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
the dew of your new birth is upon you.

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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