

لِدَاوُدَ.

¹مُبَارَكُ الرَّبِّ، صَخَّرْتَنِي، الَّذِي يُعَلِّمُ يَدَيَّ الْقِتَالَ
وَأَصَابِعِي الْحَرْبِ.² رَحْمَتِي وَمَلَجَاتِي، صَرَجِي وَمُنْقِذِي،
مَجْنِي وَالَّذِي عَلَيْهِ تَوَكَّلْتُ، الْمُخَصِّصُ شَعْبِي تَحْتِي.³ يَا
رَبُّ، أَيُّ شَيْءٍ هُوَ الْإِنْسَانُ حَتَّى تَعْرِفَهُ أَوْ ابْنُ الْإِنْسَانِ
حَتَّى تَتَفَكَّرَ بِهِ؟⁴ الْإِنْسَانُ أَشْبَهَ تَفَحَّةً، أَيَّامُهُ مِثْلُ طَلِّ
غَابِرٍ.

⁵يَا رَبُّ، طَاطِئُ سَمَافَاتِكَ وَانْزِلِ، الْمِسَّ الْجِبَالِ
تُقَدِّحَنَّ.⁶ أَتَبْرِقُ بُرُوفاً وَتَبَدِّدُهُمْ، أَرْسِلْ سَهَامَكَ
وَأَرْعِجْهُمْ.⁷ أَرْسِلْ يَدَكَ مِنَ الْعَلَاءِ، أَنْقِذْنِي وَتَجِّنِي مِنَ
الْيَمِيَةِ الْكَثِيرَةِ، مِنْ أَيْدِي الْعُرَبَاءِ،⁸ الَّذِينَ تَكَلَّمَتْ أَفْوَاهُهُمْ
بِالْبَاطِلِ وَيَمِينُهُمْ يَمِينُ كَذِبٍ. يَا إِلَهُ، أَرْتُمْ لَكَ تَرْيِمَةً
جَدِيدَةً، يَرْتَابِ ذَابَ عَسَرَةٌ أَوْتَارِ أَرْتُمْ لَكَ.¹⁰ الْمُعْطِي
خَلَاصاً لِلْمُلُوكِ، الْمُنْقِذُ دَاوُدَ عَبْدَهُ مِنَ السَّيْفِ الشَّوْءِ.
¹¹أَنْقِذْنِي وَتَجِّنِي مِنَ أَيْدِي الْعُرَبَاءِ الَّذِينَ تَكَلَّمَتْ
أَفْوَاهُهُمْ بِالْبَاطِلِ وَيَمِينُهُمْ يَمِينُ كَذِبٍ.¹² لِكَيْ يَكُونَ بُنُوتَا
مِثْلَ الْغُرُوسِ النَّامِيَةِ فِي سَبِيئَتِهَا، بَنَاتَا كَأَعْمَدَةِ الرُّوَابَا
مَنْحُوتَاتٍ حَسَبَ بِنَاءِ هَيْكَلٍ.¹³ أَهْتَزُّونَا مَلَانَةً، تَفِيضُ مِنْ
صِنْفٍ قَصِيفٍ. أَعْتَامُنَا تُنْبِجُ أَلُوفاً وَرَبَوَاتٍ فِي
سَوَارِعِنَا.¹⁴ بَقَرْنَا مُحَمَّلَةً، لَا أَفْخَامَ وَلَا هُجُومَ وَلَا سَكْوَى
فِي سَوَارِعِنَا.¹⁵ طُوبَى لِلشَّعْبِ الَّذِي لَهُ كَهْدَا، طُوبَى
لِلشَّعْبِ الَّذِي الرَّبُّ إِلَهُهُ.

¹A Psalm of David. Blessed be the LORD my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight:²My goodness, and my fortress; my high tower, and my deliverer; my shield, and he in whom I trust; who subdueth my people under me.³LORD, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!⁴Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away.⁵Bow thy heavens, O LORD, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.⁶Cast forth lightning, and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.⁷Send thine hand from above; rid me, and deliver me out of great waters, from the hand of strange children;⁸Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.⁹I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.¹⁰It is he that giveth salvation unto kings: who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful sword.¹¹Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood:¹²That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace:¹³That our garners may be full, affording all manner of store: that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:¹⁴That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.¹⁵Happy is

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that people, that is in such a case: yea ,
happy is that people, whose God is the
LORD.