

Cover us

Psalm 79

IN YOUR

PRAYER IN A TIME OF NATIONAL DISASTER

Asaph's poetic song

RAVE

God, won't you do something?
 Barbarians have invaded our inheritance.
 Your temple of holiness has been violated,
 and Jerusalem has been left in ruin.
 The corpses of your loving people are lying in
 the open.
 God for the beasts and the birds,
 the shed blood of your servants has polluted the
 city,
 with no one left to bury the dead.
 Now the nearby nation heap their scorn upon
 us,
 scoffing, mocking us incessantly.
 How much longer, O Jehovah God, must we
 endure this?
 Does your anger have no end?
 All your jealousies burn like a raging fire,
 you're going to pour out your anger,
 pour it out on all these nations around us, not on
 us.
 They're the ones that do not love you like we do!
 See how they've attacked us, consuming the
 land,
 leaving it desolate.

