
I will put to silence;
whoever has haughty eyes and a proud heart,

I will not tolerate.

My eyes will be on the faithful in the land,
 that they may dwell with me;
 the one whose walk is blameless
 will minister to me.

No one who practices deceit
 will dwell in my house;
 no one who speaks falsely
 will stand in my presence.

Every morning I will put to silence
 all the wicked in the land;
 I will cut off every evildoer
 from the city of the Lord.

Psalm 102

A prayer of an afflicted person who has grown weak and pours out a lament before the Lord.

Hear my prayer, Lord;
 let my cry for help come to you.
 Do not hide your face from me
 when I am in distress.
 Turn your ear to me;
 when I call, answer me quickly.

For my days vanish like smoke;
 my bones burn like glowing embers.
 My heart is blighted and withered like grass;
 I forget to eat my food.
 In my distress I groan aloud
 and am reduced to skin and bones.
 I am like a desert owl,
 like an owl among the ruins.
 I lie awake; I have become
 like a bird alone on a roof.
 All day long my enemies taunt me;
 those who rail against me use my name as a curse.

For I eat ashes as my food
and mingle my drink with tears
because of your great wrath,
for you have taken me up and thrown me aside.
My days are like the evening shadow;
I wither away like grass.

But you, Lord, sit enthroned forever;
your renown endures through all generations.
You will arise and have compassion on Zion,
for it is time to show favor to her;
the appointed time has come.
For her stones are dear to your servants;
her very dust moves them to pity.
The nations will fear the name of the Lord,
all the kings of the earth will revere your glory.
For the Lord will rebuild Zion
and appear in his glory.
He will respond to the prayer of the destitute;
he will not despise their plea.

Let this be written for a future generation,
that a people not yet created may praise the Lord:
“The Lord looked down from his sanctuary on high,
from heaven he viewed the earth,
to hear the groans of the prisoners
and release those condemned to death.”
So the name of the Lord will be declared in Zion
and his praise in Jerusalem
when the peoples and the kingdoms
assemble to worship the Lord.

In the course of my life he broke my strength;
he cut short my days.
So I said:
“Do not take me away, my God, in the midst of my days;
your years go on through all generations.
In the beginning you laid the foundations of the earth,
and the heavens are the work of your hands.
They will perish, but you remain;

they will all wear out like a garment.
 Like clothing you will change them
 and they will be discarded.
 But you remain the same,
 and your years will never end.
 The children of your servants will live in your presence;
 their descendants will be established before you.”

Psalm 103

Of David.

Praise the Lord, my soul;
 all my inmost being, praise his holy name.
 Praise the Lord, my soul,
 and forget not all his benefits—
 who forgives all your sins
 and heals all your diseases,
 who redeems your life from the pit
 and crowns you with love and compassion,
 who satisfies your desires with good things
 so that your youth is renewed like the eagle’s.

The Lord works righteousness
 and justice for all the oppressed.
 He made known his ways to Moses,
 his deeds to the people of Israel:
 The Lord is compassionate and gracious,
 slow to anger, abounding in love.
 He will not always accuse,
 nor will he harbor his anger forever;
 he does not treat us as our sins deserve
 or repay us according to our iniquities.
 For as high as the heavens are above the earth,
 so great is his love for those who fear him;
 as far as the east is from the west,
 so far has he removed our transgressions from us.

As a father has compassion on his children,
 so the Lord has compassion on those who fear him;
 for he knows how we are formed,

he remembers that we are dust.
 The life of mortals is like grass,
 they flourish like a flower of the field;
 the wind blows over it and it is gone,
 and its place remembers it no more.
 But from everlasting to everlasting
 the Lord's love is with those who fear him,
 and his righteousness with their children's children—
 with those who keep his covenant
 and remember to obey his precepts.

The Lord has established his throne in heaven,
 and his kingdom rules over all.

Praise the Lord, you his angels,
 you mighty ones who do his bidding,
 who obey his word.
 Praise the Lord, all his heavenly hosts,
 you his servants who do his will.
 Praise the Lord, all his works
 everywhere in his dominion.

Praise the Lord, my soul.

Psalm 104

Praise the Lord, my soul.

Lord my God, you are very great;
 you are clothed with splendor and majesty.

The Lord wraps himself in light as with a garment;
 he stretches out the heavens like a tent
 and lays the beams of his upper chambers on their waters.
 He makes the clouds his chariot
 and rides on the wings of the wind.
 He makes winds his messengers,
 flames of fire his servants.

He set the earth on its foundations;

it can never be moved.
You covered it with the watery depths as with a garment;
the waters stood above the mountains.
But at your rebuke the waters fled,
at the sound of your thunder they took to flight;
they flowed over the mountains,
they went down into the valleys,
to the place you assigned for them.
You set a boundary they cannot cross;
never again will they cover the earth.

He makes springs pour water into the ravines;
it flows between the mountains.
They give water to all the beasts of the field;
the wild donkeys quench their thirst.
The birds of the sky nest by the waters;
they sing among the branches.
He waters the mountains from his upper chambers;
the land is satisfied by the fruit of his work.
He makes grass grow for the cattle,
and plants for people to cultivate—
bringing forth food from the earth:
wine that gladdens human hearts,
oil to make their faces shine,
and bread that sustains their hearts.
The trees of the Lord are well watered,
the cedars of Lebanon that he planted.
There the birds make their nests;
the stork has its home in the junipers.
The high mountains belong to the wild goats;
the crags are a refuge for the hyrax.

He made the moon to mark the seasons,
and the sun knows when to go down.
You bring darkness, it becomes night,
and all the beasts of the forest prowl.
The lions roar for their prey
and seek their food from God.
The sun rises, and they steal away;
they return and lie down in their dens.

Then people go out to their work,
to their labor until evening.

How many are your works, Lord!
In wisdom you made them all;
the earth is full of your creatures.
There is the sea, vast and spacious,
teeming with creatures beyond number—
living things both large and small.
There the ships go to and fro,
and Leviathan, which you formed to frolic there.

All creatures look to you
to give them their food at the proper time.
When you give it to them,
they gather it up;
when you open your hand,
they are satisfied with good things.
When you hide your face,
they are terrified;
when you take away their breath,
they die and return to the dust.
When you send your Spirit,
they are created,
and you renew the face of the ground.

May the glory of the Lord endure forever;
may the Lord rejoice in his works—
he who looks at the earth, and it trembles,
who touches the mountains, and they smoke.

I will sing to the Lord all my life;
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.
May my meditation be pleasing to him,
as I rejoice in the Lord.
But may sinners vanish from the earth
and the wicked be no more.

Praise the Lord, my soul.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 105

Give praise to the Lord, proclaim his name;
make known among the nations what he has done.
Sing to him, sing praise to him;
tell of all his wonderful acts.
Glory in his holy name;
let the hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice.
Look to the Lord and his strength;
seek his face always.

Remember the wonders he has done,
his miracles, and the judgments he pronounced,
you his servants, the descendants of Abraham,
his chosen ones, the children of Jacob.
He is the Lord our God;
his judgments are in all the earth.

He remembers his covenant forever,
the promise he made, for a thousand generations,
the covenant he made with Abraham,
the oath he swore to Isaac.
He confirmed it to Jacob as a decree,
to Israel as an everlasting covenant:
“To you I will give the land of Canaan
as the portion you will inherit.”

When they were but few in number,
few indeed, and strangers in it,
they wandered from nation to nation,
from one kingdom to another.
He allowed no one to oppress them;
for their sake he rebuked kings:
“Do not touch my anointed ones;
do my prophets no harm.”

He called down famine on the land

and destroyed all their supplies of food;
and he sent a man before them—
Joseph, sold as a slave.
They bruised his feet with shackles,
his neck was put in irons,
till what he foretold came to pass,
till the word of the Lord proved him true.
The king sent and released him,
the ruler of peoples set him free.
He made him master of his household,
ruler over all he possessed,
to instruct his princes as he pleased
and teach his elders wisdom.

Then Israel entered Egypt;
Jacob resided as a foreigner in the land of Ham.
The Lord made his people very fruitful;
he made them too numerous for their foes,
whose hearts he turned to hate his people,
to conspire against his servants.
He sent Moses his servant,
and Aaron, whom he had chosen.
They performed his signs among them,
his wonders in the land of Ham.
He sent darkness and made the land dark—
for had they not rebelled against his words?
He turned their waters into blood,
causing their fish to die.
Their land teemed with frogs,
which went up into the bedrooms of their rulers.
He spoke, and there came swarms of flies,
and gnats throughout their country.
He turned their rain into hail,
with lightning throughout their land;
he struck down their vines and fig trees
and shattered the trees of their country.
He spoke, and the locusts came,
grasshoppers without number;
they ate up every green thing in their land,
ate up the produce of their soil.

Then he struck down all the firstborn in their land,
the firstfruits of all their manhood.
He brought out Israel, laden with silver and gold,
and from among their tribes no one faltered.
Egypt was glad when they left,
because dread of Israel had fallen on them.

He spread out a cloud as a covering,
and a fire to give light at night.
They asked, and he brought them quail;
he fed them well with the bread of heaven.
He opened the rock, and water gushed out;
it flowed like a river in the desert.

For he remembered his holy promise
given to his servant Abraham.
He brought out his people with rejoicing,
his chosen ones with shouts of joy;
he gave them the lands of the nations,
and they fell heir to what others had toiled for—
that they might keep his precepts
and observe his laws.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 106

Praise the Lord.

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
his love endures forever.

Who can proclaim the mighty acts of the Lord
or fully declare his praise?
Blessed are those who act justly,
who always do what is right.

Remember me, Lord, when you show favor to your people,
come to my aid when you save them,
that I may enjoy the prosperity of your chosen ones,

that I may share in the joy of your nation
and join your inheritance in giving praise.

We have sinned, even as our ancestors did;
we have done wrong and acted wickedly.
When our ancestors were in Egypt,
they gave no thought to your miracles;
they did not remember your many kindnesses,
and they rebelled by the sea, the Red Sea.
Yet he saved them for his name's sake,
to make his mighty power known.
He rebuked the Red Sea, and it dried up;
he led them through the depths as through a desert.
He saved them from the hand of the foe;
from the hand of the enemy he redeemed them.
The waters covered their adversaries;
not one of them survived.
Then they believed his promises
and sang his praise.

But they soon forgot what he had done
and did not wait for his plan to unfold.
In the desert they gave in to their craving;
in the wilderness they put God to the test.
So he gave them what they asked for,
but sent a wasting disease among them.

In the camp they grew envious of Moses
and of Aaron, who was consecrated to the Lord.
The earth opened up and swallowed Dathan;
it buried the company of Abiram.
Fire blazed among their followers;
a flame consumed the wicked.
At Horeb they made a calf
and worshiped an idol cast from metal.
They exchanged their glorious God
for an image of a bull, which eats grass.
They forgot the God who saved them,
who had done great things in Egypt,
miracles in the land of Ham

and awesome deeds by the Red Sea.
So he said he would destroy them—
had not Moses, his chosen one,
stood in the breach before him
to keep his wrath from destroying them.

Then they despised the pleasant land;
they did not believe his promise.
They grumbled in their tents
and did not obey the Lord.
So he swore to them with uplifted hand
that he would make them fall in the wilderness,
make their descendants fall among the nations
and scatter them throughout the lands.

They yoked themselves to the Baal of Peor
and ate sacrifices offered to lifeless gods;
they aroused the Lord's anger by their wicked deeds,
and a plague broke out among them.
But Phinehas stood up and intervened,
and the plague was checked.
This was credited to him as righteousness
for endless generations to come.
By the waters of Meribah they angered the Lord,
and trouble came to Moses because of them;
for they rebelled against the Spirit of God,
and rash words came from Moses' lips.

They did not destroy the peoples
as the Lord had commanded them,
but they mingled with the nations
and adopted their customs.
They worshiped their idols,
which became a snare to them.
They sacrificed their sons
and their daughters to false gods.
They shed innocent blood,
the blood of their sons and daughters,
whom they sacrificed to the idols of Canaan,
and the land was desecrated by their blood.

They defiled themselves by what they did;
by their deeds they prostituted themselves.

Therefore the Lord was angry with his people
and abhorred his inheritance.

He gave them into the hands of the nations,
and their foes ruled over them.

Their enemies oppressed them
and subjected them to their power.

Many times he delivered them,
but they were bent on rebellion
and they wasted away in their sin.

Yet he took note of their distress
when he heard their cry;
for their sake he remembered his covenant
and out of his great love he relented.

He caused all who held them captive
to show them mercy.

Save us, Lord our God,
and gather us from the nations,
that we may give thanks to your holy name
and glory in your praise.

Praise be to the Lord, the God of Israel,
from everlasting to everlasting.

Let all the people say, "Amen!"

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 107

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
his love endures forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord tell their story—
those he redeemed from the hand of the foe,
those he gathered from the lands,
from east and west, from north and south.

Some wandered in desert wastelands,
finding no way to a city where they could settle.
They were hungry and thirsty,
and their lives ebbed away.
Then they cried out to the Lord in their trouble,
and he delivered them from their distress.
He led them by a straight way
to a city where they could settle.
Let them give thanks to the Lord for his unfailing love
and his wonderful deeds for mankind,
for he satisfies the thirsty
and fills the hungry with good things.

Some sat in darkness, in utter darkness,
prisoners suffering in iron chains,
because they rebelled against God's commands
and despised the plans of the Most High.
So he subjected them to bitter labor;
they stumbled, and there was no one to help.
Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble,
and he saved them from their distress.
He brought them out of darkness, the utter darkness,
and broke away their chains.
Let them give thanks to the Lord for his unfailing love
and his wonderful deeds for mankind,
for he breaks down gates of bronze
and cuts through bars of iron.

Some became fools through their rebellious ways
and suffered affliction because of their iniquities.
They loathed all food
and drew near the gates of death.
Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble,
and he saved them from their distress.
He sent out his word and healed them;
he rescued them from the grave.
Let them give thanks to the Lord for his unfailing love
and his wonderful deeds for mankind.
Let them sacrifice thank offerings

and tell of his works with songs of joy.

Some went out on the sea in ships;
they were merchants on the mighty waters.
They saw the works of the Lord,
his wonderful deeds in the deep.
For he spoke and stirred up a tempest
that lifted high the waves.
They mounted up to the heavens and went down to the depths;
in their peril their courage melted away.
They reeled and staggered like drunkards;
they were at their wits' end.
Then they cried out to the Lord in their trouble,
and he brought them out of their distress.
He stilled the storm to a whisper;
the waves of the sea were hushed.
They were glad when it grew calm,
and he guided them to their desired haven.
Let them give thanks to the Lord for his unfailing love
and his wonderful deeds for mankind.
Let them exalt him in the assembly of the people
and praise him in the council of the elders.

He turned rivers into a desert,
flowing springs into thirsty ground,
and fruitful land into a salt waste,
because of the wickedness of those who lived there.
He turned the desert into pools of water
and the parched ground into flowing springs;
there he brought the hungry to live,
and they founded a city where they could settle.
They sowed fields and planted vineyards
that yielded a fruitful harvest;
he blessed them, and their numbers greatly increased,
and he did not let their herds diminish.

Then their numbers decreased, and they were humbled
by oppression, calamity and sorrow;
he who pours contempt on nobles
made them wander in a trackless waste.

But he lifted the needy out of their affliction
 and increased their families like flocks.
 The upright see and rejoice,
 but all the wicked shut their mouths.

Let the one who is wise heed these things
 and ponder the loving deeds of the Lord.

Psalm 108

A song. A psalm of David.

My heart, O God, is steadfast;
 I will sing and make music with all my soul.
 Awake, harp and lyre!
 I will awaken the dawn.
 I will praise you, Lord, among the nations;
 I will sing of you among the peoples.
 For great is your love, higher than the heavens;
 your faithfulness reaches to the skies.
 Be exalted, O God, above the heavens;
 let your glory be over all the earth.

Save us and help us with your right hand,
 that those you love may be delivered.
 God has spoken from his sanctuary:
 "In triumph I will parcel out Shechem
 and measure off the Valley of Sukkoth.
 Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine;
 Ephraim is my helmet,
 Judah is my scepter.
 Moab is my washbasin,
 on Edom I toss my sandal;
 over Philistia I shout in triumph."

Who will bring me to the fortified city?
 Who will lead me to Edom?
 Is it not you, God, you who have rejected us
 and no longer go out with our armies?
 Give us aid against the enemy,
 for human help is worthless.

With God we will gain the victory,
and he will trample down our enemies.

Psalm 109

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.

My God, whom I praise,
do not remain silent,
for people who are wicked and deceitful
have opened their mouths against me;
they have spoken against me with lying tongues.
With words of hatred they surround me;
they attack me without cause.
In return for my friendship they accuse me,
but I am a man of prayer.
They repay me evil for good,
and hatred for my friendship.

Appoint someone evil to oppose my enemy;
let an accuser stand at his right hand.
When he is tried, let him be found guilty,
and may his prayers condemn him.
May his days be few;
may another take his place of leadership.
May his children be fatherless
and his wife a widow.
May his children be wandering beggars;
may they be driven from their ruined homes.
May a creditor seize all he has;
may strangers plunder the fruits of his labor.
May no one extend kindness to him
or take pity on his fatherless children.
May his descendants be cut off,
their names blotted out from the next generation.
May the iniquity of his fathers be remembered before the Lord;
may the sin of his mother never be blotted out.
May their sins always remain before the Lord,
that he may blot out their name from the earth.

For he never thought of doing a kindness,

but hounded to death the poor
and the needy and the brokenhearted.
He loved to pronounce a curse—
may it come back on him.
He found no pleasure in blessing—
may it be far from him.
He wore cursing as his garment;
it entered into his body like water,
into his bones like oil.
May it be like a cloak wrapped about him,
like a belt tied forever around him.
May this be the Lord's payment to my accusers,
to those who speak evil of me.

But you, Sovereign Lord,
help me for your name's sake;
out of the goodness of your love, deliver me.
For I am poor and needy,
and my heart is wounded within me.
I fade away like an evening shadow;
I am shaken off like a locust.
My knees give way from fasting;
my body is thin and gaunt.
I am an object of scorn to my accusers;
when they see me, they shake their heads.

Help me, Lord my God;
save me according to your unfailing love.
Let them know that it is your hand,
that you, Lord, have done it.
While they curse, may you bless;
may those who attack me be put to shame,
but may your servant rejoice.
May my accusers be clothed with disgrace
and wrapped in shame as in a cloak.

With my mouth I will greatly extol the Lord;
in the great throng of worshipers I will praise him.
For he stands at the right hand of the needy,
to save their lives from those who would condemn them.

Psalm 110

Of David. A psalm.

The Lord says to my lord:

“Sit at my right hand
until I make your enemies
a footstool for your feet.”

The Lord will extend your mighty scepter from Zion, saying,
“Rule in the midst of your enemies!”

Your troops will be willing
on your day of battle.

Arrayed in holy splendor,
your young men will come to you
like dew from the morning’s womb.

The Lord has sworn
and will not change his mind:

“You are a priest forever,
in the order of Melchizedek.”

The Lord is at your right hand;
he will crush kings on the day of his wrath.
He will judge the nations, heaping up the dead
and crushing the rulers of the whole earth.
He will drink from a brook along the way,
and so he will lift his head high.

Psalm 111

Praise the Lord.

I will extol the Lord with all my heart
in the council of the upright and in the assembly.

Great are the works of the Lord;

they are pondered by all who delight in them.
Glorious and majestic are his deeds,
and his righteousness endures forever.
He has caused his wonders to be remembered;
the Lord is gracious and compassionate.
He provides food for those who fear him;
he remembers his covenant forever.

He has shown his people the power of his works,
giving them the lands of other nations.
The works of his hands are faithful and just;
all his precepts are trustworthy.
They are established for ever and ever,
enacted in faithfulness and uprightness.
He provided redemption for his people;
he ordained his covenant forever—
holy and awesome is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;
all who follow his precepts have good understanding.
To him belongs eternal praise.

Psalm 112

Praise the Lord.

Blessed are those who fear the Lord,
who find great delight in his commands.

