

# They Have Oppressed Me Greatly From My Youth

PSALM 129 - Liedboek van die Kerk

Major

C G C G7 C

1. "They have oppressed me greatly from my youth."  
 2. "They ploughed my back as if they ploughed a field;  
 3. May all those who hate Zi - on be brought low.  
 4. No reaper gatherers those to have them threshed;

G/B Am7 Am/C Am/E D G

Make this your song, O Is - rael, and re - peat it:  
 long fur - rows drew those en - e - mies who hound me."  
 Put them to shame, Lord. Crush them by your pow - er.  
 no bin - der such a worth - less crop will res - cue.

F/A C F G7 C

"They have oppressed me greatly from my youth,  
 The Lord is right - eous; he, my strength and shield,  
 Make them like grass - es that on house - tops grow,  
 No pass - ers - by will shout, "May you be blessed!"

C/E F G Am C Dm G7 C

but they have failed, for I am un - de - feat - ed.  
 has cut the cords, with which the wick - ed bound - me.  
 that shriv - el in the sun be - fore they flow - er.  
 They will not say, "We in the Lord's name bless you!"

Tune: H. Pieter van de Westhuizen, 1976/2001, Liedboek van die Kerk (South Africa); Arr. Tim Nijenhuis, © 2020

Lyrics: 1972, Walter van der Kamp; rev. - © 2009, Standing Committee of the Book of Praise

Meter: 10.11 D

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