

Book of Psalms Chapter 127

19_PSA_127_01 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh [but] in vain.

19_PSA_127_02 [It is] vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: [for] so he giveth his beloved sleep.

19_PSA_127_03 Lo, children [are] an heritage of the LORD: [and] the fruit of the womb [is his] reward.

19_PSA_127_04 As arrows [are] in the hand of a mighty man; so [are] children of the youth.

19_PSA_127_05 Happy [is] the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.