

The Psalm Project

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Introduction

The Psalm Project represents my desire for a deeper understanding of the Word of YAHUWAH. It is not a mechanical translation nor is it a one-word-for-one-word exchange from Hebrew to English. We have those. This work is a lyrical adaptation of the many possibilities hidden in the Hebrew, arranged with consideration for the poetic and musical intent of the original writer. I pray you are as enriched with the reading as I was with the transcribing.

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Tehilliyim Book One

(Psalm One)

Asher ha'ishe

Asher ha'ishe,
Happy the man
Who makes no plans,
Who charts no voyage
According to the advice or counsel
Of the condemned and wicked,
The fallen ones.

Asher ha'ishe,
Happy the man
Who does not arise to dwell,
To be employed,
To transverse a road,
To take a journey
—He is in no wise a passenger—
Of those accounted as criminals,
The transgressors of Torah.

Asher ha'ishe,
Happy the man
Who does not settle,
Who does not marry,
Who does not continue in company,
Does not make his dwelling or place of sojourning
With the teachers of mockery,
The ambassadors of scorn.

The baruk and happy
Has pleasure in and favors
The Torah of the Self-Existing One,
YAHUWAH.
In the Torah,

He speaks,
He imagines,
He studies and ponders,
Both during the day season
And when darkness of adversary twists from the light.

The baruk and happy one
Is a firm tree
He shall be transplanted,
Rooted and secure,
By life-giving streams,
Where shall be gathered together
A flourishing watercourse.
In due time,
A fruitful reward shall be his.
His foliage will not wither or fade,
No dishonor or blight shall strike.
His labors,
His industry,
His office of governance,
His service and sacrifice
Shall break forth unto profit and prosperity.

The condemned shall be winnowed like chaff.
With violent exhalation,
The ruach shall drive them away.

The morally wrong
Shall not rise when the verdict or judicial ruling comes,
The transgressors of the Torah
Shall not congregate
With the *tsiddiyim*.

The Self-Existing One,
YAHUWAH,
Ascertains, acknowledges,
Advises,
And through careful observation,
Cares for, instructs,

And recognizes
The course of life
Or the mode of action
Of the *tsiddiym*.

The morally wrong,
The transgressors of Torah,
With their customs and mode of action,
Shall perish
With no chance of escape.

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Two)**

Goyim Radash

Those nations who have no covenant with YAHUWAH
Make a tumult.
They rage.
They gather into a community.
They meditate.
They study
Worthless things.
In vain,
Moloch (melek) of earth
Takes position
The noble princes
Take counsel.
They advise one another.
They establish a foundation.
They set their plans,
United, working as one,
To cast off,
Break asunder
Any bond or restraint
The Self-Existent One—
YAHUWAH—

Mashiach,
Place upon them.

Cast off,
Hurl away,
The wreathed chains!

The Established One Who Dwells,
The Keeper of the House,
Settles down to judge.
The High and Lofty One,
Above the arch of sky,
Shall, with laughter and loud derision,
Make sport of them.
Adonai shall mock;
He shall hold them in derision.

Answer,
Command,
Subdue with Your Word.
With a flare of His nostrils
And a blast of His wrath,
They shall be dismayed,
Speedily,
Palpitations shall seize them
At His fierce anger.

Pour out a libation.
Anoint *Melek*, King and Messenger,
Set Him upon His throne,
Upon the sacred mountain of Zion!

Make an inscription,
Scribe the tally mark,
Declare, make enactment,
Appoint time, space, quantity,
And labor,
The Self-Existent, Eternal One,
YAHUWAH,

Hath certified,
Hath earnestly promised:
“Son,
Builder of the House,
From sunrise to sunset,
You are brought forth,
I declare Your pedigree.

Inquire of me,
Intreat my leave,
And I will assign,
I will appoint,
I will recompense,
I will deliver
A troop of animals,
A flock of locusts—foreign nations—
As Your inheritance and possession.

In Your displeasure,
Spoil them,
Break them in pieces,
Afflict those who have afflicted.
With the rod of correction,
A tool of iron,
Dash them to pieces,
Scatter them.
As a potter,
Mold and fashion them
As a vessel, a weapon,
An instrument or psalter.”

Consider yourselves and deal prudently,
You *melekiym*,
You royal governing ones;
Be chastised and reproved,
You that contend.
With violent emotion,
Cringe with fear,
Shudder and tremble.

Attach yourselves
To the Heir Apparent.
He is sorely displeased.
He breathes hard in His wrath.
Fall and perish,
You shall not escape
When He treads down,
When He threshes,
When, with a flare of His nostrils,
The fire of His wrath is kindled but a little.

The baruk and happy
Flee to His protection.
The baruk and happy make
The Self-Existent One—YAHUWAH—
Their Refuge.

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Three)**

When he bolted from before the face of Absalom, his son

YAHUWAH mah-rabab tsar

O, Self-Existent One—
YAHUWAH!
How my adversary has increased!
Like raindrops,
Accumulating,
Building,
Growing into a flood,
Multiplying into thousands, nay!
Ten thousands!
They pitch tents against me.
They rear up offenses.
They press me into a narrow place.
Affliction!

Anguish!
Tribulation!
I am shot through with arrows!

They crowd together,
Rank upon rank,
Plenteous in number—
Elders, captains, mighty ones—
They boast,
They publish reports,
They declare to my *nephesh*,
To my vitality,
To the living, breathing essence
Of my self:
There is no *Yasha*(Yeshua) in ALOHIM!

[Selah: A Dramatic Pause in the Music]

YAHUWAH,
Shield of scaly crocodile hide,
The Defense and Splendor of Israel,
You exalted my head.

I proclaimed
The Self-Existent One,
The Eternal
YAHUWAH
With my voice.
He heeded.
He answered.
He sang in response
From the Sacred Place,
His Set-Apart Mountain.

[Selah: A Dramatic Pause in the Music]

Like one ravished by a lover,
I cast myself down, exhausted;
I slept.

Startled, I woke
To keep watch.
YAHUWAH supported me
When I wavered.

I will not dread,
Even if the thousands
Become ten thousands
And these multiply into millions,
Even if troops, nations, peoples,
Array themselves
To encircle my dwelling
Or encompass me about
Like an angry horde.

Arise, YAHUWAH!
Confirm by decree,
Yasha!
Preserve,
Avenge,
Rescue.
ELOHAI,
Smite these murderers!
Wound my foes
Upon the jawbone,
Crush and destroy
The front teeth
Of the morally wrong,
The guilty and condemned.

YESHUAH!
Self-Existent One,
YAHUWAH!
Upon the tribes of Israel
Your prosperity!

[Selah: A Dramatic Cessation of the Music]

**To the Preeminent Musician,
To the Superintendent of Temple Services,
To the Musicians on Stringed Instruments,
Singers:**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Four)**

Ha'qarai aneni ALOHIM tsedeki

I cry out for help!
Answer me tunefully,
O, ALOHIM, *Tsedeki*,
My Righteous EL,
In the name of the Messianic King,
Respond!
The adversary has edged me into a narrow place.
I am crowded,
Cut off from escaping
By my opponent.

Make room for me.
Enlarge my borders.
Lead me by the hand to broad, open spaces.
Pity me.
Hear and do, O, ALOHIM!
Regard my voice.
Hear my hymn of supplication.

Sons of men,
Tell me,
How long will you
Continue to bring reproach
Upon honor?
How long will you cast insult
Upon dignity?
Your appetite craves idleness.
You love emptiness and vanity.
You flirt with falsehood.

You chase after a lie.
You earnestly desire deceit.

[Selah: A Dramatic Pause in the Music]
[Tempo Change]

Consider the marked out and separate.
Distinguish the distinctly set-apart,
YAHUWAH,
Lead by the hand
The faithful and kind,
The pious and merciful.
O, YAHUWAH, shema!
Hear and do!
EL, Strong Leader,
Hear when I cry out,
Please listen when I make mention.

I command my inner man:
Tremble and quake,
Be perturbed,
Stand in awe.
Do not miss the way.
Do not incur guilt.
Purify yourself from uncleanness.
Think!
Instruct your mind,
Your heart, your soul, and your understanding.
Within your bedchamber,
Upon your couch,
Be still and silent.
Wait.

Sacrifice the Passover.
Slaughter with divine justice,
Follow *tsedek*, righteousness,
Use just weights,
Just balances.
Have confidence,

Make yourself secure
In EL YAHUWAH.

Many and great are those who declare,
Those who boast
And answer proudly:
Who will perceive the good?
Who will consider what is valuable and appropriate?
Who will discern what is rich and pleasant?

Bear me up and let me be exalted,
According to the light of Your countenance,
O, YAHUWAH.

Appoint my wages.
Grant me happy issue.
Bestow mirth and gladness
To my mind, my will, my heart, and my understanding.
Give to me more joy
Than that experienced by laborers
During the corn harvest,
More than had during the season of Wheat and grain,
When the wine, the squeezed-out grapes, are multiplied.

Shalom!
I am complete!
Wholeness, health and prosperity are mine!
I cast myself down,
As one ravished by a lover,
I sleep a deep, satisfying slumber,
For You alone, O, ALOHIM,
My Rock, my Security,
Cause me to abide in safety.

**Preeminent Musician,
Superintendent of Temple Services:
To be performed on the woodwind instrument (flute)
To the Melody “Behold the Divided Inheritance”**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Five)**

Hearken to my words.
Listen,
O, YAHUWAH,
Self-Existent, Eternal One,
Consider diligently
My murmuring,
My whispered complaint.
Incline Your ears
Unto my voice,
Unto the sound of my cry!
Melek! King and Messenger!

I will set my thoughts in order,
I will array myself in battle gear,
Door keeper, Strong Leader,
Keep watch for me.

O, ALOHIM,
Strong Leader,
Toward You
Do I make supplication.
Hear me.
Consider my meditations;
Incline Your attention.
Mark well
The cry—*shevah*—
The sound of the woodwind,
The song of my heart.
For unto You,
Melek ALOHIM,
Strong Leader,

I do pray.
YAHUWAH,
When night ends
And sunrise brings bright joy,
Grant my request.
Hear with interest
My voice as it breaks
At the coming of daylight.

Strong Leader,
You do not desire wickedness.
You do not favor crimes
Against Your moral law.
Violence does not please You.
You do not sojourn
With the disagreeable.
You do not inhabit
The tents of the unkind.
You do not dwell
With the malignant
And quarrelsome.

The boastful ones
Shall not present themselves
Before Your eye.
You oppose all
Who practice
Systematic and habitual
Falsehood.
Workers of vanity,
Sowers of sorrow
Shall not position themselves
In Your holy court.

