

<sup>1</sup>A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.<sup>2</sup>It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep.<sup>3</sup>Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.<sup>4</sup>As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.<sup>5</sup>Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

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