Psalm 92

Set to the tune of “Rejoice, the Lord Is King” (BH, 1991, #197)

1. It's good to thank the Lord, to praise Your name, Most High!
2. Your deeds, Lord, made me glad. I'll joy in what You've done.
3. Though sinners grow like weeds, ill-doers blossom may,
4. You've rais'd, like ox, my horn, poured fresh oil on my head.
5. Those planted by the Lord shall in God's courts be seen;

To show Your love at dawn, Your faithfulness all night! The
How great Your doings, Lord! How deep Your thoughts each one! Fools
They're doomed to be destroyed. You, Lord, exalted stay. Lord,
You made me see the spies and hear what plotters said. Like
When old they'll still bear fruit and flourish fresh and green, And

ten stringed lyre with sweet voiced lute and rippling harp Your praise in spire.
won't be shown; The fool ish can't accept this truth to him unknown.
Your foes fall. See! How Your foes, vain evil men are scatter'd all!
thriving palm the righteous grows, like cedars tall on Lebanon.
loud proclaim how upright is the Lord, my rock; no wrong in him!