

لِإِمَامٍ الْمُعْتَنِينَ. لِدَاوُدَ.

¹عَلَى الرَّبِّ تَوَكَّلْتُ. كَيْفَ تَقُولُونَ لِنَفْسِي: اهْرُبُوا إِلَى
جِبَالِكُمْ كَعَصْفُورٍ؟²لَأَنَّهُ هُوَذَا الْأَشْرَارُ يَمْدُونِ الْقَوْسَ،
فَوَقُّوا السَّهْمَ فِي الْوَتَرِ لِيَرْمُوا فِي الدَّجَى مُسْتَقِيمِي
الْقُلُوبِ.³إِذَا انْقَلَبَتِ الْأَعْمِدَةُ، قَالِصِّدِّيقُ مَاذَا يَفْعَلُ؟
⁴الرَّبُّ فِي هَيْكَلٍ قُدْسِيهِ، الرَّبُّ فِي السَّمَاءِ كُرْسِيِّهِ.
عَيْنَاهُ تَنْظُرَانِ، أَجْفَاهُ تَمْتَحِنُ بَيْنِي أَدَمَ.⁵الرَّبُّ يَمْتَحِنُ
الصِّدِّيقَ، أَمَّا السَّرِيرُ وَمُجِبُّ الظُّلْمِ فَيُبْغِضُهُ
نَفْسُهُ.⁶يُمِطِّرُ عَلَى الْأَشْرَارِ فِخَاخًا، تَارًا وَكِبْرِيئًا وَرِيحَ
السَّيْمُومِ تَصِيبُ كَاسِهِمْ.⁷لَآنَ الرَّبِّ عَادِلٌ وَيُحِبُّ الْعَدْلَ.
الْمُسْتَقِيمُ يُبْصِرُ وَجْهَهُ.

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.
In the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to
my soul, Flee as a bird to your
mountain?²For, lo, the wicked bend their
bow, they make ready their arrow upon
the string, that they may privily shoot at
the upright in heart.³If the foundations be
destroyed, what can the righteous do?⁴The
LORD is in his holy temple, the LORD's
throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his
eyelids try, the children of men.⁵The LORD
trieth the righteous: but the wicked and
him that loveth violence his soul
hateth.⁶Upon the wicked he shall rain
snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible
tempest: this shall be the portion of their
cup.⁷For the righteous LORD loveth
righteousness; his countenance doth
behold the upright.