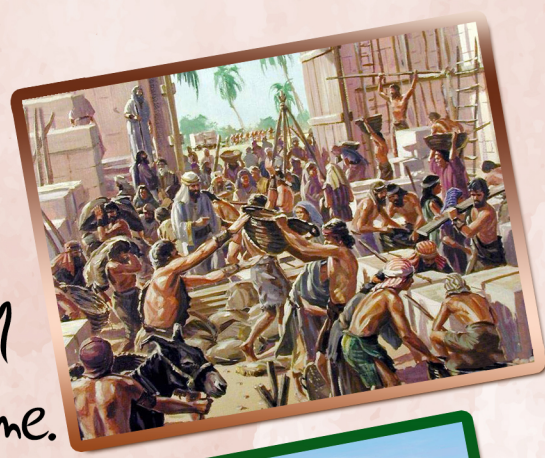


Many a time have they afflicted me from
my youth, may Israel now say:
Many a time have they afflicted me from my
youth: yet they have not prevailed against me.



The plowers plowed upon my back:
they made long their furrows.



Psalm 129

The Lord is righteous: he hath cut
asunder the cords of the wicked.

Let them all be confounded
and turned back that hate Zion.

Let them be as the grass upon
the housetops, which withereth
afore it groweth up: Wherewith
the mower filleth not his hand; nor
he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.

Ni dijeron los que pasaban:
Neither do they which go by say,
The blessing of the Lord be upon you:
we bless you in the name of the Lord.

