

<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.