

¹To the chief Musician for the sons of Korah, Maschil. We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.²How thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.³For they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them: but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them.⁴Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob.⁵Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.⁶For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.⁷But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us.⁸In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah.⁹But thou hast cast off, and put us to shame; and goest not forth with our armies.¹⁰Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy: and they which hate us spoil for themselves.¹¹Thou hast given us like sheep appointed for meat; and hast scattered us among the heathen.¹²Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase thy wealth by their price.¹³Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.¹⁴Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people.¹⁵My confusion is continually before me, and the shame of my face hath covered me,¹⁶For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth; by

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reason of the enemy and avenger.¹⁷ All this is come upon us; yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.¹⁸ Our heart is not turned back, neither have our steps declined from thy way;¹⁹ Though thou hast sore broken us in the place of dragons, and covered us with the shadow of death.²⁰ If we have forgotten the name of our God, or stretched out our hands to a strange god;²¹ Shall not God search this out? for he knoweth the secrets of the heart.²² Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.²³ Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord? arise, cast us not off for ever.²⁴ Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our affliction and our oppression?²⁵ For our soul is bowed down to the dust: our belly cleaveth unto the earth.²⁶ Arise for our help, and redeem us for thy mercies' sake.

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