

¹A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son. LORD, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.² Many there be which say of my soul, There is no help for him in God. Selah.³ But thou, O LORD, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head.⁴ I cried unto the LORD with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy hill. Selah.⁵ I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the LORD sustained me.⁶ I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.⁷ Arise, O LORD; save me, O my God: for thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the cheek bone; thou hast broken the teeth of the ungodly.⁸ Salvation belongeth unto the LORD: thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah.

مَرْمُورٌ لِدَاوُدَ حِينَمَا هَرَبَ مِنْ وَجْهِ ابْنِأَلِيمَ.

¹يَا رَبُّ، مَا أَكْثَرَ مُضَايِقِيَّ، كَثِيرُونَ قَائِمُونَ عَلَيَّ.² كَثِيرُونَ يَقُولُونَ لِنَفْسِي: لَيْسَ لَهُ خَلَاصٌ بِإِلَهِهِ. سِلَاةٌ.

³إِنَّمَا أَنْتَ، يَا رَبُّ، قُنُوسٌ لِي، مَجْدِي وَرَافِعُ رَأْسِي.⁴ يَصَوْتِي إِلَى الرَّبِّ أَصْرُحُ، فَيُجِيبُنِي مِنْ جَبَلِ قُدْسِهِ. سِلَاةٌ.

⁵أَنَا اضْطَجَعْتُ وَنِمْتُ، اسْتَيْقَظْتُ لِأَنَّ الرَّبَّ يَعْصِدُنِي. لَا أَخَافُ مِنْ رَبَوَاتِ الشُّعُوبِ الْمُضْطَلِّقِينَ عَلَيَّ مِنْ حَوْلِي.⁷ قُمْ، يَا رَبُّ، خَلِّصْنِي، يَا إِلَهِي. لِأَنَّكَ صَرَبْتَ كُلَّ أَعْدَائِي عَلَى الْفَكِّ، هَشَمْتَ أَسْنَانَ الْأَشْرَارِ.⁸ لِلرَّبِّ الْخَلَاصُ، عَلَى سَعْيِكَ بَرَكْتُكَ. سِلَاةٌ.