

# PSALM 127

Unless the Lord builds the house,  
those who build it labor in vain.

Unless the Lord watches over the city,  
the watchman stays awake in vain.

It is in vain that you rise up early  
and go late to rest,  
eating the bread of anxious toil;  
for he gives to his beloved sleep.

Behold, children are a heritage from the  
Lord, the fruit of the womb a reward.

Like arrows in the hand of a warrior  
are the children of one's youth.

Blessed is the man  
who fills his quiver with them!

He shall not be put to shame  
when he speaks with his enemies in the gate.