

مَرْمُورٍ لِدَاوُدَ حِينَمَا هَرَبَ مِنْ وَجْهِ أَبْشَالُومَ
ابْنِهِ.

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

³أَمَّا أَنْتَ، يَا رَبُّ، فَتُرْسٌ لِي، مَجْدِي وَرَافِعُ
رَأْسِي. ⁴يَصُوتِي إِلَى الرَّبِّ أَصْرُحُ، فَيُجِيبُنِي مِنْ جَبَلِ
قُدْسِهِ. سِلَاة.

⁵أَنَا اضْطَجَعْتُ وَنِمْتُ، اسْتَبَقَطْتُ لِأَنَّ الرَّبَّ يَعْصِدُنِي. ⁶لَا
أَخَافُ مِنْ رِبَوَاتِ الشُّعُوبِ الْمُضْطَقِّينَ عَلَيَّ مِنْ
جَوْلِي. ⁷فُمْ، يَا رَبُّ، خَلِّصْنِي، يَا إِلَهِي. لِأَنَّكَ صَرَّيْتَ كُلَّ
أَعْدَائِي عَلَى الْفَلَكِ، هَشَمْتَ أَسْتَانَ الْأَشْرَارِ. ⁸لِلرَّبِّ
الْخَلَاصُ، عَلَى سَعْيِكَ بَرَكَتُكَ. سِلَاة.

¹ A 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.