Many a time have they fought against me from my youth, but they have not prevailed against me.

The ploughers ploughed upon my back and made their furrows long.

But the righteous Lord has cut the cords of the wicked in pieces.

Let them be put to shame and turned backwards, as many as are enemies of Zion.

Let them be like grass upon the housetops, which withers before it can grow, so that no reaper can fill his hand, nor a binder of sheaves his bosom;

And none who go by may say, 'The blessing of the Lord be upon you.'

We bless you in the name of the Lord.