Cast Your Burden on the LORD (c. 1022 – c. 969t BC)

Psalm 55

For the choir director; on stringed instruments.

A Maskil of David.

1 Give ear to my prayer, O God;

And do not hide Yourself from my supplication.

2 Give heed to me and answer me;

I am restless in my complaint and am surely distracted,

3 Because of the voice of the enemy,

Because of the pressure of the wicked;

For they bring down trouble upon me

And in anger they bear a grudge against me.

4 My heart is in anguish within me,

And the terrors of death have fallen upon me.

5 Fear and trembling come upon me, And horror has overwhelmed me.

6 I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!

I would fly away and be at rest.

7 "Behold, I would wander far away,

I would lodge in the wilderness. Selah.

"I would hasten to my place of refuge From the stormy wind and tempest."

9 Confuse, O Lord, divide their tongues,

For I have seen violence and strife in the city.

10 Day and night they go around her upon her walls,

And iniquity and mischief are in her midst.

11 Destruction is in her midst;

Oppression and deceit do not depart from her streets.

12 For it is not an enemy who reproaches me,

Then I could bear it;

Nor is it one who hates me who has exalted himself against me,

Then I could hide myself from him.

13 But it is you, a man my equal,

My companion and my familiar friend;

14 We who had sweet fellowship together

Walked in the house of God in the throng.

15 Let death come deceitfully upon them;

Let them go down alive to Sheol,

For evil is in their dwelling, in their midst.

16 As for me, I shall call upon God,

And the LORD will save me.

17 Evening and morning and at noon, I will complain and murmur,

And He will hear my voice.

18 He will redeem my soul in peace from the battle which is against me,

For they are many who strive with me.

19 God will hear and answer them—

Even the one who sits enthroned from of old— Selah.

With whom there is no change,

And who do not fear God.

20 He has put forth his hands against those who were at peace with him;

He has violated his covenant.

21 His speech was smoother than butter,

But his heart was war;

His words were softer than oil,

Yet they were drawn swords.

22 Cast your burden upon the LORD and He will sustain you;

He will never allow the righteous to be shaken. [1 Pet 5:6–7]

23 But You, O God, will bring them down to the pit of destruction;

Men of bloodshed and deceit will not live out half their days.

But I will trust in You.

God Who Judges the Earth (c. 1022 – c. 969t BC)

Psalm 58

For the choir director; set to Al-tashheth.

A Mikhtam of David.

Do you indeed speak righteousness, O gods?
Do you judge uprightly, O sons of men?

2 No, in heart you work unrighteousness;

On earth you weigh out the violence of your hands.

3 The wicked are estranged from the womb;

These who speak lies go astray from birth.

4 They have venom like the venom of a serpent; Like a deaf cobra that stops up its ear,

5 So that it does not hear the voice of charmers, *Or* a skillful caster of spells.

6 O God, shatter their teeth in their mouth;

Break out the fangs of the young lions, O LORD.

7 Let them flow away like water that runs off;

When he aims his arrows, let them be as headless shafts.

8 Let them be as a snail which melts away as it goes along, Like the miscarriages of a woman which never see the sun.

9 Before your pots can feel *the fire of* thorns

He will sweep them away with a whirlwind, the green and the burning alike.

10 The righteous will rejoice when he sees the vengeance;

He will wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

11 And men will say, "Surely there is a reward for the righteous;

Surely there is a God who judges on earth!"

Lead Me to the Rock (c. 1022 - c. 969t BC)

Psalm 61

For the choir director; on a stringed instrument.

A Psalm of David.

1 Hear my cry, O God;

Give heed to my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth I call to You when my heart is faint;

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For You have been a refuge for me,

A tower of strength against the enemy.

4 Let me dwell in Your tent forever;

Let me take refuge in the shelter of Your wings. Selah.

5 For You have heard my vows, O God;

You have given \emph{me} the inheritance of those who fear Your name.