Their children will be mighty in the land;
the generation of the upright will be blessed.
Wealth and riches are in their houses,
and their righteousness endures forever.
Even in darkness light dawns for the upright,
for those who are gracious and compassionate and righteous.
Good will come to those who are generous and lend freely,
who conduct their affairs with justice.

Surely the righteous will never be shaken;
they will be remembered forever.

They will have no fear of bad news;
 their hearts are steadfast, trusting in the Lord.
 Their hearts are secure, they will have no fear;
 in the end they will look in triumph on their foes.
 They have freely scattered their gifts to the poor,
 their righteousness endures forever;
 their horn will be lifted high in honor.

The wicked will see and be vexed,
 they will gnash their teeth and waste away;
 the longings of the wicked will come to nothing.

Psalm 113

Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, you his servants;
 praise the name of the Lord.
 Let the name of the Lord be praised,
 both now and forevermore.
 From the rising of the sun to the place where it sets,
 the name of the Lord is to be praised.

The Lord is exalted over all the nations,
 his glory above the heavens.
 Who is like the Lord our God,
 the One who sits enthroned on high,
 who stoops down to look
 on the heavens and the earth?

He raises the poor from the dust
 and lifts the needy from the ash heap;
 he seats them with princes,
 with the princes of his people.
 He settles the childless woman in her home
 as a happy mother of children.
 Praise the Lord.

Psalm 114

When Israel came out of Egypt,
Jacob from a people of foreign tongue,
Judah became God's sanctuary,
Israel his dominion.

The sea looked and fled,
the Jordan turned back;
the mountains leaped like rams,
the hills like lambs.

Why was it, sea, that you fled?
Why, Jordan, did you turn back?
Why, mountains, did you leap like rams,
you hills, like lambs?

Tremble, earth, at the presence of the Lord,
at the presence of the God of Jacob,
who turned the rock into a pool,
the hard rock into springs of water.

Psalm 115

Not to us, Lord, not to us
but to your name be the glory,
because of your love and faithfulness.

Why do the nations say,
"Where is their God?"
Our God is in heaven;
he does whatever pleases him.
But their idols are silver and gold,
made by human hands.
They have mouths, but cannot speak,
eyes, but cannot see.
They have ears, but cannot hear,
noses, but cannot smell.
They have hands, but cannot feel,
feet, but cannot walk,
nor can they utter a sound with their throats.
Those who make them will be like them,

and so will all who trust in them.

All you Israelites, trust in the Lord—
he is their help and shield.

House of Aaron, trust in the Lord—
he is their help and shield.

You who fear him, trust in the Lord—
he is their help and shield.

The Lord remembers us and will bless us:

He will bless his people Israel,
he will bless the house of Aaron,
he will bless those who fear the Lord—
small and great alike.

May the Lord cause you to flourish,
both you and your children.

May you be blessed by the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.

The highest heavens belong to the Lord,
but the earth he has given to mankind.
It is not the dead who praise the Lord,
those who go down to the place of silence;
it is we who extol the Lord,
both now and forevermore.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 116

I love the Lord, for he heard my voice;
he heard my cry for mercy.
Because he turned his ear to me,
I will call on him as long as I live.

The cords of death entangled me,
the anguish of the grave came over me;
I was overcome by distress and sorrow.
Then I called on the name of the Lord:

“Lord, save me!”

The Lord is gracious and righteous;
our God is full of compassion.
The Lord protects the unwary;
when I was brought low, he saved me.

Return to your rest, my soul,
for the Lord has been good to you.

For you, Lord, have delivered me from death,
my eyes from tears,
my feet from stumbling,
that I may walk before the Lord
in the land of the living.

I trusted in the Lord when I said,
“I am greatly afflicted”;
in my alarm I said,
“Everyone is a liar.”

What shall I return to the Lord
for all his goodness to me?

I will lift up the cup of salvation
and call on the name of the Lord.
I will fulfill my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of his faithful servants.
Truly I am your servant, Lord;
I serve you just as my mother did;
you have freed me from my chains.

I will sacrifice a thank offering to you
and call on the name of the Lord.
I will fulfill my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all his people,
in the courts of the house of the Lord—

in your midst, Jerusalem.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 117

Praise the Lord, all you nations;
 extol him, all you peoples.
 For great is his love toward us,
 and the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 118

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
 his love endures forever.

Let Israel say:

“His love endures forever.”

Let the house of Aaron say:

“His love endures forever.”

Let those who fear the Lord say:

“His love endures forever.”

When hard pressed, I cried to the Lord;
 he brought me into a spacious place.
 The Lord is with me; I will not be afraid.
 What can mere mortals do to me?
 The Lord is with me; he is my helper.
 I look in triumph on my enemies.

It is better to take refuge in the Lord
 than to trust in humans.
 It is better to take refuge in the Lord
 than to trust in princes.
 All the nations surrounded me,
 but in the name of the Lord I cut them down.
 They surrounded me on every side,
 but in the name of the Lord I cut them down.
 They swarmed around me like bees,

but they were consumed as quickly as burning thorns;
in the name of the Lord I cut them down.

I was pushed back and about to fall,
but the Lord helped me.
The Lord is my strength and my defense;
he has become my salvation.

Shouts of joy and victory
resound in the tents of the righteous:
“The Lord’s right hand has done mighty things!
The Lord’s right hand is lifted high;
the Lord’s right hand has done mighty things!”
I will not die but live,
and will proclaim what the Lord has done.
The Lord has chastened me severely,
but he has not given me over to death.
Open for me the gates of the righteous;
I will enter and give thanks to the Lord.
This is the gate of the Lord
through which the righteous may enter.
I will give you thanks, for you answered me;
you have become my salvation.

The stone the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone;
the Lord has done this,
and it is marvelous in our eyes.
The Lord has done it this very day;
let us rejoice today and be glad.

Lord, save us!
Lord, grant us success!

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
From the house of the Lord we bless you.
The Lord is God,
and he has made his light shine on us.
With boughs in hand, join in the festal procession
up to the horns of the altar.

You are my God, and I will praise you;
 you are my God, and I will exalt you.

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
 his love endures forever.

Psalm 119

א Aleph

Blessed are those whose ways are blameless,
 who walk according to the law of the Lord.

Blessed are those who keep his statutes
 and seek him with all their heart—
 they do no wrong
 but follow his ways.

You have laid down precepts
 that are to be fully obeyed.

Oh, that my ways were steadfast
 in obeying your decrees!

Then I would not be put to shame
 when I consider all your commands.

I will praise you with an upright heart
 as I learn your righteous laws.

I will obey your decrees;
 do not utterly forsake me.

ב Beth

How can a young person stay on the path of purity?
 By living according to your word.

I seek you with all my heart;
 do not let me stray from your commands.

I have hidden your word in my heart
 that I might not sin against you.

Praise be to you, Lord;
 teach me your decrees.

With my lips I recount
 all the laws that come from your mouth.

I rejoice in following your statutes

as one rejoices in great riches.
 I meditate on your precepts
 and consider your ways.
 I delight in your decrees;
 I will not neglect your word.

ג Gimel

Be good to your servant while I live,
 that I may obey your word.
 Open my eyes that I may see
 wonderful things in your law.
 I am a stranger on earth;
 do not hide your commands from me.
 My soul is consumed with longing
 for your laws at all times.
 You rebuke the arrogant, who are accursed,
 those who stray from your commands.
 Remove from me their scorn and contempt,
 for I keep your statutes.
 Though rulers sit together and slander me,
 your servant will meditate on your decrees.
 Your statutes are my delight;
 they are my counselors.

ט Daleth

I am laid low in the dust;
 preserve my life according to your word.
 I gave an account of my ways and you answered me;
 teach me your decrees.
 Cause me to understand the way of your precepts,
 that I may meditate on your wonderful deeds.
 My soul is weary with sorrow;
 strengthen me according to your word.
 Keep me from deceitful ways;
 be gracious to me and teach me your law.
 I have chosen the way of faithfulness;
 I have set my heart on your laws.
 I hold fast to your statutes, Lord;

do not let me be put to shame.
 I run in the path of your commands,
 for you have broadened my understanding.

ן He

Teach me, Lord, the way of your decrees,
 that I may follow it to the end.
 Give me understanding, so that I may keep your law
 and obey it with all my heart.
 Direct me in the path of your commands,
 for there I find delight.
 Turn my heart toward your statutes
 and not toward selfish gain.
 Turn my eyes away from worthless things;
 preserve my life according to your word.
 Fulfill your promise to your servant,
 so that you may be feared.
 Take away the disgrace I dread,
 for your laws are good.
 How I long for your precepts!
 In your righteousness preserve my life.

י Waw

May your unfailing love come to me, Lord,
 your salvation, according to your promise;
 then I can answer anyone who taunts me,
 for I trust in your word.
 Never take your word of truth from my mouth,
 for I have put my hope in your laws.
 I will always obey your law,
 for ever and ever.
 I will walk about in freedom,
 for I have sought out your precepts.
 I will speak of your statutes before kings
 and will not be put to shame,
 for I delight in your commands
 because I love them.
 I reach out for your commands, which I love,
 that I may meditate on your decrees.

ז Zayin

Remember your word to your servant,
 for you have given me hope.
 My comfort in my suffering is this:
 Your promise preserves my life.
 The arrogant mock me unmercifully,
 but I do not turn from your law.
 I remember, Lord, your ancient laws,
 and I find comfort in them.
 Indignation grips me because of the wicked,
 who have forsaken your law.
 Your decrees are the theme of my song
 wherever I lodge.
 In the night, Lord, I remember your name,
 that I may keep your law.
 This has been my practice:
 I obey your precepts.

ח Heth

You are my portion, Lord;
 I have promised to obey your words.
 I have sought your face with all my heart;
 be gracious to me according to your promise.
 I have considered my ways
 and have turned my steps to your statutes.
 I will hasten and not delay
 to obey your commands.
 Though the wicked bind me with ropes,
 I will not forget your law.
 At midnight I rise to give you thanks
 for your righteous laws.
 I am a friend to all who fear you,
 to all who follow your precepts.
 The earth is filled with your love, Lord;
 teach me your decrees.

‫וֹ Teth

Do good to your servant
 according to your word, Lord.
 Teach me knowledge and good judgment,
 for I trust your commands.
 Before I was afflicted I went astray,
 but now I obey your word.
 You are good, and what you do is good;
 teach me your decrees.
 Though the arrogant have smeared me with lies,
 I keep your precepts with all my heart.
 Their hearts are callous and unfeeling,
 but I delight in your law.
 It was good for me to be afflicted
 so that I might learn your decrees.
 The law from your mouth is more precious to me
 than thousands of pieces of silver and gold.

‫יֹ Yodh

Your hands made me and formed me;
 give me understanding to learn your commands.
 May those who fear you rejoice when they see me,
 for I have put my hope in your word.
 I know, Lord, that your laws are righteous,
 and that in faithfulness you have afflicted me.
 May your unfailing love be my comfort,
 according to your promise to your servant.
 Let your compassion come to me that I may live,
 for your law is my delight.
 May the arrogant be put to shame for wronging me without cause;
 but I will meditate on your precepts.
 May those who fear you turn to me,
 those who understand your statutes.
 May I wholeheartedly follow your decrees,
 that I may not be put to shame.

כ Kaph

My soul faints with longing for your salvation,
 but I have put my hope in your word.
 My eyes fail, looking for your promise;
 I say, "When will you comfort me?"
 Though I am like a wineskin in the smoke,
 I do not forget your decrees.
 How long must your servant wait?
 When will you punish my persecutors?
 The arrogant dig pits to trap me,
 contrary to your law.
 All your commands are trustworthy;
 help me, for I am being persecuted without cause.
 They almost wiped me from the earth,
 but I have not forsaken your precepts.
 In your unfailing love preserve my life,
 that I may obey the statutes of your mouth.

ל Lamedh

Your word, Lord, is eternal;
 it stands firm in the heavens.
 Your faithfulness continues through all generations;
 you established the earth, and it endures.
 Your laws endure to this day,
 for all things serve you.
 If your law had not been my delight,
 I would have perished in my affliction.
 I will never forget your precepts,
 for by them you have preserved my life.
 Save me, for I am yours;
 I have sought out your precepts.
 The wicked are waiting to destroy me,
 but I will ponder your statutes.
 To all perfection I see a limit,
 but your commands are boundless.

ן Mem

Oh, how I love your law!
 I meditate on it all day long.
 Your commands are always with me
 and make me wiser than my enemies.
 I have more insight than all my teachers,
 for I meditate on your statutes.
 I have more understanding than the elders,
 for I obey your precepts.
 I have kept my feet from every evil path
 so that I might obey your word.
 I have not departed from your laws,
 for you yourself have taught me.
 How sweet are your words to my taste,
 sweeter than honey to my mouth!
 I gain understanding from your precepts;
 therefore I hate every wrong path.

ן Nun

Your word is a lamp for my feet,
 a light on my path.
 I have taken an oath and confirmed it,
 that I will follow your righteous laws.
 I have suffered much;
 preserve my life, Lord, according to your word.
 Accept, Lord, the willing praise of my mouth,
 and teach me your laws.
 Though I constantly take my life in my hands,
 I will not forget your law.
 The wicked have set a snare for me,
 but I have not strayed from your precepts.
 Your statutes are my heritage forever;
 they are the joy of my heart.
 My heart is set on keeping your decrees
 to the very end.

▷ Samekh

I hate double-minded people,
 but I love your law.
 You are my refuge and my shield;
 I have put my hope in your word.
 Away from me, you evildoers,
 that I may keep the commands of my God!
 Sustain me, my God, according to your promise, and I will live;
 do not let my hopes be dashed.
 Uphold me, and I will be delivered;
 I will always have regard for your decrees.
 You reject all who stray from your decrees,
 for their delusions come to nothing.
 All the wicked of the earth you discard like dross;
 therefore I love your statutes.
 My flesh trembles in fear of you;
 I stand in awe of your laws.

┘ Ayin

I have done what is righteous and just;
 do not leave me to my oppressors.
 Ensure your servant's well-being;
 do not let the arrogant oppress me.
 My eyes fail, looking for your salvation,
 looking for your righteous promise.
 Deal with your servant according to your love
 and teach me your decrees.
 I am your servant; give me discernment
 that I may understand your statutes.
 It is time for you to act, Lord;
 your law is being broken.
 Because I love your commands
 more than gold, more than pure gold,
 and because I consider all your precepts right,
 I hate every wrong path.

פ Pe

Your statutes are wonderful;
 therefore I obey them.
 The unfolding of your words gives light;
 it gives understanding to the simple.
 I open my mouth and pant,
 longing for your commands.
 Turn to me and have mercy on me,
 as you always do to those who love your name.
 Direct my footsteps according to your word;
 let no sin rule over me.
 Redeem me from human oppression,
 that I may obey your precepts.
 Make your face shine on your servant
 and teach me your decrees.
 Streams of tears flow from my eyes,
 for your law is not obeyed.

צ Tsadhe

You are righteous, Lord,
 and your laws are right.
 The statutes you have laid down are righteous;
 they are fully trustworthy.
 My zeal wears me out,
 for my enemies ignore your words.
 Your promises have been thoroughly tested,
 and your servant loves them.
 Though I am lowly and despised,
 I do not forget your precepts.
 Your righteousness is everlasting
 and your law is true.
 Trouble and distress have come upon me,
 but your commands give me delight.
 Your statutes are always righteous;
 give me understanding that I may live.

פ Qoph

I call with all my heart; answer me, Lord,
 and I will obey your decrees.
 I call out to you; save me
 and I will keep your statutes.
 I rise before dawn and cry for help;
 I have put my hope in your word.
 My eyes stay open through the watches of the night,
 that I may meditate on your promises.
 Hear my voice in accordance with your love;
 preserve my life, Lord, according to your laws.
 Those who devise wicked schemes are near,
 but they are far from your law.
 Yet you are near, Lord,
 and all your commands are true.
 Long ago I learned from your statutes
 that you established them to last forever.

ר Resh

Look on my suffering and deliver me,
 for I have not forgotten your law.
 Defend my cause and redeem me;
 preserve my life according to your promise.
 Salvation is far from the wicked,
 for they do not seek out your decrees.
 Your compassion, Lord, is great;
 preserve my life according to your laws.
 Many are the foes who persecute me,
 but I have not turned from your statutes.
 I look on the faithless with loathing,
 for they do not obey your word.
 See how I love your precepts;
 preserve my life, Lord, in accordance with your love.
 All your words are true;
 all your righteous laws are eternal.

ⴒ Sin and Shin

Rulers persecute me without cause,
 but my heart trembles at your word.
 I rejoice in your promise
 like one who finds great spoil.
 I hate and detest falsehood
 but I love your law.
 Seven times a day I praise you
 for your righteous laws.
 Great peace have those who love your law,
 and nothing can make them stumble.
 I wait for your salvation, Lord,
 and I follow your commands.
 I obey your statutes,
 for I love them greatly.
 I obey your precepts and your statutes,
 for all my ways are known to you.

ⴓ Taw

May my cry come before you, Lord;
 give me understanding according to your word.
 May my supplication come before you;
 deliver me according to your promise.
 May my lips overflow with praise,
 for you teach me your decrees.
 May my tongue sing of your word,
 for all your commands are righteous.
 May your hand be ready to help me,
 for I have chosen your precepts.
 I long for your salvation, Lord,
 and your law gives me delight.
 Let me live that I may praise you,
 and may your laws sustain me.
 I have strayed like a lost sheep.
 Seek your servant,

for I have not forgotten your commands.

Psalm 120

A song of ascents.

I call on the Lord in my distress,
and he answers me.

Save me, Lord,
from lying lips
and from deceitful tongues.

What will he do to you,
and what more besides,
you deceitful tongue?

He will punish you with a warrior's sharp arrows,
with burning coals of the broom bush.

Woe to me that I dwell in Meshek,
that I live among the tents of Kedar!

Too long have I lived
among those who hate peace.

I am for peace;
but when I speak, they are for war.

Psalm 121

A song of ascents.

I lift up my eyes to the mountains—
where does my help come from?

My help comes from the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot slip—
he who watches over you will not slumber;
indeed, he who watches over Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord watches over you—
the Lord is your shade at your right hand;

the sun will not harm you by day,
nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep you from all harm—
he will watch over your life;
the Lord will watch over your coming and going
both now and forevermore.

Psalm 122

A song of ascents. Of David.

I rejoiced with those who said to me,
“Let us go to the house of the Lord.”
Our feet are standing
in your gates, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built like a city
that is closely compacted together.
That is where the tribes go up—
the tribes of the Lord—
to praise the name of the Lord
according to the statute given to Israel.
There stand the thrones for judgment,
the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
“May those who love you be secure.
May there be peace within your walls
and security within your citadels.”
For the sake of my family and friends,
I will say, “Peace be within you.”
For the sake of the house of the Lord our God,
I will seek your prosperity.

Psalm 123

A song of ascents.

I lift up my eyes to you,
to you who sit enthroned in heaven.
As the eyes of slaves look to the hand of their master,

as the eyes of a female slave look to the hand of her mistress,
so our eyes look to the Lord our God,
till he shows us his mercy.

Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy on us,
for we have endured no end of contempt.
We have endured no end
of ridicule from the arrogant,
of contempt from the proud.

Psalm 124

A song of ascents. Of David.

If the Lord had not been on our side—
let Israel say—
if the Lord had not been on our side
when people attacked us,
they would have swallowed us alive
when their anger flared against us;
the flood would have engulfed us,
the torrent would have swept over us,
the raging waters
would have swept us away.

Praise be to the Lord,
who has not let us be torn by their teeth.
We have escaped like a bird
from the fowler's snare;
the snare has been broken,
and we have escaped.
Our help is in the name of the Lord,
the Maker of heaven and earth.

Psalm 125

A song of ascents.

Those who trust in the Lord are like Mount Zion,
which cannot be shaken but endures forever.
As the mountains surround Jerusalem,
so the Lord surrounds his people

both now and forevermore.

The scepter of the wicked will not remain
 over the land allotted to the righteous,
 for then the righteous might use
 their hands to do evil.

