

PSALM 92

מִזְמוֹר שִׁיר לַיּוֹם הַשַּׁבָּת: טוֹב לְהַדוֹת לַיהוָה, וּלְזַמֵּר לְשִׁמְךָ עֲלִיוֹן: לְהַגִּיד בַּבֶּקֶר
חֶסֶדְךָ וְאַמּוֹנָתְךָ בְּלֵילוֹת: עָלַי עֲשׂוֹר וְעָלַי נְבֹל, עָלַי הַגָּיוֹן בְּכִנּוֹר:

A psalm, a song for the Sabbath day: It is good to thank God, and to sing praises to your Name on high; to tell of your goodness in the morning, and your faithfulness at night, on a ten-stringed lyre and flute, to the sound of harp.

A psalm—An ancient voice, yet alive, unexpectedly turning my insides out, greeting the unknown in me. *A song*—Lilting, rhythmic and melodious, raising me up. *For the Sabbath day*—For a day to be whole and with God. *It is good to thank God*—My gratitude is commanded, yet I'm fulfilled in it, renewed and gladdened, even without understanding my thankfulness. *And to sing praises to your Name on high*—Praises sing themselves out of me to the name of my personal cosmic God. *To tell of your goodness in the morning*—At daybreak I tell of the kindness, the blessings that God brings to me, strengthening me to deal with what I must. *And your faithfulness at night*—And in the evening, every night, I tell of God's faithfulness, looking back and remembering: I walked this day with God and Torah, and they were faithful, offering up the vision and the path. *On a ten-stringed lyre and flute, to the sound of harp*—With music and song do I reflect upon all this.