



UNLESS THE LORD BUILDS THE HOUSE,
ITS BUILDERS LABOR IN VAIN.
UNLESS THE LORD WATCHES OVER THE CITY,
THE WATCHMEN STAND GUARD IN VAIN.
IN VAIN YOU RISE EARLY AND STAY UP LATE,
TOILING FOR FOOD TO EAT--
FOR HE GRANTS SLEEP TO THOSE HE LOVES.
SONS ARE A HERITAGE FROM THE LORD,
CHILDREN A REWARD FROM HIM.
LIKE ARROWS IN THE HANDS OF A WARRIOR
ARE SONS BORN IN ONE'S YOUTH.
BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOSE
QUIVER IS FULL OF THEM.
THEY WILL NOT BE PUT TO SHAME
WHEN THEY CONTEND WITH
THEIR ENEMIES IN THE GATE.

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