

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. ⁵My en-e-mies a-gainst me speak, And they my life have scorned;
 4. ⁷My 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. 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.

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

12. ¹²The 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.

Music: *Southern Harmony*, 1835; adapt. Gregory D. Wilbur, 2009 ©
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