

THE  
DIXIE BIBLE  
WITH SACRED NAMES  
AND CLARIFICATIONS

CONTAINING THE  
OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS

THE DIXIE BIBLE WITH SACRED NAMES AND CLARIFICATIONS  
COMPILED AND TRANSLATED BY DEWEY H. TUCKER

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## PSALM 102

HEAR my prayer, O YAHWAH, and let my cry come unto you.

Hide not your face from me in the day *when* I am in trouble; incline your ear unto me: in the day *when* I call answer me speedily.

For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as *a* hearth.

My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.

By reason of the voice of my groaning my bones cleave to my skin.

I am like *a* pelican of the wilderness: I am like *an* owl of the desert.

I watch, and am as *a* sparrow alone upon the house top.

My enemies reproach me all the day; *and* they that are mad against me are sworn against me.

For I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping,

Because of your indignation and your wrath: for you have lifted me up, and cast me down.

My days *are* like *a* shadow that declines; and I am withered like grass.

But you, O YAHWAH, shall endure forever; and your remembrance from gene-race-aion to gene-race-aion.

You shall arise, *and* have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yes, the set time, is come.

For your servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof.

So the nations shall fear the name of YAHWAH, and all the kings of the land your glory.

When YAHWAH shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the gene-race-aion to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise YAHWAH.

For he has looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did YAHWAH behold the land;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner; to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of YAHWAH in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms, to serve YAHWAH.

He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: your years *are* from gene-race-aion to gene-race-aion.

Of old have you laid the foundation of the land: and the heavens *are* the work of your hands.

They shall perish, but you shall endure: yes, all of them shall wax old like *a* garment; as apparel shall you change them, and they shall be changed:

But you *are* the same, and your years shall have no end.

The children of your servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before you.

This concludes Psalm 102.