

تَرْيِمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ.

¹A Song of degrees. In my distress I cried unto the LORD, and he heard me.²Deliver my soul, O LORD, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.³What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?⁴Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.⁵Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!⁶My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.⁷I am for peace: but when I speak, they are for war.

¹إِلَى الرَّبِّ فِي ضِيقِي صَرَخْتُ، فَاسْتَجَابَ لِي. يَا رَبُّ،
نَجِّ نَفْسِي مِنْ شِقَاةِ الْكَذِبِ، مِنْ لِسَانِ غِشٍّ. ³مَاذَا
يُعْطِيكَ وَمَاذَا يَزِيدُ لَكَ لِسَانُ الْغِشِّ؟ ⁴سِهَامَ جَبَّارٍ
مَسْنُونَةٍ مَعَ جَمْرِ الرَّثَمِ. ⁵وَيْلِي لِغُرْبَتِي فِي مَاشِكٍ،
لِسَكْنِي فِي خِيَامٍ قِيدَارٍ. ⁶طَالَ عَلَيَّ نَفْسِي سَكْنُهَا مَعَ
مُبْغِضِ السَّلَامِ. ⁷أَنَا سَلَامٌ، وَجِيئًا أَتَكَلِّمُ فَهُمْ لِلْحَرْبِ.