Lord, do good to those who are good,
 to those who are upright in heart.
 But those who turn to crooked ways
 the Lord will banish with the evildoers.

Peace be on Israel.

Psalm 126

A song of ascents.

When the Lord restored the fortunes of Zion,
 we were like those who dreamed.
 Our mouths were filled with laughter,
 our tongues with songs of joy.
 Then it was said among the nations,
 "The Lord has done great things for them."
 The Lord has done great things for us,
 and we are filled with joy.

Restore our fortunes, Lord,
 like streams in the Negev.
 Those who sow with tears
 will reap with songs of joy.
 Those who go out weeping,
 carrying seed to sow,
 will return with songs of joy,
 carrying sheaves with them.

Psalm 127

A song of ascents. Of Solomon.

Unless the Lord builds the house,
 the builders labor in vain.

Unless the Lord watches over the city,
 the guards stand watch in vain.
 In vain you rise early
 and stay up late,
 toiling for food to eat—
 for he grants sleep to those he loves.

Children are a heritage from the Lord,
 offspring a reward from him.
 Like arrows in the hands of a warrior
 are children born in one's youth.
 Blessed is the man
 whose quiver is full of them.
 They will not be put to shame
 when they contend with their opponents in court.

Psalm 128

A song of ascents.

Blessed are all who fear the Lord,
 who walk in obedience to him.
 You will eat the fruit of your labor;
 blessings and prosperity will be yours.
 Your wife will be like a fruitful vine
 within your house;
 your children will be like olive shoots
 around your table.
 Yes, this will be the blessing
 for the man who fears the Lord.

May the Lord bless you from Zion;
 may you see the prosperity of Jerusalem
 all the days of your life.
 May you live to see your children's children—
 peace be on Israel.

Psalm 129

A song of ascents.

“They have greatly oppressed me from my youth,”

let Israel say;
 “they have greatly oppressed me from my youth,
 but they have not gained the victory over me.
 Plowmen have plowed my back
 and made their furrows long.
 But the Lord is righteous;
 he has cut me free from the cords of the wicked.”

May all who hate Zion
 be turned back in shame.
 May they be like grass on the roof,
 which withers before it can grow;
 a reaper cannot fill his hands with it,
 nor one who gathers fill his arms.
 May those who pass by not say to them,
 “The blessing of the Lord be on you;
 we bless you in the name of the Lord.”

Psalm 130

A song of ascents.

Out of the depths I cry to you, Lord;
 Lord, hear my voice.
 Let your ears be attentive
 to my cry for mercy.

If you, Lord, kept a record of sins,
 Lord, who could stand?
 But with you there is forgiveness,
 so that we can, with reverence, serve you.

I wait for the Lord, my whole being waits,
 and in his word I put my hope.
 I wait for the Lord
 more than watchmen wait for the morning,
 more than watchmen wait for the morning.

Israel, put your hope in the Lord,
 for with the Lord is unfailing love
 and with him is full redemption.

He himself will redeem Israel
from all their sins.

Psalm 131

A song of ascents. Of David.

My heart is not proud, Lord,
my eyes are not haughty;
I do not concern myself with great matters
or things too wonderful for me.
But I have calmed and quieted myself,
I am like a weaned child with its mother;
like a weaned child I am content.

Israel, put your hope in the Lord
both now and forevermore.

Psalm 132

A song of ascents.

Lord, remember David
and all his self-denial.

He swore an oath to the Lord,
he made a vow to the Mighty One of Jacob:
“I will not enter my house
or go to my bed,
I will allow no sleep to my eyes
or slumber to my eyelids,
till I find a place for the Lord,
a dwelling for the Mighty One of Jacob.”

We heard it in Ephrathah,
we came upon it in the fields of Jaar:
“Let us go to his dwelling place,
let us worship at his footstool, saying,
‘Arise, Lord, and come to your resting place,
you and the ark of your might.
May your priests be clothed with your righteousness;
may your faithful people sing for joy.’”

For the sake of your servant David,
do not reject your anointed one.

The Lord swore an oath to David,
a sure oath he will not revoke:
“One of your own descendants
I will place on your throne.
If your sons keep my covenant
and the statutes I teach them,
then their sons will sit
on your throne for ever and ever.”

For the Lord has chosen Zion,
he has desired it for his dwelling, saying,
“This is my resting place for ever and ever;
here I will sit enthroned, for I have desired it.
I will bless her with abundant provisions;
her poor I will satisfy with food.
I will clothe her priests with salvation,
and her faithful people will ever sing for joy.

“Here I will make a horn grow for David
and set up a lamp for my anointed one.
I will clothe his enemies with shame,
but his head will be adorned with a radiant crown.”

Psalm 133

A song of ascents. Of David.

How good and pleasant it is
when God’s people live together in unity!

It is like precious oil poured on the head,
running down on the beard,
running down on Aaron’s beard,
down on the collar of his robe.

It is as if the dew of Hermon
were falling on Mount Zion.
For there the Lord bestows his blessing,

even life forevermore.

Psalm 134

A song of ascents.

Praise the Lord, all you servants of the Lord
who minister by night in the house of the Lord.
Lift up your hands in the sanctuary
and praise the Lord.

May the Lord bless you from Zion,
he who is the Maker of heaven and earth.

Psalm 135

Praise the Lord.

Praise the name of the Lord;
praise him, you servants of the Lord,
you who minister in the house of the Lord,
in the courts of the house of our God.

Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good;
sing praise to his name, for that is pleasant.
For the Lord has chosen Jacob to be his own,
Israel to be his treasured possession.

I know that the Lord is great,
that our Lord is greater than all gods.
The Lord does whatever pleases him,
in the heavens and on the earth,
in the seas and all their depths.
He makes clouds rise from the ends of the earth;
he sends lightning with the rain
and brings out the wind from his storehouses.

He struck down the firstborn of Egypt,
the firstborn of people and animals.
He sent his signs and wonders into your midst, Egypt,

against Pharaoh and all his servants.
 He struck down many nations
 and killed mighty kings—
 Sihon king of the Amorites,
 Og king of Bashan,
 and all the kings of Canaan—
 and he gave their land as an inheritance,
 an inheritance to his people Israel.

Your name, Lord, endures forever,
 your renown, Lord, through all generations.
 For the Lord will vindicate his people
 and have compassion on his servants.

The idols of the nations are silver and gold,
 made by human hands.
 They have mouths, but cannot speak,
 eyes, but cannot see.
 They have ears, but cannot hear,
 nor is there breath in their mouths.
 Those who make them will be like them,
 and so will all who trust in them.

All you Israelites, praise the Lord;
 house of Aaron, praise the Lord;
 house of Levi, praise the Lord;
 you who fear him, praise the Lord.
 Praise be to the Lord from Zion,
 to him who dwells in Jerusalem.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 136

Give thanks to the Lord, for he is good.
His love endures forever.
 Give thanks to the God of gods.
His love endures forever.
 Give thanks to the Lord of lords:
His love endures forever.

to him who alone does great wonders,
His love endures forever.
who by his understanding made the heavens,
His love endures forever.
who spread out the earth upon the waters,
His love endures forever.
who made the great lights—
His love endures forever.
the sun to govern the day,
His love endures forever.
the moon and stars to govern the night;
His love endures forever.

to him who struck down the firstborn of Egypt
His love endures forever.
and brought Israel out from among them
His love endures forever.
with a mighty hand and outstretched arm;
His love endures forever.

to him who divided the Red Sea asunder
His love endures forever.
and brought Israel through the midst of it,
His love endures forever.
but swept Pharaoh and his army into the Red Sea;
His love endures forever.

to him who led his people through the wilderness;
His love endures forever.

to him who struck down great kings,
His love endures forever.
and killed mighty kings—
His love endures forever.
Sihon king of the Amorites
His love endures forever.
and Og king of Bashan—
His love endures forever.
and gave their land as an inheritance,

His love endures forever.
 an inheritance to his servant Israel.
His love endures forever.

He remembered us in our low estate
His love endures forever.
 and freed us from our enemies.
His love endures forever.
 He gives food to every creature.
His love endures forever.

Give thanks to the God of heaven.
His love endures forever.

Psalm 137

By the rivers of Babylon we sat and wept
 when we remembered Zion.
 There on the poplars
 we hung our harps,
 for there our captors asked us for songs,
 our tormentors demanded songs of joy;
 they said, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!"

How can we sing the songs of the Lord
 while in a foreign land?
 If I forget you, Jerusalem,
 may my right hand forget its skill.
 May my tongue cling to the roof of my mouth
 if I do not remember you,
 if I do not consider Jerusalem
 my highest joy.

Remember, Lord, what the Edomites did
 on the day Jerusalem fell.
 "Tear it down," they cried,
 "tear it down to its foundations!"
 Daughter Babylon, doomed to destruction,
 happy is the one who repays you
 according to what you have done to us.

Happy is the one who seizes your infants
and dashes them against the rocks.

Psalm 138

Of David.

I will praise you, Lord, with all my heart;
before the “gods” I will sing your praise.
I will bow down toward your holy temple
and will praise your name
for your unfailing love and your faithfulness,
for you have so exalted your solemn decree
that it surpasses your fame.
When I called, you answered me;
you greatly emboldened me.

May all the kings of the earth praise you, Lord,
when they hear what you have decreed.
May they sing of the ways of the Lord,
for the glory of the Lord is great.

Though the Lord is exalted, he looks kindly on the lowly;
though lofty, he sees them from afar.
Though I walk in the midst of trouble,
you preserve my life.
You stretch out your hand against the anger of my foes;
with your right hand you save me.
The Lord will vindicate me;
your love, Lord, endures forever—
do not abandon the works of your hands.

Psalm 139

For the director of music. Of David. A psalm.

You have searched me, Lord,
and you know me.
You know when I sit and when I rise;
you perceive my thoughts from afar.
You discern my going out and my lying down;
you are familiar with all my ways.

Before a word is on my tongue
you, Lord, know it completely.
You hem me in behind and before,
and you lay your hand upon me.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
too lofty for me to attain.

Where can I go from your Spirit?
Where can I flee from your presence?
If I go up to the heavens, you are there;
if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.
If I rise on the wings of the dawn,
if I settle on the far side of the sea,
even there your hand will guide me,
your right hand will hold me fast.
If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide me
and the light become night around me,"
even the darkness will not be dark to you;
the night will shine like the day,
for darkness is as light to you.

For you created my inmost being;
you knit me together in my mother's womb.
I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;
your works are wonderful,
I know that full well.
My frame was not hidden from you
when I was made in the secret place,
when I was woven together in the depths of the earth.
Your eyes saw my unformed body;
all the days ordained for me were written in your book
before one of them came to be.
How precious to me are your thoughts, God!
How vast is the sum of them!
Were I to count them,
they would outnumber the grains of sand—
when I awake, I am still with you.

If only you, God, would slay the wicked!
Away from me, you who are bloodthirsty!

They speak of you with evil intent;
 your adversaries misuse your name.
 Do I not hate those who hate you, Lord,
 and abhor those who are in rebellion against you?
 I have nothing but hatred for them;
 I count them my enemies.
 Search me, God, and know my heart;
 test me and know my anxious thoughts.
 See if there is any offensive way in me,
 and lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalm 140

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Rescue me, Lord, from evildoers;
 protect me from the violent,
 who devise evil plans in their hearts
 and stir up war every day.
 They make their tongues as sharp as a serpent's;
 the poison of vipers is on their lips.

Keep me safe, Lord, from the hands of the wicked;
 protect me from the violent,
 who devise ways to trip my feet.
 The arrogant have hidden a snare for me;
 they have spread out the cords of their net
 and have set traps for me along my path.

I say to the Lord, "You are my God."
 Hear, Lord, my cry for mercy.
 Sovereign Lord, my strong deliverer,
 you shield my head in the day of battle.
 Do not grant the wicked their desires, Lord;
 do not let their plans succeed.

Those who surround me proudly rear their heads;
 may the mischief of their lips engulf them.
 May burning coals fall on them;
 may they be thrown into the fire,
 into miry pits, never to rise.

May slanderers not be established in the land;
may disaster hunt down the violent.

I know that the Lord secures justice for the poor
and upholds the cause of the needy.
Surely the righteous will praise your name,
and the upright will live in your presence.

Psalm 141

A psalm of David.

I call to you, Lord, come quickly to me;
hear me when I call to you.
May my prayer be set before you like incense;
may the lifting up of my hands be like the evening sacrifice.

Set a guard over my mouth, Lord;
keep watch over the door of my lips.
Do not let my heart be drawn to what is evil
so that I take part in wicked deeds
along with those who are evildoers;
do not let me eat their delicacies.

Let a righteous man strike me—that is a kindness;
let him rebuke me—that is oil on my head.
My head will not refuse it,
for my prayer will still be against the deeds of evildoers.

Their rulers will be thrown down from the cliffs,
and the wicked will learn that my words were well spoken.
They will say, “As one plows and breaks up the earth,
so our bones have been scattered at the mouth of the grave.”

But my eyes are fixed on you, Sovereign Lord;
in you I take refuge—do not give me over to death.
Keep me safe from the traps set by evildoers,
from the snares they have laid for me.
Let the wicked fall into their own nets,
while I pass by in safety.

Psalm 142

A *maskil* of David. When he was in the cave. A prayer.

I cry aloud to the Lord;
I lift up my voice to the Lord for mercy.
I pour out before him my complaint;
before him I tell my trouble.

When my spirit grows faint within me,
it is you who watch over my way.
In the path where I walk
people have hidden a snare for me.
Look and see, there is no one at my right hand;
no one is concerned for me.
I have no refuge;
no one cares for my life.

I cry to you, Lord;
I say, "You are my refuge,
my portion in the land of the living."

Listen to my cry,
for I am in desperate need;
rescue me from those who pursue me,
for they are too strong for me.
Set me free from my prison,
that I may praise your name.
Then the righteous will gather about me
because of your goodness to me.

Psalm 143

A psalm of David.

Lord, hear my prayer,
listen to my cry for mercy;
in your faithfulness and righteousness
come to my relief.

Do not bring your servant into judgment,
for no one living is righteous before you.
The enemy pursues me,
he crushes me to the ground;
he makes me dwell in the darkness
like those long dead.
So my spirit grows faint within me;
my heart within me is dismayed.
I remember the days of long ago;
I meditate on all your works
and consider what your hands have done.
I spread out my hands to you;
I thirst for you like a parched land.

Answer me quickly, Lord;
my spirit fails.
Do not hide your face from me
or I will be like those who go down to the pit.
Let the morning bring me word of your unfailing love,
for I have put my trust in you.
Show me the way I should go,
for to you I entrust my life.
Rescue me from my enemies, Lord,
for I hide myself in you.
Teach me to do your will,
for you are my God;
may your good Spirit
lead me on level ground.

For your name's sake, Lord, preserve my life;
in your righteousness, bring me out of trouble.
In your unfailing love, silence my enemies;
destroy all my foes,
for I am your servant.

Psalm 144

Of David.

Praise be to the Lord my Rock,
who trains my hands for war,

my fingers for battle.
He is my loving God and my fortress,
my stronghold and my deliverer,
my shield, in whom I take refuge,
who subdues peoples under me.

Lord, what are human beings that you care for them,
mere mortals that you think of them?
They are like a breath;
their days are like a fleeting shadow.

Part your heavens, Lord, and come down;
touch the mountains, so that they smoke.
Send forth lightning and scatter the enemy;
shoot your arrows and rout them.
Reach down your hand from on high;
deliver me and rescue me
from the mighty waters,
from the hands of foreigners
whose mouths are full of lies,
whose right hands are deceitful.

I will sing a new song to you, my God;
on the ten-stringed lyre I will make music to you,
to the One who gives victory to kings,
who delivers his servant David.

From the deadly sword deliver me;
rescue me from the hands of foreigners
whose mouths are full of lies,
whose right hands are deceitful.

Then our sons in their youth
will be like well-nurtured plants,
and our daughters will be like pillars
carved to adorn a palace.
Our barns will be filled
with every kind of provision.
Our sheep will increase by thousands,
by tens of thousands in our fields;

our oxen will draw heavy loads.
 There will be no breaching of walls,
 no going into captivity,
 no cry of distress in our streets.
 Blessed is the people of whom this is true;
 blessed is the people whose God is the Lord.

Psalm 145

A psalm of praise. Of David.

I will exalt you, my God the King;
 I will praise your name for ever and ever.
 Every day I will praise you
 and extol your name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise;
 his greatness no one can fathom.
 One generation commends your works to another;
 they tell of your mighty acts.
 They speak of the glorious splendor of your majesty—
 and I will meditate on your wonderful works.
 They tell of the power of your awesome works—
 and I will proclaim your great deeds.
 They celebrate your abundant goodness
 and joyfully sing of your righteousness.

The Lord is gracious and compassionate,
 slow to anger and rich in love.

The Lord is good to all;
 he has compassion on all he has made.
 All your works praise you, Lord;
 your faithful people extol you.
 They tell of the glory of your kingdom
 and speak of your might,
 so that all people may know of your mighty acts
 and the glorious splendor of your kingdom.
 Your kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
 and your dominion endures through all generations.

The Lord is trustworthy in all he promises
and faithful in all he does.
The Lord upholds all who fall
and lifts up all who are bowed down.
The eyes of all look to you,
and you give them their food at the proper time.
You open your hand
and satisfy the desires of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways
and faithful in all he does.
The Lord is near to all who call on him,
to all who call on him in truth.
He fulfills the desires of those who fear him;
he hears their cry and saves them.
The Lord watches over all who love him,
but all the wicked he will destroy.

My mouth will speak in praise of the Lord.
Let every creature praise his holy name
for ever and ever.

Psalm 146

Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, my soul.

I will praise the Lord all my life;
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.
Do not put your trust in princes,
in human beings, who cannot save.
When their spirit departs, they return to the ground;
on that very day their plans come to nothing.
Blessed are those whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord their God.

He is the Maker of heaven and earth,
the sea, and everything in them—
he remains faithful forever.

He upholds the cause of the oppressed
and gives food to the hungry.
The Lord sets prisoners free,
the Lord gives sight to the blind,
the Lord lifts up those who are bowed down,
the Lord loves the righteous.
The Lord watches over the foreigner
and sustains the fatherless and the widow,
but he frustrates the ways of the wicked.

The Lord reigns forever,
your God, O Zion, for all generations.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 147

Praise the Lord.

How good it is to sing praises to our God,
how pleasant and fitting to praise him!

The Lord builds up Jerusalem;
he gathers the exiles of Israel.
He heals the brokenhearted
and binds up their wounds.
He determines the number of the stars
and calls them each by name.
Great is our Lord and mighty in power;
his understanding has no limit.
The Lord sustains the humble
but casts the wicked to the ground.

Sing to the Lord with grateful praise;
make music to our God on the harp.

He covers the sky with clouds;
he supplies the earth with rain
and makes grass grow on the hills.
He provides food for the cattle

and for the young ravens when they call.

His pleasure is not in the strength of the horse,
nor his delight in the legs of the warrior;
the Lord delights in those who fear him,
who put their hope in his unfailing love.

Extol the Lord, Jerusalem;
praise your God, Zion.

He strengthens the bars of your gates
and blesses your people within you.
He grants peace to your borders
and satisfies you with the finest of wheat.

He sends his command to the earth;
his word runs swiftly.
He spreads the snow like wool
and scatters the frost like ashes.
He hurls down his hail like pebbles.
Who can withstand his icy blast?
He sends his word and melts them;
he stirs up his breezes, and the waters flow.

He has revealed his word to Jacob,
his laws and decrees to Israel.
He has done this for no other nation;
they do not know his laws.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 148

Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord from the heavens;
praise him in the heights above.
Praise him, all his angels;
praise him, all his heavenly hosts.
Praise him, sun and moon;

praise him, all you shining stars.
Praise him, you highest heavens
and you waters above the skies.

Let them praise the name of the Lord,
for at his command they were created,
and he established them for ever and ever—
he issued a decree that will never pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth,
you great sea creatures and all ocean depths,
lightning and hail, snow and clouds,
stormy winds that do his bidding,
you mountains and all hills,
fruit trees and all cedars,
wild animals and all cattle,
small creatures and flying birds,
kings of the earth and all nations,
you princes and all rulers on earth,
young men and women,
old men and children.

