Psalms 123

[1]A Song of degrees. Unto thee lift I up
mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the
heavens.[2]Behold, as the eyes of servants
look unto the hand of their masters, and as
the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her
mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD
our God, until that he have mercy upon
us.[3]Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have
mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly
filled with contempt.[4]Our soul is
exceedingly filled with the scorning of
those that are at ease, and with the
contempt of the proud.