A PSALM OF DAVID

The heavens declare the glory of God,
The sky proclaims God's handiwork.

Day after day the word is uttered;
Night after night the knowledge is revealed.

There is no speech, there are no words,
Yet their voice resounds to the very ends of the world.

In the heavens, God has pitched a tent for the sun,
Which goes forth like a bridegroom from his chamber,
Like an athlete rejoicing to run the course.

It sets out from one end of the sky,
And completes its circuit at the other end;
Nothing is hidden from its warmth.

The teaching of the Lord is perfect, reviving the spirit;
The testimony of the Lord is trustworthy,
Teaching wisdom to the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are just, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Reverence for the Lord is pure, enduring forever.
Judgments of the Lord are true; they are altogether just.

They are more precious than gold, even purest gold,
They are sweeter than honey, even drops of the honeycomb.

Your servant also strives to observe them,
For great is the reward in keeping them.

Yet who can discern one's own errors?
Hold me guiltless, O Lord, for unwitting sins.

Also keep me from willful sins;
May they have no control over me.

Then shall I be blameless,
Clear of all transgressions.

May the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Find favor before You, my Rock and my Redeemer.