

<sup>1</sup>A Song of degrees. Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.<sup>2</sup>Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon

us.<sup>3</sup>Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.<sup>4</sup>Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.