Destroyed be speakers of untruth.
They vanish,
Those weavers of deceit.
Liars perish.
The man who sheds innocent blood,

The treacherous,
YAHUWAH detests.

As for me,
In the abundance of Your kindness,
In the excellence of Your favor,
I come into Your family.
Your faithfulness multiplies!
I shelter in Your house.
In the land of Ephraim,
I bow down.
Within Your set-apart dwelling,
Before the Presence,
I give reverence to You, O, ALOHIM.

O, YAHUWAH,
Turn my eyes
Toward *tsedek*, righteousness.
As one outside, a weary traveler,
Guide me toward your Tabernacle
Bestow upon me the inheritance of righteousness,
In order to reveal the purpose of my opponent,
On account of the insidious watchers.
In front of seraphim
And in the faces of cherubim,
Make straight
My path,
My journey,
The course of my life.

Their breath is not stable.
Their mouth is not established.
In due time,
Their work shall be revealed.
In the house of man,
Their thoughts shall be made apparent.
Their throat opens into a chasm.
Their tongue devours calamity and ruin.
With breath, they scatter.

With speech, they divide,
With language, they plunder.
These strong who lead into chaos,
Who ensnare, devour, and offend,
O, ALOHIM,
Cast down these fallen ones
By their own devices.
Ensnare them with their own counsel.

Let all rejoice and be glad
That flee for protection,
That seek refuge in ALOHIM.
You lead them to the ancient house.
You establish them,
Fixed,
Immovable,
For this time,
Further than one could see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon and beyond.

Give a ringing cry!
Exult in praise!
Sing for joy!
Fenced about,
Shut in,
Defended,
They dwell triumphant
In Your house.
They rejoice in Your fame.

You bestow gifts of righteousness,
A rich inheritance,
Upon those who guard Your torah.
O, YAHUWAH, Self-Existent, Eternal One.
You surround the just with goodwill.
You crown the faithful with favor.
As a barbed shield,
As a buckler crafted of scaly dragon hide
That guards with prickliness

And with piercing cold,
You protect all those who wait on You!

**To the Preeminent Musician
To the Superintendent of Temple Services
Singer**

***A mocking or taunt song to be performed upon Sheminith
(An eight-stringed lyre)***

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Six)**

YAHUWAH,
Self-Existent One,
Do not rebuke me
When Your face burns
With anger
Or when Your nostrils flare
And You breath heavily
In Your wrath.
Discipline me not
With the venomous poison
Of rage poured out.
Be gracious
And show mercy.
Pity me.
For I am weak and feeble.
Rapha—heal me.
O, YAHUWAH,
Make me whole
For disturbed within me
Are my limbs.
My bones—
They tremble.
My nerves are shot!

My *nephesh*—
The living, vital essence
Of self,

The center of my person,
The seat of my emotions,
That which breathes—
Is dismayed.
Make vast the space,
Broaden my horizons,
Free me from narrowness
And vexation.
On account of Your grace
And favor,
Your zeal and ardor,
Turn back.
Restore *that which was taken*.
O, YAHUWAH,
Draw me *with cords of love*.
Deliver my *nephesh*—
The living, vital essence
Of self,
The center of my person,
The seat of my emotions,
That which breathes—
On account of Your zeal
And ardor,
Your grace and favor,
Your mercy.

For there is no remembrance
Of You
In the realm of Death.
In *Sheol*—
The hollow, subterranean place—
Who will cast forth Your praise?

I labor and toil.
Fatigue *grips me*.
Layilah—the night terror,
During that time period
Of darkness and obscurity,
My bed swims with tears,

My couch flows
From my weeping.

My eyes are moth-eaten
Because of vexation
And grief.
My eyes are stricken with age
On account of my rival
Who oppresses me,
My adversary who brings me
To distress.

Turn away from me,
Depart!
All you fabricators
Of emptiness and vanity,
For YAHUWAH has heard
And answered
The voice of my weeping.

YAHUWAH heard and answered
My supplication;
YAHUWAH took for Himself,
Yes, He received
My *tephilliym*—
My song of intreaty.

Let the hope and expectation
Of my adversaries
Fail
And my haters
Be exceedingly vexed.
Let their mind
Be troubled and confused.
Let them tremble
In trepidation.
Turn them back
And put them to silence
In a wink!

A Shiggaion* of David
Which he sang on account of the words of Cush the Benjamite

(Psalm Seven)

YAHUWAH my ALOHIM,
In You do I flee
For refuge.
Under the shadow of Your wings,
Keep me safe.
Make room for me.
Set me free from narrowness
And vexation.
Deliver me from all those
Who persecute me.
Snatch me away
Like plunder.
Preserve *my life.*

My dread?
That *he should*
Take me away,
That he would rend my flesh
Into pieces,
That he would break,
Crush my bones,
As would a ravenous lion,
With nothing *or no one*
To snatch me from danger.

YAHUWAH, my ELOHAI,
Behold! Rather than *allowing*
This work,
Rather than *permitting*
To exist
Some distortion
In the hollow of my hands—

Lo! If I have repaid
Deformity,
Evil appearance,
Calamity
To one who was in *shalom*
With me,
Or, behold, if I have withdrawn
Myself from such
Or if I have delivered
The guiltless
Unto distress
And have handed them over,
Empty handed,
Unto a rival,
For narrowness and vexation—
Then *allow me,*
My *nephesh,*
My living, breathing,
Essence of self,
To be driven away,
Pursued
By my dark foe,
My haters.
Let them overtake me.
On this land mass,
This fractured plain;
Let them trample
Under their feet
My splendor and my honor.
Permit my abundance and riches—
Yes, even my very existence—
To lie down,
Even unto a heap of rubbish.

[Selah: A dramatic pause in the music]

Arise! O, YAHUWAH,
In *that moment when* Your nostrils flare
And You breathe heavily

In Your wrath.
Be lifted up,
With anger poured out
Upon my oppressors,
Who press me into narrow places
And vexation.
Rouse Yourself, *YAHUWAH*,
Ardently,
Turn in my direction,
And, for Your judgments,
Let the charge go forth.

The family of Yashar'EL,
Your congregation,
Those in covenant with You,
Turn back;
They compass You about,
In order to be changed.
On this account,
From *your* lofty palace,
Your inaccessible fortress,
Return to them.

YAHUWAH shall rule
The kindred;
He shall subdue
The tribes before Him.
Vindicate me,
Stand me upright,
I have followed
Straightness of *life*,
Your Way,
Plead my cause,
According to the wholeness
And the integrity of mind
Within me.

Finish,
Bring to a conclusion,

The ill-favored actions,
The noxious deeds
Of the condemned and guilty,
The criminal who trespasses,
Who has left the correct path.
Bring it to an end.
Oh! *Let it now come.*

Establish
The lawful and just.
Confirm
The path of the *tsaddiq*.
Maintain
Their cause,
For You search the heart;
You try the inmost mind,
The seat of desire and affections.
O, ALOHIM,
Powerful Warrior,
You are the *Founder*
Of all that is right and true.

ALOHIM,
The Strong Leader,
The power and authority:
He delivers.
He enlarges *the dwelling place*;
He makes room
For *Yashari-leb*—
The upright of heart.
He is my Protector,
My Defense,
My shield of scaly dragon hide.

ALOHIM sets up,
He pleads the cause
Of the *tsaddiq*.
He vindicates
Those who follow the correct path.

And, from the rising of the sun,
To the going down of the same,
EL speaks angrily
To the totality *of the condemned,*
The guilty and perverse.

Behold!
He will not turn back His sword.
He forges it,
Sharpening it by decisive blows.
He bends the bow.
He treads *the wine press.*
He stands upright,
And He aims His arrows.

He has erected the implements
Of death,
His dividing arrow—
See how it enflames
The fabricators,
The workers *of iniquity.*

Lo! Tightening and twisting,
Travailing,
Bound by oaths
To emptiness,
Vanity,
And falsehood;
He swells
With weariness,
He conceives
Sorrow and vexation.
He brought forth
A lie.

He digs a sepulchre,
He explores it.
But he himself has fallen
Into the grave

Which he has fabricated.

Weariness and trouble
Shall fall upon his own head;
The product of his labors
Shall be returned
Onto the hairy crown of his neck,
Violence and oppression
Shall descend *upon him*.

I cast forth praise
Unto YAHUWAH
Because of His straight path,
His equity and justice.
And, with my fingers,
I will make music,
Yes, I will sing,
Unto the name and character
Of YAHUWAH ELYON!

**To the Preeminent Musician
To be performed on the Gittiyth (a harp of Gath)**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Eight)**

For Sukkot

O, YAHUWAH, Adoneynu,
How excellent Your name in all the earth!
Who has set Your Splendor
Above the heavens,
Above the visible arch of sky
Where the celestial bodies revolve,
With waters beneath and above
The space cleared by Ruah!

O, ALOHIM,
From the mouth of infants

And nursing mothers,
You have brought forth
Your praise.
You have laid the foundation
Of strength
And of boldness,
For the purpose of
Those who travail,
Because of the adversary,
The foe who causes
Distress,
Narrowness,
Vexation.

That You might rest
From Your labors—
Shabbat—
That You might bring to an end
Your haters
And be avenged upon the vengeful.

I look intently
Upon the face
Of the lofty sky.
I observe
Your achievement,
Those things You have made,
Your labors,
The place
Where You dipped
The fingers of your feet.
I see the moon,
And the blazing star,
Your progeny,
Which You established
And arranged to be steadfast.
What is mankind—
Mortal, weak and frail—
That You remember him,

The sons of A'dam
That You watch over them?

You have caused him
To lack,
To be in need,
To decrease
And be smaller,
Less
Than ELOHIM,
Than the mighty rulers,
The divine judges,
And the mighty ones,
Yet with abundance,
Riches,
Honor,
You encircled him.

You have given him
Dominion over Your achievement,
He reigns over the labors
Of Your hands.
You appointed him for this,
You lay these at his feet,
Like the sweetness
Of a woman in subjection
Beneath him.
You give increase
Of family,
Flocks,
Oxen—
All these and more,
The wild beast—
Behemoth—
And the fields,
The sparrow
Of the arched sky,
The fish,
That great traveler,

Across the westward sea.

O, YAHUWAH ADONEYNU,
How excellent is Your name
In all the earth!

