

¹A Song of degrees. Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say:²Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth: yet they have not prevailed against me.³The plowers plowed upon my back: they made long their furrows.⁴The LORD is righteous: he hath cut asunder the cords of the wicked.⁵Let them all be confounded and turned back that hate Zion.⁶Let them be as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up:⁷Wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.⁸Neither do they which go by say, The blessing of the LORD be upon you: we bless you in the name of the LORD.