

# Psalm 129

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A Song of degrees.

<sup>1</sup> **M**ANY 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.