**Adapted from
A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Nine)**

I lift up my hands.
I cast forth praise
Unto YAHUWAH.
With a complete soul—
All my mind,
All my heart,
All my will,
All my understanding—
I revere You,
EL, Strong Leader.
I confess Your character,
And Your name,
O, YAHUWAH.
I recount the number
Of extraordinary things
You do.
With my mouth,
I declare with authority
Your wonders,
Your marvels,
Your miracles.
I plead for Your judgments.

Exult!
Jump for joy!
In triumph
Make music!
Strike fingers
Upon the stringed instrument.
I will play

Upon the pipe,
Upon the reeded flute.
I will sing forth praise
Unto the character,
The fame,
The splendor
Of EL YON.

When my haters are turned back,
They shall falter,
They shall totter and fall,
Be cast down.
My enemies shall
Be blotted out.
They shall be utterly lost
Before Your faces.

For You have fashioned justice.
You act effectively
To secure my rights,
My Privileges.
YAHUWAH Who Hears
My plea,
My cause,
My legal suit.
When You sit down
To judge,
Upon the throne
Of authority and power,
Upon Your seat of honor:
YOU govern,
YOU vindicate,
YOU decide the controversy.

With low, loud cries,
Rebuke those
Who are without the covenant.
Chide the nations
Hostile to You.
Refuse their harvest.
Let them wander,
Become lost.

Erase

The conspicuous position
Of the condemned and guilty.

Wipeout

Their character and renown.

Let judgment

Pass on continually,

As far as the eye

Can see or perceive,

To the edge

Of the horizon

And beyond.

My haters,

Those strong ones

Who work against me,

They are finished.

Failed

Consumed

Their strength

Falls perpetually.

Their ruin endures—

Constant,

Preeminent.

Their desolation—

Absolute in scope.

And their encampments,

The cities—though guarded—

Shall be plucked up by the roots,

Expelled as waste.

They shall wander,

Lost,

Broken,

No way to flee.

Even the memory of them,

As odious perfume,

Shall dissipate.

But YAHUWAH,

HE WILL EXIST

For as far

As the eye can see or perceive,

To the edge of the horizon

And beyond.
He shall remain.
His, the place of judgment.
His throne shall abide,
Firm,
Fixed,
He shall act as law-giver.
He shall determine the right.

And HE will,
With strength and firmness,
Enter the controversy.
He shall work:
Vindicate the innocent,
Condemn the guilty,
Punish the wicked—
His judgment
Shall encompass the world
And its inhabitants.
In righteousness—*b'tsedek*--
HE will judge
For the kindred,
His tribe,
The people of the covenant.

And HE SHALL EXIST—
YAHAYAH—
As a high place,
As a refuge,
For the crushed
And oppressed.
YAHUWAH—
A Defense,
A Stronghold,
A High Tower—
At seasons of distress,
In affliction,
Or in a time of trouble.

Celebrate in song!
With fingers,
Skillfully play
The stringed instrument!

With the reeded flute,
Make music!
With your voice,
Sing forth praises
Unto YAHUWAH,
Who dwells in Zion!
Be conspicuous,
Stand out boldly
And announce
Among the kindred,
Among those
Who have taken hold
Of the covenant,
All of the exploits and works
Of HE WHO EXISTS!

When YAHUWAH
Investigates,
When He diligently enquires,
Concerning the shedding
Of innocent blood,
He will bring them to mind.
He will remember.
He will not forget
The cry of distress
From the poor and afflicted,
The weak and humble.

Chaneni!
Be gracious unto me!
Show Your favor!
YAHUWAH,
Self-Existent, Eternal One,
See and consider
My affliction and poverty
Caused by
Those hostile to me,
My haters.

You, *my ALOHIM*,
Exalted me.
You raised me up
From realm of the dead,

For the purpose
Of Your praise,
That I may make the declaration,
That I may enscribe
A hymn of thanksgiving
And enumerate
All Your praise.
In the marketplace,
In the meeting houses,
At the entrance
Of the city,
The Daughter of Zion,
There, I will rejoice and be glad
In Your Yeshua.

A troop of animals,
The swarm of locusts—
Are those nations outside
The covenant,
Those who are hostile *to You*.
The rebels
Have drowned
In the grave
They fashioned.
They are caught
And in the trap
Which they laid
In secret,
Their own foot
Becomes snagged.

The Self-Existent One,
YAHAYAH!
Observe and perceive
The process and procedures
Of His justice!
YAHUWAH has brought forth
Judgment and right rulings.

In the work of his own doing,
The condemned and guilty are caught.
Disaster strikes
With the speed

Of a venomous snake,
For the guilty one,
The person hostile to ALOHIM,
Is trapped.

<higgayown: music is performed with gentleness>

[Selah: A dramatic pause in the music]

The criminal,
The condemned and guilty one,
Shall be turned back
And be lead away
To *Sheol*,
The underworld,
As will all the nations
Hostile to
The HE WHO EXISTS,
And those outside the covenant
Who have forgotten
ALOHIM.

As for the poor and needy,
Those who exist in want,
They shall not always be forgotten,
The lifeline
Of the afflicted and meek
Shall not snap
Or unravel,
For a time continuing
Beyond counting,
And longer than
Ancient mountains endure.

The arising—
The time when HE WHO EXISTS--
YAHUWAH—
Stands up to establish
Judgement!
Let not mortal man
Become imprudent,
Lifting the shoulder,
Raising the fist.

Let not the *goyim*,
The nations who oppose You,
Prevail.
Punish those hostile
To Your covenant.
Let them not strengthen themselves
Before Your faces.

Their appointment with terror
Has arrived.
YAHUWAH,
O, Self-Existent, Eternal One,
Lead them into chaos,
Into the Abyss,
Then they shall perceive
And understand
Themselves to be
Frail,
Weak,
Subject to death.

[Selah: A sudden cessation of the music]

**To the Preeminent Musician
To the Superintendent of Temple Services
The Chief Singer:**

**Of David
(Psalm Eleven)**

In the Self-Existent, Eternal One—
YAHUWAH—
Do I take refuge.
I flee to His protection.
In Him, I confide.
How dare you speak proudly
To my nephesh,
My living, breathing vitality:
“Take flight,
Little bird!
Shiver and flutter!
Fly away to the mountains!”

For, behold, those criminals,
The condemned and guilty, tread down.
They draw the bow.
They fix the arrow to the string.
They cast forth fiery darts
At the upright in heart.
Secretly,
From the house of chaos,
Their strong leader
Sets his face
Against the righteous.

If the columns be overturned,
If the support be broken
And the foundation ruined,
If the defenders of what is right and good Be destroyed,
The *tsaddiyq*—
The just and lawful,
The righteous in conduct and character—
What can the workers do?

HE EXISTS
In His spacious, magnificent palace,
In His set-apart dwelling,
YAHUWAH,
Who seats upon His royal throne,
The seat of His honor
Above the lofty sky,
His eyes behold,
They contemplate,
And with the dawning light
Of His vision
He investigates
The sons of A'dam.
YAHUWAH examines
The *tsaddiyq*—
The just and lawful,
The righteous in conduct
And character,
He tries them as gold.

But the wicked,

The condemned and guilty,
Those liable to punishment,
Those men who,
With every breath,
Desire violence,
These women who
Delight in cruelty,
These
His *nephesh*—
The living, vital essence
Of His Being—
Hates.

He shall pour down
Upon those who leave the correct path,
Upon the condemned and guilty,
Calamities,
Snares,
Fire,
Burning pitch,
A terrible Ruah,
A flaming fever
Of famine.
This shall be
Their portion,
Their allotment.

For HE WHO IS
Tsaddiyq—
Just and lawful,
YAHUWAH
Loveth those who follow
The correct path.
These truthful and just ones
Shall YAHUWAH behold
Before His faces.

**To the Preeminent Musician
To be played upon the Eight-Stringed Lyre**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Twelve)**

Yasha! Come!
YAHUWAH,
Deliver me!
Behold the work of the destroyer:
For the set-apart
Are no more.
The kind and the merciful
Have failed.
Ended
Are the faithful
From among
The sons of A'dam.

Emptiness.
Falsehood.
Vanity.
They declare lies.
They threaten their neighbor.
With smooth, flattering lips,
Every man
Speaks deceit
To his companion.
In his heart resides evil inclination.
YAHUWAH,
The Self-Existent One,
Shall hew into pieces
All lips that magnify themselves
With smoothness;
The mouth the promises
Haughty things
Shall be utterly consumed.

Who boast:
With speech,
We shall become mighty.
With language,
We shall prevail.
Against us,
Who shall be our master?

For violence and destruction,
Havoc and ruin

Against the poor and needy,
On account of the crying,
Groaning
And lamentation
Of the humble and wretched:

Now, will I arise.
Now, will I come on the scene.

The Self-Existent, Eternal One—
YAHUWAH declares,
I will appoint Yeshua
To kindle the flames.

Words of the covenant,
The Torah,
Word of YAHUWAH,
Pure,
Morally clean,
Refined as silver
In a furnace of earth,
Strained and purified
Seven times as much.

Thou, O, YAHUWAH,
Self-Existent, Eternal One,
Guard
Preserve
Keep watch above
Those who live
During this period,
For as far as one
Can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

On every side,
Lead away
The criminals,
The guilty and condemned,
Those rebels,
When worthlessness be exalted
By the sons of men.

**To the Preeminent Musician
To the Superintendent of Temple Services**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm Thirteen)**

How long will You ignore me,
O, YeHOWAH?
Will it continue without ceasing?
Have you forgotten me?
Have you ceased to care?
O, Self-Existent, Eternal One,
How long will You hide
Your faces
Because of me?

How long shall my regalia,
Those garments which I wear
During feast days,
Be laid waste?
Shall my eyes seek out the trail,
Shall my vital being
Follow the correct path,
Which the elders of the tribe
Have set in order?
How can I,
When I am
Become drunken
From the wine of affliction?
Once again,
The sun hangs low
Over the western waters,
And no hope springs forth.
I witness the mumblers,
Those who breathe threats,
Huffing and puffing,
I observe how they lift themselves up
Against me.

Behold, in Your dwelling place,

Look upon me and consider.
I gaze with pleasure
Toward my home.
O, Self-Existent, Eternal One,
YeHOWAH,
My ALOHIM,
With strong work,
Enlighten my eyes,
Kindle my understanding,
Lest that which I dread
Fix upon me,
And I fall into chaos,
The underworld,
The abode of the dead.

Lest those mumblers
Who speak against me,
Huffing and puffing,
Those haters who breathe threats
Against me--
Lest these boast,
"I did it!
I have been able
To master him."

