

تَرْيِمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ. لِدَاوُدَ.

¹ يَا رَبُّ، لَمْ يَرْتَفِعْ قَلْبِي وَلَمْ تَسْتَعِلْ عَيْنَايَ، وَلَمْ أَسْلُكْ
فِي الْعَظَائِمِ وَلَا فِي عَجَائِبَ فَوْقِي. ² بَلْ هَذَا أَتَوْسَكْتُ
نَفْسِي كَقَطِيمٍ تَحَوُّ أُمِّهِ، نَفْسِي تَحَوِّي كَقَطِيمٍ. ³ لِيَرْجُ
إِسْرَائِيلُ الرَّبَّ مِنَ الْآنَ وَإِلَى الدَّهْرِ.

¹ A Song of degrees of David. LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. ² Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child. ³ Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.