

مَزْمُورٌ أُغْنِيَهُ تَدَشِينَ النَّبْتُ. لِذَاوُدَ.

¹أَعْظَمُكَ، يَا رَبُّ، لِأَنَّكَ تَسَلَّيْتَنِي وَلَمْ تُشْمِتْ بِي
 أَعْدَائِي. ²يَا رَبُّ، إِلَهِي، اسْتَعْنُ بِكَ فَسَقَيْتَنِي. ³يَا رَبُّ،
 أَصْعَدْتَ مِنَ الْهَوَايَةِ نَفْسِي، أَحْيَيْتَنِي مِنْ بَيْنِ الْهَاطِطِينَ
 فِي الْجُبِّ. ⁴رَنَّمُوا لِلرَّبِّ، يَا أَتْقِيَاءَهُ، وَاحْمَدُوا ذِكْرَ
 قُدْسِهِ. ⁵لَآنَ لِلْحَطَةِ غَصَبُهُ، حَيَاةٌ فِي رِضَاةٍ. عِنْدَ الْمَسَاءِ
 يَبِيتُ الْبُكَاءُ، وَفِي الصَّبَاحِ تَرَنُّمٌ.
⁶وَأَنَا قُلْتُ فِي طَمَائِنَتِي: لَا أَتَرَعَّزُ إِلَى الْأَبَدِ. ⁷يَا رَبُّ،
 بِرِضَاكَ تَبَّتْ لِحْيَتِي عَرًّا، حَجَبْتَ وَجْهَكَ قَصْرْتُ
 مُرْتَاعًا. ⁸إِلَيْكَ، يَا رَبُّ، أَصْرُحُ وَإِلَى السَّيِّدِ أَتَصَرَّعُ. ⁹مَا
 الْقَائِدَةُ مِنْ دَمِي إِذَا تَزَلْتُ إِلَى الْحُفْرَةِ؟ هَلْ يَحْمَدُكَ
 التُّرَابُ؟ هَلْ يُخَيِّرُ بِحَقِّكَ؟ ¹⁰اسْتَمِعْ، يَا رَبُّ، وَارْحَمْنِي. يَا
 رَبُّ، كُنْ مُعِينًا لِي. ¹¹حَوَّلْتُ تَوَجِّي إِلَى رَفْصِ لِي، خَلَلْتُ
 مِسْجِي وَمَنْطَفَيْتِي فَرَحًا، ¹²لَكِنِّي تَتَرَنَّمُ لَكَ رُوجِي وَلَا
 تَسْكُتُ. يَا رَبُّ، إِلَهِي، إِلَى الْأَبَدِ أَحْمَدُكَ.

¹ A Psalm and Song at the dedication of the house of David. I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. ² O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. ³ O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. ⁴ Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. ⁵ For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. ⁶ And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. ⁷ LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. ⁸ I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication. ⁹ What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth? ¹⁰ Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper. ¹¹ Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness; ¹² To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.