

<sup>1</sup>A Song of degrees of David. LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.<sup>2</sup>Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.<sup>3</sup>Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.

تَرْيِمَةُ الْمَصَاعِدِ. لِدَاوُدَ.

<sup>1</sup>يَا رَبِّ، لَمْ يَرْفَعْ قَلْبِي وَلَمْ تَسْتَعْلِ عَيْنَايَ، وَلَمْ أَسْلُكْ فِي الْعِظَائِمِ وَلَا فِي عَجَائِبَ قَوْفِي.<sup>2</sup>بَلْ هَدَأْتُ وَسَكَنْتُ نَفْسِي كَقَطِيمٍ نَحْوَ أُمِّهِ، نَفْسِي تَحْوِي كَقَطِيمٍ.<sup>3</sup>لِيَرْجُ إِسْرَائِيلُ الرَّبَّ مِنَ الْآنَ وَإِلَى الدَّهْرِ.