

لِإِمَامٍ الْمُعْتَبَرِ. لِدَاوُدَ.

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.²The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.³They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.⁴Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the LORD.⁵There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.⁶Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the LORD is his refuge.⁷Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

¹قَالَ الْجَاهِلُ فِي قَلْبِهِ: لَيْسَ إِلَهُ. فَسَدُوا وَرَجِسُوا بِأَفْعَالِهِمْ، لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ صَلاَحًا.²الرَّبُّ مِنَ السَّمَاءِ أَشْرَفَ عَلَى بَنِي الْبَشَرِ لِيَنْظُرَ: هَلْ مِنْ قَاهِمٍ طَالِبِ اللَّهِ؟³الْكُلُّ قَدْ رَاغُوا مَعًا، فَسَدُوا. لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ صَلاَحًا، لَيْسَ وَلَا وَاجِدٌ.⁴أَلَمْ يَعْلَمْ كُلُّ قَاعِلِي الْإِثْمِ، الَّذِينَ يَأْكُلُونَ سَعْيِي كَمَا يَأْكُلُونَ الْخُبْزَ، وَالرَّبُّ لَهُمْ يَدْعُوا؟ هُنَاكَ خَافُوا خَوْفًا، لِأَنَّ اللَّهَ فِي الْجِيلِ الْبَارِّ.⁶رَأَيْ الْمُسْكِينِ تَقَصُّنُمْ لِأَنَّ الرَّبَّ مَلْجَأُهُ.⁷كَيْتَ مِنْ صِهْيَوْنَ خَلاَصَ إِسْرَائِيلَ. عِنْدَ رَدِّ الرَّبِّ سَبِيَّ سَعْيِهِ يَهْتَفُ بِعُقُوبٍ وَيَفْرَحُ إِسْرَائِيلُ.