

Psalm 90

Yahweh, you have been my security
from generation to generation.

Before the mountains were formed
or the earth was born,
you are God, without beginning or end.

You turn humans into dust and command:
"Go back."

A thousand years are like yesterday to you--come and gone--
no more than a moment in the night.

You sweep humans away like daydreams,
like fresh grass which springs up
and flowers in the morning,
but by evening is withered and dry.

Seventy years is our life span,
or eighty for those who are strong.
These years are painful and empty.

Make us realize the shortness of life
that we may gain wisdom of heart.

When morning comes, fill us with your love.
And then we shall celebrate all our days.

[All]

Yahweh, you have been my security
from generation to generation.