

PSALM 79

¹ A Psalm of Asaph.

O God, the heathen have come into Your inheritance; they have polluted Your holy temple; they have made Jerusalem a storehouse of fruits.

² They have given the dead bodies of Your servants *to be* food for the birds of the sky, the flesh of Your holy ones for the wild beasts of the earth.

³ They have shed their blood as water, round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury *them*.

⁴ We have become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them *that are* round about us.

⁵ How long, O Lord? Will You be angry forever? Shall Your jealousy burn like fire?

⁶ Pour out Your wrath upon the heathen that have not known You, and upon the kingdoms which have not called upon Your name.

⁷ For they have devoured Jacob, and laid his place waste.

⁸ Remember not our old transgressions; let Your tender mercies come speedily to meet us; for we are greatly impoverished.

⁹ Help us, O God our Savior; for the glory of Your name, O Lord, deliver us; and be merciful to our sins, for Your name's sake.

¹⁰ Why should the heathen say, "Where is their God?" And let the avenging of Your servant's blood that has been shed be known among the heathen before our eyes.

¹¹ Let the groaning of the prisoners come in before You; according to the greatness of Your power, preserve the sons of the slain.

¹² Repay to our neighbors sevenfold into their bosom their reproach, with which they have reproached You, O Lord.

¹³ For we are Your people and the sheep of Your pasture; we will give You thanks forever; we will declare Your praise throughout all generations.