

لِإِمَامِ الْمُحَنَّنِينَ. لِدَاوُدَ.

¹قَالَ الْجَاهِلُ فِي قَلْبِهِ: لَيْسَ إِلَهُ. فَسَدُوا وَرَجِسُوا
بِأَفْعَالِهِمْ، لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ صَلاَحًا. ²الرَّبُّ مِنَ السَّمَاءِ
أَشْرَفَ عَلَى بَنِي الْبَشَرِ لِيَنْظُرَ: هَلْ مِنْ قَاهِمٍ طَالِبِ
اللَّهِ؟ ³الْكُلُّ قَدْ رَاعُوا مَعًا، فَسَدُوا. لَيْسَ مَنْ يَعْمَلُ
صَلاَحًا، لَيْسَ وَلَا وَاحِدٌ.
⁴إِلَمْ يَعْلَمْ كُلُّ قَاعِلِي الْإِيمِ، الَّذِينَ يَأْكُلُونَ سَعْيِي كَمَا
يَأْكُلُونَ الْخُبْزَ، وَالرَّبُّ لَهُمْ يَدْعُوا؟ ⁵هَنَّاكَ خَافُوا خَوْفًا، لِأَنَّ
اللَّهَ فِي الْجِيلِ الْبَارِّ. ⁶رَأَيْ الْمُسْكِينِ تَقَصُّتُمْ لِأَنَّ الرَّبَّ
مَلَجَأَهُ. ⁷لَيْتَ مِنْ صَهْيُونَ خَلَاصَ إِسْرَائِيلَ. عِنْدَ رَدِّ الرَّبِّ
سَعْيِي سَعْيِهِ يَهْتَفُ يَغْفُوبُ وَيَفْرَحُ إِسْرَائِيلُ.

¹To 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.²The LORD looked down from
heaven upon the children of men, to see if
there were any that did understand, and
seek God.³They are all gone aside, they are
all together become filthy: there is none
that doeth good, no, not one.⁴Have all the
workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat
up my people as they eat bread, and call
not upon the LORD.⁵There were they in
great fear: for God is in the generation of
the righteous.⁶Ye have shamed the counsel
of the poor, because the LORD is his
refuge.⁷Oh 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.