

# Psalm 129\*

"Of Israel this may now be the song"

Text by William Whittingham

Harmonised by  
David Peebles

1. Of Is - ra - el this may now be the song: Ev'n from my youth  
2. As yet I bear the marks in bone and skin, That one would think  
3. But yet the Lord, which doth all things just - ly, Hath cut the ropes,

7  
my foes have oft me 'noy - ed: A thou - sand ills, since I was ten - der  
that the plough - men with their ploughs Up - on my back have made their balks\*\* -  
and so stayed the wick - ed's rage. Ev'n so shall all such per - ish shame -

13  
and young, They have me wrought, yet was I not de - stroy - ed.  
far in: For like ploughed ground, ev'n so have I long sor - rows.  
ful - ly, Which hate Zi - on, or wish it an - y dam - age.

\* Melody is in the soprano.

\*\* In Scots, a balk was a ridge between two portions of ploughed land.