1 The Lord said to my lord, "Sit at my right hand, until I make your enemies your footstool."

2 May the Lord stretch forth the sceptre of your power, rule from Zion in the midst of your enemies.

3 Noble are you on this day of your birth, on the holy mountain, from the womb of the dawn

4 The Lord has sworn and will not retract: you are a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

5 The king at your right hand, O Lord, shall smite down kings in the day of his wrath.

6 In all his majesty, he shall judge among the nations, smiting heads over all the wide earth.

7 He shall drink from the brook beside the way, therefore shall he lift high his head.
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