

107 : 1 CANTICUM PSALMĪ IPSĪ DĀVĪD:

A canticle of a psalm for David himself:

107 : 2 Parātum cor meum Deus, parātum cor meum; cantābō, et psallam in glōriā meā.

My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready; I will sing, and will give praise with my glory.

107 : 3 Exsurge, glōria mea; exsurge, psaltērium et cithara; exurgam dīlūculō.

Arise, my glory; arise, psaltery and harp; I will arise in the morning early.

107 : 4 Cōnfitēbor tibi in populis, Domine, et psallam tibi in nātiōnibus,

I will praise thee among the people, O Lord, and I will sing unto thee among the nations,

107 : 5 quia magna est super caelōs misericordia tua, et usque ad nūbēs vērītās tua.

for thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth even unto the clouds.

107 : 6 Exaltāre super caelōs, Deus, et super omnem terram glōria tua,

Be thou exalted above the heavens, O God, and thy glory over all the earth,

107 : 7 ut liberentur dīlētī tuī; saluum fac dexterā tuā, et exaudī mē.

that thy beloved may be delivered; save with thy right hand and hear me.

107 : 8 Deus locūtus est in sānctō suō: Exsultābō, et dīvidam Sichimam, et convallem tabernāculōrum dīmētiar.

God hath spoken in his holiness: I will rejoice, and I will divide Sichem and I will mete out the vale of tabernacles.

107 : 9 Meus est Galaad, et meus est Mānāssēs, et Ephraim susceptiō capitis meī; Jūda rēx meus.

Galaad is mine, and Manasses is mine, and Ephraim the protection of my head; Juda is my king.

107 : 10 Moab lebēs speī meae; in Idūmaeam extendam calceāmentum meum; mihī aliēnigenae amīcī factī sunt.

Moab is the pot of my hope; over Edom I will stretch out my shoe; the aliens are become my friends.

107 : 11 Quis dēdūcet mē in cīvitatē mūnītā? Quis dēdūcet mē usque in Idūmaeam?

Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom?

107 : 12 Nōne tū, Deus, quī repulistī nōs? Et nōn exībis, Deus, in virtūtibus nostrīs?

Wilt not thou, O God, who hast cast us off? And wilt not thou, O God, go forth with our armies?

107 : 13 Dā nōbīs auxilium dē trībulātiōne, quia vāna salūs hominis.

O grant us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man.

107 : 14 In Deō faciēmus virtūtem, et ipse ad nihilum dēdūcet inimīcōs nostrōs.

Through God we shall do mightily, and he will bring our enemies to nothing.