Let them praise the name of the Lord,
for his name alone is exalted;
his splendor is above the earth and the heavens.
And he has raised up for his people a horn,
the praise of all his faithful servants,
of Israel, the people close to his heart.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 149

Praise the Lord.

Sing to the Lord a new song,
his praise in the assembly of his faithful people.

Let Israel rejoice in their Maker;
let the people of Zion be glad in their King.

Let them praise his name with dancing
and make music to him with timbrel and harp.
For the Lord takes delight in his people;
he crowns the humble with victory.
Let his faithful people rejoice in this honor
and sing for joy on their beds.

May the praise of God be in their mouths
and a double-edged sword in their hands,
to inflict vengeance on the nations
and punishment on the peoples,
to bind their kings with fetters,
their nobles with shackles of iron,
to carry out the sentence written against them—
this is the glory of all his faithful people.

Praise the Lord.

Psalm 150

Praise the Lord.

Praise God in his sanctuary;
praise him in his mighty heavens.
Praise him for his acts of power;
praise him for his surpassing greatness.
Praise him with the sounding of the trumpet,
praise him with the harp and lyre,
praise him with timbrel and dancing,
praise him with the strings and pipe,
praise him with the clash of cymbals,
praise him with resounding cymbals.

Let everything that has breath praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord.

Proverbs

The proverbs of Solomon son of David, king of Israel:

for gaining wisdom and instruction;
 for understanding words of insight;
 for receiving instruction in prudent behavior,
 doing what is right and just and fair;
 for giving prudence to those who are simple,
 knowledge and discretion to the young—
 let the wise listen and add to their learning,
 and let the discerning get guidance—
 for understanding proverbs and parables,
 the sayings and riddles of the wise.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge,
 but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Listen, my son, to your father's instruction
 and do not forsake your mother's teaching.
 They are a garland to grace your head
 and a chain to adorn your neck.

My son, if sinful men entice you,
 do not give in to them.
 If they say, "Come along with us;
 let's lie in wait for innocent blood,
 let's ambush some harmless soul;
 let's swallow them alive, like the grave,
 and whole, like those who go down to the pit;
 we will get all sorts of valuable things
 and fill our houses with plunder;
 cast lots with us;
 we will all share the loot"—
 my son, do not go along with them,
 do not set foot on their paths;
 for their feet rush into evil,
 they are swift to shed blood.
 How useless to spread a net
 where every bird can see it!

These men lie in wait for their own blood;
they ambush only themselves!
Such are the paths of all who go after ill-gotten gain;
it takes away the life of those who get it.

Out in the open wisdom calls aloud,
she raises her voice in the public square;
on top of the wall she cries out,
at the city gate she makes her speech:

“How long will you who are simple love your simple ways?
How long will mockers delight in mockery
and fools hate knowledge?
Repent at my rebuke!
Then I will pour out my thoughts to you,
I will make known to you my teachings.
But since you refuse to listen when I call
and no one pays attention when I stretch out my hand,
since you disregard all my advice
and do not accept my rebuke,
I in turn will laugh when disaster strikes you;
I will mock when calamity overtakes you—
when calamity overtakes you like a storm,
when disaster sweeps over you like a whirlwind,
when distress and trouble overwhelm you.

“Then they will call to me but I will not answer;
they will look for me but will not find me,
since they hated knowledge
and did not choose to fear the Lord.
Since they would not accept my advice
and spurned my rebuke,
they will eat the fruit of their ways
and be filled with the fruit of their schemes.
For the waywardness of the simple will kill them,
and the complacency of fools will destroy them;
but whoever listens to me will live in safety
and be at ease, without fear of harm.”

My son, if you accept my words

and store up my commands within you,
turning your ear to wisdom
and applying your heart to understanding—
indeed, if you call out for insight
and cry aloud for understanding,
and if you look for it as for silver
and search for it as for hidden treasure,
then you will understand the fear of the Lord
and find the knowledge of God.
For the Lord gives wisdom;
from his mouth come knowledge and understanding.
He holds success in store for the upright,
he is a shield to those whose walk is blameless,
for he guards the course of the just
and protects the way of his faithful ones.

Then you will understand what is right and just
and fair—every good path.
For wisdom will enter your heart,
and knowledge will be pleasant to your soul.
Discretion will protect you,
and understanding will guard you.

Wisdom will save you from the ways of wicked men,
from men whose words are perverse,
who have left the straight paths
to walk in dark ways,
who delight in doing wrong
and rejoice in the perverseness of evil,
whose paths are crooked
and who are devious in their ways.

Wisdom will save you also from the adulterous woman,
from the wayward woman with her seductive words,
who has left the partner of her youth
and ignored the covenant she made before God.
Surely her house leads down to death
and her paths to the spirits of the dead.
None who go to her return
or attain the paths of life.

Thus you will walk in the ways of the good
and keep to the paths of the righteous.
For the upright will live in the land,
and the blameless will remain in it;
but the wicked will be cut off from the land,
and the unfaithful will be torn from it.

My son, do not forget my teaching,
but keep my commands in your heart,
for they will prolong your life many years
and bring you peace and prosperity.

Let love and faithfulness never leave you;
bind them around your neck,
write them on the tablet of your heart.
Then you will win favor and a good name
in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all your heart
and lean not on your own understanding;
in all your ways submit to him,
and he will make your paths straight.

Do not be wise in your own eyes;
fear the Lord and shun evil.
This will bring health to your body
and nourishment to your bones.

Honor the Lord with your wealth,
with the firstfruits of all your crops;
then your barns will be filled to overflowing,
and your vats will brim over with new wine.

My son, do not despise the Lord's discipline,
and do not resent his rebuke,
because the Lord disciplines those he loves,
as a father the son he delights in.

Blessed are those who find wisdom,

those who gain understanding,
for she is more profitable than silver
and yields better returns than gold.
She is more precious than rubies;
nothing you desire can compare with her.
Long life is in her right hand;
in her left hand are riches and honor.
Her ways are pleasant ways,
and all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to those who take hold of her;
those who hold her fast will be blessed.

By wisdom the Lord laid the earth's foundations,
by understanding he set the heavens in place;
by his knowledge the watery depths were divided,
and the clouds let drop the dew.

My son, do not let wisdom and understanding out of your sight,
preserve sound judgment and discretion;
they will be life for you,
an ornament to grace your neck.
Then you will go on your way in safety,
and your foot will not stumble.
When you lie down, you will not be afraid;
when you lie down, your sleep will be sweet.
Have no fear of sudden disaster
or of the ruin that overtakes the wicked,
for the Lord will be at your side
and will keep your foot from being snared.

Do not withhold good from those to whom it is due,
when it is in your power to act.
Do not say to your neighbor,
"Come back tomorrow and I'll give it to you"—
when you already have it with you.
Do not plot harm against your neighbor,
who lives trustfully near you.
Do not accuse anyone for no reason—
when they have done you no harm.

Do not envy the violent
or choose any of their ways.

For the Lord detests the perverse
but takes the upright into his confidence.
The Lord's curse is on the house of the wicked,
but he blesses the home of the righteous.
He mocks proud mockers
but shows favor to the humble and oppressed.
The wise inherit honor,
but fools get only shame.

Listen, my sons, to a father's instruction;
pay attention and gain understanding.
I give you sound learning,
so do not forsake my teaching.
For I too was a son to my father,
still tender, and cherished by my mother.
Then he taught me, and he said to me,
"Take hold of my words with all your heart;
keep my commands, and you will live.
Get wisdom, get understanding;
do not forget my words or turn away from them.
Do not forsake wisdom, and she will protect you;
love her, and she will watch over you.
The beginning of wisdom is this: Get wisdom.
Though it cost all you have, get understanding.
Cherish her, and she will exalt you;
embrace her, and she will honor you.
She will give you a garland to grace your head
and present you with a glorious crown."

Listen, my son, accept what I say,
and the years of your life will be many.
I instruct you in the way of wisdom
and lead you along straight paths.
When you walk, your steps will not be hampered;
when you run, you will not stumble.
Hold on to instruction, do not let it go;
guard it well, for it is your life.

Do not set foot on the path of the wicked
or walk in the way of evildoers.
Avoid it, do not travel on it;
turn from it and go on your way.
For they cannot rest until they do evil;
they are robbed of sleep till they make someone stumble.
They eat the bread of wickedness
and drink the wine of violence.

The path of the righteous is like the morning sun,
shining ever brighter till the full light of day.
But the way of the wicked is like deep darkness;
they do not know what makes them stumble.

My son, pay attention to what I say;
turn your ear to my words.
Do not let them out of your sight,
keep them within your heart;
for they are life to those who find them
and health to one's whole body.
Above all else, guard your heart,
for everything you do flows from it.
Keep your mouth free of perversity;
keep corrupt talk far from your lips.
Let your eyes look straight ahead;
fix your gaze directly before you.
Give careful thought to the paths for your feet
and be steadfast in all your ways.
Do not turn to the right or the left;
keep your foot from evil.

My son, pay attention to my wisdom,
turn your ear to my words of insight,
that you may maintain discretion
and your lips may preserve knowledge.
For the lips of the adulterous woman drip honey,
and her speech is smoother than oil;
but in the end she is bitter as gall,
sharp as a double-edged sword.
Her feet go down to death;

her steps lead straight to the grave.
 She gives no thought to the way of life;
 her paths wander aimlessly, but she does not know it.

Now then, my sons, listen to me;
 do not turn aside from what I say.
 Keep to a path far from her,
 do not go near the door of her house,
 lest you lose your honor to others
 and your dignity to one who is cruel,
 lest strangers feast on your wealth
 and your toil enrich the house of another.
 At the end of your life you will groan,
 when your flesh and body are spent.
 You will say, "How I hated discipline!
 How my heart spurned correction!
 I would not obey my teachers
 or turn my ear to my instructors.
 And I was soon in serious trouble
 in the assembly of God's people."

Drink water from your own cistern,
 running water from your own well.
 Should your springs overflow in the streets,
 your streams of water in the public squares?
 Let them be yours alone,
 never to be shared with strangers.
 May your fountain be blessed,
 and may you rejoice in the wife of your youth.
 A loving doe, a graceful deer—
 may her breasts satisfy you always,
 may you ever be intoxicated with her love.
 Why, my son, be intoxicated with another man's wife?
 Why embrace the bosom of a wayward woman?

For your ways are in full view of the Lord,
 and he examines all your paths.
 The evil deeds of the wicked ensnare them;
 the cords of their sins hold them fast.
 For lack of discipline they will die,

led astray by their own great folly.

My son, if you have put up security for your neighbor,
 if you have shaken hands in pledge for a stranger,
 you have been trapped by what you said,
 ensnared by the words of your mouth.
 So do this, my son, to free yourself,
 since you have fallen into your neighbor's hands:
 Go—to the point of exhaustion—
 and give your neighbor no rest!
 Allow no sleep to your eyes,
 no slumber to your eyelids.
 Free yourself, like a gazelle from the hand of the hunter,
 like a bird from the snare of the fowler.

Go to the ant, you sluggard;
 consider its ways and be wise!
 It has no commander,
 no overseer or ruler,
 yet it stores its provisions in summer
 and gathers its food at harvest.

How long will you lie there, you sluggard?
 When will you get up from your sleep?
 A little sleep, a little slumber,
 a little folding of the hands to rest—
 and poverty will come on you like a thief
 and scarcity like an armed man.

A troublemaker and a villain,
 who goes about with a corrupt mouth,
 who winks maliciously with his eye,
 signals with his feet
 and motions with his fingers,
 who plots evil with deceit in his heart—
 he always stirs up conflict.
 Therefore disaster will overtake him in an instant;
 he will suddenly be destroyed—without remedy.

There are six things the Lord hates,

seven that are detestable to him:
haughty eyes,
a lying tongue,
hands that shed innocent blood,
a heart that devises wicked schemes,
feet that are quick to rush into evil,
a false witness who pours out lies
and a person who stirs up conflict in the community.

My son, keep your father's command
and do not forsake your mother's teaching.
Bind them always on your heart;
fasten them around your neck.
When you walk, they will guide you;
when you sleep, they will watch over you;
when you awake, they will speak to you.
For this command is a lamp,
this teaching is a light,
and correction and instruction
are the way to life,
keeping you from your neighbor's wife,
from the smooth talk of a wayward woman.

Do not lust in your heart after her beauty
or let her captivate you with her eyes.

For a prostitute can be had for a loaf of bread,
but another man's wife preys on your very life.
Can a man scoop fire into his lap
without his clothes being burned?
Can a man walk on hot coals
without his feet being scorched?
So is he who sleeps with another man's wife;
no one who touches her will go unpunished.

People do not despise a thief if he steals
to satisfy his hunger when he is starving.
Yet if he is caught, he must pay sevenfold,
though it costs him all the wealth of his house.
But a man who commits adultery has no sense;

whoever does so destroys himself.
Blows and disgrace are his lot,
and his shame will never be wiped away.

For jealousy arouses a husband's fury,
and he will show no mercy when he takes revenge.
He will not accept any compensation;
he will refuse a bribe, however great it is.

My son, keep my words
and store up my commands within you.
Keep my commands and you will live;
guard my teachings as the apple of your eye.
Bind them on your fingers;
write them on the tablet of your heart.
Say to wisdom, "You are my sister,"
and to insight, "You are my relative."
They will keep you from the adulterous woman,
from the wayward woman with her seductive words.

At the window of my house
I looked down through the lattice.
I saw among the simple,
I noticed among the young men,
a youth who had no sense.
He was going down the street near her corner,
walking along in the direction of her house
at twilight, as the day was fading,
as the dark of night set in.

Then out came a woman to meet him,
dressed like a prostitute and with crafty intent.
(She is unruly and defiant,
her feet never stay at home;
now in the street, now in the squares,
at every corner she lurks.)
She took hold of him and kissed him
and with a brazen face she said:

"Today I fulfilled my vows,

and I have food from my fellowship offering at home.
 So I came out to meet you;
 I looked for you and have found you!
 I have covered my bed
 with colored linens from Egypt.
 I have perfumed my bed
 with myrrh, aloes and cinnamon.
 Come, let's drink deeply of love till morning;
 let's enjoy ourselves with love!
 My husband is not at home;
 he has gone on a long journey.
 He took his purse filled with money
 and will not be home till full moon."

With persuasive words she led him astray;
 she seduced him with her smooth talk.
 All at once he followed her
 like an ox going to the slaughter,
 like a deer stepping into a noose
 till an arrow pierces his liver,
 like a bird darting into a snare,
 little knowing it will cost him his life.

Now then, my sons, listen to me;
 pay attention to what I say.
 Do not let your heart turn to her ways
 or stray into her paths.
 Many are the victims she has brought down;
 her slain are a mighty throng.
 Her house is a highway to the grave,
 leading down to the chambers of death.

Does not wisdom call out?
 Does not understanding raise her voice?
 At the highest point along the way,
 where the paths meet, she takes her stand;
 beside the gate leading into the city,
 at the entrance, she cries aloud:
 "To you, O people, I call out;
 I raise my voice to all mankind.

You who are simple, gain prudence;
you who are foolish, set your hearts on it.
Listen, for I have trustworthy things to say;
I open my lips to speak what is right.
My mouth speaks what is true,
for my lips detest wickedness.
All the words of my mouth are just;
none of them is crooked or perverse.
To the discerning all of them are right;
they are upright to those who have found knowledge.
Choose my instruction instead of silver,
knowledge rather than choice gold,
for wisdom is more precious than rubies,
and nothing you desire can compare with her.

“I, wisdom, dwell together with prudence;
I possess knowledge and discretion.
To fear the Lord is to hate evil;
I hate pride and arrogance,
evil behavior and perverse speech.
Counsel and sound judgment are mine;
I have insight, I have power.
By me kings reign
and rulers issue decrees that are just;
by me princes govern,
and nobles—all who rule on earth.
I love those who love me,
and those who seek me find me.
With me are riches and honor,
enduring wealth and prosperity.
My fruit is better than fine gold;
what I yield surpasses choice silver.
I walk in the way of righteousness,
along the paths of justice,
bestowing a rich inheritance on those who love me
and making their treasuries full.

“The Lord brought me forth as the first of his works,
before his deeds of old;
I was formed long ages ago,

at the very beginning, when the world came to be.
When there were no watery depths, I was given birth,
when there were no springs overflowing with water;
before the mountains were settled in place,
before the hills, I was given birth,
before he made the world or its fields
or any of the dust of the earth.
I was there when he set the heavens in place,
when he marked out the horizon on the face of the deep,
when he established the clouds above
and fixed securely the fountains of the deep,
when he gave the sea its boundary
so the waters would not overstep his command,
and when he marked out the foundations of the earth.
Then I was constantly at his side.
I was filled with delight day after day,
rejoicing always in his presence,
rejoicing in his whole world
and delighting in mankind.

“Now then, my children, listen to me;
blessed are those who keep my ways.
Listen to my instruction and be wise;
do not disregard it.
Blessed are those who listen to me,
watching daily at my doors,
waiting at my doorway.
For those who find me find life
and receive favor from the Lord.
But those who fail to find me harm themselves;
all who hate me love death.”

Wisdom has built her house;
she has set up its seven pillars.
She has prepared her meat and mixed her wine;
she has also set her table.
She has sent out her servants, and she calls
from the highest point of the city,
“Let all who are simple come to my house!”
To those who have no sense she says,

“Come, eat my food
and drink the wine I have mixed.
Leave your simple ways and you will live;
walk in the way of insight.”

Whoever corrects a mocker invites insults;
whoever rebukes the wicked incurs abuse.
Do not rebuke mockers or they will hate you;
rebuke the wise and they will love you.
Instruct the wise and they will be wiser still;
teach the righteous and they will add to their learning.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,
and knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.
For through wisdom your days will be many,
and years will be added to your life.
If you are wise, your wisdom will reward you;
if you are a mocker, you alone will suffer.

Folly is an unruly woman;
she is simple and knows nothing.
She sits at the door of her house,
on a seat at the highest point of the city,
calling out to those who pass by,
who go straight on their way,
“Let all who are simple come to my house!”
To those who have no sense she says,
“Stolen water is sweet;
food eaten in secret is delicious!”
But little do they know that the dead are there,
that her guests are deep in the realm of the dead.

The proverbs of Solomon:

A wise son brings joy to his father,
but a foolish son brings grief to his mother.

Ill-gotten treasures have no lasting value,
but righteousness delivers from death.

The Lord does not let the righteous go hungry,
but he thwarts the craving of the wicked.

Lazy hands make for poverty,
but diligent hands bring wealth.

He who gathers crops in summer is a prudent son,
but he who sleeps during harvest is a disgraceful son.

Blessings crown the head of the righteous,
but violence overwhelms the mouth of the wicked.

The name of the righteous is used in blessings,
but the name of the wicked will rot.

The wise in heart accept commands,
but a chattering fool comes to ruin.

Whoever walks in integrity walks securely,
but whoever takes crooked paths will be found out.

Whoever winks maliciously causes grief,
and a chattering fool comes to ruin.

The mouth of the righteous is a fountain of life,
but the mouth of the wicked conceals violence.

Hatred stirs up conflict,
but love covers over all wrongs.

Wisdom is found on the lips of the discerning,
but a rod is for the back of one who has no sense.

The wise store up knowledge,
but the mouth of a fool invites ruin.

The wealth of the rich is their fortified city,
but poverty is the ruin of the poor.

The wages of the righteous is life,

but the earnings of the wicked are sin and death.

Whoever heeds discipline shows the way to life,
but whoever ignores correction leads others astray.

Whoever conceals hatred with lying lips
and spreads slander is a fool.

Sin is not ended by multiplying words,
but the prudent hold their tongues.

The tongue of the righteous is choice silver,
but the heart of the wicked is of little value.

The lips of the righteous nourish many,
but fools die for lack of sense.

The blessing of the Lord brings wealth,
without painful toil for it.

A fool finds pleasure in wicked schemes,
but a person of understanding delights in wisdom.

What the wicked dread will overtake them;
what the righteous desire will be granted.

