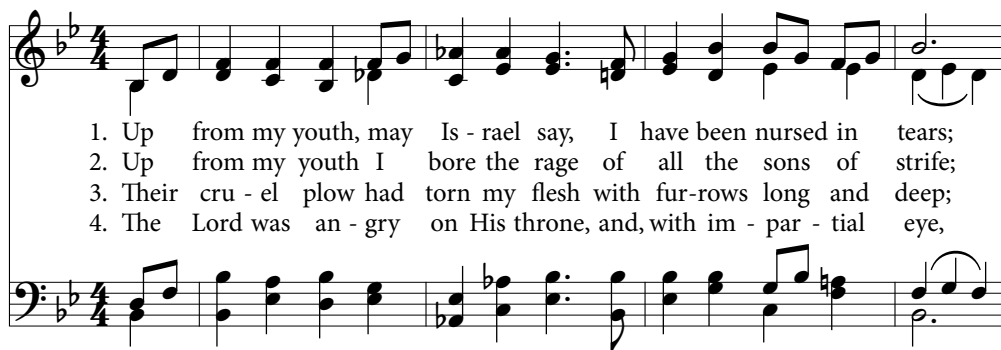
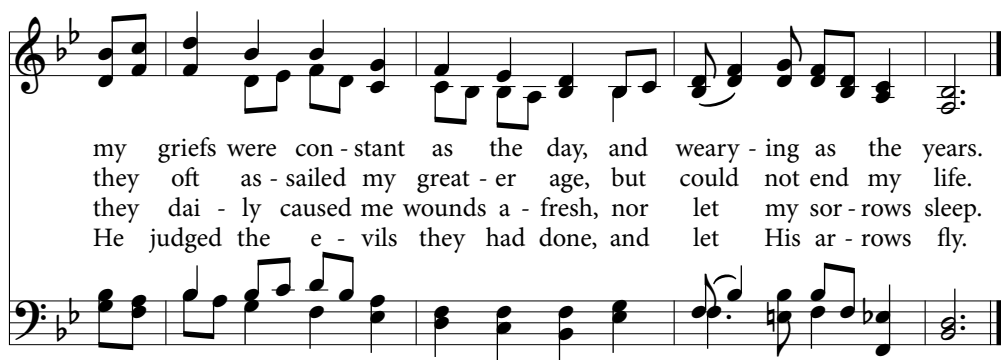


Up from My Youth, May Israel Say

PSALM 129



1. Up from my youth, may Is - rael say, I have been nursed in tears;
2. Up from my youth I bore the rage of all the sons of strife;
3. Their cru - el plow had torn my flesh with fur-rows long and deep;
4. The Lord was an - gry on His throne, and, with im - par - tial eye,



my griefs were con - stant as the day, and weary - ing as the years.
they oft as - sailed my great - er age, but could not end my life.
they dai - ly caused me wounds a - fresh, nor let my sor - rows sleep.
He judged the e - vils they had done, and let His ar - rows fly.

5. How was their arrogance surprised
to hear His thunder roll,
and all the foes of Zion cried
with horror to the soul!

6. Thus shall the ones that hate the saints
be judged by God on high;
their glory fades, their courage faints,
and all their schemes shall die.