PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 144

1 [A Psalm] of David. Blessed be Jehovah my rock, Who teacheth my hands to war, [And] my fingers to fight:

2 My lovingkindness, and my fortress, My high tower, and my deliverer; My shield, and he in whom I take refuge; Who subdueth my people under me.

3 Jehovah, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him? Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?

4 Man is like to vanity: His days are as a shadow that passeth away.

5 Bow thy heavens, O Jehovah, and come down: Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

6 Cast forth lightning, and scatter them; Send out thine arrows, and discomfit them.

7 Stretch forth thy hand from above; Rescue me, and deliver me out of great waters, Out of the hand of aliens;

8 Whose mouth speaketh deceit, And whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

9 I will sing a new song unto thee, O God: Upon a psaltery of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

10 Thou art he that giveth salvation unto kings; Who rescueth David his servant from the hurtful sword.

11 Rescue me, and deliver me out of the hand of aliens, Whose mouth speaketh deceit, And whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

12 When our sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, And our daughters as corner-stones hewn after the fashion of a palace;

13 [When] our garners are full, affording all manner of store, [And] our sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our fields;

14 [When] our oxen are well laden; [When there is] no breaking in, and no going forth, And no outcry in our streets:

15 Happy is the people that is in such a case; [Yea], happy is the people whose God is Jehovah.

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