

*A David Psalm*

**65** <sup>1-2</sup> Silence is praise to you, Zion-dwelling God,  
And also obedience. You hear the prayer in it all.

<sup>2-8</sup> We all arrive at your doorstep sooner or later, loaded with guilt, Our sins  
too much for us— but you get rid of them once and for all.

Blessed are the chosen! Blessed the guest at home in your place! We expect  
our fill of good things in your house, your heavenly manse. All your  
salvation wonders are on display in your trophy room.

Earth-Tamer, Ocean-Pourer, Mountain-Maker, Hill-Dresser, Muzzler of sea  
storm and wave crash, of mobs in noisy riot—Far and wide they'll come to a  
stop, they'll stare in awe, in wonder.

Dawn and dusk take turns calling, "Come and worship."

<sup>9-13</sup> Oh, visit the earth, ask her to join the dance!

Deck her out in spring showers, fill the God-River with living water.

Paint the wheat fields golden.

Creation was made for this!

Drench the plowed fields, soak the dirt clods

With rainfall as harrow and rake bring her to blossom and fruit.

Snow-crown the peaks with splendor, scatter rose petals down your paths,  
All through the wild meadows, rose petals.

Set the hills to dancing, Dress the canyon walls with live sheep, a drape of  
flax across the valleys. Let them shout, and shout, and shout!

Oh, oh, let them sing!

[The Message \(MSG\)](#)

