

## **Salmo 12**

*1 Al maestro del coro. Salmo. Di Davide.*

**2** Fino a quando, Signore, continuerai a dimenticarmi?

Fino a quando mi nasconderai il tuo volto?

**3** Fino a quando nell'anima mia proverò affanni,  
tristezza nel cuore ogni momento?

Fino a quando su di me trionferà il nemico?

**4** Guarda, rispondimi, Signore mio Dio,  
conserva la luce ai miei occhi,

perché non mi sorprenda il sonno della morte,

**5** perché il mio nemico non dica: «L'ho vinto!»  
e non esultino i miei avversari quando vacillo.

**6** Nella tua misericordia ho confidato.

Gioisca il mio cuore nella tua salvezza  
e canti al Signore, che mi ha beneficiato.

## **Psaume 12**

*1 Au chef des chantres. Sur la harpe à huit cordes. De David.*

**2** Combien de temps, Seigneur, vas-tu m'oublier,

combien de temps, me cacher ton visage ?

**3** Combien de temps aurai-je l'âme en peine et le cœur attristé chaque jour ?

Combien de temps mon ennemi sera-t-il le plus fort ?

**4** Regarde, réponds-moi, Seigneur mon Dieu !

Donne la lumière à mes yeux, garde-moi du sommeil de la mort ;

**5** que l'adversaire ne crie pas : « Victoire ! »

Que l'ennemi n'ait pas la joie de ma défaite !

**6** Moi, je prends appui sur ton amour

Que mon cœur ait la joie de ton salut !

Je chanterai le Seigneur pour le bien qu'il m'a fait.

## **Psalm 12**

*<sup>1</sup>For the director of music. According to sheminith. A psalm of David.*

<sup>2</sup>Help, LORD, for no one is faithful anymore;

those who are loyal have vanished from the human race.

<sup>3</sup>Everyone lies to their neighbor;

they flatter with their lips  
but harbor deception in their hearts.

<sup>4</sup> May the LORD silence all flattering lips  
and every boastful tongue –

<sup>5</sup> those who say,  
‘By our tongues we will prevail;  
our own lips will defend us – who is lord over us?’

<sup>6</sup> ‘Because the poor are plundered and the needy groan,  
I will now arise,’ says the LORD.

‘I will protect them from those who malign them.’

<sup>7</sup> And the words of the LORD are flawless,  
like silver purified in a crucible,  
like gold refined seven times.

<sup>8</sup> You, LORD, will keep the needy safe  
and will protect us forever from the wicked,

<sup>9</sup> who freely strut about  
when what is vile is honored by the human race.

مزمور ١٢

<sup>١</sup> لِإِمَامِ الْمُعْتَبِينَ عَلَى [الْفَرَارِ]. مَزْمُورٌ لِدَاوُدَ.

<sup>٢</sup> خَلِصَ يَا رَبُّ، لِأَنَّهُ قَدْ أَنْفَرَضَ النَّقِيُّ، لِأَنَّهُ قَدْ أَنْقَطَعَ الْأُمْنَاءُ مِنْ بَنِي الْبَشَرِ.

<sup>٣</sup> يَتَكَلَّمُونَ بِالْكَذِبِ كُلُّ وَاحِدٍ مَعَ صَاحِبِهِ بِشِفَاهِ مَلِيقَةٍ بِقَلْبِ قَلْبٍ يَتَكَلَّمُونَ.

<sup>٤</sup> يَقْطَعُ الرَّبُّ جَمِيعَ الشِّفَاهِ الْمَلِيقَةِ وَاللِّسَانَ الْمُتَكَلِّمِ بِالْعِظَائِمِ.

<sup>٥</sup> الَّذِينَ قَالُوا: بِالسِّنِّينَا نَتَجَبَّرُ. شِفَاهُنَا مَعْنَا. مَنْ هُوَ سَيِّدٌ عَلَيْنَا؟

<sup>٦</sup> مِنْ اغْتِصَابِ الْمَسَاكِينِ مِنْ صَرَخَةِ الْبَائِسِينَ الْآنَ أَقُومُ بِقَوْلِ الرَّبِّ. أَجْعَلْ فِي وَسْعِ الَّذِي يُنْفُثُ فِيهِ.

<sup>٧</sup> كَلَامَ الرَّبِّ كَلَامٌ نَقِيٌّ كَقِصَّةِ مُصَفَّاهٍ فِي بُوْطَةٍ فِي الْأَرْضِ مَمْحُوصَةٍ سَبْعَ مَرَّاتٍ.

<sup>٨</sup> أَنْتَ يَا رَبُّ تَحْفَظُهُمْ. تَحْرُسُهُمْ مِنْ هَذَا الْجِبَلِ إِلَى الدَّهْرِ.

<sup>٩</sup> الْأَشْرَارُ يَبْتَمَشُونَ مِنْ كُلِّ نَاجِيَةٍ عِنْدَ ارْتِفَاعِ الْأَرْدَالِ بَيْنَ النَّاسِ.