

PSALMS 123

PSALMS 123:1

1 ¶ A Song of degrees. Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

PSALMS 123:2

2 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.

PSALMS 123:3

3 Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

PSALMS 123:4

4 Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, *and* with the contempt of the proud.