

تَرْبِيمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ.

¹A Song of degrees. Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD.²Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.³If thou, LORD, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?⁴But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.⁵I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.⁶My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.⁷Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.⁸And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

¹مِنَ الْأَعْمَاقِ صَرَخْتُ إِلَيْكَ، يَا رَبُّ.²يَا رَبُّ، اسْمَعْ صَوْتِي، لِتَكُنْ أذُنَاكَ مُصْغِيَةً إِلَى صَوْتِ تَضَرُّعَاتِي.³إِنْ كُنْتَ تُرَاقِبُ الْآثَامَ، يَا رَبُّ، يَا سَيِّدُ، فَمَنْ يَقِفُ؟⁴لَأَنَّ عِنْدَكَ الْمَغْفِرَةَ، لِكَيْ يُخَافَ مِنْكَ.⁵أَنْتَظِرُكَ، يَا رَبُّ. أَنْتَظَرْتُ نَفْسِي وَكَلَامِهِ رَجُوثُ.⁶نَفْسِي تَنْتَظِرُ الرَّبَّ أَكْثَرَ مِنَ الْمُرَاقِبِينَ الصُّبْحَ، أَكْثَرَ مِنَ الْمُرَاقِبِينَ الصُّبْحَ.⁷لِيَنْجُ إِسْرَائِيلُ الرَّبَّ، لَأَنَّ عِنْدَ الرَّبِّ الرَّحْمَةَ وَعِنْدَهُ فِدَى كَثِيرٌ.⁸وَهُوَ يَفْدِي إِسْرَائِيلَ مِنْ كُلِّ آثَامِهِ.