PSALMS, CAPÍTULO 79

1 A Psalm of Asaph. O God, the nations are come into thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled;
They have laid Jerusalem in heaps.

2 The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be food unto the birds of the heavens, The flesh of
thy saints unto the beasts of the earth.

3 Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; And there was none to bury them.

4 We are become a reproach to our neighbors, A scoffing and derision to them that are round about us.

5 How long, O Jehovah? wilt thou be angry for ever? Shall thy jealousy burn like fire?

6 Pour out thy wrath upon the nations that know thee not, And upon the kingdoms that call not upon thy
name.

7 For they have devoured Jacob, And laid waste his habitation.

8 Remember not against us the iniquities of our forefathers: Let thy tender mercies speedily meet us; For
we are brought very low.

9 Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name; And deliver us, and forgive our sins, for thy
name's sake.

10 Wherefore should the nations say, Where is their God? Let the avenging of the blood of thy servants
which is shed Be known among the nations in our sight.

11 Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee: According to the greatness of thy power preserve thou
those that are appointed to death;

12 And render unto our neighbors sevenfold into their bosom Their reproach, wherewith they have
reproached thee, O Lord.

13 So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture Will give thee thanks for ever: We will show forth thy praise
to all generations.

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