

They Have Oppressed Me Greatly From My Youth

PSALM 129 - Ninehouse

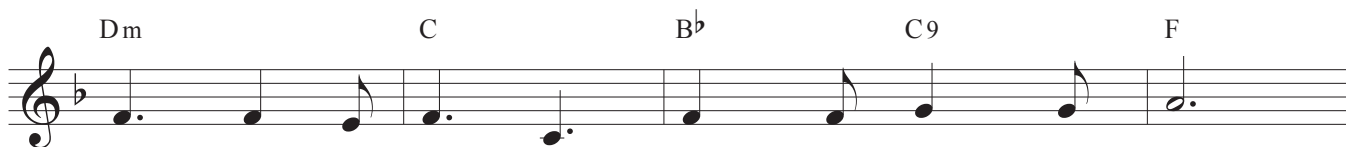
Major



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;



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.



"They have op - pressed me great - ly 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!"



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: Tim Nijenhuis, © 2019

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

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