

Psalm 129

Brady and Tate

M. J. Hood (2015)

1. From my youth up, may Is - rael say they oft have me as - sailed; Re -
2. De - feat, con - fu - sion, shame - ful rout be still the doom of those, Their
3. Which in his arm no rea - per takes, but un - re - gar - ded leaves; No

duced me oft to hea - vy straits, but ne - ver quite pre - vailed. They
right - eous doom, who Zi - on hate and Zi - on's God op - pose. Like
bin - der thinks it worth his pains to fold it in - to sheaves. No

oft have plowed my pa - tient back with fu - rrows deep and long; But
corn up - on our hou - ses' tops, un - time - ly let them fade, Which
trav - e - ler that pas - ses by vouch - safes a min - ute's stop, To

our just God has broke their chains, and re - scued us from wrong.
too much heat, and want of root, has blast - ed in the blade.
give it one kind look, or crave Heav'n's bles - sing on the crop.