Psalm 129*

"Of Israel this may now be the song"

Text by William Whittingham

Harmonised by David Peebles

1. Of Israel this may now be the song: Ev'n from my youth and young, They have me wrought, yet was I not destroy ed.

2. As yet I bear the marks in bone and skin, That one would think far in: For like ploughed ground, ev'n so have I long sor rows.

3. But yet the Lord, which doth all things justly, Hath cut the ropes, fully, Which hate Zion, or wish it any dam age.

my foes have oft me noy ed: A thousand ills, since I was tender

and so stayed the wicked's rage. Ev'n so shall all such perish shame

and the plough-men with their ploughs Up on my back have made their balks*

* Melody is in the soprano.

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

Original melody begins on G.

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