

Psalm 127

Ps 127:1 A Song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

[NTB](#) [SCO](#) [TTT](#)

Ps 127:2 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.

[EBD](#) [NTB](#) [TTT](#)

Ps 127:3 Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.

[EBD](#) [NTB](#) [SBD](#) [TTT](#)

Ps 127:4 As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.

[NTB](#) [TTT](#)

Ps 127:5 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.

[EBD](#) [NTB](#) [SBD](#) [TTT](#)