

لِإِمَامِ الْمُغَنِّيِّ. لِيدُو نُثُون. مَرْمُورٌ لِدَاوُدَ.

¹قُلْتُ: أَتَحْفَظُ لِسِيْلِي مِنَ الْخَطَا يَلِسَانِي، أَحْفَظُ لِقَمِي كِمَامَةً فِيمَا السَّرِيرُ مُقَالِي. ²صَمْتُ صَمْتًا، سَكَتُ عَنْ الْخَيْرِ، فَتَحَرَّكَ وَجْعِي. ³حَمِي قَلْبِي فِي جَوْفِي، عِنْدَ لَهْجِي اسْتَعَلَّتِ النَّارُ، تَكَلَّمْتُ يَلِسَانِي. ⁴عَرَّفَنِي، يَا رَبُّ، نِهَائِي وَمِقْدَارَ أَيَّامِي كَمْ هِيَ، فَأَعْلَمَ كَيْفَ أَنَا زَائِلٌ. ⁵هُودًا جَعَلْتَ أَيَّامِي أَسْبَارًا وَعُمْرِي كَلَّا شَيْءٍ فُذَامَك. إِنَّمَا نَفْحَةٌ كُلُّ إِنْسَانٍ قَدْ جُعِلَ. سِلَاة. ⁶إِنَّمَا كَخَيَالٍ يَتَمَشَّى الْإِنْسَانُ، إِنَّمَا بَاطِلًا يَضْجُونَ، يَذْخَرُ دَخَائِرَ وَلَا يَذْرِي مَنْ يَضُمَّهَا.

⁷وَالآنَ مَاذَا اسْتَظَرْتُ، يَا رَبُّ؟ رَجَائِي فِيكَ هُوَ. ⁸مِنْ كُلِّ مَعَاصِيٍّ تَجْنِي، لَا تَجْعَلْنِي عَارًا عِنْدَ الْجَاهِلِ. ⁹صَمْتُ، لَا أَفْتُحْ قَمِي، لِأَنَّكَ أَنْتَ فَعَلْتَ. ¹⁰ارْقُ عَنِّي صَرْبَكَ، مِنْ مُهَاجِمَةِ يَدِكَ أَنَا قَدْ قَيَيْتُ. ¹¹بِتَأْدِيبَاتٍ، إِنْ أَدَبْتَ الْإِنْسَانَ مِنْ أَجْلِ إِثْمِهِ، أَفْتَيْتَ مِثْلَ الْعُتِّ مُسْتَهَاهُ. إِنَّمَا كُلُّ إِنْسَانٍ نَفْحَةٌ. سِلَاة. ¹²اسْتَمِعْ صَلَاتِي، يَا رَبُّ، وَاصْغُ إِلَى صُرَاجِي، لَا تَسْكُتْ عَنْ دُمُوعِي. لَأَنِّي أَنَا غَرِيبٌ عِنْدَكَ، تَزِيلُ مِثْلَ جَمِيعِ آبَائِي. ¹³أَفْتَصِرْ عَنِّي فَاتَّبَلْجَ قَبْلَ أَنْ أَذْهَبَ فَلَا أَوْجَدَ.

¹To the chief Musician, even to Jeduthun, A Psalm of David. I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me. ²I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred. ³My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue, ⁴LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. ⁵Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah. ⁶Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. ⁷And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee. ⁸Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish. ⁹I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it. ¹⁰Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand. ¹¹When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah. ¹²Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. ¹³O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.