

The TanakhML Project

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lam#nas#s##ah# lîd#ût#ûn miz#môr l#d##wid#

'#mar#tî 'eš#m#r#h d##r#k#ay m#h##t#ô' b#il#šônî
'eš#m#r#h l#p#î mah##sôm b#'#d# r#š# 'l#neg##dî

ne'#lam#tî d#ûmiyy#h heh##šêt#î mit#t#ôb# ûk##'b#î
ne'#k#r

h#am-libbî b#qir#bî bah#g#îg#î t#îb##'ar-'#š dibbar#tî
bil#šônî

hôd#î'#nî y#hw#h qis#s#î ûmiddat# y#may mah-hî'
'd##'h meh-h##d##l '#nî

hinn#h t##p##h#ô# n#t#att#h y#may w#h#el#dî
k##'ayin neg##dek## 'ak# k#l-heb#el k#l-'#d##m
nis#s##b# sel#h

'ak#-b#s#elem yit##hallek#-'îš 'ak#-heb#el yeh#m#yûn
yis##b#r w#l#-'y#d#a' mî-'#s#p##m
w#'#att#h mah-qqiwwî#î 'd##n#y tôh#al#tî l#k## hî'

mikk#l-p#š# 'ay has#s#îl#nî h#er#pat# n#b##l
'al-t##îm#nî
ne'#lam#tî l# 'ep##tah#-pî kî 'att#h '##î##

h#s#r m#'#lay nig##'ek## mittig##rat# y#d##k## 'nî
k##lî#î

b#t#ôk##h#ô# 'al-'#w#n yissar#t# 'îš wattermes k#'#š
h##mûd#ô 'ak# heb#el k#l-'#d##m sel#h

šim#'#h-t##p#ill#t#î y#hw#h w#šaw#'#t#î ha'#zîn#h
'el-dim#'#t#î 'al-teh##raš kî g##r 'n#k#î 'imm#k#
tôš#b# k#k##l-'#b#ô#y
h#ša' mimmennî w#'#ab##lîg##h b#t#erem 'l#k#
w#'#ênennî

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue: I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue,

4 LORD, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is: that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

9 I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.

10 Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

11 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah.

12 Hear my prayer, O LORD, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

13 O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

