

PSALM 74

Why are we rejected, O God at all times? Your nostrils smoke, 'gainst the flock that is Thine.

- 2 Mark the assembly, You redeemed of old; Messiah and Zion, the mount of Your home.
- 3 Raise Your feet swiftly, at ruinous waste; against evil foes, in Your holy place.
- 4 They grumble and moan, in the midst of Your clans; mounting their beacons, to signal their plans.
- 5 Some were known, when they mounted the tops; yielding the ax, to fell every copse.
- 6 At this time they hammer, the sculptures to dust; together in axes, and sledges they trust.
- 7 They shoot their flames, in Your holy place; the home with Your name, they bring to disgrace.
- 8 They say in their hearts, we'll oppress with our hand; burning God's houses, throughout all the land.
- 9 None see the signs, no prophet to hear; not one who knows, how long we are here.
- 10 God how long, will our troublers defame; scorners forever, blaspheming Your name?
- 11 Why turn Your hand, Your right hand away? Bring it out, of your bosom this day.
- 12 God is our King, from ancient times; bringing us wholeness, in every clime.
- 13 You divide the roaring, sea with Your might; crushing the head, of the serpent aright.
- 14 You crush his head, where the serpent lies; and give him as food, for Your wandering tribes.
- 15 You open the springs, and out Your streams spray; You make mighty rivers, to wither away.
- 16 Both day and night, belong unto Thee; You send up Your light, and the sun we see.
- 17 You've established limits, the whole earth wide; fashioned the seasons, and they abide.
- 18 Forget not Lord, that our foe defames; the brutish and evil, abhor Your name.
- 19 Give not the soul, of the dove You help breathe; remember the life, of the humble in need.
- 20 Consider Your compact, for from their dark homes; the cruel and violent, 'round the world roam.
- 21 Let not the afflicted, turn back in reproach; the humble and needy, will in Your name boast!

- 22 Rise up O Lord, defend as we strive; mark out the wicked, who daily despise.
- 23 Forget not the call, of those pressing us down; their uproar ascends, as it
rushes around.