# PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 44

1 For the Chief Musician. [A Psalm] of the sons of Korah. Maschil. We have heard with our ears, O God, Our fathers have told us, What work thou didst in their days, In the days of old.

2 Thou didst drive out the nations with thy hand; But them thou didst plant: Thou didst afflict the peoples; But them thou didst spread abroad.

3 For they gat not the land in possession by their own sword, Neither did their own arm save them; But thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, Because thou wast favorable unto them.

4 Thou art my King, O God: Command deliverance for Jacob.

5 Through thee will we push down our adversaries: Through thy name will we tread them under that rise up against us.

6 For I will not trust in my bow, Neither shall my sword save me.

7 But thou hast saved us from our adversaries, And hast put them to shame that hate us.

8 In God have we made our boast all the day long, And we will give thanks unto thy name for ever. Selah

9 But now thou hast cast [us] off, and brought us to dishonor, And goest not forth with our hosts.

10 Thou makest us to turn back from the adversary; And they that hate us take spoil for themselves.

11 Thou hast made us like sheep [appointed] for food, And hast scattered us among the nations.

12 Thou sellest thy people for nought, And hast not increased [thy wealth] by their price.

13 Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbors, A scoffing and a derision to them that are round about us.

14 Thou makest us a byword among the nations, A shaking of the head among the peoples.

15 All the day long is my dishonor before me, And the shame of my face hath covered me,

16 For the voice of him that reproacheth and blasphemeth, By reason of the enemy and the avenger.

17 All this is come upon us; Yet have we not forgotten thee, Neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant.

18 Our heart is not turned back, Neither have our steps declined from thy way,

19 That thou hast sore broken us in the place of jackals, And covered us with the shadow of death.

**20** If we have forgotten the name of our God, Or spread forth our hands to a strange god;

**21** Will not God search this out? For he knoweth the secrets of the heart.

**22** Yea, for thy sake are we killed all the day long; We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

**23** Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord? Arise, cast [us] not off for ever.

**24** Wherefore hidest thou thy face, And forgettest our affliction and our oppression?

**25** For our soul is bowed down to the dust: Our body cleaveth unto the earth.

**26** Rise up for our help, And redeem us for thy lovingkindness' sake.

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