

Psalm 60

*For the maestro.
according to
"The Lily of the Covenant":
a golden song of David
for teaching,
when he fought
Aram Naharaim
and Aram Zobah,
and Joab returned,
and smote
12,000 of Edom
in the valley of salt.*

God, You were angry, and You ran from us:
You were displeased, You turned away from us:
You shook the land, and broke it into bits:
Please heal its breaches: it has split apart!

For You have shown Your people hardship now:
You made us drink wine, so we stagger round:
You set a banner up for who fear
Your name, only to let them flee before the foe!

So let Your loved ones be delivered now:
Save us, by Your right hand, to triumph now:
For God has spoken from His holy place:
"I will exult: I will make Shechem mine.

The vale of Succoth I will measure off:
For Gilead is Mine: Manasseh's Mine:
And Ephraim is the helmet that I wear
And Judah is the staff My captain wields!

Moab is My wash-basin," God has said,
"And against Edom I will place My boot,
And over Philistia I will shout,
For I will triumph over all My foes!"

Who can bring me to the siege-proof city?
And who can lead me to the Edomites?
Is it not You, O God, though You spurned us?
Will You not go forth with our armies now?

Give us relief, O God in our distress,
For futile is the help of man to us:
With God we will achieve the victory,
And He will trample on our enemies!

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