

¹To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David. Hear my voice, O God, in my prayer: preserve my life from fear of the enemy.² Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked; from the insurrection of the workers of iniquity:³ Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words:⁴ That they may shoot in secret at the perfect: suddenly do they shoot at him, and fear not.⁵ They encourage themselves in an evil matter: they commune of laying snares privily; they say, Who shall see them?⁶ They search out iniquities; they accomplish a diligent search: both the inward thought of every one of them, and the heart, is deep.⁷ But God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded.⁸ So they shall make their own tongue to fall upon themselves: all that see them shall flee away.⁹ And all men shall fear, and shall declare the work of God; for they shall wisely consider of his doing.¹⁰ The righteous shall be glad in the LORD, and shall trust in him; and all the upright in heart shall glory.

إِلِمَامِ الْمُعْتَبِينَ. مَزْمُورٌ لِدَاوُدَ.

¹إِسْمِعْ، يَا إِلَهُ، صَوْتِي فِي سَكْوَايَ، مِنْ خَوْفِ الْعَدُوِّ أَحَقَطْ حَيَاتِي.² اسْتُرْنِي مِنْ مُؤَامَرَةِ الْأَشْرَارِ، مِنْ جُمْهُورِ قَاعِلِي الْإِنْمِ،³ الَّذِينَ صَقَلُوا أَلْسِنَتَهُمْ كَالسَّيْفِ. قَوَّفُوا سَهْمَهُمْ كَلَاماً مُرّاً⁴ لِيَزْمُوا الْكَامِلَ فِي الْمُخْتَفَى، بَعْتَهُ يَزْمُونَهُ وَلَا يَخْشَوْنَ.⁵ يَشْدُدُونَ أَنْفُسَهُمْ لِأَمْرِ رَدِيٍّ، يَتَحَادَّثُونَ بِطَمَرٍ فَحَاحٍ. قَالُوا: مَنْ يَرَاهُمْ؟⁶ يَخْتَرِعُونَ إِثْماً، تَمْمُوا اخْتِرَاعاً مُحْكَمًا، وَدَاخِلُ الْإِنْسَانِ وَقَلْبُهُ غَمِيقٌ.

⁷يَقِرُّمِهِمُ اللَّهُ بِسَهْمٍ، بَعْتَهُ كَانَتْ صَرَبَتُهُمْ،⁸ وَيُوقِعُونَ أَلْسِنَتَهُمْ عَلَى أَنْفُسِهِمْ، يُبْغِضُ الرَّأْسَ كُلُّ مَنْ يَنْطُرُ إِلَيْهِمْ.⁹ وَيَخْشَى كُلُّ إِنْسَانٍ وَيُخَيِّرُ يَفْعَلِ اللَّهُ وَبِعَمَلِهِ يَقْطُنُونَ.¹⁰ يَقْرِحُ الصَّادِقُ بِالرَّبِّ وَيَحْتَمِي بِهِ وَيَبْتَهِجُ كُلُّ الْمُسْتَقِيمِ الْقُلُوبِ.