

# Psalm 89:1-28

MSG

## GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID

Your love, God, is my song, and I'll sing it!  
I'm forever telling everyone how faithful you are.  
I'll never quit telling the story of your love—  
how you built the cosmos  
and guaranteed everything in it.  
Your love has always been our lives' foundation,  
your fidelity has been the roof over our world.  
You once said, "I joined forces with my chosen leader,  
I pledged my word to my servant, David, saying,  
'Everyone descending from you is guaranteed life;  
I'll make your rule as solid and lasting as rock.'"

God! Let the cosmos praise your wonderful ways,  
the choir of holy angels sing anthems to your faithful ways!  
Search high and low, scan skies and land,  
you'll find nothing and no one quite like God.  
The holy angels are in awe before him;  
he looms immense and august over everyone around him.  
God-of-the-Angel-Armies, who is like you,  
powerful and faithful from every angle?  
You put the arrogant ocean in its place  
and calm its waves when they turn unruly.  
You gave that old hag Egypt the back of your hand,  
you brushed off your enemies with a flick of your wrist.  
You own the cosmos—you made everything in it,  
everything from atom to archangel.  
You positioned the North and South Poles;  
the mountains Tabor and Hermon sing duets to you.

With your well-muscled arm and your grip of steel—  
nobody messes with you!

The Right and Justice are the roots of your rule;  
Love and Truth are its fruits.  
Blessed are the people who know the passwords of praise,  
who shout on parade in the bright presence of God.  
Delighted, they dance all day long; they know  
who you are, what you do—they can't keep it quiet!  
Your vibrant beauty has gotten inside us—  
you've been so good to us! We're walking on air!  
All we are and have we owe to God,  
Holy God of Israel, our King!

A long time ago you spoke in a vision,  
you spoke to your faithful beloved:  
"I've crowned a hero,  
I chose the best I could find;  
I found David, my servant,  
poured holy oil on his head,  
And I'll keep my hand steadily on him,  
yes, I'll stick with him through thick and thin.  
No enemy will get the best of him,  
no scoundrel will do him in.  
I'll weed out all who oppose him,  
I'll clean out all who hate him.  
I'm with him for good and I'll love him forever;  
I've set him on high—he's riding high!  
I've put Ocean in his one hand, River in the other;  
he'll call out, 'Oh, my Father—my God, my Rock of  
Salvation!'  
Yes, I'm setting him apart as the First of the royal line,  
High King over all of earth's kings.  
I'll preserve him eternally in my love,  
I'll faithfully do all I so solemnly promised.

“I have to write to discover what God is doing. I don’t know so well what I think until I see what I pray; then I have to pray it again.”