<sup>1</sup>To the chief Musician upon Gittith, A Psalm for the sons of Korah. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King, and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them . Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools. They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. 10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. 11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. 12 O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

## لإِمَـامِ الْمُغَنِّيـنَ عَلَـى الْجَتِّيَّـةِ، لِبَنِـي قُـورَحَ، مَرْمُورُ،

مَّا أَحْلَى مَسَاكِتَكَ، يَا رَبَّ الْجُنُودِ. تَشْتَاقُ بَلْ تَثُوقُ نَفْسِي إِلَى دِيَارِ الرَّبِّ. قَلْبِي وَلَحْمِي يَهْتِفَانِ بِالإِلَهِ الْحَيِّ. آلْغُصْفُورُ أَيْضاً وَجَدَ بَيْتاً، وَالسُّنُونَةُ عُشَّاً لِتَفْسِهَا حَيْثُ تَضَعُ أَفْرَاحَهَا، مَذَابِحَكَ، يَا رَبَّ الْجُنُودِ، مَلِكِي وَإِلَهِي. لُطُوبِي لِلسَّاكِنِينَ فِي بَيْتِكَ، أَبَداً يُسَبِّحُونَكَ.

ُّ صُُـوبَى لأُتِـاسٍ عِزُّهُــمْ بِـكَ، طُـرُقُ بَيْتِـكَ فِـي قُلُوبِهِمْ. ُ عَابِرِينَ فِي وَادِي الْبُكَاءِ يُصَيِّرُونَهُ يَنْبُوعاً، أَيْضاً بِبَرَكَاتٍ يُعَطَّونَ مُورَةَ. ُ يَذْهَبُونَ مِنْ قُوَّةٍ إِلَى قُوَّةٍ، يُرَوْنَ قُدَّامَ الله في صهْيَوْنَ.