PSALM 122

[NEXT VERSE] 123

1An ode of ascents

Ilift my eyes to You Whodwell in heaven

[NEXT VERSE] 2 Behold as the eyes of servants look to the hands of their masters

As the eyes of the maidservant look to the hands of her mistress

So our eyes look to the Lord our God

Until He shall have compassion on us

[NEXT VERSE] 3 Have mercy on us O Lord have mercy on us

For we are greatly filled with contempt

[NEXT VERSE] 4 Our soul is greatly filled with it

We are a disgrace to those who prosper

And a contempt to the arrogant