From My Youth Up, May Israel Say

From Psalm 129

1. From my youth up, may Israel say, They oft have me as sailed,
   From My Youth Up, May Israel Say

2. Oft have they plowed my patient back With fur-rows deep and long;
   May Israel say, They oft have me as sailed,

3. Defeat, confusion, shame-ful rout, Are still the doom of those,
   Defeat, confusion, shame-ful rout, Are still the doom of those,

4. Like grass up-on the house-top wilts, Un-time-ly let them fade,
   Like grass up-on the house-top wilts, Un-time-ly let them fade,

5. Which in his arms no reaper takes, But un-re-gard-ed leaves;
   Which in his arms no reaper takes, But un-re-gard-ed leaves;

6. No trav-el-er that pass-es by, Vouchsafes a min-ute's stop,
   No trav-el-er that pass-es by, Vouchsafes a min-ute's stop,

Re-duced me oft to heav-y straits, But nev-er quite pre-vailed.
   Re-duced me oft to heav-y straits, But nev-er quite pre-vailed.

My right-eous God has broke the chains, And res-cued me from wrong.
   My right-eous God has broke the chains, And res-cued me from wrong.

Their right-eous doom, who Zi-on hate, And Zi-on's God op-pose.
   Their right-eous doom, who Zi-on hate, And Zi-on's God op-pose.

Which too much heat, and want of root, Has blast-ed in the blade,
   Which too much heat, and want of root, Has blast-ed in the blade,

Nor bin-der thinks it worth his pains To fold it in-to sheaves.
   Nor bin-der thinks it worth his pains To fold it in-to sheaves.

To give it one kind look, or crave God's bless-ing on the crop.
   To give it one kind look, or crave God's bless-ing on the crop.

Music: T. Nock, Jr., 1800's
Text: Nahum Tate & Nicholas Brady, 1696

EVANGEL (Nock)
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