

Psalm 51

- ¹ **Have mercy** on me, O God,
according to your steadfast love;
according to your abundant mercy
blot out my transgressions.
- ² **Wash** me thoroughly from my iniquity,
and **cleans** me from my sin.
- ³ For I **know** my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.
- ⁴ Against you, you alone, have I **sinned**,
and **done** what is evil in your sight,
so that you **are justified** in your sentence
and **blameless** when you **pass** judgement.
- ⁵ Indeed, I was born guilty,
a sinner when my mother **conceived** me.
- ⁶ You **desire** truth in the inward being;*
therefore **teach** me wisdom in my secret heart.
- ⁷ **Purge** me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
wash me, and I **shall be** whiter than snow.
- ⁸ Let me **hear** joy and gladness;
let the bones that you have **crushed** rejoice.
- ⁹ **Hide** your face from my sins,
and **blot out** all my iniquities.
- ¹⁰ **Create** in me a clean heart, O God,
and **put** a new and right* spirit within me.
- ¹¹ Do not cast me away from your presence,
and do not take your holy spirit from me.
- ¹² Restore to me the joy of your salvation,
and sustain in me a willing* spirit.
- ¹³ Then I will teach transgressors your ways,
and sinners will return to you.
- ¹⁴ Deliver me from bloodshed, O God,
O God of my salvation,
and my tongue will sing aloud of your
deliverance.
- ¹⁵ O Lord, open my lips,
and my mouth will declare your praise.
- ¹⁶ For you have no delight in sacrifice;
if I were to give a burnt-offering, you would not
be pleased.
- ¹⁷ The sacrifice acceptable to God* is a broken
spirit;
a broken and contrite heart, O God, you will
not despise.

Psalm 51 The Message

- 51** ¹⁻³ Generous in love—God, **give** grace!
Huge in mercy—wipe out my bad record.
Scrub away my guilt,
soak out my sins in your laundry.
I **know** how bad I've been;
my sins are **staring** me down.
- ⁴⁻⁶ You're the One I've **violated**, and you've **seen**
it all, **seen** the full extent of my evil.
You have all the facts before you;
whatever you **decide** about me is fair.
I've **been out of step** with you for a long time,
in the wrong since before I was **born**.
What you're after is truth from the inside out.
Enter me, then; **conceive** a new, true life.
- ⁷⁻¹⁵ **Soak** me in your laundry and I'll come out clean,
scrub me and I'll have a snow-white life.
Tune me in to foot-tapping songs,
set these once-broken bones to dancing.
Don't look too close for blemishes,
give me a clean bill of health.
God, **make** a fresh start in me,
shape a Genesis week from the chaos of my life.
- Don't throw me out with the trash, or fail to breathe
holiness in me.
Bring me back from gray exile, put a fresh wind in my
sails!
- Give me a job teaching rebels your ways
so the lost can find their way home.
Commute my death sentence, God, my salvation God,
and I'll sing anthems to your life-giving ways.
Unbutton my lips, dear God;
I'll let loose with your praise.
- ¹⁶⁻¹⁷ Going through the motions doesn't please you,
a flawless performance is nothing to you.
I learned God-worship
when my pride was shattered.
Heart-shattered lives ready for love
don't for a moment escape God's notice.