

Psalm 129

A Song of Ascents

“How many times have they afflicted me,
Right from my youth,” let Israel now say:
Though many times they have afflicted me,
Yet they have not prevailed over me!

The ploughmen ploughed with ploughs upon my back,
They made their furrows long upon my back.
The LORD is just, and He cuts off the yoke
Of wicked men: let them be put to shame!

Let all those who hate Zion be repulsed
And let them be like grass upon the roof
That withers ere it sprouts and yields a crop:
The reaper cannot fill his hand with it!

It does not yield a single sheaf of grain:
Those passing by do not say as they go
“May the LORD’s blessing be upon you now!”
But we bless you in the name of the LORD!

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