When the storm has swept by, the wicked are gone,
but the righteous stand firm forever.

As vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes,
so are sluggards to those who send them.

The fear of the Lord adds length to life,
but the years of the wicked are cut short.

The prospect of the righteous is joy,
but the hopes of the wicked come to nothing.

The way of the Lord is a refuge for the blameless,
but it is the ruin of those who do evil.

The righteous will never be uprooted,
but the wicked will not remain in the land.

From the mouth of the righteous comes the fruit of wisdom,
but a perverse tongue will be silenced.

The lips of the righteous know what finds favor,
but the mouth of the wicked only what is perverse.

The Lord detests dishonest scales,
but accurate weights find favor with him.

When pride comes, then comes disgrace,
but with humility comes wisdom.

The integrity of the upright guides them,
but the unfaithful are destroyed by their duplicity.

Wealth is worthless in the day of wrath,
but righteousness delivers from death.

The righteousness of the blameless makes their paths straight,
but the wicked are brought down by their own wickedness.

The righteousness of the upright delivers them,
but the unfaithful are trapped by evil desires.

Hopes placed in mortals die with them;
all the promise of their power comes to nothing.

The righteous person is rescued from trouble,
and it falls on the wicked instead.

With their mouths the godless destroy their neighbors,
but through knowledge the righteous escape.

When the righteous prosper, the city rejoices;
when the wicked perish, there are shouts of joy.

Through the blessing of the upright a city is exalted,
but by the mouth of the wicked it is destroyed.

Whoever derides their neighbor has no sense,
but the one who has understanding holds their tongue.

A gossip betrays a confidence,
but a trustworthy person keeps a secret.

For lack of guidance a nation falls,
but victory is won through many advisers.

Whoever puts up security for a stranger will surely suffer,
but whoever refuses to shake hands in pledge is safe.

A kindhearted woman gains honor,
but ruthless men gain only wealth.

Those who are kind benefit themselves,
but the cruel bring ruin on themselves.

A wicked person earns deceptive wages,
but the one who sows righteousness reaps a sure reward.

Truly the righteous attain life,
but whoever pursues evil finds death.

The Lord detests those whose hearts are perverse,
but he delights in those whose ways are blameless.

Be sure of this: The wicked will not go unpunished,
but those who are righteous will go free.

Like a gold ring in a pig's snout
is a beautiful woman who shows no discretion.

The desire of the righteous ends only in good,
but the hope of the wicked only in wrath.

One person gives freely, yet gains even more;
another withholds unduly, but comes to poverty.

A generous person will prosper;
whoever refreshes others will be refreshed.

People curse the one who hoards grain,
but they pray God's blessing on the one who is willing to sell.

Whoever seeks good finds favor,
but evil comes to one who searches for it.

Those who trust in their riches will fall,
but the righteous will thrive like a green leaf.

Whoever brings ruin on their family will inherit only wind,
and the fool will be servant to the wise.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life,
and the one who is wise saves lives.

If the righteous receive their due on earth,
how much more the ungodly and the sinner!

Whoever loves discipline loves knowledge,
but whoever hates correction is stupid.

Good people obtain favor from the Lord,
but he condemns those who devise wicked schemes.

No one can be established through wickedness,
but the righteous cannot be uprooted.

A wife of noble character is her husband's crown,
but a disgraceful wife is like decay in his bones.

The plans of the righteous are just,
but the advice of the wicked is deceitful.

The words of the wicked lie in wait for blood,
but the speech of the upright rescues them.

The wicked are overthrown and are no more,
but the house of the righteous stands firm.

A person is praised according to their prudence,
and one with a warped mind is despised.

Better to be a nobody and yet have a servant
than pretend to be somebody and have no food.

The righteous care for the needs of their animals,
but the kindest acts of the wicked are cruel.

Those who work their land will have abundant food,
but those who chase fantasies have no sense.

The wicked desire the stronghold of evildoers,
but the root of the righteous endures.

Evildoers are trapped by their sinful talk,
and so the innocent escape trouble.

From the fruit of their lips people are filled with good things,
and the work of their hands brings them reward.

The way of fools seems right to them,
but the wise listen to advice.

Fools show their annoyance at once,
but the prudent overlook an insult.

An honest witness tells the truth,
but a false witness tells lies.

The words of the reckless pierce like swords,
but the tongue of the wise brings healing.

Truthful lips endure forever,
but a lying tongue lasts only a moment.

Deceit is in the hearts of those who plot evil,
but those who promote peace have joy.

No harm overtakes the righteous,
but the wicked have their fill of trouble.

The Lord detests lying lips,
but he delights in people who are trustworthy.

The prudent keep their knowledge to themselves,
but a fool's heart blurts out folly.

Diligent hands will rule,
but laziness ends in forced labor.

Anxiety weighs down the heart,
but a kind word cheers it up.

The righteous choose their friends carefully,
but the way of the wicked leads them astray.

The lazy do not roast any game,
but the diligent feed on the riches of the hunt.

In the way of righteousness there is life;
along that path is immortality.

A wise son heeds his father's instruction,
but a mocker does not respond to rebukes.

From the fruit of their lips people enjoy good things,
but the unfaithful have an appetite for violence.

Those who guard their lips preserve their lives,
but those who speak rashly will come to ruin.

A sluggard's appetite is never filled,
but the desires of the diligent are fully satisfied.

The righteous hate what is false,
but the wicked make themselves a stench
and bring shame on themselves.

Righteousness guards the person of integrity,
but wickedness overthrows the sinner.

One person pretends to be rich, yet has nothing;
another pretends to be poor, yet has great wealth.

A person's riches may ransom their life,
but the poor cannot respond to threatening rebukes.

The light of the righteous shines brightly,
but the lamp of the wicked is snuffed out.

Where there is strife, there is pride,
but wisdom is found in those who take advice.

Dishonest money dwindles away,
but whoever gathers money little by little makes it grow.

Hope deferred makes the heart sick,
but a longing fulfilled is a tree of life.

Whoever scorns instruction will pay for it,
but whoever respects a command is rewarded.

The teaching of the wise is a fountain of life,
turning a person from the snares of death.

Good judgment wins favor,
but the way of the unfaithful leads to their destruction.

All who are prudent act with knowledge,

but fools expose their folly.

A wicked messenger falls into trouble,
but a trustworthy envoy brings healing.

Whoever disregards discipline comes to poverty and shame,
but whoever heeds correction is honored.

A longing fulfilled is sweet to the soul,
but fools detest turning from evil.

Walk with the wise and become wise,
for a companion of fools suffers harm.

Trouble pursues the sinner,
but the righteous are rewarded with good things.

A good person leaves an inheritance for their children's children,
but a sinner's wealth is stored up for the righteous.

An unplowed field produces food for the poor,
but injustice sweeps it away.

Whoever spares the rod hates their children,
but the one who loves their children is careful to discipline them.

The righteous eat to their hearts' content,
but the stomach of the wicked goes hungry.

The wise woman builds her house,
but with her own hands the foolish one tears hers down.

Whoever fears the Lord walks uprightly,
but those who despise him are devious in their ways.

A fool's mouth lashes out with pride,
but the lips of the wise protect them.

Where there are no oxen, the manger is empty,
but from the strength of an ox come abundant harvests.

An honest witness does not deceive,
but a false witness pours out lies.

The mocker seeks wisdom and finds none,
but knowledge comes easily to the discerning.

Stay away from a fool,
for you will not find knowledge on their lips.

The wisdom of the prudent is to give thought to their ways,
but the folly of fools is deception.

Fools mock at making amends for sin,
but goodwill is found among the upright.

Each heart knows its own bitterness,
and no one else can share its joy.

The house of the wicked will be destroyed,
but the tent of the upright will flourish.

There is a way that appears to be right,
but in the end it leads to death.

Even in laughter the heart may ache,
and rejoicing may end in grief.

The faithless will be fully repaid for their ways,
and the good rewarded for theirs.

The simple believe anything,
but the prudent give thought to their steps.

The wise fear the Lord and shun evil,
but a fool is hotheaded and yet feels secure.

A quick-tempered person does foolish things,
and the one who devises evil schemes is hated.

The simple inherit folly,
but the prudent are crowned with knowledge.

Evildoers will bow down in the presence of the good,
and the wicked at the gates of the righteous.

The poor are shunned even by their neighbors,
but the rich have many friends.

It is a sin to despise one's neighbor,
but blessed is the one who is kind to the needy.

Do not those who plot evil go astray?
But those who plan what is good find love and faithfulness.

All hard work brings a profit,
but mere talk leads only to poverty.

The wealth of the wise is their crown,
but the folly of fools yields folly.

A truthful witness saves lives,
but a false witness is deceitful.

Whoever fears the Lord has a secure fortress,
and for their children it will be a refuge.

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life,
turning a person from the snares of death.

A large population is a king's glory,
but without subjects a prince is ruined.

Whoever is patient has great understanding,
but one who is quick-tempered displays folly.

A heart at peace gives life to the body,
but envy rots the bones.

Whoever oppresses the poor shows contempt for their Maker,
but whoever is kind to the needy honors God.

When calamity comes, the wicked are brought down,
but even in death the righteous seek refuge in God.

Wisdom reposes in the heart of the discerning
and even among fools she lets herself be known.

Righteousness exalts a nation,
but sin condemns any people.

A king delights in a wise servant,
but a shameful servant arouses his fury.

A gentle answer turns away wrath,
but a harsh word stirs up anger.

The tongue of the wise adorns knowledge,
but the mouth of the fool gushes folly.

The eyes of the Lord are everywhere,
keeping watch on the wicked and the good.

The soothing tongue is a tree of life,
but a perverse tongue crushes the spirit.

A fool spurns a parent's discipline,
but whoever heeds correction shows prudence.

The house of the righteous contains great treasure,
but the income of the wicked brings ruin.

The lips of the wise spread knowledge,
but the hearts of fools are not upright.

The Lord detests the sacrifice of the wicked,
but the prayer of the upright pleases him.

The Lord detests the way of the wicked,
but he loves those who pursue righteousness.

Stern discipline awaits anyone who leaves the path;
the one who hates correction will die.

Death and Destruction lie open before the Lord—
how much more do human hearts!

Mockers resent correction,
so they avoid the wise.

A happy heart makes the face cheerful,
but heartache crushes the spirit.

The discerning heart seeks knowledge,
but the mouth of a fool feeds on folly.

All the days of the oppressed are wretched,
but the cheerful heart has a continual feast.

Better a little with the fear of the Lord
than great wealth with turmoil.

Better a small serving of vegetables with love
than a fattened calf with hatred.

A hot-tempered person stirs up conflict,
but the one who is patient calms a quarrel.

The way of the sluggard is blocked with thorns,
but the path of the upright is a highway.

A wise son brings joy to his father,
but a foolish man despises his mother.

Folly brings joy to one who has no sense,
but whoever has understanding keeps a straight course.

Plans fail for lack of counsel,
but with many advisers they succeed.

A person finds joy in giving an apt reply—
and how good is a timely word!

The path of life leads upward for the prudent
to keep them from going down to the realm of the dead.

The Lord tears down the house of the proud,
but he sets the widow's boundary stones in place.

The Lord detests the thoughts of the wicked,
but gracious words are pure in his sight.

The greedy bring ruin to their households,
but the one who hates bribes will live.

The heart of the righteous weighs its answers,
but the mouth of the wicked gushes evil.

The Lord is far from the wicked,
but he hears the prayer of the righteous.

Light in a messenger's eyes brings joy to the heart,
and good news gives health to the bones.

Whoever heeds life-giving correction
will be at home among the wise.

Those who disregard discipline despise themselves,
but the one who heeds correction gains understanding.

Wisdom's instruction is to fear the Lord,
and humility comes before honor.

To humans belong the plans of the heart,
but from the Lord comes the proper answer of the tongue.

All a person's ways seem pure to them,
but motives are weighed by the Lord.

Commit to the Lord whatever you do,
and he will establish your plans.

The Lord works out everything to its proper end—
even the wicked for a day of disaster.

The Lord detests all the proud of heart.
Be sure of this: They will not go unpunished.

Through love and faithfulness sin is atoned for;
through the fear of the Lord evil is avoided.

When the Lord takes pleasure in anyone's way,
he causes their enemies to make peace with them.

Better a little with righteousness
than much gain with injustice.

In their hearts humans plan their course,
but the Lord establishes their steps.

The lips of a king speak as an oracle,
and his mouth does not betray justice.

Honest scales and balances belong to the Lord;
all the weights in the bag are of his making.

Kings detest wrongdoing,
for a throne is established through righteousness.

Kings take pleasure in honest lips;
they value the one who speaks what is right.

A king's wrath is a messenger of death,
but the wise will appease it.

When a king's face brightens, it means life;
his favor is like a rain cloud in spring.

How much better to get wisdom than gold,
to get insight rather than silver!

The highway of the upright avoids evil;
those who guard their ways preserve their lives.

Pride goes before destruction,
a haughty spirit before a fall.

Better to be lowly in spirit along with the oppressed
than to share plunder with the proud.

Whoever gives heed to instruction prospers,
and blessed is the one who trusts in the Lord.

The wise in heart are called discerning,
and gracious words promote instruction.

Prudence is a fountain of life to the prudent,
but folly brings punishment to fools.

The hearts of the wise make their mouths prudent,
and their lips promote instruction.

Gracious words are a honeycomb,
sweet to the soul and healing to the bones.

There is a way that appears to be right,
but in the end it leads to death.

The appetite of laborers works for them;
their hunger drives them on.

A scoundrel plots evil,
and on their lips it is like a scorching fire.

A perverse person stirs up conflict,
and a gossip separates close friends.

A violent person entices their neighbor
and leads them down a path that is not good.

Whoever winks with their eye is plotting perversity;
whoever purses their lips is bent on evil.

Gray hair is a crown of splendor;
it is attained in the way of righteousness.

Better a patient person than a warrior,
one with self-control than one who takes a city.

The lot is cast into the lap,
but its every decision is from the Lord.

Better a dry crust with peace and quiet
than a house full of feasting, with strife.

A prudent servant will rule over a disgraceful son
and will share the inheritance as one of the family.

The crucible for silver and the furnace for gold,
but the Lord tests the heart.

A wicked person listens to deceitful lips;
a liar pays attention to a destructive tongue.

Whoever mocks the poor shows contempt for their Maker;
whoever gloats over disaster will not go unpunished.

Children's children are a crown to the aged,
and parents are the pride of their children.

Eloquent lips are unsuited to a godless fool—
how much worse lying lips to a ruler!

A bribe is seen as a charm by the one who gives it;
they think success will come at every turn.

Whoever would foster love covers over an offense,
but whoever repeats the matter separates close friends.

A rebuke impresses a discerning person
more than a hundred lashes a fool.

Evildoers foster rebellion against God;
the messenger of death will be sent against them.

Better to meet a bear robbed of her cubs
than a fool bent on folly.

Evil will never leave the house
of one who pays back evil for good.

Starting a quarrel is like breaching a dam;
so drop the matter before a dispute breaks out.

Acquitting the guilty and condemning the innocent—
the Lord detests them both.

Why should fools have money in hand to buy wisdom,
when they are not able to understand it?

A friend loves at all times,
and a brother is born for a time of adversity.

One who has no sense shakes hands in pledge
and puts up security for a neighbor.

Whoever loves a quarrel loves sin;
whoever builds a high gate invites destruction.

One whose heart is corrupt does not prosper;
one whose tongue is perverse falls into trouble.

To have a fool for a child brings grief;
there is no joy for the parent of a godless fool.

A cheerful heart is good medicine,
but a crushed spirit dries up the bones.

The wicked accept bribes in secret
to pervert the course of justice.

A discerning person keeps wisdom in view,
but a fool's eyes wander to the ends of the earth.

A foolish son brings grief to his father
and bitterness to the mother who bore him.

If imposing a fine on the innocent is not good,
surely to flog honest officials is not right.

The one who has knowledge uses words with restraint,
and whoever has understanding is even-tempered.

Even fools are thought wise if they keep silent,
and discerning if they hold their tongues.

An unfriendly person pursues selfish ends
and against all sound judgment starts quarrels.

Fools find no pleasure in understanding
but delight in airing their own opinions.

When wickedness comes, so does contempt,
and with shame comes reproach.

The words of the mouth are deep waters,
but the fountain of wisdom is a rushing stream.

It is not good to be partial to the wicked
and so deprive the innocent of justice.

The lips of fools bring them strife,
and their mouths invite a beating.

The mouths of fools are their undoing,
and their lips are a snare to their very lives.

The words of a gossip are like choice morsels;
they go down to the inmost parts.

One who is slack in his work
is brother to one who destroys.

The name of the Lord is a fortified tower;
the righteous run to it and are safe.

The wealth of the rich is their fortified city;
they imagine it a wall too high to scale.

Before a downfall the heart is haughty,
but humility comes before honor.

To answer before listening—
that is folly and shame.

The human spirit can endure in sickness,
but a crushed spirit who can bear?

The heart of the discerning acquires knowledge,
for the ears of the wise seek it out.

A gift opens the way
and ushers the giver into the presence of the great.

In a lawsuit the first to speak seems right,
until someone comes forward and cross-examines.

Casting the lot settles disputes
and keeps strong opponents apart.

A brother wronged is more unyielding than a fortified city;
disputes are like the barred gates of a citadel.

From the fruit of their mouth a person's stomach is filled;
with the harvest of their lips they are satisfied.

The tongue has the power of life and death,
and those who love it will eat its fruit.

He who finds a wife finds what is good
and receives favor from the Lord.

The poor plead for mercy,
but the rich answer harshly.

One who has unreliable friends soon comes to ruin,
but there is a friend who sticks closer than a brother.

Better the poor whose walk is blameless
than a fool whose lips are perverse.

Desire without knowledge is not good—
how much more will hasty feet miss the way!

A person's own folly leads to their ruin,
yet their heart rages against the Lord.

Wealth attracts many friends,
but even the closest friend of the poor person deserts them.

A false witness will not go unpunished,
and whoever pours out lies will not go free.

Many curry favor with a ruler,
and everyone is the friend of one who gives gifts.

The poor are shunned by all their relatives—
how much more do their friends avoid them!

Though the poor pursue them with pleading,
they are nowhere to be found.

The one who gets wisdom loves life;
the one who cherishes understanding will soon prosper.

A false witness will not go unpunished,
and whoever pours out lies will perish.

It is not fitting for a fool to live in luxury—
how much worse for a slave to rule over princes!

A person's wisdom yields patience;
it is to one's glory to overlook an offense.

A king's rage is like the roar of a lion,
but his favor is like dew on the grass.

A foolish child is a father's ruin,
and a quarrelsome wife is like
the constant dripping of a leaky roof.

Houses and wealth are inherited from parents,
but a prudent wife is from the Lord.

Laziness brings on deep sleep,
and the shiftless go hungry.

Whoever keeps commandments keeps their life,
but whoever shows contempt for their ways will die.

Whoever is kind to the poor lends to the Lord,
and he will reward them for what they have done.

Discipline your children, for in that there is hope;
do not be a willing party to their death.

A hot-tempered person must pay the penalty;
rescue them, and you will have to do it again.

Listen to advice and accept discipline,
and at the end you will be counted among the wise.

Many are the plans in a person's heart,
but it is the Lord's purpose that prevails.

What a person desires is unfailing love;
better to be poor than a liar.

The fear of the Lord leads to life;
then one rests content, untouched by trouble.

A sluggard buries his hand in the dish;
he will not even bring it back to his mouth!

Flog a mocker, and the simple will learn prudence;
rebuke the discerning, and they will gain knowledge.

Whoever robs their father and drives out their mother
is a child who brings shame and disgrace.

Stop listening to instruction, my son,
and you will stray from the words of knowledge.

A corrupt witness mocks at justice,
and the mouth of the wicked gulps down evil.

Penalties are prepared for mockers,
and beatings for the backs of fools.

Wine is a mocker and beer a brawler;
whoever is led astray by them is not wise.

A king's wrath strikes terror like the roar of a lion;
those who anger him forfeit their lives.

It is to one's honor to avoid strife,
but every fool is quick to quarrel.

