

# PSALM 129



Often oppressed, from my younger days; let Israel tell, repeat and say:

- 2 Often oppressed, from my younger days; (like the Messiah), none conquer my ways.
- 3 Plowers have plowed, the skin on my back; with long deep furrows, sadistic attack.
- 4 The Lord is righteous, and just and good; chopped off wicked bands, (as I knew He would).
- 5 Let all be ashamed, and pale in fear; those who hate Zion, flinch back to the rear.
- 6 To be like the grass, set on a roof high; that never grows up, but withers and dies.
- 7 Never in harvester's, hand to set; nor heap up as sheaves, that his bosom gets.
- 8 None that go by, wish good to remain; nor offer a blessing, in the Lord's name.