

Psalm 79

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A Psalm of Asaph.

¹ **O** God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps.

² The dead bodies of thy servants have they given *to be* meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth.

³ Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and *there was* none to bury *them*.

⁴ We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

⁵ How long, LORD? wilt thou be angry for ever? shall thy jealousy burn like fire?

⁶ Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen that have not known thee, and upon the kingdoms that have not called upon thy name.

⁷ For they have devoured Jacob, and laid waste his dwelling place.

⁸ O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us: for we are brought very low.

⁹ Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake.

¹⁰ Wherefore should the heathen say, Where *is* their God? let him be known among the heathen in our sight *by* the revenging of the blood of thy servants *which is* shed.

¹¹ Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die;

¹² And render unto our neighbours sevenfold into their bosom their reproach, wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord.

¹³ So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture will give thee thanks for ever: we will shew forth thy praise to all generations.