But I,
With sighs of longing,
Desire
That You guide
My journey
To a place of rest.
I cling to Your hand,
Dancing and spinning,
I leap for the joy
Within my heart
Because of Your *Yeshuah*.

With a stringed instrument,
I play music,
I stroll about,
Singing praise,
Unto YeHOWAH.
For as a child,

I exist weaned,
Quieted,
Content,
For You have dealt bountifully
Unto me.

**To the Preeminent Musician
To the Superintendent of Temple Services**

**Of David
(Psalm Fourteen)**

Nabal

The senseless person
Has declared
To his inner man;
He has soothed his conscience.
He speaks
To the inclinations
Of his emotions,
To his passions and appetites:
No ALOHIM.
ALOHIM faileth.

Corruption,
Perversion--
They are marred
By ritual abominations.
They are ruined
By wanton deeds.
They accomplish
Nothing good.
They produce
Nothing valuable.

The Self-Existent, Eternal One--
Above the lofty arch
Of sky
Where the celestial bodies
Revolve,
Over the air in which clouds move--

YAHUWAH

Leans over

To look out upon

The sons of A'dam,

To observe,

To inspect,

To watch and find out,

If there were any prudent,

Any who pondered,

Any who understood

And inquired

Of eth-ALOHIM.

All have turned aside.

All have departed.

They rejected--

Together--

They became morally corrupt,

Tainted.

Nothing good do they accomplish.

They produce nothing pleasant.

Yes, nothing

Echad.

No perception.

No knowledge

Among them.

All workers of inquiry

Who pant after falsehood,

Who exert themselves

To vanity,

Who devour

My kinsmen,

My countrymen,

As they consume

Lechem--bread.

They call not after

YAHUWAH.

Thence shall they tremble.

They shall shake

And greatly dread.

For ALOHIM,

HE EXISTS,
As the dwelling and habitation
Of the just and faithful.
HE EXISTS,
The purpose,
The advice and counsel
Of the poor and needy.

Be put to shame and confusion.
Be humiliated.
Because YAHUWAH,
HE EXISTS
As the shelter and refuge
Of the afflicted and humble.
HE Who has granted,
HE Who has bestowed,
Out of Zion,
The Yeshua of Israel.
When YAHUWAH
Restores His people,
His congregation,
His tribe
Shall make merry.
Ya'aqov shall dance with delight
And Yashar'EL shall rejoice.

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm 15)**

YeHOWAH,
Self-Existent, Eternal One,
Who shall sojourn
Or seek hospitality
In Your dwelling place,
The Tent of Your habitation?

Who shall
Settle down
Or establish his home
In Your Qodesh,

Set-Apart Mountain?

The one who walks
The correct path,
One who is upright in conduct,
Whole,
Complete,
Undefined
In his manner of life,
One who works
Tsedek—righteousness—
And speaks truth
In his heart.

This one does not
Walk about
As a tale-bearer,
He does not move
His feet
To spy maliciously,
To slander
With his language
Or fabricate unkind words
Against his fellow herdsmen,
A member of the flock.
He does not exalt himself,
By lifting the shoulder,
Raising the hand,
To scorn,
To taunt
His kinsman.

The condemned and guilty
He despises.
In his eyes,
The men who reject ALOHIM
And His *Torah*
Are spurned,
Loathsome cast-aways.

But those who reverence
YeHOWAH,
He Who Exists,
This one shall be heavy
With abundance.
He will not swear
Allegiance
To those who trample
And break into pieces
The covenant.
And he will not change.

He does not bestow
Pale money,
Metals or ornaments,
To the stinging serpent
Of usury.
He does not present gifts
To pervert justice:
To free those
Deserving punishment
Or to carry away,
To take for himself,
The innocent,
Those free from blame.
He that labors at this
Shall never waver,
Shall never diminish
And grow weak,
For as long as one can see
Or observe,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

**A Michtam of David
(Psalm 16)**

Shamar

Guard me,
O, my EL.

Strong Leader,
You Who are the Power and Authority
Over Yashar'EL,
Hedge me in with thorns.
Keep watch over my life.
I will declare of YeHOWAH,
My ADONAI:
You exist
Upright,
Rich,
Bountiful,
Beautiful,
All that is fair,
All that is valuable,
True wealth,
True prosperity.
My goodness
Is nothing
Compared to You.

The *qodeshiym*—
Those set-apart ones—
Who exist in the earth,
These noble,
These excellent,
In whom is all
My longing,
My pleasure,
And my delight.

Sorrows,
Wounds,
And pain
Shall increase,
Shall become

Numerous in quantity
For those who
Impetuously rush headlong,
Who become skilful
In following,
And who attribute praise
To other elohim.

I will not pour out
Libations in offering,
Nor lift a glass of wine,
The blood of grapes,
In honor of other elohim.
I will not
Exalt their name
Nor with speech
Lift up
Their character
Or manner of life.

YeHOWAH—
My portion weighed out,
My allotted inheritance,
You bring
The vessel,
You hold up
The cup
For me!
Stones are cast,
Pebbles have fallen,
And I receive
A choice possession.

In praise,
I will kneel
And place a gift before Him,
Eth-YeHOWAH,
The Self-Existent, Eternal One,
Who has given me guidance,

Who counsels me
In seasons of night,
When adversity twists
Away from light.
He admonishes me
In my innermost being.

Make level my feet.
Fit me for the work.
Because YeHOWAH exists
Perpetually
At my right side,
At morning,
At evening,
You will not find me wavering
From the correct path.
I shall not totter about on feeble knees.
I shall not shake and fall into ruin.

Therefore,
Destruction and chaos
Are outside;
My heart shall shine
With brightness of joy,
My abundance and riches,
My splendor,
Also, my *nephesh*,
He shall settle down
To reside
Without danger or fear.

For You will not forsake me
Nor loosen my bonds;
My *nephesh*—
My living, breath self—
You will not cast away
Into *Sheol*,
Neither will You give up
The kind and excellent—

Your worshipers–
To experience
The underground prison.

You will instruct me in knowledge.
I will observe
And experience
The course of life,
The mode of action
Of Your path.
At Your right
Abundance,
A banquet
Of joyful voices;
And before Your faces
You *will lead*
Singing,
Sweet sounding music
Forevermore.

**A Tephillah Of David
(Psalm 17)**

Shamah, YAHUWAH

Hear and answer,
O, YAHUWAH,
From the straight paths,
Prick up Your ears,
Sharpen Your hearing;
Listen to my mournful cry,
My wailing.
Hear now my *tephillah*–
My prayer–
Which is not muffled

Within my mouth,
Nor does it proceed
From deceitful lips.

From before Your faces,
My judgment has come forth.
From Your court,
The place where You decide
The controversy,
The sentence is *pronounced*.
Your eyes perceive,
You have experienced
Straightness of path.

You have examined
The evidence.
You have proved me;
You have tested my substance
And the inner workings of my heart.
You have visited me
In the night season—
Layilah, that twisting away
From light—
You have refined me *as gold*.
You find no impurities.
I shall not transgress
With my mouth;
I have purposed
Not to pass over
Or to depart
From the correct path.

Concerning the wages
Of 'adam,
In the word of Your lips,
I have kept watch;

I have guarded *my feet*
From the path
Of the violent man.

Hold fast my steps
As I follow Your course of action.
As I transverse
The Way of YAHUWAH,
Let not my steps waver;
Do not let *my feet* slip
And fall into ruin.

I have cried to You,
Weeping,
For I know that
You will hear
And answer tunefully.
You Who are the Power and Authority
In Yashar'EL,
Bend down Your ear
Unto me,
Hear my hymn *of supplication*.

Behold the mouth of our leader.
Show the words of Your favor.
You support me.
You preserve me.
You make broad the space
Of my liberty.
Those outside
Who experience the thorns,
The affliction sent upon those
Who rise up against the right;
From the devouring chaos,
Guard me.
Protect me

As the little man of Your eye—
The pupil of darkness—
In the shadow of Your defense,
Under the edges of Your garments,
Let me be hidden,
From the faces
Of the wicked and condemned,
From those
Who are guilty of death,
Who have left
The correct path,
My haters.
They encircle my nephesh—
The living, breathing vitality
Of self—
To strike at me.

They are shut up
With the richest and choicest things:
Fat of the land,
Fat of beasts.
The words of their mouth
Are lifted up *with pride*.

In a short time,
The way of our going
They have prevented.
They have turned aside,
These adversaries.
Their works
Encircle our dwelling
Like strong cedars
Or the boxwood.
Eyes
They have set in array.
They descended,

They have stretched out their tent,
They have perverted the way
Upon the earth.

In the similitude of a lion,
Pale with hunger,
Pounce,
Tearing flesh;
And just as the shaggy beast
Lurks in his secret dwelling,
Hunched down,
Ready to spring
At his prey,
Stand up, O, YaHUWaH,
Rush onto the scene!
Suddenly and unexpectedly,
Come before the faces
Of mine adversaries.
Bring them to their knees!
Afflict them!
Cause me to slip away
From the condemned and guilty,
From one worthy of death;
Bear me away!
Save my *nephesh*—
My living, breathing essence—
From *my enemy*
And from the edge of the sword.

Chaos!
Chaos!
From men!
Your sign, O, YAHUWAH,
The work of Your hand—
Chaos!
Chaos!

From the men of this age!
Their smooth flatteries,
Their lot and portion
In the land of the living
You fill them
With Your hidden treasures,
And the womb is filled
With offspring.
Their house continues;
Yet, they depart
And their unbridled excess
Is left unto suckling babes.

O, YAHUWAH,
I will perceive
Your straight paths.
From the slumber of death,
I will arise
To behold Your faces.
*As the thirsty land
Drinks the rain of heaven,
Even so,*
With Your appearance,
Will I be satisfied.

**Preeminent Musician,
Superintendent of Temple Services,
Levites,
Israelites,
Worshippers of He Who Breathes Life, YAHUWAH:**

**Of David
(Psalm Eighteen)**

Words which David sang,

***Lyrics and music,
Which during the period
Between sunrise and sunset,
In the time
When the Self-Existent One
Snatched David
From the paw of his enemies
—The entirety of them—
And from She'ol.***

David sang,
Deeply, I love You,
You Who Breathe Life,
My CHAZAK!
The Self-Existing One is my Stronghold,
My Security;
He is my lofty fortress of stone,
A secure and trusted place.

Eli Suri,
My EL and my Strength!
I make You my Refuge.
I flee to you for protection.
I confide in You.
As a shield of scaly dragon hide,
As an impenetrable defense,
As a mountain summit,
As the horn of Yesha, sounding,
You are my Hope!