Sluggards do not plow in season;

so at harvest time they look but find nothing.

The purposes of a person's heart are deep waters,
but one who has insight draws them out.

Many claim to have unfailing love,
but a faithful person who can find?

The righteous lead blameless lives;
blessed are their children after them.

When a king sits on his throne to judge,
he winnows out all evil with his eyes.

Who can say, "I have kept my heart pure;
I am clean and without sin"?

Differing weights and differing measures—
the Lord detests them both.

Even small children are known by their actions,
so is their conduct really pure and upright?

Ears that hear and eyes that see—
the Lord has made them both.

Do not love sleep or you will grow poor;
stay awake and you will have food to spare.

"It's no good, it's no good!" says the buyer—
then goes off and boasts about the purchase.

Gold there is, and rubies in abundance,
but lips that speak knowledge are a rare jewel.

Take the garment of one who puts up security for a stranger;
hold it in pledge if it is done for an outsider.

Food gained by fraud tastes sweet,
but one ends up with a mouth full of gravel.

Plans are established by seeking advice;
so if you wage war, obtain guidance.

A gossip betrays a confidence;
so avoid anyone who talks too much.

If someone curses their father or mother,
their lamp will be snuffed out in pitch darkness.

An inheritance claimed too soon
will not be blessed at the end.

Do not say, "I'll pay you back for this wrong!"
Wait for the Lord, and he will avenge you.

The Lord detests differing weights,
and dishonest scales do not please him.

A person's steps are directed by the Lord.
How then can anyone understand their own way?

It is a trap to dedicate something rashly
and only later to consider one's vows.

A wise king winnows out the wicked;
he drives the threshing wheel over them.

The human spirit is the lamp of the Lord
that sheds light on one's inmost being.

Love and faithfulness keep a king safe;
through love his throne is made secure.

The glory of young men is their strength,
gray hair the splendor of the old.

Blows and wounds scrub away evil,
and beatings purge the inmost being.

In the Lord's hand the king's heart is a stream of water
that he channels toward all who please him.

A person may think their own ways are right,
but the Lord weighs the heart.

To do what is right and just
is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.

Haughty eyes and a proud heart—
the unplowed field of the wicked—produce sin.

The plans of the diligent lead to profit
as surely as haste leads to poverty.

A fortune made by a lying tongue
is a fleeting vapor and a deadly snare.

The violence of the wicked will drag them away,
for they refuse to do what is right.

The way of the guilty is devious,
but the conduct of the innocent is upright.

Better to live on a corner of the roof
than share a house with a quarrelsome wife.

The wicked crave evil;
their neighbors get no mercy from them.

When a mocker is punished, the simple gain wisdom;
by paying attention to the wise they get knowledge.

The Righteous One takes note of the house of the wicked
and brings the wicked to ruin.

Whoever shuts their ears to the cry of the poor
will also cry out and not be answered.

A gift given in secret soothes anger,
and a bribe concealed in the cloak pacifies great wrath.

When justice is done, it brings joy to the righteous
but terror to evildoers.

Whoever strays from the path of prudence
comes to rest in the company of the dead.

Whoever loves pleasure will become poor;
whoever loves wine and olive oil will never be rich.

The wicked become a ransom for the righteous,
and the unfaithful for the upright.

Better to live in a desert
than with a quarrelsome and nagging wife.

The wise store up choice food and olive oil,
but fools gulp theirs down.

Whoever pursues righteousness and love
finds life, prosperity and honor.

One who is wise can go up against the city of the mighty
and pull down the stronghold in which they trust.

Those who guard their mouths and their tongues
keep themselves from calamity.

The proud and arrogant person—“Mocker” is his name—
behaves with insolent fury.

The craving of a sluggard will be the death of him,
because his hands refuse to work.

All day long he craves for more,
but the righteous give without sparing.

The sacrifice of the wicked is detestable—
how much more so when brought with evil intent!

A false witness will perish,
but a careful listener will testify successfully.

The wicked put up a bold front,
but the upright give thought to their ways.

There is no wisdom, no insight, no plan
that can succeed against the Lord.

The horse is made ready for the day of battle,
but victory rests with the Lord.

A good name is more desirable than great riches;
to be esteemed is better than silver or gold.

Rich and poor have this in common:
The Lord is the Maker of them all.

The prudent see danger and take refuge,
but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.

Humility is the fear of the Lord;
its wages are riches and honor and life.

In the paths of the wicked are snares and pitfalls,
but those who would preserve their life stay far from them.

Start children off on the way they should go,
and even when they are old they will not turn from it.

The rich rule over the poor,
and the borrower is slave to the lender.

Whoever sows injustice reaps calamity,
and the rod they wield in fury will be broken.

The generous will themselves be blessed,
for they share their food with the poor.

Drive out the mocker, and out goes strife;
quarrels and insults are ended.

One who loves a pure heart and who speaks with grace
will have the king for a friend.

The eyes of the Lord keep watch over knowledge,
but he frustrates the words of the unfaithful.

The sluggard says, "There's a lion outside!
I'll be killed in the public square!"

The mouth of an adulterous woman is a deep pit;
a man who is under the Lord's wrath falls into it.

Folly is bound up in the heart of a child,
but the rod of discipline will drive it far away.

One who oppresses the poor to increase his wealth
and one who gives gifts to the rich—both come to poverty.

Saying 1

Pay attention and turn your ear to the sayings of the wise;
apply your heart to what I teach,
for it is pleasing when you keep them in your heart
and have all of them ready on your lips.
So that your trust may be in the Lord,
I teach you today, even you.
Have I not written thirty sayings for you,
sayings of counsel and knowledge,
teaching you to be honest and to speak the truth,
so that you bring back truthful reports
to those you serve?

Saying 2

Do not exploit the poor because they are poor
and do not crush the needy in court,
for the Lord will take up their case
and will exact life for life.

Saying 3

Do not make friends with a hot-tempered person,
do not associate with one easily angered,
or you may learn their ways
and get yourself ensnared.

Saying 4

Do not be one who shakes hands in pledge
or puts up security for debts;
if you lack the means to pay,
your very bed will be snatched from under you.

Saying 5

Do not move an ancient boundary stone
set up by your ancestors.

Saying 6

Do you see someone skilled in their work?
They will serve before kings;
they will not serve before officials of low rank.

Saying 7

When you sit to dine with a ruler,
note well what is before you,
and put a knife to your throat
if you are given to gluttony.

Do not crave his delicacies,
for that food is deceptive.

Saying 8

Do not wear yourself out to get rich;
do not trust your own cleverness.
Cast but a glance at riches, and they are gone,
for they will surely sprout wings
and fly off to the sky like an eagle.

Saying 9

Do not eat the food of a begrudging host,
do not crave his delicacies;
for he is the kind of person
who is always thinking about the cost.
“Eat and drink,” he says to you,
but his heart is not with you.
You will vomit up the little you have eaten
and will have wasted your compliments.

Saying 10

Do not speak to fools,
for they will scorn your prudent words.

Saying 11

Do not move an ancient boundary stone
or encroach on the fields of the fatherless,
for their Defender is strong;
he will take up their case against you.

Saying 12

Apply your heart to instruction
and your ears to words of knowledge.

Saying 13

Do not withhold discipline from a child;
if you punish them with the rod, they will not die.
Punish them with the rod
and save them from death.

Saying 14

My son, if your heart is wise,
then my heart will be glad indeed;
my inmost being will rejoice
when your lips speak what is right.

Saying 15

Do not let your heart envy sinners,
but always be zealous for the fear of the Lord.
There is surely a future hope for you,
and your hope will not be cut off.

Saying 16

Listen, my son, and be wise,
and set your heart on the right path:
Do not join those who drink too much wine
or gorge themselves on meat,
for drunkards and gluttons become poor,
and drowsiness clothes them in rags.

Saying 17

Listen to your father, who gave you life,
and do not despise your mother when she is old.
Buy the truth and do not sell it—
wisdom, instruction and insight as well.
The father of a righteous child has great joy;
a man who fathers a wise son rejoices in him.

May your father and mother rejoice;
 may she who gave you birth be joyful!

Saying 18

My son, give me your heart
 and let your eyes delight in my ways,
 for an adulterous woman is a deep pit,
 and a wayward wife is a narrow well.
 Like a bandit she lies in wait
 and multiplies the unfaithful among men.

Saying 19

Who has woe? Who has sorrow?
 Who has strife? Who has complaints?
 Who has needless bruises? Who has bloodshot eyes?
 Those who linger over wine,
 who go to sample bowls of mixed wine.
 Do not gaze at wine when it is red,
 when it sparkles in the cup,
 when it goes down smoothly!
 In the end it bites like a snake
 and poisons like a viper.
 Your eyes will see strange sights,
 and your mind will imagine confusing things.
 You will be like one sleeping on the high seas,
 lying on top of the rigging.
 “They hit me,” you will say, “but I’m not hurt!
 They beat me, but I don’t feel it!
 When will I wake up
 so I can find another drink?”

Saying 20

Do not envy the wicked,
 do not desire their company;
 for their hearts plot violence,
 and their lips talk about making trouble.

Saying 21

By wisdom a house is built,
and through understanding it is established;
through knowledge its rooms are filled
with rare and beautiful treasures.

Saying 22

The wise prevail through great power,
and those who have knowledge muster their strength.
Surely you need guidance to wage war,
and victory is won through many advisers.

Saying 23

Wisdom is too high for fools;
in the assembly at the gate they must not open their mouths.

Saying 24

Whoever plots evil
will be known as a schemer.
The schemes of folly are sin,
and people detest a mocker.

Saying 25

If you falter in a time of trouble,
how small is your strength!
Rescue those being led away to death;
hold back those staggering toward slaughter.
If you say, "But we knew nothing about this,"
does not he who weighs the heart perceive it?
Does not he who guards your life know it?
Will he not repay everyone according to what they have done?

Saying 26

Eat honey, my son, for it is good;
honey from the comb is sweet to your taste.
Know also that wisdom is like honey for you:
If you find it, there is a future hope for you,
and your hope will not be cut off.

Saying 27

Do not lurk like a thief near the house of the righteous,
do not plunder their dwelling place;
for though the righteous fall seven times, they rise again,
but the wicked stumble when calamity strikes.

Saying 28

Do not gloat when your enemy falls;
when they stumble, do not let your heart rejoice,
or the Lord will see and disapprove
and turn his wrath away from them.

Saying 29

Do not fret because of evildoers
or be envious of the wicked,
for the evildoer has no future hope,
and the lamp of the wicked will be snuffed out.

Saying 30

Fear the Lord and the king, my son,
and do not join with rebellious officials,
for those two will send sudden destruction on them,
and who knows what calamities they can bring?

These also are sayings of the wise:

To show partiality in judging is not good:
 Whoever says to the guilty, "You are innocent,"
 will be cursed by peoples and denounced by nations.
 But it will go well with those who convict the guilty,
 and rich blessing will come on them.

An honest answer
 is like a kiss on the lips.

Put your outdoor work in order
 and get your fields ready;
 after that, build your house.

Do not testify against your neighbor without cause—
 would you use your lips to mislead?
 Do not say, "I'll do to them as they have done to me;
 I'll pay them back for what they did."

I went past the field of a sluggard,
 past the vineyard of someone who has no sense;
 thorns had come up everywhere,
 the ground was covered with weeds,
 and the stone wall was in ruins.
 I applied my heart to what I observed
 and learned a lesson from what I saw:
 A little sleep, a little slumber,
 a little folding of the hands to rest—
 and poverty will come on you like a thief
 and scarcity like an armed man.

These are more proverbs of Solomon, compiled by the men of Hezekiah king of Judah:

It is the glory of God to conceal a matter;
 to search out a matter is the glory of kings.
 As the heavens are high and the earth is deep,
 so the hearts of kings are unsearchable.

Remove the dross from the silver,
 and a silversmith can produce a vessel;

remove wicked officials from the king's presence,
and his throne will be established through righteousness.

Do not exalt yourself in the king's presence,
and do not claim a place among his great men;
it is better for him to say to you, "Come up here,"
than for him to humiliate you before his nobles.

What you have seen with your eyes
do not bring hastily to court,
for what will you do in the end
if your neighbor puts you to shame?

If you take your neighbor to court,
do not betray another's confidence,
or the one who hears it may shame you
and the charge against you will stand.

Like apples of gold in settings of silver
is a ruling rightly given.
Like an earring of gold or an ornament of fine gold
is the rebuke of a wise judge to a listening ear.

Like a snow-cooled drink at harvest time
is a trustworthy messenger to the one who sends him;
he refreshes the spirit of his master.
Like clouds and wind without rain
is one who boasts of gifts never given.

Through patience a ruler can be persuaded,
and a gentle tongue can break a bone.

If you find honey, eat just enough—
too much of it, and you will vomit.
Seldom set foot in your neighbor's house—
too much of you, and they will hate you.

Like a club or a sword or a sharp arrow
is one who gives false testimony against a neighbor.
Like a broken tooth or a lame foot

is reliance on the unfaithful in a time of trouble.
Like one who takes away a garment on a cold day,
or like vinegar poured on a wound,
is one who sings songs to a heavy heart.

If your enemy is hungry, give him food to eat;
if he is thirsty, give him water to drink.
In doing this, you will heap burning coals on his head,
and the Lord will reward you.

Like a north wind that brings unexpected rain
is a sly tongue—which provokes a horrified look.

Better to live on a corner of the roof
than share a house with a quarrelsome wife.

Like cold water to a weary soul
is good news from a distant land.
Like a muddied spring or a polluted well
are the righteous who give way to the wicked.

It is not good to eat too much honey,
nor is it honorable to search out matters that are too deep.

Like a city whose walls are broken through
is a person who lacks self-control.

Like snow in summer or rain in harvest,
honor is not fitting for a fool.
Like a fluttering sparrow or a darting swallow,
an undeserved curse does not come to rest.
A whip for the horse, a bridle for the donkey,
and a rod for the backs of fools!
Do not answer a fool according to his folly,
or you yourself will be just like him.
Answer a fool according to his folly,
or he will be wise in his own eyes.
Sending a message by the hands of a fool
is like cutting off one's feet or drinking poison.
Like the useless legs of one who is lame

is a proverb in the mouth of a fool.
Like tying a stone in a sling
is the giving of honor to a fool.
Like a thornbush in a drunkard's hand
is a proverb in the mouth of a fool.
Like an archer who wounds at random
is one who hires a fool or any passer-by.
As a dog returns to its vomit,
so fools repeat their folly.
Do you see a person wise in their own eyes?
There is more hope for a fool than for them.

A sluggard says, "There's a lion in the road,
a fierce lion roaming the streets!"
As a door turns on its hinges,
so a sluggard turns on his bed.
A sluggard buries his hand in the dish;
he is too lazy to bring it back to his mouth.
A sluggard is wiser in his own eyes
than seven people who answer discreetly.

Like one who grabs a stray dog by the ears
is someone who rushes into a quarrel not their own.

Like a maniac shooting
flaming arrows of death
is one who deceives their neighbor
and says, "I was only joking!"

Without wood a fire goes out;
without a gossip a quarrel dies down.
As charcoal to embers and as wood to fire,
so is a quarrelsome person for kindling strife.
The words of a gossip are like choice morsels;
they go down to the inmost parts.

Like a coating of silver dross on earthenware
are fervent lips with an evil heart.
Enemies disguise themselves with their lips,
but in their hearts they harbor deceit.

Though their speech is charming, do not believe them,
for seven abominations fill their hearts.
Their malice may be concealed by deception,
but their wickedness will be exposed in the assembly.
Whoever digs a pit will fall into it;
if someone rolls a stone, it will roll back on them.
A lying tongue hates those it hurts,
and a flattering mouth works ruin.

Do not boast about tomorrow,
for you do not know what a day may bring.

Let someone else praise you, and not your own mouth;
an outsider, and not your own lips.

Stone is heavy and sand a burden,
but a fool's provocation is heavier than both.

Anger is cruel and fury overwhelming,
but who can stand before jealousy?

Better is open rebuke
than hidden love.

Wounds from a friend can be trusted,
but an enemy multiplies kisses.

One who is full loathes honey from the comb,
but to the hungry even what is bitter tastes sweet.

Like a bird that flees its nest
is anyone who flees from home.

Perfume and incense bring joy to the heart,
and the pleasantness of a friend
springs from their heartfelt advice.

Do not forsake your friend or a friend of your family,
and do not go to your relative's house when disaster strikes you—
better a neighbor nearby than a relative far away.

Be wise, my son, and bring joy to my heart;
then I can answer anyone who treats me with contempt.

The prudent see danger and take refuge,
but the simple keep going and pay the penalty.

Take the garment of one who puts up security for a stranger;
hold it in pledge if it is done for an outsider.

If anyone loudly blesses their neighbor early in the morning,
it will be taken as a curse.

A quarrelsome wife is like the dripping
of a leaky roof in a rainstorm;

restraining her is like restraining the wind
or grasping oil with the hand.

As iron sharpens iron,
so one person sharpens another.

The one who guards a fig tree will eat its fruit,
and whoever protects their master will be honored.

As water reflects the face,
so one's life reflects the heart.

Death and Destruction are never satisfied,
and neither are human eyes.

The crucible for silver and the furnace for gold,
but people are tested by their praise.

Though you grind a fool in a mortar,
grinding them like grain with a pestle,
you will not remove their folly from them.

Be sure you know the condition of your flocks,

give careful attention to your herds;
for riches do not endure forever,
and a crown is not secure for all generations.
When the hay is removed and new growth appears
and the grass from the hills is gathered in,
the lambs will provide you with clothing,
and the goats with the price of a field.
You will have plenty of goats' milk to feed your family
and to nourish your female servants.

The wicked flee though no one pursues,
but the righteous are as bold as a lion.

When a country is rebellious, it has many rulers,
but a ruler with discernment and knowledge maintains order.

A ruler who oppresses the poor
is like a driving rain that leaves no crops.

Those who forsake instruction praise the wicked,
but those who heed it resist them.

Evildoers do not understand what is right,
but those who seek the Lord understand it fully.

Better the poor whose walk is blameless
than the rich whose ways are perverse.

A discerning son heeds instruction,
but a companion of gluttons disgraces his father.

Whoever increases wealth by taking interest or profit from the poor
amasses it for another, who will be kind to the poor.

If anyone turns a deaf ear to my instruction,
even their prayers are detestable.

Whoever leads the upright along an evil path
will fall into their own trap,
but the blameless will receive a good inheritance.

The rich are wise in their own eyes;
one who is poor and discerning sees how deluded they are.

When the righteous triumph, there is great elation;
but when the wicked rise to power, people go into hiding.

Whoever conceals their sins does not prosper,
but the one who confesses and renounces them finds mercy.

Blessed is the one who always trembles before God,
but whoever hardens their heart falls into trouble.

Like a roaring lion or a charging bear
is a wicked ruler over a helpless people.

A tyrannical ruler practices extortion,
but one who hates ill-gotten gain will enjoy a long reign.

Anyone tormented by the guilt of murder
will seek refuge in the grave;
let no one hold them back.

The one whose walk is blameless is kept safe,
but the one whose ways are perverse will fall into the pit.

Those who work their land will have abundant food,
but those who chase fantasies will have their fill of poverty.

A faithful person will be richly blessed,
but one eager to get rich will not go unpunished.

To show partiality is not good—
yet a person will do wrong for a piece of bread.

The stingy are eager to get rich
and are unaware that poverty awaits them.

Whoever rebukes a person will in the end gain favor

rather than one who has a flattering tongue.

Whoever robs their father or mother
and says, “It’s not wrong,”
is partner to one who destroys.

The greedy stir up conflict,
but those who trust in the Lord will prosper.

Those who trust in themselves are fools,
but those who walk in wisdom are kept safe.

Those who give to the poor will lack nothing,
but those who close their eyes to them receive many curses.

When the wicked rise to power, people go into hiding;
but when the wicked perish, the righteous thrive.

Whoever remains stiff-necked after many rebukes
will suddenly be destroyed—without remedy.

When the righteous thrive, the people rejoice;
when the wicked rule, the people groan.

A man who loves wisdom brings joy to his father,
but a companion of prostitutes squanders his wealth.

