Psalm 94

God
Who regards vengeance
As dear,
As God of vengeance,
Now, appear!
God of retribution, Lord, God of retribution, appear!

Judge of the earth
Involve Yourself;
Do not remain
Inert.
Accord to the conceited
Their just and full desert.
Rise up, Judge of the earth. Repay to the arrogant
What they deserve.

How long shall the wicked
Have their way,
To flaunt themselves
And disobey?
How long shall the wicked, Lord, how long shall
the wicked triumph?

The insolence of evildoers
Passes the test of time,
So why allow them to perceive
Of themselves
As prime?
They pour out insolent words. All the evildoers
are full of boasting.

Lord, consider
How they crush Your folk.
Those close to You
They cruelly choke.
They crush Your people, Lord,
and oppress Your inheritance.

Widow and stranger,
Without mercy
They slay.
Orphans,
They murder,
As if at play,
Saying, "God does not see,
Nor does Jacob's God perceive,"
They never spare a single thought
For the families left to grieve!
They kill the widow and the stranger. They murder
The fatherless. They say, "The Lord does not see. The
God of Jacob pays no heed."

You basest of people,
When will you take note?
You fools,
Won't you learn
It doesn't pay to gloat?
Does the ear's designer,
Himself not hear;
Will the eye's creator
Not see?
Will He not chastise nations.
Man's mentor,
Will He not be?
You fools, when will you grow wise? Will He who
implants the ear not hear? Will He who formed the eye
not see? Will He who disciplines nations – He who
teaches man knowledge – not punish?

The Lord knows
Man's inner thoughts
And the vanity
They contain.
Happy the one
Whom You discipline,
To whom Your law
You explain.
Putting him at ease
In adversity
While the wicked
Dig their own pit.
For God will not forsake
His folk.
His inheritance,
He'll not quit.
The Lord knows that the thoughts of man
Are a mere fleeting breath. Happy is the man
Whom You discipline, Lord, the one You
Instruct in Your Torah, giving him tranquillity
In the days of trouble, until a pit is dug for the
Wicked. For the Lord will not forsake his people,
Nor abandon His heritage.

His verdicts,
With righteousness,
Are imbued.
The upright affirm
His rectitude.

Judgment shall again accord with justice, and all the upright in heart will follow it.

Against evildoers,
Who will stand
By me, supportively,
Opposing all who are immersed
In iniquity?
Who will rise up for me against the wicked?
Who will stand up for me against wrongdoers?

Had the Lord not come
To my aid
On a bed of silence
I'd have been laid.
The moment my foot
Is about to slip,
I'm buoyed by Your mercy
And supportive grip.
When anguished thoughts
Invade my mind,
My spirits are raised
And Your comfort
I find.

Had the Lord not been my help, I would soon have dwelt in death's silence. When I thought my foot was slipping, Your lovingkindness, Lord, gave me comfort. When I was filled with anxiety, Your consolations soothed my soul.

With a tyrannical regime,
Can one ally,
To make wrongdoing
Lawful, thereby?
Can a corrupt throne be allied with You?
Can injustice be framed into law?

The righteous man's life
They target as a group.
To condemn the innocent
They triumphantly swoop.
But God has been
My sure tower;
My rock of refuge,
Every hour.
They join forces against the life of the Righteous, and condemn the innocent to death. But the Lord is my stronghold, my God is the Rock of my refuge.
Their evil
To their own head
Shall be deflected.
The wicked,
For destruction
Shall be selected.
He will bring back on them their wickedness, And destroy them for their evil deeds. The Lord our God will destroy them.

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