

the Nineteen Psalm

(A Poetic Paraphrase from the NIV)

The heavens declare the glory of God;
The skies tout the works of his hands.
Day after day their speech pours abroad;
And nightly their message expands.
There is no speech or language of men
Where the sound of their voice is not heard;
No place in the world their cry hasn't been;
And the ends of the earth hear their word.

The Lord pitched a tent in the skies for the sun,
Which exits aglow like a groom,
Delighting to travel the course it must run
With the confidence champions assume.
Morning by morning it's sure to arise;
Its path never fails to repeat;
It sets in the opposite end of the skies;
And nothing can hide from its heat.

The law of the Lord is perfect indeed,
Reviving the soul that obeys.
The trustworthy statutes He has decreed
Make simple folk wise in their ways.
The precepts He teaches always are right,
Rejoicing the hearts of His own;
All His commandments radiate light,
Guiding the eye from His throne.

The fear of the Lord is guilelessly pure,
Outlasting the passage of time;
His ordinances will surely endure,
In righteousness truly sublime;
More precious than gold, abundant and good,
And sweeter than honey from hives;
Warning his servants to do as they should;
Rewarding the faithful ones' lives.

Who can discern his personal sin?
(Forgive those that I cannot see).
Keep me from willingly letting them in,
And don't let them rule over me.
Then I'll be free from wrong on my part,
Redeemer and Rock of my might;
May all my words and thoughts of my heart
Be pleasing, O Lord, in Your sight.

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