



Beautiful Thing

Description

What a beautiful thing, God, to give thanks, to sing an anthem to you, the High God!

To announce your love each daybreak,
sing your faithful presence all through the night,
Accompanied by dulcimer and harp,
the full-bodied music of strings.

4-9 You made me so happy, God
I saw your work and I shouted for joy.
How magnificent your work, God!
How profound your thoughts!
Dullards never notice what you do;
fools never do get it.
When the wicked popped up like weeds
and all the evil men and women took over,
You mowed them down,
finished them off once and for all.
You, God, are High and Eternal.
Look at your enemies, God!
Look at your enemies—ruined!
Scattered to the winds, all those hirelings of evil!

10-14 But you've made me strong as a charging bison,
you've honored me with a festive parade.
The sight of my critics going down is still fresh,
the rout of my malicious detractors.
My ears are filled with the sounds of promise:

“Good people will prosper like palm trees,
Grow tall like Lebanon cedars;
transplanted to God’s courtyard,
They’ll grow tall in the presence of God,
lithe and green, virile still in old age.”

15 Such witnesses to upright God!
My Mountain, my huge, holy Mountain!

~Psalm 92 (MSG)

Category

1. Following Jesus

Tags

1. God
2. Psalms
3. Strength

Date Created

October 18, 2014

Author

thepricelessjourney

default watermark