

Psalm 127

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A Song of degrees for Solomon.

¹ **E**XCEPT the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh *but* in vain.

² *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.

³ Lo, children *are* an heritage of the LORD: *and* the fruit of the womb *is his* reward.

⁴ As arrows *are* in the hand of a mighty man; so *are* children of the youth.

⁵ 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.