

PSALM 30

(Common English Bible and New Revised Standard Version)

I exalt you, Lord, because you pulled me up;
you didn't let my enemies celebrate over me.

² Lord, my God, I cried out to you for help,
and you healed me.

³ Lord, you brought me up from the grave,
brought me back to life
from among those going down to the pit.

⁴ You who are faithful to the Lord, sing praises to him;
give thanks to his holy name!

⁵ His anger lasts for only a second,
but his favor lasts a lifetime.

Weeping may stay all night, but by morning, joy!

⁶ When I was comfortable, I said, "I will never stumble."

⁷ Because it pleased you, Lord,
you made me a strong mountain.

But then you hid your presence. I was terrified.

⁸ I cried out to you, Lord.
I begged my Lord for mercy:

⁹ "What is to be gained by my spilled blood,
by my going down into the pit?

Does dust thank you? Does it proclaim your faithfulness?

¹⁰ Lord, listen and have mercy on me!
Lord, be my helper!"

¹¹ You changed my mourning into dancing.
You took off my funeral clothes

and dressed me up in joy
¹² so that my whole being
might sing praises to you and never stop.

Lord, my God, I will give thanks to you forever.

I will extol you, O Lord, for you have drawn me up,
and did not let my foes rejoice over me.

² O Lord my God, I cried to you for help,
and you have healed me.

³ O Lord, you brought up my soul from Sheol,
restored me to life from among those gone down to the Pit.

⁴ Sing praises to the Lord, O you his faithful ones,
and give thanks to his holy name.

⁵ For his anger is but for a moment;
his favor is for a lifetime.

Weeping may linger for the night,
but joy comes with the morning.

⁶ As for me, I said in my prosperity, "I shall never be moved."

⁷ By your favor, O Lord,
you had established me as a strong mountain;
you hid your face; I was dismayed.

⁸ To you, O Lord, I cried,
and to the Lord I made supplication:

⁹ "What profit is there in my death,
if I go down to the Pit?

Will the dust praise you?
Will it tell of your faithfulness?

¹⁰ Hear, O Lord, and be gracious to me!
O Lord, be my helper!"

¹¹ You have turned my mourning into dancing;
you have taken off my sackcloth
and clothed me with joy,

¹² so that my soul may praise you and not be silent.
O Lord my God, I will give thanks to you forever.

PSALM 30

(The Message and the New International Version)

I give you all the credit, God—
you got me out of that mess, you didn't let my foes gloat.

²⁻³ God, my God, I yelled for help
and you put me together.

God, you pulled me out of the grave,
gave me another chance at life when I was down-and-out.

⁴⁻⁵ All you saints! Sing your hearts out to God! Thank him to his face!
He gets angry once in a while, but across
a lifetime there is only love.
The nights of crying your eyes out
give way to days of laughter.

⁶⁻⁷ When things were going great
I crowed, "I've got it made. I'm God's favorite.
He made me king of the mountain."
Then you looked the other way and I fell to pieces.

⁸⁻¹⁰ I called out to you, God;
I laid my case before you:
"Can you sell me for a profit when I'm dead?
auction me off at a cemetery yard sale?
When I'm 'dust to dust' my songs
and stories of you won't sell.
So listen! and be kind! Help me out of this!"

¹¹⁻¹² You did it: you changed wild lament
into whirling dance;
You ripped off my black mourning band
and decked me with wildflowers.
I'm about to burst with song; I can't keep quiet about you.
God, my God, I can't thank you enough.

I will exalt you, Lord,
for you lifted me out of the depths
and did not let my enemies gloat over me.

² Lord my God, I called to you for help,
and you healed me.

³ You, Lord, brought me up from the realm of the dead;
you spared me from going down to the pit.

⁴ Sing the praises of the Lord, you his faithful people;
praise his holy name.

⁵ For his anger lasts only a moment,
but his favor lasts a lifetime;
weeping may stay for the night,
but rejoicing comes in the morning.

⁶ When I felt secure, I said, "I will never be shaken."

⁷ Lord, when you favored me,
you made my royal mountain stand firm;
but when you hid your face, I was dismayed.

⁸ To you, Lord, I called;
to the Lord I cried for mercy:

⁹ "What is gained if I am silenced,
if I go down to the pit?
Will the dust praise you?

Will it proclaim your faithfulness?

¹⁰ Hear, Lord, and be merciful to me;
Lord, be my help."

¹¹ You turned my wailing into dancing;
you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,

¹² that my heart may sing your praises and not be silent.
Lord my God, I will praise you forever.