

How Blest the Man

From Psalm 41



1. ¹How blest the man who thought - ful - ly The poor and weak be - friends;
2. ³Up - on the bed of suf - fer - ing Je - ho - vah will sus - tain,
3. ⁵*My en - e - mies a - gainst me speak, And they my life have scorned;*
4. ⁷*My foes, to - geth - er whis - per - ing, Their e - vil plans de - vise;*
5. ¹⁰Do Thou, Je - ho - vah, show me grace, And raise me up a - gain,
6. ¹²And as for me, in up - right - ness Thou dost up - hold me well,



De - liv - 'rance in the e - vil day To him Je - ho - vah sends.
And in his sick - ness God will soothe The wea - ri - ness and pain.
They wish my name to pass a - way, Un - hon - ored and un - mourned.
8 *"Dis - ease," they say, "cleaves fast to him, Laid low, he shall not rise."*
Then I with just - ice may re - quite These base and wick - ed men.
And sets my feet be - fore Thy face For - ev - er - more to dwell.



2 The LORD will keep him, guard his life, On earth he shall be blest;
4 O LORD, to Thee my cry as - cends, Let me Thy mer - cy see.
6 *My foe, de - ceit - ful, vis - its me, By seem - ing kind - ness led,*
9 *Yea, he who was my cho - sen friend, In whom I put my trust,*
11 By this I know as - sur - ed - ly That I am loved by Thee,
13 Blest be Je - ho - vah, Is - rael's God For - ev - er - more. A - men.



The Lord will not sur - ren - der him By foes to be dis - tressed.
Heal Thou my soul, for I have sinned; I have of - fend - ed Thee.
His heart in - tent on gath - er - ing Some hurt - ful news to spread.
Who ate my bread, now turns in wrath To crush me in the dust.
Be - cause my foe does not ex - ult In tri - umph o - ver me.
Let age to age e - ter - nal - ly Re - peat His praise. A - men.

