

## لِإِمَامِ الْمُعْتَبِينَ. لِدَاوُدَ.

<sup>1</sup>To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.<sup>2</sup>The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.<sup>3</sup>They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.<sup>4</sup>Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the LORD.<sup>5</sup>There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.<sup>6</sup>Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the LORD is his refuge.<sup>7</sup>Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

<sup>1</sup>قَالَ الْجَاهِلُ فِي قَلْبِهِ: لَيْسَ إِلَهُ. فَسَدُوا وَرَجِسُوا بِأَفْعَالِهِمْ، لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ صَلاَحًا.<sup>2</sup>الرَّبُّ مِنَ السَّمَاءِ أَشْرَفَ عَلَى بَنِي الْبَشَرِ لِيَنْظُرَ: هَلْ مِنْ قَاهِمٍ طَالِبِ اللَّهِ؟<sup>3</sup>الْكُلُّ قَدْ رَاغُوا مَعًا، فَسَدُوا. لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ صَلاَحًا، لَيْسَ وَلَا وَاجِدٌ.<sup>4</sup>إِلْمٌ يَعْلَمُ كُلُّ قَاعِلِي الْإِنْمِ، الَّذِينَ يَأْكُلُونَ سَعْيِي كَمَا يَأْكُلُونَ الْخُبْزَ، وَالرَّبُّ لَهُمْ يَدْعُوا؟ هُنَاكَ خَافُوا خَوْفًا، لِأَنَّ اللَّهَ فِي الْجِيلِ النَّارِ.<sup>6</sup>رَأَى الْمُسْكِينِ تَقَصُّنُمْ لِأَنَّ الرَّبَّ مَلْجَأُهُ.<sup>7</sup>كَيْتَ مِنْ صِهْيَوْنَ خَلاَصَ إِسْرَائِيلَ. عِنْدَ رَدِّ الرَّبِّ سَبِيَّ سَعْيِهِ يَهْتَفُ بِعُقُوبٍ وَيَفْرَحُ إِسْرَائِيلُ.