

## פרק קמד - Psalm 144

א לְדָוִד | בְּרִוּד ד' | צוֹרֵי הַמַּלְמָד יְדֵי לְקָרֵב אֶצְבְּעוֹתַי לַמִּלְחָמָה:

1. A Psalm of David. Blessed is Adoniye, my Rock, Who trains my hands for battle, my fingers for war.

ב חֶסְדֵי וּמְצוּדָתִי מְשַׁנְּבֵי וּמַפְלִיטֵי לִי מִגְּנֵי וּבֹ חֶסֶתִי הַרְוֹדָד עִמִּי תַחְתָּי:

2. My kindness and my Fortress, my stronghold and my Rescuer, my Shield and in Whom I take refuge, Who subdues peoples under me.

ג ד' מָה אָדָם וַתִּדְעֵהוּ בֶן־אָנוּשׁ וַתִּחַשְׁבֵהוּ:

3. Adoniye, what is man that You acknowledge him, or the son of man that You are mindful of him?

ד אָדָם לְהַבֵּל דָּמָה יָמָיו כְּצֶל עוֹבֵר:

4. Man is compared to a breath, his days are as a shadow that passes over.

ה ד' הִט־שָׁמַיִךְ וַתִּרְדָּ גַע בְּהָרִים וַיִּעָשָׁנוּ:

5. Adoniye, bend Your heavens and descend; touch the mountains and they will vanish like smoke.

ו בְּרוּק בְּרַק וַתִּפְיֹצֵם שְׁלַח חֲצִיךְ וַתַּהַמֵּם:

6. Cast forth lightning and scatter them, send out Your arrows and confound them.

ז שְׁלַח יָדְיָךְ מִמָּרוֹם פְּצַנִי וְהַצִּילֵנִי מִמַּיִם רַבִּים מִיַּד בְּנֵי נֹכַר:

7. Stretch forth Your hands from on high; deliver and rescue me from powerful waters, from the hand of strangers.

ח אֲשֶׁר פִּיהֶם דְּבַר-שׁוֹא וְיַמִּינָם יָמִין שֶׁקֶר:

8. Whose mouth speaks deceit, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

ט אֱלֹקִים שִׁיר חֲדָשׁ אֲשִׁיחָה לָּךְ בְּנֵבֶל עֲשׂוֹר אֲזַמְּרָה-לָּךְ:

9. God, a new song I will sing to You, upon a lyre of ten strings will I sing praises to You.

י הַנוֹתֵן תְּשׁוּעָה לַמְּלָכִים הַפּוֹצֵה אֶת-דָּוִד עַבְדּוֹ מִחֶרֶב רָעָה:

10. He Who gives deliverance to kings, He Who delivers David, His Servant, from the evil sword.

יא פְּצַנִי וְהַצִּילֵנִי מִיַּד בְּנֵי-נֹכַר אֲשֶׁר-פִּיהֶם דְּבַר-שׁוֹא וְיַמִּינָם יָמִין שֶׁקֶר:

11. Deliver me and rescue me from the hand of strangers, Whose mouth speaks deceit, whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

יב אֲשֶׁר בְּנֵינוּ | כְּנֹטְעִים מִגְּדֵלִים בְּנְעוּרֵיהֶם בְּנוֹתֵינוּ כְּזֹאֵת מְחֻטְבוֹת תְּבֻנִית הַיִּכָּל:

12. So that our sons are [pure] as plants, grown up in their youth; our daughters are as cornerpillars, lauded as the edifice of a palace.

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**יג מְזוּיָנוּ מִלְאִים מִפִּיקִים מִזֶּן אֶל־זֶן צְאוּנָנוּ מֵאֲלִיפּוֹת מִרְבָּבוֹת בְּחוּצוֹתֵינוּ:**

13. Our garners are full, providing nourishment from harvest to harvest, our sheep increase by the thousands and ten thousands in our fields.

**יד אֱלוֹפֵינוּ מִסְבָּלִים אֵין פֶּרֶץ וְאֵין יוֹצֵאת וְאֵין צוֹחָה בְּרַחֲבֵתֵינוּ:**

14. Our leaders are tolerated, with no breach and no bad tidings, and no outcry in our streets.

**טו אֲשֶׁר־יֵהְעֵם שְׂכָנָה לוֹ אֲשֶׁר־יֵהְעֵם שֶׁד' אֱלֹקָיו:**

15. Fortunate is the people whose lot is thus; Fortunate is the people for whom Adoniye is their God.