

Psalm 44

*To the maestro
for the sons of Korah:
a word of wisdom*

O God, with our own ears we all have heard
The story which our fathers told to us:
The deeds that You performed in their own days
The days of long ago, the days of old!

With Your own hand You drove some nations out
And in their place You planted Your own folk,
Afflicting those who were opposed to them
But gladly settling Your own people there.

Not by their sword did they possess the land
Their arm did not give them the victory,
But Your right hand and Your right arm alone,
For You were looking on them with delight!

You are my King, O Lord, You are my God:
You give the victory to Jacob's sons.
Through You we push down all our enemies
And through Your name we tread down all our foes.

I do not put my trust in my own bow:
I know my sword can never rescue me:
But You have saved us from our enemies
And those who hate us You have put to shame!

In God we boast with joy day after day,
And in Your name forever we give thanks:
Yet You have spurned us and have abased us
And have not gone out with our warriors!

You made us turn back from the enemy,
From those who hate us You have gotten spoil:
You have made us like sheep for slaughtermen:
Among the nations You have scattered us!

You've sold Your people for a trifling price:
You have not increased Your wealth by that price:
You have made us to be a laughing stock:
Our neighbours taunt us and pour scorn on us!

You have made us a byword among men,
And people shake their heads because of us,
And my disgrace is with me all day long
And shame has covered my face all the time!

I hear the voice of those reproaching me:
I see the foe and the avenger now:
All this has come upon us from Your hand,
But we have not forgotten You, O God!

We have not disobeyed Your covenant:
Our heart has not turned back away from You:
Our steps have no departed from Your way:
But still our enemies blaspheme Your name!

You've broken us where dragons have their place:
You've covered us with darkness on our face:
If we've forgotten the name of our God
Or spread our hands to worship a strange god

Would not our God discover this was so.
For He knows all the secrets of the heart:
Because of You, we are killed all day long:
We are like sheep before the slaughterman!

Arouse Yourself! Why do You sleep, O LORD?
Awake! Do not forever cast us off!
Why do You hide Your face and now forget
All our affliction and oppression now?

Our soul is bowed down to the dust today:
Our bodies cleave unto the earth beneath:
Rise up! Come to our help! Redeem us now,
Because of Your unchanging love for us!

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