6 You will prolong the king's life;

His years will be as many generations.

7 He will abide before God forever;

Appoint lovingkindness and truth that they may preserve him.

8 So I will sing praise to Your name forever,

That I may pay my vows day by day.

My Soul Waits for God Alone (c. 1022 - c. 969t BC)

Psalm 62

For the choir director; according to Jeduthun.

A Psalm of David.

1 My soul waits in silence for God only;

From Him is my salvation.

2 He only is my rock and my salvation,

My stronghold; I shall not be greatly shaken.

3 How long will you assail a man,

That you may murder him, all of you,

Like a leaning wall, like a tottering fence?

4 They have counseled only to thrust him down from his high position;

They delight in falsehood;

They bless with their mouth,

But inwardly they curse. Selah.

5 My soul, wait in silence for God only,

For my hope is from Him.

6 He only is my rock and my salvation,

My stronghold; I shall not be shaken.

7 On God my salvation and my glory rest;

The rock of my strength, my refuge is in God.

8 Trust in Him at all times, O people;

Pour out your heart before Him;

God is a refuge for us. Selah.

9 Men of low degree are only vanity and men of rank are a lie;

In the balances they go up;

They are together lighter than breath.

10 Do not trust in oppression

And do not vainly hope in robbery;

If riches increase, do not set your heart upon them.

11 Once God has spoken;

Twice I have heard this:

That power belongs to God;

12 And lovingkindness is Yours, O Lord,

For You recompense a man according to his work. [Matt 16:27; Rom 2:6]

Hide Me from the Wicked (c. 1022 - c. 969t BC)

Psalm 64

For the choir director.

A Psalm of David.

1 Hear my voice, O God, in my complaint;

Preserve my life from dread of the enemy.

2 Hide me from the secret counsel of evildoers,

From the tumult of those who do iniquity,

3 Who have sharpened their tongue like a sword.

They aimed bitter speech as their arrow,

4 To shoot from concealment at the blameless;

Suddenly they shoot at him, and do not fear.

5 They hold fast to themselves an evil purpose;

They talk of laying snares secretly;

They say, "Who can see them?"

6 They devise injustices, saying,

"We are ready with a well-conceived plot";

For the inward thought and the heart of a man are deep.

7 But God will shoot at them with an arrow;

Suddenly they will be wounded.

8 So they will make him stumble;

Their own tongue is against them;

All who see them will shake the head.

9 Then all men will fear,

And they will declare the work of God,

And will consider what He has done.

10 The righteous man will be glad in the LORD and will take refuge in Him;

And all the upright in heart will glory.

O God of Our Salvation (c. 1022 - c. 969t BC)

Psalm 65

For the choir director.

A Psalm of David. A Song.

1 There will be silence before You, and praise in Zion, O God, And to You the vow will be performed.

2 O You who hear prayer,

To You all men come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me;

As for our transgressions, You forgive them.

4 How blessed is the one whom You choose and bring near to You

To dwell in Your courts.

We will be satisfied with the goodness of Your house,

Your holy temple.

5 By awesome deeds You answer us in righteousness, O God of our salvation,

You who are the trust of all the ends of the earth and of the farthest sea;

6 Who establishes the mountains by His strength,

Being girded with might;

7 Who stills the roaring of the seas,

The roaring of their waves,

And the tumult of the peoples.

8 They who dwell in the ends of the earth stand in awe of Your signs;

You make the dawn and the sunset shout for joy.

9 You visit the earth and cause it to overflow;

You greatly enrich it;

The stream of God is full of water;

You prepare their grain, for thus You prepare the earth.

10 You water its furrows abundantly,

You settle its ridges,

You soften it with showers,

You bless its growth.

11 You have crowned the year with Your bounty,

And Your paths drip with fatness.

12 The pastures of the wilderness drip,

And the hills gird themselves with rejoicing.

13 The meadows are clothed with flocks

And the valleys are covered with grain;

They shout for joy, yes, they sing.

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