

Psalm 44

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To the chief Musician for the sons of Korah, Maschil.

¹ **W**E have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, *what* work thou didst in their days, in the times of old.

² *How* thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand, and plantedst them; *how* thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

³ For 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.

⁴ Thou art my King, O God: command deliverances for Jacob.

⁵ Through thee will we push down our enemies: through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

⁶ For I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me.

⁷ But thou hast saved us from our enemies, and hast put them to shame that hated us.

⁸ In God we boast all the day long, and praise thy name for ever. Selah.

⁹ But thou hast cast off, and put us to shame; and goest not forth with our armies.

¹⁰ Thou makest us to turn back from the enemy: and they which hate us spoil for themselves.

¹¹ Thou hast given us like sheep *appointed* for meat; and hast scattered us among the heathen.

¹² Thou sellest thy people for nought, and dost not increase *thy wealth* by their price.

¹³ Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and a derision to them that are round about us.

¹⁴ Thou makest us a byword among the heathen, a shaking of the head among the people.

¹⁵ My confusion *is* continually before me, and the shame of my face hath covered me,

¹⁶ For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth; by 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.