

They Have Oppressed Me Greatly From My Youth

PSALM 129 - Blessings

Minor

Bm7 G9 Em7 A F#

1. "They have op - pressed me great - ly 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 reap - er gath - ers those to have them threshed;

D F#m/C# Bm7 Em A

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.

Bm7 G9 Em7 A F#

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

Em7 Bm7 Gmaj7 F# Bm

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

Tune: BLESSINGS - Tim Nijenhuis, © 2015

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

Meter: 10.11 D

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