By justice a king gives a country stability,
but those who are greedy for bribes tear it down.

Those who flatter their neighbors
are spreading nets for their feet.

Evildoers are snared by their own sin,
but the righteous shout for joy and are glad.

The righteous care about justice for the poor,
but the wicked have no such concern.

Mockers stir up a city,

but the wise turn away anger.

If a wise person goes to court with a fool,
the fool rages and scoffs, and there is no peace.

The bloodthirsty hate a person of integrity
and seek to kill the upright.

Fools give full vent to their rage,
but the wise bring calm in the end.

If a ruler listens to lies,
all his officials become wicked.

The poor and the oppressor have this in common:
The Lord gives sight to the eyes of both.

If a king judges the poor with fairness,
his throne will be established forever.

A rod and a reprimand impart wisdom,
but a child left undisciplined disgraces its mother.

When the wicked thrive, so does sin,
but the righteous will see their downfall.

Discipline your children, and they will give you peace;
they will bring you the delights you desire.

Where there is no revelation, people cast off restraint;
but blessed is the one who heeds wisdom's instruction.

Servants cannot be corrected by mere words;
though they understand, they will not respond.

Do you see someone who speaks in haste?
There is more hope for a fool than for them.

A servant pampered from youth
will turn out to be insolent.

An angry person stirs up conflict,
and a hot-tempered person commits many sins.

Pride brings a person low,
but the lowly in spirit gain honor.

The accomplices of thieves are their own enemies;
they are put under oath and dare not testify.

Fear of man will prove to be a snare,
but whoever trusts in the Lord is kept safe.

Many seek an audience with a ruler,
but it is from the Lord that one gets justice.

The righteous detest the dishonest;
the wicked detest the upright.

The sayings of Agur son of Jakeh—an inspired utterance.

This man's utterance to Ithiel:

"I am weary, God,
but I can prevail.
Surely I am only a brute, not a man;
I do not have human understanding.
I have not learned wisdom,
nor have I attained to the knowledge of the Holy One.
Who has gone up to heaven and come down?
Whose hands have gathered up the wind?
Who has wrapped up the waters in a cloak?
Who has established all the ends of the earth?
What is his name, and what is the name of his son?
Surely you know!

"Every word of God is flawless;
he is a shield to those who take refuge in him.
Do not add to his words,

or he will rebuke you and prove you a liar.

“Two things I ask of you, Lord;
do not refuse me before I die:
Keep falsehood and lies far from me;
give me neither poverty nor riches,
but give me only my daily bread.
Otherwise, I may have too much and disown you
and say, ‘Who is the Lord?’
Or I may become poor and steal,
and so dishonor the name of my God.

“Do not slander a servant to their master,
or they will curse you, and you will pay for it.

“There are those who curse their fathers
and do not bless their mothers;
those who are pure in their own eyes
and yet are not cleansed of their filth;
those whose eyes are ever so haughty,
whose glances are so disdainful;
those whose teeth are swords
and whose jaws are set with knives
to devour the poor from the earth
and the needy from among mankind.

“The leech has two daughters.
‘Give! Give!’ they cry.

“There are three things that are never satisfied,
four that never say, ‘Enough!’:
the grave, the barren womb,
land, which is never satisfied with water,
and fire, which never says, ‘Enough!’

“The eye that mocks a father,
that scorns an aged mother,
will be pecked out by the ravens of the valley,
will be eaten by the vultures.

“There are three things that are too amazing for me,
 four that I do not understand:
 the way of an eagle in the sky,
 the way of a snake on a rock,
 the way of a ship on the high seas,
 and the way of a man with a young woman.

“This is the way of an adulterous woman:
 She eats and wipes her mouth
 and says, ‘I’ve done nothing wrong.’

“Under three things the earth trembles,
 under four it cannot bear up:
 a servant who becomes king,
 a godless fool who gets plenty to eat,
 a contemptible woman who gets married,
 and a servant who displaces her mistress.

“Four things on earth are small,
 yet they are extremely wise:
 Ants are creatures of little strength,
 yet they store up their food in the summer;
 hyraxes are creatures of little power,
 yet they make their home in the crags;
 locusts have no king,
 yet they advance together in ranks;
 a lizard can be caught with the hand,
 yet it is found in kings’ palaces.

“There are three things that are stately in their stride,
 four that move with stately bearing:
 a lion, mighty among beasts,
 who retreats before nothing;
 a strutting rooster, a he-goat,
 and a king secure against revolt.

“If you play the fool and exalt yourself,
 or if you plan evil,
 clap your hand over your mouth!
 For as churning cream produces butter,

and as twisting the nose produces blood,
so stirring up anger produces strife.”

The sayings of King Lemuel—an inspired utterance his mother taught him.

Listen, my son! Listen, son of my womb!
Listen, my son, the answer to my prayers!
Do not spend your strength on women,
your vigor on those who ruin kings.

It is not for kings, Lemuel—
it is not for kings to drink wine,
not for rulers to crave beer,
lest they drink and forget what has been decreed,
and deprive all the oppressed of their rights.
Let beer be for those who are perishing,
wine for those who are in anguish!
Let them drink and forget their poverty
and remember their misery no more.

Speak up for those who cannot speak for themselves,
for the rights of all who are destitute.
Speak up and judge fairly;
defend the rights of the poor and needy.

A wife of noble character who can find?
She is worth far more than rubies.
Her husband has full confidence in her
and lacks nothing of value.
She brings him good, not harm,
all the days of her life.
She selects wool and flax
and works with eager hands.
She is like the merchant ships,
bringing her food from afar.
She gets up while it is still night;
she provides food for her family
and portions for her female servants.
She considers a field and buys it;
out of her earnings she plants a vineyard.

She sets about her work vigorously;
her arms are strong for her tasks.
She sees that her trading is profitable,
and her lamp does not go out at night.
In her hand she holds the distaff
and grasps the spindle with her fingers.
She opens her arms to the poor
and extends her hands to the needy.
When it snows, she has no fear for her household;
for all of them are clothed in scarlet.
She makes coverings for her bed;
she is clothed in fine linen and purple.
Her husband is respected at the city gate,
where he takes his seat among the elders of the land.
She makes linen garments and sells them,
and supplies the merchants with sashes.
She is clothed with strength and dignity;
she can laugh at the days to come.
She speaks with wisdom,
and faithful instruction is on her tongue.
She watches over the affairs of her household
and does not eat the bread of idleness.
Her children arise and call her blessed;
her husband also, and he praises her:
“Many women do noble things,
but you surpass them all.”
Charm is deceptive, and beauty is fleeting;
but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised.
Honor her for all that her hands have done,
and let her works bring her praise at the city gate.

Ecclesiastes

The words of the Teacher, son of David, king in Jerusalem:

“Meaningless! Meaningless!”
says the Teacher.

“Utterly meaningless!
Everything is meaningless.”

What do people gain from all their labors
at which they toil under the sun?

Generations come and generations go,
but the earth remains forever.

The sun rises and the sun sets,
and hurries back to where it rises.

The wind blows to the south
and turns to the north;
round and round it goes,
ever returning on its course.

All streams flow into the sea,
yet the sea is never full.

To the place the streams come from,
there they return again.

All things are wearisome,
more than one can say.

The eye never has enough of seeing,
nor the ear its fill of hearing.

What has been will be again,
what has been done will be done again;
there is nothing new under the sun.

Is there anything of which one can say,
“Look! This is something new”?

It was here already, long ago;
it was here before our time.

No one remembers the former generations,
and even those yet to come
will not be remembered
by those who follow them.

I, the Teacher, was king over Israel in Jerusalem. I applied my mind to study and to explore by wisdom all that is done under the heavens. What a heavy burden God has laid on mankind! I have seen all the things that are done under the sun; all of them are meaningless, a chasing after the wind.

What is crooked cannot be straightened;
 what is lacking cannot be counted.

I said to myself, “Look, I have increased in wisdom more than anyone who has ruled over Jerusalem before me; I have experienced much of wisdom and knowledge.” Then I applied myself to the understanding of wisdom, and also of madness and folly, but I learned that this, too, is a chasing after the wind.

For with much wisdom comes much sorrow;
 the more knowledge, the more grief.

I said to myself, “Come now, I will test you with pleasure to find out what is good.” But that also proved to be meaningless. “Laughter,” I said, “is madness. And what does pleasure accomplish?” I tried cheering myself with wine, and embracing folly—my mind still guiding me with wisdom. I wanted to see what was good for people to do under the heavens during the few days of their lives.

I undertook great projects: I built houses for myself and planted vineyards. I made gardens and parks and planted all kinds of fruit trees in them. I made reservoirs to water groves of flourishing trees. I bought male and female slaves and had other slaves who were born in my house. I also owned more herds and flocks than anyone in Jerusalem before me. I amassed silver and gold for myself, and the treasure of kings and provinces. I acquired male and female singers, and a harem as well—the delights of a man’s heart. I became greater by far than anyone in Jerusalem before me. In all this my wisdom stayed with me.

I denied myself nothing my eyes desired;
 I refused my heart no pleasure.
 My heart took delight in all my labor,
 and this was the reward for all my toil.
 Yet when I surveyed all that my hands had done
 and what I had toiled to achieve,
 everything was meaningless, a chasing after the wind;
 nothing was gained under the sun.

Then I turned my thoughts to consider wisdom,

and also madness and folly.
 What more can the king's successor do
 than what has already been done?
 I saw that wisdom is better than folly,
 just as light is better than darkness.
 The wise have eyes in their heads,
 while the fool walks in the darkness;
 but I came to realize
 that the same fate overtakes them both.

Then I said to myself,

"The fate of the fool will overtake me also.
 What then do I gain by being wise?"

I said to myself,

"This too is meaningless."

For the wise, like the fool, will not be long remembered;
 the days have already come when both have been forgotten.
 Like the fool, the wise too must die!

So I hated life, because the work that is done under the sun was grievous to me. All of it is meaningless, a chasing after the wind. I hated all the things I had toiled for under the sun, because I must leave them to the one who comes after me. And who knows whether that person will be wise or foolish? Yet they will have control over all the fruit of my toil into which I have poured my effort and skill under the sun. This too is meaningless. So my heart began to despair over all my toilsome labor under the sun. For a person may labor with wisdom, knowledge and skill, and then they must leave all they own to another who has not toiled for it. This too is meaningless and a great misfortune. What do people get for all the toil and anxious striving with which they labor under the sun? All their days their work is grief and pain; even at night their minds do not rest. This too is meaningless.

A person can do nothing better than to eat and drink and find satisfaction in their own toil. This too, I see, is from the hand of God, for without him, who can eat or find enjoyment? To the person who pleases him, God gives wisdom, knowledge and happiness, but to the sinner he gives the task of gathering and storing up wealth to hand it over to the one who pleases God. This too is meaningless, a chasing after the wind.

There is a time for everything,

and a season for every activity under the heavens:

a time to be born and a time to die,
 a time to plant and a time to uproot,
 a time to kill and a time to heal,
 a time to tear down and a time to build,
 a time to weep and a time to laugh,
 a time to mourn and a time to dance,
 a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,
 a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,
 a time to search and a time to give up,
 a time to keep and a time to throw away,
 a time to tear and a time to mend,
 a time to be silent and a time to speak,
 a time to love and a time to hate,
 a time for war and a time for peace.

What do workers gain from their toil? I have seen the burden God has laid on the human race. He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end. I know that there is nothing better for people than to be happy and to do good while they live. That each of them may eat and drink, and find satisfaction in all their toil—this is the gift of God. I know that everything God does will endure forever; nothing can be added to it and nothing taken from it. God does it so that people will fear him.

Whatever is has already been,
 and what will be has been before;
 and God will call the past to account.

And I saw something else under the sun:

In the place of judgment—wickedness was there,
 in the place of justice—wickedness was there.

I said to myself,

“God will bring into judgment
 both the righteous and the wicked,
 for there will be a time for every activity,

a time to judge every deed.”

I also said to myself, “As for humans, God tests them so that they may see that they are like the animals. Surely the fate of human beings is like that of the animals; the same fate awaits them both: As one dies, so dies the other. All have the same breath; humans have no advantage over animals. Everything is meaningless. All go to the same place; all come from dust, and to dust all return. Who knows if the human spirit rises upward and if the spirit of the animal goes down into the earth?”

So I saw that there is nothing better for a person than to enjoy their work, because that is their lot. For who can bring them to see what will happen after them?

Again I looked and saw all the oppression that was taking place under the sun:

I saw the tears of the oppressed—
 and they have no comforter;
 power was on the side of their oppressors—
 and they have no comforter.
 And I declared that the dead,
 who had already died,
 are happier than the living,
 who are still alive.
 But better than both
 is the one who has never been born,
 who has not seen the evil
 that is done under the sun.

And I saw that all toil and all achievement spring from one person’s envy of another. This too is meaningless, a chasing after the wind.

Fools fold their hands
 and ruin themselves.
 Better one handful with tranquillity
 than two handfuls with toil
 and chasing after the wind.

Again I saw something meaningless under the sun:

There was a man all alone;

he had neither son nor brother.
 There was no end to his toil,
 yet his eyes were not content with his wealth.
 “For whom am I toiling,” he asked,
 “and why am I depriving myself of enjoyment?”
 This too is meaningless—
 a miserable business!

Two are better than one,
 because they have a good return for their labor:
 If either of them falls down,
 one can help the other up.
 But pity anyone who falls
 and has no one to help them up.
 Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm.
 But how can one keep warm alone?
 Though one may be overpowered,
 two can defend themselves.
 A cord of three strands is not quickly broken.

Better a poor but wise youth than an old but foolish king who no longer
 knows how to heed a warning. The youth may have come from prison to the
 kingship, or he may have been born in poverty within his kingdom. I saw that all
 who lived and walked under the sun followed the youth, the king’s
 successor. There was no end to all the people who were before them. But those
 who came later were not pleased with the successor. This too is meaningless, a
 chasing after the wind.

Guard your steps when you go to the house of God. Go near to listen
 rather than to offer the sacrifice of fools, who do not know that they do wrong.

Do not be quick with your mouth,
 do not be hasty in your heart
 to utter anything before God.
 God is in heaven
 and you are on earth,
 so let your words be few.
 A dream comes when there are many cares,
 and many words mark the speech of a fool.

When you make a vow to God, do not delay to fulfill it. He has no pleasure in fools; fulfill your vow. It is better not to make a vow than to make one and not fulfill it. Do not let your mouth lead you into sin. And do not protest to the temple messenger, "My vow was a mistake." Why should God be angry at what you say and destroy the work of your hands? Much dreaming and many words are meaningless. Therefore fear God.

If you see the poor oppressed in a district, and justice and rights denied, do not be surprised at such things; for one official is eyed by a higher one, and over them both are others higher still. The increase from the land is taken by all; the king himself profits from the fields.

Whoever loves money never has enough;
 whoever loves wealth is never satisfied with their income.
 This too is meaningless.

As goods increase,
 so do those who consume them.
 And what benefit are they to the owners
 except to feast their eyes on them?

The sleep of a laborer is sweet,
 whether they eat little or much,
 but as for the rich, their abundance
 permits them no sleep.

I have seen a grievous evil under the sun:

wealth hoarded to the harm of its owners,
 or wealth lost through some misfortune,
 so that when they have children
 there is nothing left for them to inherit.
 Everyone comes naked from their mother's womb,
 and as everyone comes, so they depart.
 They take nothing from their toil
 that they can carry in their hands.

This too is a grievous evil:

As everyone comes, so they depart,
 and what do they gain,

since they toil for the wind?
 All their days they eat in darkness,
 with great frustration, affliction and anger.

This is what I have observed to be good: that it is appropriate for a person to eat, to drink and to find satisfaction in their toilsome labor under the sun during the few days of life God has given them—for this is their lot. Moreover, when God gives someone wealth and possessions, and the ability to enjoy them, to accept their lot and be happy in their toil—this is a gift of God. They seldom reflect on the days of their life, because God keeps them occupied with gladness of heart.

I have seen another evil under the sun, and it weighs heavily on mankind: God gives some people wealth, possessions and honor, so that they lack nothing their hearts desire, but God does not grant them the ability to enjoy them, and strangers enjoy them instead. This is meaningless, a grievous evil.

A man may have a hundred children and live many years; yet no matter how long he lives, if he cannot enjoy his prosperity and does not receive proper burial, I say that a stillborn child is better off than he. It comes without meaning, it departs in darkness, and in darkness its name is shrouded. Though it never saw the sun or knew anything, it has more rest than does that man—even if he lives a thousand years twice over but fails to enjoy his prosperity. Do not all go to the same place?

Everyone's toil is for their mouth,
 yet their appetite is never satisfied.
 What advantage have the wise over fools?
 What do the poor gain
 by knowing how to conduct themselves before others?
 Better what the eye sees
 than the roving of the appetite.
 This too is meaningless,
 a chasing after the wind.

Whatever exists has already been named,
 and what humanity is has been known;
 no one can contend
 with someone who is stronger.
 The more the words,
 the less the meaning,
 and how does that profit anyone?

For who knows what is good for a person in life, during the few and meaningless days they pass through like a shadow? Who can tell them what will happen under the sun after they are gone?

A good name is better than fine perfume,
and the day of death better than the day of birth.

It is better to go to a house of mourning
than to go to a house of feasting,
for death is the destiny of everyone;
the living should take this to heart.

Frustration is better than laughter,
because a sad face is good for the heart.

The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning,
but the heart of fools is in the house of pleasure.

It is better to heed the rebuke of a wise person
than to listen to the song of fools.

Like the crackling of thorns under the pot,
so is the laughter of fools.
This too is meaningless.

Extortion turns a wise person into a fool,
and a bribe corrupts the heart.

The end of a matter is better than its beginning,
and patience is better than pride.

Do not be quickly provoked in your spirit,
for anger resides in the lap of fools.

Do not say, "Why were the old days better than these?"
For it is not wise to ask such questions.

Wisdom, like an inheritance, is a good thing
and benefits those who see the sun.

Wisdom is a shelter
as money is a shelter,
but the advantage of knowledge is this:
Wisdom preserves those who have it.

Consider what God has done:

Who can straighten
 what he has made crooked?
When times are good, be happy;
 but when times are bad, consider this:
God has made the one
 as well as the other.
Therefore, no one can discover
 anything about their future.

In this meaningless life of mine I have seen both of these:

the righteous perishing in their righteousness,
 and the wicked living long in their wickedness.
Do not be overrighteous,
 neither be overwise—
 why destroy yourself?
Do not be overwicked,
 and do not be a fool—
 why die before your time?
It is good to grasp the one
 and not let go of the other.
Whoever fears God will avoid all extremes.

Wisdom makes one wise person more powerful
 than ten rulers in a city.

Indeed, there is no one on earth who is righteous,
 no one who does what is right and never sins.

Do not pay attention to every word people say,
 or you may hear your servant cursing you—
for you know in your heart
 that many times you yourself have cursed others.

All this I tested by wisdom and I said,

“I am determined to be wise”—
 but this was beyond me.
Whatever exists is far off and most profound—
 who can discover it?

So I turned my mind to understand,
 to investigate and to search out wisdom and the scheme of things
 and to understand the stupidity of wickedness
 and the madness of folly.

I find more bitter than death
 the woman who is a snare,
 whose heart is a trap
 and whose hands are chains.
 The man who pleases God will escape her,
 but the sinner she will ensnare.

“Look,” says the Teacher, “this is what I have discovered:

“Adding one thing to another to discover the scheme of things—
 while I was still searching
 but not finding—
 I found one upright man among a thousand,
 but not one upright woman among them all.
 This only have I found:
 God created mankind upright,
 but they have gone in search of many schemes.”

Who is like the wise?
 Who knows the explanation of things?
 A person’s wisdom brightens their face
 and changes its hard appearance.

Obey the king’s command, I say, because you took an oath before
 God. Do not be in a hurry to leave the king’s presence. Do not stand up for a bad
 cause, for he will do whatever he pleases. Since a king’s word is supreme, who
 can say to him, “What are you doing?”

