

PSALM 5

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

1 Listen to my words, Lord,
consider my lament.
2 Hear my cry for help,
my King and my God,
for to you I pray.
3 In the morning, Lord, you hear my voice;
in the morning I lay my requests before you
and wait expectantly.
4 For you are not a God who is pleased with
wickedness;
with you, evil people are not welcome.
5 The arrogant cannot stand
in your presence.
You hate all who do wrong;
6 you destroy those who tell lies.
The bloodthirsty and deceitful
you, Lord, detest.

7 But I, by your great love,
can come into your house;
in reverence I bow down
toward your holy temple.
8 Lead me, Lord, in your righteousness
because of my enemies—
make your way straight before me.
9 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.
10 Declare them guilty, O God!
Let their intrigues be their downfall.
Banish them for their many sins,
for they have rebelled against you.
11 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.
12 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.*

1 Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.
2 Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am faint;
heal me, Lord, for my bones are in agony.
3 My soul is in deep anguish.
How long, Lord, how long?
4 Turn, Lord, and deliver me;
save me because of your unfailing love.
5 Among the dead no one proclaims your name.
Who praises you from the grave?

6 I am worn out from my groaning.
All night long I flood my bed with weeping
and drench my couch with tears.
7 My eyes grow weak with sorrow;
they fail because of all my foes.
8 Away from me, all you who do evil,
for the Lord has heard my weeping.
9 The Lord has heard my cry for mercy;
the Lord accepts my prayer.
10 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.

1 Lord my God, I take refuge in you;
save and deliver me from all who pursue me,
2 or they will tear me apart like a lion
and rip me to pieces with no one to rescue me.
3 Lord my God, if I have done this
and there is guilt on my hands—
4 if I have repaid my ally with evil
or without cause have robbed my foe—
5 then let my enemy pursue and overtake me;
let him trample my life to the ground
and make me sleep in the dust.
6 Arise, Lord, in your anger;
rise up against the rage of my enemies.
Awake, my God; decree justice.
7 Let the assembled peoples gather around you,
while you sit enthroned over them on high.
8 Let the Lord judge the peoples.
Vindicate me, Lord, according to my
righteousness,
according to my integrity, O Most High.

9 Bring to an end the violence of the wicked
and make the righteous secure—
you, the righteous God
who probes minds and hearts.
10 My shield is God Most High,
who saves the upright in heart.
11 God is a righteous judge,
a God who displays his wrath every day.
12 If he does not relent,
he[e] will sharpen his sword;
he will bend and string his bow.
13 He has prepared his deadly weapons;
he makes ready his flaming arrows.
14 Whoever is pregnant with evil
conceives trouble and gives birth to
disillusionment.
15 Whoever digs a hole and scoops it out
falls into the pit they have made.
16 The trouble they cause recoils on them;
their violence comes down on their own heads.
17 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 32

Of David. A maskil.

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

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

3 When I kept silent,
my bones wasted away
through my groaning all day long.

4 For day and night
your hand was heavy on me;
my strength was sapped
as in the heat of summer.

5 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.

6 Therefore let all the faithful pray to you
while you may be found;
surely the rising of the mighty waters
will not reach them.

7 You are my hiding place;
you will protect me from trouble
and surround me with songs of deliverance.

8 I will instruct you and teach you in the way you
should go;

I will counsel you with my loving eye on you.

9 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.

10 Many are the woes of the wicked,
but the Lord's unfailing love
surrounds the one who trusts in him.

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

PSALM 38

A psalm of David. A petition.

1 Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.

2 Your arrows have pierced me,
and your hand has come down on me.

3 Because of your wrath there is no health in my
body;
there is no soundness in my bones because of
my sin.

4 My guilt has overwhelmed me
like a burden too heavy to bear.

5 My wounds fester and are loathsome
because of my sinful folly.

6 I am bowed down and brought very low;
all day long I go about mourning.

7 My back is filled with searing pain;
there is no health in my body.

8 I am feeble and utterly crushed;
I groan in anguish of heart.

9 All my longings lie open before you, Lord;
my sighing is not hidden from you.

10 My heart pounds, my strength fails me;
even the light has gone from my eyes.

11 My friends and companions avoid me because
of my wounds;
my neighbors stay far away.

12 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.

13 I am like the deaf, who cannot hear,
like the mute, who cannot speak;

14 I have become like one who does not hear,
whose mouth can offer no reply.

15 Lord, I wait for you;
you will answer, Lord my God.

16 For I said, "Do not let them gloat
or exalt themselves over me when my feet slip."

17 For I am about to fall,
and my pain is ever with me.

18 I confess my iniquity;
I am troubled by my sin.

19 Many have become my enemies without cause;
those who hate me without reason are numerous.

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

21 Lord, do not forsake me;
do not be far from me, my God.

22 Come quickly to help me,
my Lord and my Savior.

PSALM 39

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

1 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."
2 So I remained utterly silent,
not even saying anything good.
But my anguish increased;
3 my heart grew hot within me.
While I meditated, the fire burned;
then I spoke with my tongue:
4 "Show me, Lord, my life's end
and the number of my days;
let me know how fleeting my life is.
5 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.
6 "Surely everyone goes around like a mere
phantom;
in vain they rush about, heaping up wealth
without knowing whose it will finally be.

7 "But now, Lord, what do I look for?
My hope is in you.
8 Save me from all my transgressions;
do not make me the scorn of fools.
9 I was silent; I would not open my mouth,
for you are the one who has done this.
10 Remove your scourge from me;
I am overcome by the blow of your hand.
11 When you rebuke and discipline anyone for their
sin,
you consume their wealth like a moth—
surely everyone is but a breath.
12 "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.
13 Look away from me, that I may enjoy life again
before I depart and am no more."