I celebrate!
I make my boast in the Self-Existent One!
HalleluYAH!
Sing HalleluYAH!
Yasha!
Savior and Deliverer!

The One Who Delivered my life
From my foes!

The *chabal* of death surrounded me.
Nachal, the torrent of *Belial*,
Made trouble.
The *chabal* of *She'ol* besieged me.
I fell into an unavoidable trap.
I was ensnared by death.

Self-Existent One, my EL—
I shouted unto ALOHIM.
He perceived.
He hearkened.
He carefully considered.
He understood my trouble.
From His spacious temple,
My crying entered
His audience chamber,
My voice came before His face.

At His displeasure,
A quaking, a shaking,
A reeling to and fro!
The earth trembled in fear.
The foundations of the mountains were disturbed.
Disquiet took them.
Violent movement gripped them.
Anger blazed in His jealousy.

An ascending smoke came before Him.
'ish—Fire!
Hot,
Flaming.
He blew upon the embers.
Fire devoured,

Wasted, destroyed,
While the brutish
Burned among the coals.

The stretched out tent,
The bow was thrust aside.
The lofty sky was wrested away.
He descended.

Araphel was subdued
Beneath His feet.
He mounted—as on horseback—
Above the cherub,
The guardian of Eden.
ALOHIM flew with
The Ruah of heaven.

EL appointed *chosek* as covering.
Darkness encircled the secret place
In obscurity.
Violent transitory waters
Enveloped the firmament in vapor.
Conspicuous, shining before the cloud,
The brightness as of a clear, sunny day,
The Self-Existent One
Left His territory.
He passed through in judgment,
Hail and kindling fire.

Thunder sounded.
Through the lofty sky,
The visible arch where celestial bodies revolve,
The Self-Existent One,
YAHUWAH ELYON gave proclamation,
With His voice,
Judgment, hail and coals of fire.

As an archer, EL let go His arrows.
He released lightning as the shaft of a spear,
Scattering the adversary
In noisy confusion.
They were dashed to pieces
And consumed.

Behold how the foundations of water
Lay uncovered!
Observe now, if you have vision,
Regard how the rebuke of YAHUWAH has done this.
The Ruah, Breath of YAH,
With an angry, vital blast from the nostrils
Has left the foundations of the inhabited world bare.

YAHUWAH, the Self-Existent One,
Stretched out
From His high place.
He seized hold.
He accepted me.
He drew me forth from great waters,
Waters more numerous than could be counted.
He delivered me from my haters,
My adversary who had dealt harshly with me.

YAH confronted my foe.
At the time between sunrise and sunset,
When calamity came,
When disaster struck,
When distress overcame me,
YAHUWAH supported me.

Yasha!
Come forth into a large, open space!
Invigorated,

YAH took me away like plunder.
He equipped me
Because He delighted in me.

YAHUWAH *Tsedeq*
Has dealt bountifully with me.
He repaid my lost wages.
He recompensed fully,
Because He found me innocent.
He turned back,
He reversed my fortunes.

I guard the path of YAHUWAH.
I watch His manner of life.
I do not act wickedly.
I do not stand condemned.
I have not departed from ALOHIM.
Conspicuous,
His statutes are before my eyes.
His judgments are in front of my face. I do not turn aside.
I keep to His path.

Without blemish,
Complete and undefiled,
He marked my path.
Hedged with thorns,
I am protected from perversity,
Iniquity and moral evil.

YAHUWAH returned me to the starting point.
Rejoicing, He restored all the enemy had taken.
He reversed my calamity.
Tsedeq (righteous), justified,
With the open hand of power,
His countenance turned toward me.

To the kind,
You are kind.
To the faithful,
You reveal Your faithfulness.
With the cleansed, shining chosen,
You manifest the brightness of Your justice.
But the false,
The crooked and perverse ones,
You twist and twine them into tortuous knots,
Which they cannot undo,
No matter how they struggle.

Yasha!
Deliver us!
The poor and humble people,
Your tribe,
Your people!

The high and exalted?
Humiliate them.
Let them be abased.
Let them be brought low.

Certainly, You give light.
You cause my lamp to shine.
YAHUWAH ALOHIM
Illuminated *chosek*—
That twisting, flinching away from light
Into destruction, sorrow and obscurity.

ALOHIM,
EL, Almighty One,
Strong in power!
His the course of life!
His the mode of action!
His the path that is entirely sound and undefiled!

Word of YAHUWAH,
Pure and refined as gold,
He is like a shield of scaly dragon hide,
An impenetrable defense.
I flee to Him for protection.

I trust in ALOHIM.
I am not saved
Except through ELOHAI.
I hang from a precipice,
YAHUWAH, like a sharp rock,
Hard and compressed,
Holds me up.

EL, the Mighty One,
Encircles me.
He girds me about as a man of valor,
As a valiant one,
With strength and power.
He sets my path.
He appoints my course of life
And mode of action,
Until it is entirely sound,
Without blemish,
Upright and whole.

He adjusted my steps.
My feet became like a hart's,
Swift and full of strength.
He appointed my service.
He raised me to a high place.
He goaded me onward
With the rod of instruction.
My hands, hands of power,
Engaged in battle,

A bow,
Red and coppery like a serpent of the desert,
Broke in my arms.

Grant me the shield of Yeshua.
Let your right hand support me.
Let your royal gentleness,
Your abundant mercies
Broaden the space before me,
So that my feet and ankles do not waver or slip.

Pursue my haters.
Follow after my foes.
Do not relent or turn back
Until they are consumed.
Pierce them through.
Wound them.
Do not let them endure or rise.
Naphal!
Fallen!
Cast down!
Shattered like idols beneath the feet.

Gird me with might.
Equip me as a man of valor.
Strengthen me for battle.
That those who rose up against me,
The rebels,
Like a woman in subjection,
Kneel at my feet,
Subdued in conquest.

My haters—the adversary—
Permit, O, Shepherd,
Leader of the flock,
Designate mine as the hand

Against the back of my fleeing foe,
The stiff-necked rebels.
And those, my haters,
Put an end to them,
Annihilate them,
Destroy them utterly.

The enemy shouted for help.
They cried for deliverance from trouble.
For them,
There is no possession of *Yeshua*.
There is no salvation at all
Above YAHUWAH.
He did not respond.
He did not answer tunefully.
He did not speak at all.

Before the face of Ruah,
The Breath of YAH,
They were pulverized, beaten to a fine dust,
And then emptied like mire
Onto the outside street.

I slip away from controversy;
From the quarrels of my kinsmen,
I made escape.
You have appointed me head of the goyim.
I am ordained as chief of the people of the covenant,
My kinsmen.
Those I know not,
Serve as subjects.

They hear and do.
Their ears are uncovered.
They obey me;
The offspring of foreign elohim

Dissemble,
They deal falsely with me.
The offspring of foreign elohim
Languish.
They wither and fade,
They droop and fall.
Disgraced!
Tremble and fear
Inside your enclosures.

Behold, YAHUAH lives!
AHAYAH ASHER AHAYAH!
Kneel and adore Him!
He is our Rock!
Exalt the ELOHAI
Of my *Yeshua!*

EL,
Avenge me.
Sing forth to the people of covenant,
My kinsmen,
Declare to them
How I slipped away from my foe.
Yea, from my enemy I made escape.
Out from those who rose up against me,
The haughty man who exalted himself,
The workers of violence,
I was snatched away as plunder.

Therefore, in truth, praise Him,
You *goyim*.
YAHUWAH, the Self-Existent One,
Sing to His name,
Play musical instruments before Him.

Magnify,

Make great
YESHUAH,
Melek, King and Messenger,
Who fashioned kindness
To His Mashiach,
To David,
To his offspring,
For further than the eye can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond!

**A Mizmor Of David
(Psalm 20)**

**To the Preeminent Musician
To the Superintendent of Temple Services**

YAHUWAH,
He will sing,
He will answer tunefully.
In the time period
Between the rising
Of the sun
And the going down thereof,
When the adversary
Presses you
Into a narrow place,
When travail comes upon you
Because of a rival,
The Name and the Character
Of the ELOHAI of Ya'aqob
Shall lift you up
And set you on high,
In an inaccessible city.
You shall be safely protected.

He will stretch forth,
He will send forth a messenger,
A helper,
From *qodesh*—set-apart—Zion.
He will support you.
He will prop you up.

He will remember
All your ascending offerings.
He will bring to mind
Your gifts,
The tribute
And sacrifices laid upon His altar.
Your sacrifice shall be accepted,
Fire shall descend from heaven.
The offerings shall burn to ashes.

[Selah: A dramatic pause in the music]

He will give into your custody,
Unto the authority inside—
Your heart—
All the wisdom
You have acquired;
He will bestow upon you,
All your experience on your journey,
And His authority will lead you
From chaos.

We will cry out for joy!
In Your *YESHUAH*,
O, ALOHIM,
We will rejoice:
Preeminent,
Shining from afar,
We will be arrayed with banners.
In the Character and Name
Of *YAHUWAH*,
We will celebrate with shouting!

Our hands will be filled
With praises.
Our petitions we will cast forth
Unto our ALOHIM.

Now do I perceive,
Now do I acquire knowledge,
For YAHUWAH gives victory
Unto His Maschiach—
His Anointed.
Above the visible arch of sky,
The vaulted dome,
From His Set-Apart Dwelling,
YAHUWAH will proclaim
With a tremendous voice,
ALOHIM will answer tunefully.
With strength and military power,
With *Yasha*—
The salvation and deliverance
Of the right.

Behold, these strong leaders
Place their confidence
In their military *vehicles*,
And other powerful authorities
Depend upon their calvary—
Swift, leaping horses—
Yet we, the inheritors,
Preserve the Name
And Character
Of YAHUWAH Aloheyneu.
Before Him,
They bend the knee
And throw themselves prostrate.
They have fallen *into ruin*.

But we, like the sun on the horizon,
Have risen.
Again and again,

We will testify:
We are set at liberty.
Our feet walk
In a spacious *land*.
YAHUWAH is He
Who sets us at liberty:
In the time period
From the rising of the sun
Unto the going down thereof,
YAHUWAH will answer tunefully
When we cry out.

**To the Preeminent Musician,
The Superintendent of Temple Services**

***A Mizmor of David
(Psalm 21)***

YaHUWaH,
In Your splendor and strength
Melek, the King,
Will leap for joy!
In Your *YESHUAH*—
How You set at liberty,
How You enlarge the space
For the feet—
How, *in this*,
He will greatly dance
And make merry!