Whoever obeys his command will come to no harm,
 and the wise heart will know the proper time and procedure.
 For there is a proper time and procedure for every matter,
 though a person may be weighed down by misery.

Since no one knows the future,
 who can tell someone else what is to come?

As no one has power over the wind to contain it,
 so no one has power over the time of their death.
 As no one is discharged in time of war,
 so wickedness will not release those who practice it.

All this I saw, as I applied my mind to everything done under the sun. There is a time when a man lords it over others to his own hurt. Then too, I saw the wicked buried—those who used to come and go from the holy place and receive praise in the city where they did this. This too is meaningless.

When the sentence for a crime is not quickly carried out, people's hearts are filled with schemes to do wrong. Although a wicked person who commits a hundred crimes may live a long time, I know that it will go better with those who fear God, who are reverent before him. Yet because the wicked do not fear God, it will not go well with them, and their days will not lengthen like a shadow.

There is something else meaningless that occurs on earth: the righteous who get what the wicked deserve, and the wicked who get what the righteous deserve. This too, I say, is meaningless. So I commend the enjoyment of life, because there is nothing better for a person under the sun than to eat and drink and be glad. Then joy will accompany them in their toil all the days of the life God has given them under the sun.

When I applied my mind to know wisdom and to observe the labor that is done on earth—people getting no sleep day or night—then I saw all that God has done. No one can comprehend what goes on under the sun. Despite all their efforts to search it out, no one can discover its meaning. Even if the wise claim they know, they cannot really comprehend it.

So I reflected on all this and concluded that the righteous and the wise and what they do are in God's hands, but no one knows whether love or hate awaits them. All share a common destiny—the righteous and the wicked, the good and the bad, the clean and the unclean, those who offer sacrifices and those who do not.

As it is with the good,
 so with the sinful;
 as it is with those who take oaths,
 so with those who are afraid to take them.

This is the evil in everything that happens under the sun: The same destiny overtakes all. The hearts of people, moreover, are full of evil and there is madness in their hearts while they live, and afterward they join the dead. Anyone who is among the living has hope—even a live dog is better off than a dead lion!

For the living know that they will die,
 but the dead know nothing;
 they have no further reward,
 and even their name is forgotten.
 Their love, their hate
 and their jealousy have long since vanished;
 never again will they have a part
 in anything that happens under the sun.

Go, eat your food with gladness, and drink your wine with a joyful heart, for God has already approved what you do. Always be clothed in white, and always anoint your head with oil. Enjoy life with your wife, whom you love, all the days of this meaningless life that God has given you under the sun—all your meaningless days. For this is your lot in life and in your toilsome labor under the sun. Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might, for in the realm of the dead, where you are going, there is neither working nor planning nor knowledge nor wisdom.

I have seen something else under the sun:

The race is not to the swift
 or the battle to the strong,
 nor does food come to the wise
 or wealth to the brilliant
 or favor to the learned;
 but time and chance happen to them all.

Moreover, no one knows when their hour will come:

As fish are caught in a cruel net,
 or birds are taken in a snare,
 so people are trapped by evil times
 that fall unexpectedly upon them.

I also saw under the sun this example of wisdom that greatly impressed me: There was once a small city with only a few people in it. And a powerful king came against it, surrounded it and built huge siege works against it. Now there lived in that city a man poor but wise, and he saved the city by his wisdom. But nobody remembered that poor man. So I said, "Wisdom is better than strength." But the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are no longer heeded.

The quiet words of the wise are more to be heeded
than the shouts of a ruler of fools.
Wisdom is better than weapons of war,
but one sinner destroys much good.

As dead flies give perfume a bad smell,
so a little folly outweighs wisdom and honor.
The heart of the wise inclines to the right,
but the heart of the fool to the left.
Even as fools walk along the road,
they lack sense
and show everyone how stupid they are.
If a ruler's anger rises against you,
do not leave your post;
calmness can lay great offenses to rest.

There is an evil I have seen under the sun,
the sort of error that arises from a ruler:
Fools are put in many high positions,
while the rich occupy the low ones.
I have seen slaves on horseback,
while princes go on foot like slaves.

Whoever digs a pit may fall into it;
whoever breaks through a wall may be bitten by a snake.
Whoever quarries stones may be injured by them;
whoever splits logs may be endangered by them.

If the ax is dull
and its edge unsharpened,
more strength is needed,
but skill will bring success.

If a snake bites before it is charmed,
the charmer receives no fee.

Words from the mouth of the wise are gracious,
but fools are consumed by their own lips.

At the beginning their words are folly;
at the end they are wicked madness—
and fools multiply words.

No one knows what is coming—
who can tell someone else what will happen after them?

The toil of fools wearies them;
they do not know the way to town.

Woe to the land whose king was a servant
and whose princes feast in the morning.
Blessed is the land whose king is of noble birth
and whose princes eat at a proper time—
for strength and not for drunkenness.

Through laziness, the rafters sag;
because of idle hands, the house leaks.

A feast is made for laughter,
wine makes life merry,
and money is the answer for everything.

Do not revile the king even in your thoughts,
or curse the rich in your bedroom,
because a bird in the sky may carry your words,
and a bird on the wing may report what you say.

Ship your grain across the sea;
after many days you may receive a return.
Invest in seven ventures, yes, in eight;
you do not know what disaster may come upon the land.

If clouds are full of water,
they pour rain on the earth.
Whether a tree falls to the south or to the north,
in the place where it falls, there it will lie.
Whoever watches the wind will not plant;
whoever looks at the clouds will not reap.

As you do not know the path of the wind,
or how the body is formed in a mother's womb,
so you cannot understand the work of God,
the Maker of all things.

Sow your seed in the morning,
and at evening let your hands not be idle,
for you do not know which will succeed,
whether this or that,
or whether both will do equally well.

Light is sweet,
and it pleases the eyes to see the sun.
However many years anyone may live,
let them enjoy them all.
But let them remember the days of darkness,
for there will be many.
Everything to come is meaningless.

You who are young, be happy while you are young,
and let your heart give you joy in the days of your youth.
Follow the ways of your heart
and whatever your eyes see,
but know that for all these things
God will bring you into judgment.
So then, banish anxiety from your heart
and cast off the troubles of your body,
for youth and vigor are meaningless.

Remember your Creator
in the days of your youth,
before the days of trouble come
and the years approach when you will say,
"I find no pleasure in them"—
before the sun and the light
and the moon and the stars grow dark,
and the clouds return after the rain;
when the keepers of the house tremble,
and the strong men stoop,
when the grinders cease because they are few,

and those looking through the windows grow dim;
 when the doors to the street are closed
 and the sound of grinding fades;
 when people rise up at the sound of birds,
 but all their songs grow faint;
 when people are afraid of heights
 and of dangers in the streets;
 when the almond tree blossoms
 and the grasshopper drags itself along
 and desire no longer is stirred.
 Then people go to their eternal home
 and mourners go about the streets.

Remember him—before the silver cord is severed,
 and the golden bowl is broken;
 before the pitcher is shattered at the spring,
 and the wheel broken at the well,
 and the dust returns to the ground it came from,
 and the spirit returns to God who gave it.

“Meaningless! Meaningless!” says the Teacher.
 “Everything is meaningless!”

Not only was the Teacher wise, but he also imparted knowledge to the people. He pondered and searched out and set in order many proverbs. The Teacher searched to find just the right words, and what he wrote was upright and true.

The words of the wise are like goads, their collected sayings like firmly embedded nails—given by one shepherd. Be warned, my son, of anything in addition to them.

Of making many books there is no end, and much study wearies the body.

Now all has been heard;
 here is the conclusion of the matter:
 Fear God and keep his commandments,
 for this is the duty of all mankind.
 For God will bring every deed into judgment,
 including every hidden thing,
 whether it is good or evil.

Song of Songs

Solomon's Song of Songs.

She

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth—
 for your love is more delightful than wine.
 Pleasing is the fragrance of your perfumes;
 your name is like perfume poured out.
 No wonder the young women love you!
 Take me away with you—let us hurry!
 Let the king bring me into his chambers.

Friends

We rejoice and delight in you;
 we will praise your love more than wine.

She

How right they are to adore you!

Dark am I, yet lovely,
 daughters of Jerusalem,
 dark like the tents of Kedar,
 like the tent curtains of Solomon.
 Do not stare at me because I am dark,
 because I am darkened by the sun.
 My mother's sons were angry with me
 and made me take care of the vineyards;
 my own vineyard I had to neglect.
 Tell me, you whom I love,
 where you graze your flock
 and where you rest your sheep at midday.
 Why should I be like a veiled woman
 beside the flocks of your friends?

Friends

If you do not know, most beautiful of women,
follow the tracks of the sheep
and graze your young goats
by the tents of the shepherds.

He

I liken you, my darling, to a mare
among Pharaoh's chariot horses.
Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings,
your neck with strings of jewels.
We will make you earrings of gold,
studded with silver.

She

While the king was at his table,
my perfume spread its fragrance.
My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh
resting between my breasts.
My beloved is to me a cluster of henna blossoms
from the vineyards of En Gedi.

He

How beautiful you are, my darling!
Oh, how beautiful!
Your eyes are doves.

She

How handsome you are, my beloved!
Oh, how charming!
And our bed is verdant.

He

The beams of our house are cedars;
our rafters are firs.

She

I am a rose of Sharon,
a lily of the valleys.

He

Like a lily among thorns
is my darling among the young women.

She

Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest
is my beloved among the young men.
I delight to sit in his shade,
and his fruit is sweet to my taste.
Let him lead me to the banquet hall,
and let his banner over me be love.
Strengthen me with raisins,
refresh me with apples,
for I am faint with love.
His left arm is under my head,
and his right arm embraces me.
Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you
by the gazelles and by the does of the field:
Do not arouse or awaken love
until it so desires.

Listen! My beloved!
Look! Here he comes,
leaping across the mountains,
bounding over the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Look! There he stands behind our wall,
gazing through the windows,
peering through the lattice.
My beloved spoke and said to me,
“Arise, my darling,
my beautiful one, come with me.
See! The winter is past;

the rains are over and gone.
 Flowers appear on the earth;
 the season of singing has come,
 the cooing of doves
 is heard in our land.
 The fig tree forms its early fruit;
 the blossoming vines spread their fragrance.
 Arise, come, my darling;
 my beautiful one, come with me.”

He

My dove in the clefts of the rock,
 in the hiding places on the mountainside,
 show me your face,
 let me hear your voice;
 for your voice is sweet,
 and your face is lovely.
 Catch for us the foxes,
 the little foxes
 that ruin the vineyards,
 our vineyards that are in bloom.

She

My beloved is mine and I am his;
 he browses among the lilies.
 Until the day breaks
 and the shadows flee,
 turn, my beloved,
 and be like a gazelle
 or like a young stag
 on the rugged hills.

All night long on my bed
 I looked for the one my heart loves;
 I looked for him but did not find him.
 I will get up now and go about the city,
 through its streets and squares;
 I will search for the one my heart loves.

So I looked for him but did not find him.
The watchmen found me
as they made their rounds in the city.
“Have you seen the one my heart loves?”
Scarcely had I passed them
when I found the one my heart loves.
I held him and would not let him go
till I had brought him to my mother’s house,
to the room of the one who conceived me.
Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you
by the gazelles and by the does of the field:
Do not arouse or awaken love
until it so desires.

Who is this coming up from the wilderness
like a column of smoke,
perfumed with myrrh and incense
made from all the spices of the merchant?
Look! It is Solomon’s carriage,
escorted by sixty warriors,
the noblest of Israel,
all of them wearing the sword,
all experienced in battle,
each with his sword at his side,
prepared for the terrors of the night.
King Solomon made for himself the carriage;
he made it of wood from Lebanon.
Its posts he made of silver,
its base of gold.
Its seat was upholstered with purple,
its interior inlaid with love.
Daughters of Jerusalem, come out,
and look, you daughters of Zion.
Look on King Solomon wearing a crown,
the crown with which his mother crowned him
on the day of his wedding,
the day his heart rejoiced.

He

How beautiful you are, my darling!
Oh, how beautiful!
Your eyes behind your veil are doves.
Your hair is like a flock of goats
descending from the hills of Gilead.
Your teeth are like a flock of sheep just shorn,
coming up from the washing.
Each has its twin;
not one of them is alone.
Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon;
your mouth is lovely.
Your temples behind your veil
are like the halves of a pomegranate.
Your neck is like the tower of David,
built with courses of stone;
on it hang a thousand shields,
all of them shields of warriors.
Your breasts are like two fawns,
like twin fawns of a gazelle
that browse among the lilies.
Until the day breaks
and the shadows flee,
I will go to the mountain of myrrh
and to the hill of incense.
You are altogether beautiful, my darling;
there is no flaw in you.

Come with me from Lebanon, my bride,
come with me from Lebanon.
Descend from the crest of Amana,
from the top of Senir, the summit of Hermon,
from the lions' dens
and the mountain haunts of leopards.
You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;
you have stolen my heart
with one glance of your eyes,
with one jewel of your necklace.
How delightful is your love, my sister, my bride!
How much more pleasing is your love than wine,
and the fragrance of your perfume

more than any spice!
 Your lips drop sweetness as the honeycomb, my bride;
 milk and honey are under your tongue.
 The fragrance of your garments
 is like the fragrance of Lebanon.
 You are a garden locked up, my sister, my bride;
 you are a spring enclosed, a sealed fountain.
 Your plants are an orchard of pomegranates
 with choice fruits,
 with henna and nard,
 nard and saffron,
 calamus and cinnamon,
 with every kind of incense tree,
 with myrrh and aloes
 and all the finest spices.
 You are a garden fountain,
 a well of flowing water
 streaming down from Lebanon.

She

Awake, north wind,
 and come, south wind!
 Blow on my garden,
 that its fragrance may spread everywhere.
 Let my beloved come into his garden
 and taste its choice fruits.

He

I have come into my garden, my sister, my bride;
 I have gathered my myrrh with my spice.
 I have eaten my honeycomb and my honey;
 I have drunk my wine and my milk.

Friends

Eat, friends, and drink;
 drink your fill of love.

She

I slept but my heart was awake.
 Listen! My beloved is knocking:
 “Open to me, my sister, my darling,
 my dove, my flawless one.
 My head is drenched with dew,
 my hair with the dampness of the night.”
 I have taken off my robe—
 must I put it on again?
 I have washed my feet—
 must I soil them again?
 My beloved thrust his hand through the latch-opening;
 my heart began to pound for him.
 I arose to open for my beloved,
 and my hands dripped with myrrh,
 my fingers with flowing myrrh,
 on the handles of the bolt.
 I opened for my beloved,
 but my beloved had left; he was gone.
 My heart sank at his departure.
 I looked for him but did not find him.
 I called him but he did not answer.
 The watchmen found me
 as they made their rounds in the city.
 They beat me, they bruised me;
 they took away my cloak,
 those watchmen of the walls!
 Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you—
 if you find my beloved,
 what will you tell him?
 Tell him I am faint with love.

Friends

How is your beloved better than others,
 most beautiful of women?
 How is your beloved better than others,
 that you so charge us?

She

My beloved is radiant and ruddy,
 outstanding among ten thousand.
 His head is purest gold;
 his hair is wavy
 and black as a raven.
 His eyes are like doves
 by the water streams,
 washed in milk,
 mounted like jewels.
 His cheeks are like beds of spice
 yielding perfume.
 His lips are like lilies
 dripping with myrrh.
 His arms are rods of gold
 set with topaz.
 His body is like polished ivory
 decorated with lapis lazuli.
 His legs are pillars of marble
 set on bases of pure gold.
 His appearance is like Lebanon,
 choice as its cedars.
 His mouth is sweetness itself;
 he is altogether lovely.
 This is my beloved, this is my friend,
 daughters of Jerusalem.

Friends

Where has your beloved gone,
 most beautiful of women?
 Which way did your beloved turn,
 that we may look for him with you?

She

My beloved has gone down to his garden,
 to the beds of spices,
 to browse in the gardens

and to gather lilies.
 I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine;
 he browses among the lilies.

He

You are as beautiful as Tirzah, my darling,
 as lovely as Jerusalem,
 as majestic as troops with banners.
 Turn your eyes from me;
 they overwhelm me.
 Your hair is like a flock of goats
 descending from Gilead.
 Your teeth are like a flock of sheep
 coming up from the washing.
 Each has its twin,
 not one of them is missing.
 Your temples behind your veil
 are like the halves of a pomegranate.
 Sixty queens there may be,
 and eighty concubines,
 and virgins beyond number;
 but my dove, my perfect one, is unique,
 the only daughter of her mother,
 the favorite of the one who bore her.
 The young women saw her and called her blessed;
 the queens and concubines praised her.

Friends

Who is this that appears like the dawn,
 fair as the moon, bright as the sun,
 majestic as the stars in procession?

He

I went down to the grove of nut trees
 to look at the new growth in the valley,
 to see if the vines had budded
 or the pomegranates were in bloom.

Before I realized it,
 my desire set me among the royal chariots of my people.

Friends

Come back, come back, O Shulammite;
 come back, come back, that we may gaze on you!

He

Why would you gaze on the Shulammite
 as on the dance of Mahanaim?

How beautiful your sandaled feet,
 O prince's daughter!

Your graceful legs are like jewels,
 the work of an artist's hands.

Your navel is a rounded goblet
 that never lacks blended wine.

Your waist is a mound of wheat
 encircled by lilies.

Your breasts are like two fawns,
 like twin fawns of a gazelle.

Your neck is like an ivory tower.

Your eyes are the pools of Heshbon
 by the gate of Bath Rabbim.

Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon
 looking toward Damascus.

Your head crowns you like Mount Carmel.

Your hair is like royal tapestry;
 the king is held captive by its tresses.

How beautiful you are and how pleasing,
 my love, with your delights!

Your stature is like that of the palm,
 and your breasts like clusters of fruit.

I said, "I will climb the palm tree;
 I will take hold of its fruit."

May your breasts be like clusters of grapes on the vine,
 the fragrance of your breath like apples,
 and your mouth like the best wine.

She

May the wine go straight to my beloved,
 flowing gently over lips and teeth.
 I belong to my beloved,
 and his desire is for me.
 Come, my beloved, let us go to the countryside,
 let us spend the night in the villages.
 Let us go early to the vineyards
 to see if the vines have budded,
 if their blossoms have opened,
 and if the pomegranates are in bloom—
 there I will give you my love.
 The mandrakes send out their fragrance,
 and at our door is every delicacy,
 both new and old,
 that I have stored up for you, my beloved.

If only you were to me like a brother,
 who was nursed at my mother's breasts!
 Then, if I found you outside,
 I would kiss you,
 and no one would despise me.
 I would lead you
 and bring you to my mother's house—
 she who has taught me.
 I would give you spiced wine to drink,
 the nectar of my pomegranates.
 His left arm is under my head
 and his right arm embraces me.
 Daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you:
 Do not arouse or awaken love
 until it so desires.

Friends

Who is this coming up from the wilderness
 leaning on her beloved?

She

Under the apple tree I roused you;
 there your mother conceived you,
 there she who was in labor gave you birth.
 Place me like a seal over your heart,
 like a seal on your arm;
 for love is as strong as death,
 its jealousy unyielding as the grave.
 It burns like blazing fire,
 like a mighty flame.
 Many waters cannot quench love;
 rivers cannot sweep it away.
 If one were to give
 all the wealth of one's house for love,
 it would be utterly scorned.

Friends

We have a little sister,
 and her breasts are not yet grown.
 What shall we do for our sister
 on the day she is spoken for?
 If she is a wall,
 we will build towers of silver on her.
 If she is a door,
 we will enclose her with panels of cedar.

She

I am a wall,
 and my breasts are like towers.
 Thus I have become in his eyes
 like one bringing contentment.
 Solomon had a vineyard in Baal Hamon;
 he let out his vineyard to tenants.
 Each was to bring for its fruit
 a thousand shekels of silver.
 But my own vineyard is mine to give;
 the thousand shekels are for you, Solomon,

and two hundred are for those who tend its fruit.

He

You who dwell in the gardens
with friends in attendance,
let me hear your voice!

She

Come away, my beloved,
and be like a gazelle
or like a young stag
on the spice-laden mountains.