PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 110

1 A Psalm of David. Jehovah saith unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, Until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

2 Jehovah will send forth the rod of thy strength out of Zion: Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

3 Thy people offer themselves willingly In the day of thy power, in holy array: Out of the womb of the morning Thou hast the dew of thy youth.

4 Jehovah hath sworn, and will not repent: Thou art a priest for ever After the order of Melchizedek.

5 The Lord at thy right hand Will strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

6 He will judge among the nations, He will fill [the places] with dead bodies; He will strike through the head in many countries.

7 He will drink of the brook in the way: Therefore will he lift up the head.

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