As a mark of Your covenant,
As a guarantee
Of the firmly fixed inheritance,
You bestowed upon Him
The object of His desire
And the ornament of His delight.
You have not kept back
Or withheld

His wages,
Nor the request of His lips.

[Selah: A Dramatic Pause in the Music]

From ancient times,
You went in and out
Before Him.
You knelt and placed
A gift at His feet,
The favor of *ALOHIM*:
You have granted Him
All manner of prosperity and good.
You have prepared
A royal diadem
For His head,
Even a crown of purest gold.

He requested to exist,
And You gave it—
Part from the whole—
Of the inheritance
You bestowed
A length of days
To extend
As far as the eye
Can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond,
Progressing in time and space
In perpetuity.

Great in magnitude,
Extensive in scope,
His splendor
And His honor
Exist in Your *Yeshuah*;
Behold, You have firmly fixed,
You have set in place,

The ornament of majesty
Over Him.

You have arranged in order,
You have stooped
To place a gift at His feet.
You have established Him
As a benediction of good,
As a treaty of peace,
In perpetuity,
From ancient times
Through the continuing future.
You set before Him
Joyful banquets
And loving pleasures.
You caused Him to rejoice
Before Your face.

For *Melek*, the King is secure.
He fears nothing for Himself,
Because He has placed
His confidence upon YaHUWaH,
The Self-Existent Eternal One
Doth bear the burden.
He abides
In the favor of ELYON.
He shall not totter
Or be shaken.
Indeed, the mountains
May move,
But He will not.

You will search out,
You will discover
All who oppose You—
The adversaries.
Your right shall reach out,
Shall lay hold
Upon Your haters.

You have appointed unto them
A fire-pot,
A furnace of Your fury.
Lightnings,
Burning destructions,
Shall overtake them
On the occasion
When anger rises hotly
In Your face—
O, YaHUWaH,
When He breathes heavily
In His wrath
Fire shall engulf them,
With burning flames
Shall they be consumed.

The result of their labors—
Their offspring—
Like a beast in the wilderness,
Shall wander,
Lost,
Upon *ha'eret*z, the earth;
The seed which they have sown
Shall You cause to perish
From among the children of A'dam.

For they pitched their tents
Against You;
They stretched out
Their encampment
Upon Your territory.
They computed corrupt plans;
Perverse are their designs—
Crafted and executed
With pernicious intent.
These shall not prevail.

When they array themselves
You shall grab them

By the neck
And turn them back.
You will ready Your bow,
You shall fix Your arrows
Upon the string.
You aim
Toward their faces.

Rise up,
O, YeHuWah!
Be exalted!
As we experience
Your firmly fixed pathway,
We shall rejoice!
We shall play
Upon musical instruments,
Yes, we shall stroll about singing
In praise
Of Your splendor
And Your strength.
We will loudly proclaim,
For Yours is the victory!

**To the Preeminent Musician
The Superintendent of Temple Services
To be performed to “Hind of the Dawning Light”**

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm 22)**

***Eli,
Eli!
Iamah a-zab-tani!***

My EL,
My EL!
Why did You let me go?
Why did You desert me?

I am cast away,
Forsaken;
Why are You so distant, so remote?
You are my *Yeshuah*,
Why are You so far
From my cries of grief?

O, my ALOHIM,
From the rising of the sun
Until the going down thereof,
I cry aloud,
Weeping;
But You do not respond.
You do not answer tunefully.
Lailah—
The night terror—
Approaches!
I exist,
But not eased from pain,
I wait in silent anticipation.

Qodesh,
Eternal One,
YAHUWAH,
You Exist,
You inhabit
The *tehilliyim*—
The praises
And the hymns of adoration,
Of Yashar'EL.

Our fathers threw their cares
Upon Your back:
They were carried to safety;
They were made secure;
You rescued them.

They gathered themselves,
They made a proclamation.

They called out
Unto the Power and the Authority.
They had confidence.
Their hope and their expectation
Did not fail.

'Anoki tola—
I am a crimson maggot,
A grub worm,
Not a man,
I am scorned and despised
By *'A-dam*;
I am held in contempt
And considered worthless
By the people.

All who observe me
Stammer mockingly
In a foreign language.
They open their mouths wide,
And from their lips
Words burst forth
Like a *spray of water*.
They totter back and forth;
They stagger as drunkards.
Their leader and prince mocks:
"He committed all His concerns
Unto the Power and Authority
Of EL YAHUWAH!
Surely, He will snatch Him away
Like plunder,
Surely, He will bend Himself
Toward Him
And will rescue Him,
Since *EL YAHUWAH* favors Him."

But You did cause Me to issue forth
From the inmost part,
From the womb of my mother;

As when I rested upon my mother's breast,
You made Me secure,
I feared nothing.
I experienced Your authority.

When I was cast forth
From the place
Where I was conceived
And nurtured,
Even from *thence*,
You are my EL.

Do not be distant from me,
Apart from the whole;
Do not withdraw
As a stranger before my face.
My enemy draws near,
And I am in distress.
I have no one to come along beside me;
I have no Helper.

Ferocious bulls surround me,
Pacing,
Stamping,
Circling.
The great ones,
The chief nobles of Bashan,
Are crowned with impudence,
Encompass me about.
Their mouths gape at me.
They roar as a lion
Before fresh meat,
Ready to feed,
To tear into pieces.
My life is expended,
Poured out like water.
My bones are stretched,
Out of joint.
My midsection,

My internal organs,
My heart exists like wax,
Melted before the fire.

My strength,
My power and might,
Have withered like an earthen vessel,
Standing alone,
Discarded,
Having no value;
And my tongue
Sticks to the roof of my mouth.
You have put me here,
You have placed me
In the dust
Of the grave,
The abode of the dead.

They march around me,
This pack of dogs,
Barking,
Half-famished,
Without a master.
The gathering noise
Rushes at me.
This company of wrong-doers
Cleave together.
Circling,
Ready to wound,
To dig hands and feet.
They bargain for my mantle.

I recount my bones,
I scribe their number.
They, *My enemies*,
Look upon Me with pleasure;
Indeed, they enjoy the sight.
My covering cloth
They divide;

And, as for My splendid garment,
They cast down pebbles
To disperse.

But You, O YAHUWAH,
Do not be distant from me.
You are My Fortitude
And My Strength.
Be swift to help me.

Snatch Me away like plunder.
Rescue My *nephesh*–
The living, breathing essence
Of Self–
From the hands
Of these barkers:
Your *yahid*–
Your Only Begotten Son–
From the strength
Of dogs.

Yasha!
Save me from the mouth of the lion,
Answer tunefully–
Deliver me
From the horns
Of the wild bulls.

I will inscribe Your name
To my kindred;
I will recount
Your character
In the midst
Of the congregation
Of *Yashar'EL*.
HalleluYAH!
I will praise You!

Reverence YAHUWAH,

You who shine forth,
Fear Him,
With clear, brilliant sound:
Ellell!
HalleluYAH!
All you offspring of Ya'aqob!
Make heavy with honor
And fear *before Him*,
You who sojourn
In the ways of Yashar'EL!

For YAHUWAH has not despised,
Nor has HE made light of,
He has not counted as contaminated
The outcries and lamentation
Of the poor and afflicted,
The humble and wretched.
He has not hidden His face
From those who implore His Help.
When the poor ones cried
Unto EL YAHUWAH,
He paid attention.
He made proclamation.

My tephilliym—
My praises draw near to You—
In the great congregation
Of Yashar'EL
My voluntary gifts
I will make good,
I will perform what I have spoken
Before those who reverence You.

As water upon the parched land,
The poor and needy shall eat
And be satisfied.
HalleluYAH!
Praise YAHUWAH!
You shall enquire

Of Him,
You shall tread
His courts.
He Will Exist
In your heart
Perpetually.

Bring to remembrance
And turn back
Unto EL YAHUWAH.
From the extreme limits
Of ha'eretz—
The earth—
Stoop and bow down
Before His Faces,
You tribes of *goyim*,
You nations
Who walk outside His paths.

For the kingdom
And the dominion
Belong unto YAHUWAH;
All power and authority?
His.
The leadership and right-ruling?
His also—
Both of the people
Who walk in covenant
And the *goyim*,
Who do not.

All have eaten
And have grown fat.
They bow themselves down,
They cast themselves
Even unto the dust
Before His Faces,
And their *nephesh*
None can continue to exist.

A scattered seed will work,
They will become fatigued in service.
ADONAI will inscribe their numbers
And He will reckon
This time period
As a generation.

A generation shall come
And they will bring into sight
His correct path,
The Way of YAHUWAH.
Unto those who are brought forth.
He, *the Self-Existent, Eternal One,*
Shall accomplish it!

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm 23)**

To be played upon the stringed instrument

YAHUAH ro'i lo ah-sar

The Self-Existent, Eternal One--
YAHUWAH shepherds me;
I lack no good thing.
I possess all that I need.
YAHUAH keeps company with me.
He is both friend and guide.
He navigates my journey.
He conducts me to wellsprings of consolation.

In a relaxed, recumbent position,
Among tender, green herbs,
I lie down and find rest.
I reside in comely, pleasant places.
As a sparkling watercourse flows past,
I sigh with contentment:
I am sustained,

I am protected,
I am safe.
He recovers and refreshes
My *nephesh*, my vitality.

The Self-Existent One guides me
In the way of *tsedek*
For the purpose of His honor
And for His character's sake.
Yes, even though, as I walk,
I am chased,
Hunted,
Ensnared,
Carried away
Under a narrow gorge
By the death-shadow,
I will fear neither adversity nor affliction.
YAHUWAH--
His tribe,
His staff,
His scepter
Will support and console me.

In front of the bound ones,
Right in the faces
Of those who treated me with enmity,
YAHUWAH arranges the king's table.
Seraphim and cherubim watch
From a distance
As, conspicuously,
He furnishes a feast.
He anoints my head,
Washing away ashes,
Pouring oil.
My cup,
My portion,
My inheritance
Is both wealthy and satisfying.
Good, indeed only the best,

Shall chase me down and overtake me.
Kindness shall pursue me,
From the sunrise to the sunset
Of my life,
And I will be established
In the house,
In the family
Of the Self-Existent One, YAHUWAH,
For this time
And further than I can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

**A Mizmor of David
Psalm 24**

Of YAHUWAH
Exists the earth:
The ground,
The continents,
And the contents therein—
The full number of them—
Belong to Him.
The inhabited lands
And all those who dwell therein
Are also His.

For the firmly fixed Authority,
Has placed it
Upon the foaming seas;
He has erected it
Upon the flowing streams
He caused it to exist.
It remains.

