

تَرْبِيمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ.

¹A Song of degrees. Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say: ²Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth: yet they have not prevailed against me. ³The plowers plowed upon my back: they made long their furrows. ⁴The LORD is righteous: he hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked. ⁵Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion. ⁶Let them be as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up: ⁷Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom. ⁸Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the LORD be upon you: we bless you in the name of the LORD.

¹كَثِيرًا مَا صَايَقُونِي مُنْذُ شَبَابِي، لِيَقُلْ إِسْرَائِيلُ: ²كَثِيرًا مَا صَايَقُونِي مُنْذُ شَبَابِي، لَيْكُنْ لَمْ يَقْدِرُوا عَلَيَّ. ³عَلَى ظَهْرِي حَرَتْ الْحَرَاثُ، طَوَّلُوا أَثْلَامَهُمْ. ⁴الرَّبُّ صَدِّيقٌ، قَطَعَ رُبُطَ الْأَسْرَارِ. ⁵فَلْيَحَرْ وَلْيَرْتَدَّ إِلَى الْوَرَاءِ كُلُّ مُبْغِضِي صِهْيَوْنَ. ⁶لِيَكُونُوا كَغُشْبِ السُّطُوحِ الَّذِي يَبْسُ قَبْلَ أَنْ يُقْلَعَ، ⁷الَّذِي لَا يَمْلَأُ الْخَاصِدُ كَفَّهُ مِنْهُ وَلَا الْمُحَرِّمُ حَصْنَهُ، ⁸وَلَا يَقُولُ الْعَايِرُونَ: بَرَكَهُ الرَّبُّ عَلَيْكُمْ، بَارَكْنَاكُمْ بِاسْمِ الرَّبِّ.