November 15 **Psalm 90**

[1] Lord, you have been our dwelling place
in all generations.
[2] Before the mountains were brought forth
or ever you had formed the earth and the world,
from everlasting to everlasting you are God.

[3] You turn us back to dust
and say, “Turn back, you mortals.”
[4] For a thousand years in your sight
are like yesterday when it is past
or like a watch in the night.
[5] You sweep them away; they are like a dream,
like grass that is renewed in the morning;
[6] in the morning it flourishes and is renewed;
in the evening it fades and withers.

[7] For we are consumed by your anger;
by your wrath we are overwhelmed.
[8] You have set our iniquities before you,
our secret sins in the light of your countenance.
[9] For all our days pass away under your wrath;
our years come to an end like a sigh.
[10] The days of our life are seventy years
or perhaps eighty, if we are strong;
even then their span is only toil and trouble;
they are soon gone, and we fly away.

[11] Who considers the power of your anger?
Your wrath is as great as the fear that is due you.
[12] So teach us to count our days
that we may gain a wise heart.

[13] Turn, O LORD! How long?
Have compassion on your servants!
[14] Satisfy us in the morning with your steadfast love,
so that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.
[15] Make us glad as many days as you have afflicted us
and as many years as we have seen evil.
[16] Let your work be manifest to your servants
and your glorious power to their children.
[17] Let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us
and prosper for us the work of our hands—
O prosper the work of our hands!

Psalm 39

[1] I said, “I will guard my ways
that I may not sin with my tongue;
I will keep a muzzle on my mouth
as long as the wicked are in my presence.”
[2] I was silent and still;
I held my peace to no avail;
my distress grew worse;
[3] my heart became hot within me.
While I mused, the fire burned;
then I spoke with my tongue:

[4] “LORD, let me know my end
and what is the measure of my days;
let me know how fleeting my life is.
[5] You have made my days a few handbreadths,
and my lifetime is as nothing in your sight.
Surely everyone stands as a mere breath. *Selah*
[6] Surely everyone goes about like a shadow.
Surely for nothing they are in turmoil;
they heap up and do not know who will gather.

[7] “And now, O Lord, what do I wait for?
My hope is in you.
[8] Deliver me from all my transgressions.
Do not make me the scorn of the fool.
[9] I am silent; I do not open my mouth,
for it is you who have done it.
[10] Remove your stroke from me;
I am worn down by the blows of your hand.

[11] “You chastise mortals
in punishment for sin,
consuming like a moth what is dear to them;
surely everyone is a mere breath. *Selah*

[12] “Hear my prayer, O LORD,
and give ear to my cry;
do not hold your peace at my tears.
For I am your passing guest,
an alien, like all my forebears.
[13] Turn your gaze away from me, that I may smile again,
before I depart and am no more.