

تَرْيِمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ. لِسُلَيْمَانَ.

¹إِنْ لَمْ يَبْنِ الرَّبُّ الْبَيْتَ قَبَاطِلًا يَتَعَبُ الْبَنَّاؤُونَ. إِنْ لَمْ يَحْفَظِ الرَّبُّ الْمَدِينَةَ قَبَاطِلًا يَسْهَرُ الْخَارِسُ. ²بَاطِلٌ هُوَ لَكُمْ أَنْ تُبَكِّرُوا إِلَى الْقِيَامِ، مُؤَخَّرِينَ الْجُلُوسَ، أَكِلِينَ خُبَرَ الْأَنْعَابِ. لَكِنَّهُ يُعْطِي حَبِيبَهُ نَوْمًا. ³هُوَذَا الْبَنُونَ مِيرَاثٌ مِنَ عِنْدِ الرَّبِّ، تَمَرَةُ الْبَطْنِ أَجْرُهُ. ⁴كَسِيهَامِ يَدِ حَبَّارٍ هَكَذَا أُبْنَاءُ السَّيِّبَةِ. ⁵طُوبَى لِلَّذِي مَلَأَ جُعْبَتَهُ مِنْهُمْ. لَا يَخْزَوْنَ، بَلْ يُكَلِّمُونَ الْأَعْدَاءَ فِي الْبَابِ.

¹ 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. ² 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. ³ Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. ⁴ As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. ⁵ 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.