

تَرْيِمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ.

¹A Song of degrees. Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.²Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon us.³Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.⁴Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

¹إِلَيْكَ رَفَعْتُ عَيْنَيَّ، يَا سَاكِنًا فِي السَّمَاوَاتِ.²هُودًا كَمَا أَنَّ عُيُونَ الْعَبِيدِ تَحْوَ أَيْدِي سَادَتِهِمْ، كَمَا أَنَّ عَيْنَيِ الْجَارِيَةِ تَحْوَ يَدِ سَيِّدَتِهَا، هَكَذَا عُيُونُنَا تَحْوَ الرَّبِّ، إِلَهِنَا، حَتَّى يَتَرَأَفَ عَلَيْنَا.³ارْحَمْنَا، يَا رَبُّ، ارْحَمْنَا، لِأَنَّنَا كَثِيرًا مَا امْتَلَأْنَا هَوَانًا.⁴كَثِيرًا مَا شَبِعَتْ أَنْفُسُنَا مِنْ هُزْءِ الْمُسْتَرْحِينَ وَإِهَانَةِ الْمُسْتَكَبِرِينَ.