What person
Can go up
Or be carried aloft
Unto the Mountain of YAHUWAH?

Indeed, who shall ascend
Unto the *Qodesh*,
Set-Apart Dwelling,
The undefiled place
Of His abode?

The one who is free from blame.
He whose hands
And works are pure;
In the curved hollow of the palm
He carries no guilt;
The heart,
The inner workings
Of his will and purpose,
And the mode of his actions
Exist blameless.
His *nephesh*—
His living, breathing,
Self,
The inner workings
Of his will and purpose—
And his strength
Are not lifted up
Unto vanity or empty idols.
This one does not raise himself
Toward calamity and ruin;
He who has never
Given allegiance
Or sworn deceitfully
Unto idols.

He shall bear up
The burden of prosperity.
YAHUWAH shall stoop
And place a gift
At this one's feet.
Yes, he shall receive
Tsedekkah,
From ALOHIM

His YESHUA.

This circuit of an age
As it winds round and round,
As one generation tramples
Upon another,
As the path is searched out
And these seek
Thy face, O, Ya'aqob!

Selah.

[A dramatic pause in the music]

Lift up, O, gates!
Let the entrance be taken up!
Let the highest
And the supreme
Be carried away!
Lift up the entrance
Of the mouth
Which has endured
From ancient time,
From as far as one can
See or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond!
And shall come in
Melek Ha'Kabod,
The King of Honor and Abundance,
Of Heart and Splendor!

Who is this *Melek Ha'Kabod*?
Who is this King,
Resplendent and Precious?
YAHUWAH, Strong and Powerful!
YAHUWAH, our Valiant Leader,
Victorious in battle!

Lift up, O, gates!

Let the entrance be taken up!
Let the highest
And the supreme
Be carried away!
Lift up the entrance
Of the mouth
Which has endured
From ancient time,
From as far as one can
See or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.
And shall come in
Melek Ha'Kabod,
The King of Honor and Abundance,
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Who is this *Melek Ha'Kabod*?
Who is this King,
Resplendent and Precious?
YAHUWAH, Strong and Powerful!
YAHUWAH, our Valiant Leader,
Victorious in battle!

Selah!
[A dramatic cessation of the music]

**Of David
(Psalm 25)**

Aleka, YAHUWAH:

Unto You,
O, YAHUWAH,
Do I lift up
My *nephesh*,
My living, breathing essence

Of self.

In You, O, ALOHIM,
I am secure.
I throw my burdens
Onto Your back.
I fear nothing.
I do not blush
With shame
Nor turn pale
In disgrace.

You, Who are
The Power and Authority
Of Yashar'EL,
Do not permit
Those who huff and puff
In anger,
Those who breathe heavily
In their wrath—
My haters—
To exult over me.

Yea, indeed,
No one who clings to You
Shall be confounded.
Let those who deal fraudulently,
Who act covertly without purpose
Be silenced.

Lead me
From Your trails,
O, YAHUWAH.
Point out the direction
For Your path.
Teach me

The way I should travel.

Show me the directions
From Your correct path,
Guide me
In the firmly fixed trail.
For You are the ALOHIM
Of my *Yeshuah*.
From the rising of the sun
Unto the going down of the same—
Every moment—
I cling to You.

Call me to mind;
From the womb of Your favor,
Prick Your memory,
O, YAHUWAH,
And Your outstretched hand,
Your zeal and ardor
These I will experience,
For, from as far as I can see or observe,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

Behold, my missteps,
When, as a child,
I left the path
Wandering,
Alone and lost,
And do not call to mind
My youthful rebellion,
When You observed
How I had to eat my words.
According to Your ardor and zeal,
On account of Your character and Your name,
Let *these* prick Your memory,

O, YAHUWAH.

Functional and correct,
Straight,
Level,
Is the Self-Existent, Eternal One,
YAHUWAH,
Therefore, He will point out
The path
To those who bear their shame.
He will direct them
In the way they should travel.

The meek—
This one who endures
Injuries rather
Than seek revenge—
He will tread with his feet,
The pathway of YAHUWAH
YAHUWAH—He will point out
The directions for the trail
To the afflicted.

All the ways of YAHUWAH are
Eager and ardent desire,
Benevolence and mercy,
Zeal and kindness.
And His Ways exist
As the firmness of truth,
The stability of faithfulness,
The uprightness of fidelity
Unto the descendants
Who keep to His path,
To those who guard
The besieged city
Of His testimonies

And His precepts.

On account of Your name
And Your character,
O, YAHUWAH,
Show Yourself gentle,
Lift me up
From my depraved actions
And from the missteps
That carry the penalty of death,
For my trespasses are numerous.

What man is this
Whose strength and understanding
Trembles before YAHUWAH.
This one shall point out the trail,
He shall guide *others*
In the chosen and approved
Course and manner of life.

This one
Whose nephesh—
The living,
Breathing,
Vital essence of self—
Exists functional and upright;
He shall find lodging
For the night,
He shall continue
To dwell;
His offspring,
The seeds he has sown,
Shall take possession
Of *ha'eret*z—the land.

The secret counsels

Of YAHUWAH
Are with those
Whose works,
Whose strength and understanding
Tremble *before ALOHIM*.
This one shall intimately,
Completely and utterly
Know the cutting
Of the covenant.

My eyes shall daily,
Morning and evening,
Even for perpetuity,
Look toward EL YAHUWAH.
For He shall *cause me*
To issue forth,
As from the womb,
To be delivered
From the net spread out
For my feet.

Turn Your face,
Regard me;
Be favorably inclined
Toward me.
For Your beloved,
Only begotten one—
I am wretched and poor,
Meek and afflicted.

The seat of my affections,
My emotions of my mind,
Which have been pressed
Into a narrow place
By my flinty adversary
Have become wide

And spacious.
You did lift me up
Out of my distresses.

See and observe
My affliction,
Look intently
Upon my wretched state
And my weariness
From my labors.
Lift me up
From my stumbling.
Bear me away
From my missteps.
Return me to Your path.

Look intently
Upon my haters,
See and observe
My adversaries,
For they are multiplied
Into the ten thousands,
And with violence
And cruelty
Do they hate me.

Keep watch
Over my *nephesh*,
Save my living, breathing
Essence of self,
And take me away;
Let me not blush
With shame,
Nor grow pale
In confusion,
For I flee to You,

My Refuge.

The full measure of safety,
Wholeness,
Straightness,
And that which is true and upright
Shall keep watch
Over me,
For I am bound
In expectation,
I am strong and robust
As I await You.

O, ALOHIM,
Cut free Yashar'EL
From all the vexations
Of her adversary!

**Of David
(Psalm 26)**

Enter into the controversy,
YeHOWAH.
Vindicate me,
O, Self-Existent, Eternal One,
For I, in innocence of heart
And integrity of mind
Have taken staff in hand
To travel the correct path.
And in YeHOWAH
Have I got placed confidence—
I lay upon the ground
Before Him;
I cast my burdens
Upon His back.
I will not waver about
On feeble legs.

I will not totter and fall.

Have I not turned away
From the dwelling place
Of the empty,
Of the void,
Of those lacking?
These mortal men
Whose lives are as
The crashing of waves
Filled with destructive power,
Laying waste—
People whose deeds reach
Beyond the field of time and space,
Whose plans are hidden, furtive.
I will not dwell among them,
Nor will I fill
The emptiness by entering in.

My haters,
The assembly of those
Who rush at me,
To afflict,
To break,
To crush:
These, who have left the correct path,
The morally wrong—
With these who are guilty of death,
I shall not abide,
I will not settle
Nor set up my habitation
Among them.
I will not establish
Nor take in marriage
The guilty and condemned.

Wash my garments
In purity.
Cleanse me
In innocence.
With the hollows of my hands,
I will cast forth a sacrifice.
I will send forth incense

Unto Your altar,
O YeHOWAH.

I will hear with understanding.
My voice shall confess
Thanksgiving,
Praise,
And hymns of joy.
I will distinguish
All Your extraordinary works.
I will declare every part of them.

I breathe with longing,
I greatly desire
Your dwelling place,
O, Self-Existent, Eternal One,
The curtains of splendor,
And the abundance and riches
Found in the tent of Your habitation!

Do not draw me back
Or gather me
Together with *the rotten fruit*:
The one counted as guilty,
The one who bears the blame.
Do not collect my *nephesh*—
My living, breathing self—
With the men stained
With the blood of the innocent.
Their plans and devices
Are evil counsel,
The works of their hands
Idolatry,
Lewdness,
Adultery,
Fornication,
And wickedness.

Yet,
In simplicity
And uprightness,
I take staff in hand,
I travel upon the correct path.

Pay the ransom for me!
Loose me from bondage
And set me free!
Pity me,
For I am very low.
Stoop with kindness
And show Your favor
Toward me.

I stand firm.
My feet rest in level country.
Among the congregation,
I will kneel and place a gift
Before YeHOWAH,
The *Power and Authority*
In *Yashar'EL*.

**Of David
(Psalm 27)**

YAHUWAH owr yesha mi

YAHUWAH is my illumination,
My light of life,
My light of happiness,
My bright light of morning
And *He is* my deliverance.
Whom shall I dread?
YAHUWAH is my *Yeshuah*,
My fortified place,
My rock,
My stronghold.
Shall any other cause me to tremble?

When those who would spoil me,
Even my adversaries
And my haters approached
To devour my flesh,
They tottered about on feeble legs,

They wavered,
they were cast down in utter ruin
And then left to rot.

Though an encampment of travelers,
Whether soldiers
Or locusts
Or stars
Or angels,
Even the sacred court,
Should prepare a siege against me,
My heart,
My will,
My understanding shall not fear.
Though intense battle
Should arise against me,
In this shall I trust,
In this shall I be bold:

Echad, the first thing,
The primary thing
Which I have begged
From YAHUWAH,
That which I now earnestly strive for,
That I might make my habitation,
Settle down,
Be established
In the household of YAHUWAH
From the sunrise to the sunset of my life,
To gaze upon and have a vision
Of the splendor of YAHUWAH
And to inquire at His temple.

In the day of calamity and tribulation,
He shall hide me.
He shall protect me in His *sukkah*.
He shall conceal me in the secret of His tabernacle.
He shall raise me up.
He shall exalt me up to a high position,

such as a high cliff,
a rock or a strong boulder.

Now shall my head be exalted
Above my hated enemies,
Those who compass me about.,
I shall sacrifice
In the tent of dwelling
Sacrifices
With loud, joyful cries—
Terurah!
I will stroll about singing,
Yes, I will stroll about singing
While accompanying myself on a musical instrument---
All unto YAHUWAH!

