

Psalm 123

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A Song of degrees.

¹ **U**NTO thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

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.

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

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