Tzaddik Katamar Yifrach
From Psalm 92

The righteous flourish like the palm trees, like the cedars of Lebanon they grow

Implanted in the House of God, amid the courtyards of our God they bear fruit

In their old age they’ll put forth seed, fleshy and fresh they’ll ever be

To tell the uprightness of God, my Rock, in whom no fault resides.