

Book of Psalms Chapter 123

19_PSA_123_01 A Song of degrees. Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

19_PSA_123_02 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.

19_PSA_123_03 Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

19_PSA_123_04 Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, [and] with the contempt of the proud.