PSALM 44

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

- 1 We have heard it with our ears, O God;
our ancestors have told us
what you did in their days,
in days long ago.
- 2 With your hand you drove out the nations
and planted our ancestors;
you crushed the peoples
and made our ancestors flourish.
- 3 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.
- 4 You are my King and my God,
who decrees victories for Jacob.
- 5 Through you we push back our enemies;
through your name we trample our foes.
- 6 I put no trust in my bow,
my sword does not bring me victory;
- 7 but you give us victory over our enemies,
you put our adversaries to shame.
- 8 In God we make our boast all day long,
and we will praise your name forever.
- 9 But now you have rejected and humbled us;
you no longer go out with our armies.
- 10 You made us retreat before the enemy,
and our adversaries have plundered us.
- 11 You gave us up to be devoured like sheep
and have scattered us among the nations.
- 12 You sold your people for a pittance,
gaining nothing from their sale.
- 13 You have made us a reproach to our neighbors,
the scorn and derision of those around us.
- 14 You have made us a byword among the nations;
the peoples shake their heads at us.
- 15 I live in disgrace all day long,
and my face is covered with shame
- 16 at the taunts of those who reproach and revile me,
because of the enemy, who is bent on revenge.
- 17 All this came upon us,
though we had not forgotten you;
we had not been false to your covenant.
- 18 Our hearts had not turned back;
our feet had not strayed from your path.
- 19 But you crushed us and made us a haunt for
jackals;
you covered us over with deep darkness.
- 20 If we had forgotten the name of our God
or spread out our hands to a foreign god,
21 would not God have discovered it,
since he knows the secrets of the heart?
- 22 Yet for your sake we face death all day long;
we are considered as sheep to be slaughtered.
- 23 Awake, Lord! Why do you sleep?
Rouse yourself! Do not reject us forever.
- 24 Why do you hide your face
and forget our misery and oppression?
- 25 We are brought down to the dust;
our bodies cling to the ground.
- 26 Rise up and help us;
rescue us because of your unfailing love.

PSALM 102

A prayer of an afflicted person who has grown weak and pours out a lament before the Lord.

1 Hear my prayer, Lord;
let my cry for help come to you.

2 Do not hide your face from me
when I am in distress.

Turn your ear to me;
when I call, answer me quickly.

3 For my days vanish like smoke;
my bones burn like glowing embers.

4 My heart is blighted and withered like grass;
I forget to eat my food.

5 In my distress I groan aloud
and am reduced to skin and bones.

6 I am like a desert owl,
like an owl among the ruins.

7 I lie awake; I have become
like a bird alone on a roof.

8 All day long my enemies taunt me;
those who rail against me use my name as a
curse.

9 For I eat ashes as my food
and mingle my drink with tears

10 because of your great wrath,
for you have taken me up and thrown me aside.

11 My days are like the evening shadow;
I wither away like grass.

12 But you, Lord, sit enthroned forever;
your renown endures through all generations.

13 You will arise and have compassion on Zion,
for it is time to show favor to her;
the appointed time has come.

14 For her stones are dear to your servants;
her very dust moves them to pity.

15 The nations will fear the name of the Lord,
all the kings of the earth will revere your glory.

16 For the Lord will rebuild Zion
and appear in his glory.

17 He will respond to the prayer of the destitute;
he will not despise their plea.

18 Let this be written for a future generation,
that a people not yet created may praise the Lord:

19 "The Lord looked down from his sanctuary on
high,
from heaven he viewed the earth,
20 to hear the groans of the prisoners
and release those condemned to death."

21 So the name of the Lord will be declared in Zion
and his praise in Jerusalem

22 when the peoples and the kingdoms
assemble to worship the Lord.

23 In the course of my life he broke my strength;
he cut short my days.

24 So I said:
"Do not take me away, my God, in the midst of my
days;
your years go on through all generations.

25 In the beginning you laid the foundations of the
earth,
and the heavens are the work of your hands.

26 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.

27 But you remain the same,
and your years will never end.

28 The children of your servants will live in your
presence;
their descendants will be established before you."

PSALM 130

A song of ascents.

1 Out of the depths I cry to you, Lord;
2 Lord, hear my voice.
Let your ears be attentive
to my cry for mercy.
3 If you, Lord, kept a record of sins,
Lord, who could stand?
4 But with you there is forgiveness,
so that we can, with reverence, serve you.

5 I wait for the Lord, my whole being waits,
and in his word I put my hope.
6 I wait for the Lord
more than watchmen wait for the morning,
more than watchmen wait for the morning.
7 Israel, put your hope in the Lord,
for with the Lord is unfailing love
and with him is full redemption.
8 He himself will redeem Israel
from all their sins.

PSALM 143

A psalm of David.

1 Lord, hear my prayer,
listen to my cry for mercy;
in your faithfulness and righteousness
come to my relief.
2 Do not bring your servant into judgment,
for no one living is righteous before you.
3 The enemy pursues me,
he crushes me to the ground;
he makes me dwell in the darkness
like those long dead.
4 So my spirit grows faint within me;
my heart within me is dismayed.
5 I remember the days of long ago;
I meditate on all your works
and consider what your hands have done.
6 I spread out my hands to you;
I thirst for you like a parched land.

7 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.
8 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.
9 Rescue me from my enemies, Lord,
for I hide myself in you.
10 Teach me to do your will,
for you are my God;
may your good Spirit
lead me on level ground.
11 For your name's sake, Lord, preserve my life;
in your righteousness, bring me out of trouble.
12 In your unfailing love, silence my enemies;
destroy all my foes,