**Of David
(Psalm 28)**

Aleka YAHUWAH

Unto YAHUWAH
I call out.
I implore
His aid.
My rock,
My stone of refuge,
Do not devise calamity
For me.
Do not inscribe
Misfortune.
Lest, if You devise calamity,
You make me
Like those who descend
Into the underground prison.

Hear and answer
My voice,

My prayer of supplication.
I lift up my hands
Toward the innermost recesses
Of Your Qodesh,
Set-apart dwelling.

Do not drag me away
In conjunction
With those liable
For punishment,
And *as if I were*
In fellowship
With those who fabricate
Emptiness and vanity,
Who follow after falsehood.
Who bring into order
Words of wholeness,
Speaking
Of quietness,
Of health and safety,
Of prosperity
In communion
With their companions and friends.
Yet in the hollow places
Of their inner man,
From which their emotions
And actions
Spring forth:
Deformity,
Noxious,
Hurtful *deeds*,
And Malignancy.

According to their actions,
Deliver to them
The wages of their labors
And malignant condition.
Deliver to them
The gleanings

Of their harvest;
Make them drink
Again and again
Of the dregs of their doings.
Turn away any benefits
And deliver to them
Just recompense.

They do not discern
Or perceive
The wages
Of YAHUWAH
Or the works of His hand.
He will tear down
Their high places,
He will break through,
Their walls,
He will destroy
Their kingdom.
They will not be rebuilt.

Kneel and place a gift
Unto YAHUWAH,
Because He heard,
He understood,
He answered
The voice
Of my supplication.

YAHUWAH,
My power and splendor,
My refuge and protection,
A shield of scaly dragon hide.
I cast my cares
Onto His back.
In my innermost being—
The seat of my emotions
And my actions—
I am secure.

I fear nothing.
He comes alongside—
I am helped.
I leap for joy.
My innermost being
Dances in triumph.
With musical instruments
And songs,
I will cast forth praise.

YAHUWAH is the splendor
And the majesty,
The refuge and defense
Of His Yeshuah,
Himself the fortified place
Of His *Mashiach!*

Make spacious
The pasture
For those in covenant
With You;
Free them *from narrowness*
And vexation;
Kneel and place a gift
At the feet
Of Your inheritance;
Shepherd *Your flock,*
Both now,
And from as far as the eye
Can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

**A Mizmor of David
(Psalm 29)**

Come!
Pay what you owe!

Give unto YeHOWAH,
My sons,
O, you mighty ones!
Ascribe unto YeHOWAH
Splendor and honor,
Abundance and riches,
All precious things!

Come!
Give unto YeHOWAH
The splendor and honor,
Abundance and riches,
Majesty and power
Due His name and His character.
In your *godesh*, set-apart garments,
In your ornamented regalia,
Sink down,
Kneel in homage
Unto YeHOWAH!

The voice of YeHOWAH,
The Existing One,
Vibrates over the flowing waters;
EL, Powerful Leader,
Roars as thunder,
YeHOWAH over the multitude
Of flowing waters.

The voice of YeHOWAH
Full of power and strength
Ability and riches;
The voice of YeHOWAH
Is ornamented with honor
And majesty.

The voice of YeHOWAH
Breaks into pieces
The coniferous trees,
The cedar and pine,

Though they be firm and established.
Yes, YeHOWAH has violently
Torn into pieces
The firm cedars
Of Lebanon.

The cedars!
He causes them to leap up!
They tremble
Upon the mountains
Like a bull-calf,
Like the wild *re'em*,
Fierce and untamed,
From Lebanon and Sirion,
The breastplate of Mount Hermon.

The voice of YeHOWAH,
Burns like fire,
It divides into a weapon,
Like flaming, glittering steel.

The voice of YeHOWAH
Causes the wilderness
To turn and twist,
To dance about,
To tremble
Or to stand firm.
Yes,
The voice of YeHOWAH
Causes the wilderness
Of Kadesh
To writhe in pain.

The voice of YeHOWAH
Causes the wild she-goat
To writhe in pain,
To travail,
To bring forth;
And *His voice* strips the bark

From the thicket of trees,
Lays bare
The lush forest;
And in His spacious
Magnificent palace,
All declare His splendor and honor,
His abundance and riches,
All precious things!

YeHOWAH establishes His throne,
His habitation,
Upon an inundation of water;
Yes, YeHOWAH sits
Upon the deluge.
He will dwell as *Melek*, King,
Olam,
For a time period
From as far as one can see or perceive
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

YeHOWAH,
Strength of those who walk
According to His covenant.
YeHOWAH,
The *shalom* of His people.
He will kneel and place a gift
At their feet,
Yes, He will cause His people
To receive *shalom*—
Completeness, wholeness,
Tranquility and friendship—
In full measure *forever*.

**A Mizmor and Song of David
(Psalm 30)**

For the Dedication

Of the House of David

YAHUWAH,
I will rise
And actively lift up
Your name and Your character.
For, with cords *of love*,
You have drawn me from the depths.
You have not allowed
My haters to gleefully triumph.

O, YAHUWAH, my ALOHAI,
I shouted for help,
I cried pitifully,
And YOU stitched me back together: mending,
healing,
restoring,
until I was whole again.

O, YAHUWAH,
YOU have drawn up my *nephesh*
From Sheol,
YOU have quickened,
nourished,
revived me.
I am alive.
I did not descend into the pit.

Strike fingers
upon the stringed instrument,
play skillfully,
With your voice,
Praise YAHUWAH with music!
O, you pious ones,
Cast forth words of worship,
Confess,
Offer a memorial
Unto the QODESH ONE
Of Yashar'EL!!

Though in a wink,
For an instant of time,
His nostrils flare,
And He breathes heavily
In His wrath.
His goodwill,
His benefits endure
For a lifetime!
You may pass the night,
With tears dripping from your eyes,
You may dwell *in sorrow*,
But—with the breaking forth
Of light—
A ringing cry of joy!

I have brought forth,
Indeed, I declared boastfully,
In my tranquility and security,
I shall never totter and shake,
And that no trembling
Shall seize me
For a time period
From as far as the eye can see
Or observe,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

YAHUWAH,
In Your favor,
In Your approval
And delight,
You have caused me
To stand firm
And my mountain
To be as a refuge
Of power and strength.
You conceal Your face
And I exist

On the edge of trepidation,
Trembling,
Fearful,
Ready to perish suddenly.

Aleka YAHUWAH,
I turn towards you;
I call out, weeping.
And unto ADONAI
I make supplication.
Be favorably inclined
Towards me.

In my blood,
Drop by drop,
Unjust gain
Is extracted.
What profit is it
To You
If I descend
Into the underground prison?
Who shall cast forth praise?
The dusty, dry earth,
Which is blown about
By the wind?
Or perhaps red clay,
From which men make houses?
Shall these profess openly
Your Truth?

Hear and answer,
O, YAHUWAH!
Incline Yourself favorably
Toward me;
O, YAHUWAH,
Exist as my Helper.

You have turned
My wailing

And lamentation
Into dancing.
You have loosened
The thick cloth
Of my mourning
And girded me
Round about
With joyful cries.

To the intent
That I may
Make music.
I will pluck with my fingers
Upon *the harp*,
And sing
Of Your abundance
And splendor.
I will not be still.
O, YAHUWAH,
My ALOHIM,
I will cast forth praise
Unto You
For as far as the eye
Can see or perceive,
To the edge of the horizon
And beyond.

Songs from Scripture

The Song of Hannah (1 Samuel 2:1-10)

In prayer, Hannah sang:
Rejoicing,
My heart exalts YAHUWAH,
YAHUWAH enlarged my strength and my power.
My mouth boasts

Over my adversary.
I rejoice in YESHUAH!

Nothing exists,
Nothing is qadowsh or set-apart
Like YAHUWAH!
Because nothing exists
Without our sharp Rock,
ALOHIM!

Nothing can increase—
Come!
Do not let haughty speech
Proceed from your mouth.
Because in EL
Knowledge is not weighed or measured;
It is not doled out
By wantonness
Or evil practices.
YAHUWAH balances the scales.

The bow of the gibor,
The mighty ones,
In dread, the bow is shattered.
Those who staggered
Are equipped like a man of valor,
A valiant one,
With might and substance.

Those hungry who hired themselves out for wages
Are satisfied with bread.
Their hunger is at an end.
Even in like manner,
The barren woman
Has travailed to bring forth
Seven!
Those abounding in sons,
Languished,
Too exhausted to give birth.

YAHUWAH

Causes to die prematurely.

YAHUWAH

Causes to exist.

He causes to descend

To She'ol.

He causes to spring forth,

To ascend.

YAHUWAH

Disinherits the wealthy,

Those who pretend to be rich

Are abased.

Moreover,

He raises up

Out of dry earth

Dust and ashes,

The weak, the low,

From the refuse heap.

He exalts

One subject to oppression and abuse,

He sets the low

With the noble,

They inherit a set of honor.

Because

The pillars of the earth

Are YAHUWAH's,

Made for the sake

Of the inhabited world.

He guards

The feet of the faithful.

The guilty,

The morally wrong,

In the house of chosok—

That twisting away from the light—

There shall they wait,

Dumb, silent in astonishment.

For, lo, not by strength
Shall man prevail
Or become gabar.

YAHUWAH
Shall contend against them.
Above the heavens,
He causes to tremble,
He thunders from on high.
YAHUWAH shall judge
The ceasing of the earth.
He shall appoint
With majesty
Melek;
He shall exalt the horn
Of His *Mashiach*!

**The Word of YAHUAH
That Exists,
To Mika the Morasti:
(Micah 4:1-2)**

There shall exist,
In the latter end,
Yes, at that time
Shall exist
In the land of Ephraim,
A mountain,
A dwelling place
And a habitation
For YAHUAH,
The Self-Existent One.
The summit,
Firm and well-established,
Shall be lifted up
Above the hills.
Lower than the mountain,
Shining,

Radiant,
Shall flow sparkling streams,
On account of the people of the covenant,
The kindred.

Then shall come
The goyim—
The nations without the covenant.
The chief and great ones
Shall declare,
Walk this way!
Let us ascend
Unto the mountain
Of YAHUAH,
The Self-Existent One,
Near the dwelling place
Of the ALOHIM
Of Ya'aqob.
He will pour forth
His course of life,
He will instruct
In His ways.
Come!
For from Zion
Shall come forth
The Torah
And the Word of YAHUAH
From Yerusalem.

