

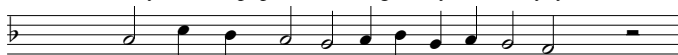
PSALM 129

A song of ascents.

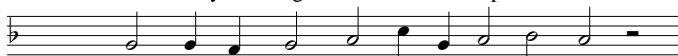
Geneva, 1551



1. "They have op-pressed me great-ly from my youth."



Make this your song, O Is-rael, and re-peat it:



"They have op-pressed me great-ly from my youth,



but they have failed, for I am un-de-feat-ed.

2. "They *ploughed* my back as *if* they ploughed a field; long *furrows* drew those *enemies* who hound me." The *LORD* is righteous; *He*, my strength and shield, has *cut* the cords with *which* the wicked bound me.
3. May *all those* who hate Zion be *brought* low. Put *them* to shame, LORD. *Crush* them by *Your* power. Make *them* like grasses that on housetops grow, that *shrivel* in the sun before they *flower*.
4. No *reaper* gathers *those* to have them threshed; no *binder* such a *worthless* crop will rescue. No *passers-by* will *shout*, "May you be blessed!" They *will not* say, "We in the LORD's name *bless* you!"