

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