

They Often Hurt Me From My Youth

From Psalm 129

1. ¹“They oft - en hurt me from my youth,” Let Is - rael now re-peat it—
2. ⁵Let Zi - on’s foes be turned in shame. ⁶Like roof-top grass is root - less,

³“They oft - en hurt me from my youth, Yet they have not suc-ceed - ed.
Which with-ers on the day it came; ⁷The reap - er finds it fruit - less.

⁵The plow - men plowed up - on my back.” ⁴The right - eous LORD
When bind - ing sheaves, he turns a - way. ⁸The men who pass

⁶broke their at - tack; He cut their cords in piec - es.
them nev - er say, “We pray the LORD would bless you.”

Music: Heinrich Schütz, 1628
Text: Donald P. Owens II, 2012 ©

DIE FEIND HABEN MICH [BECKER 129]
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