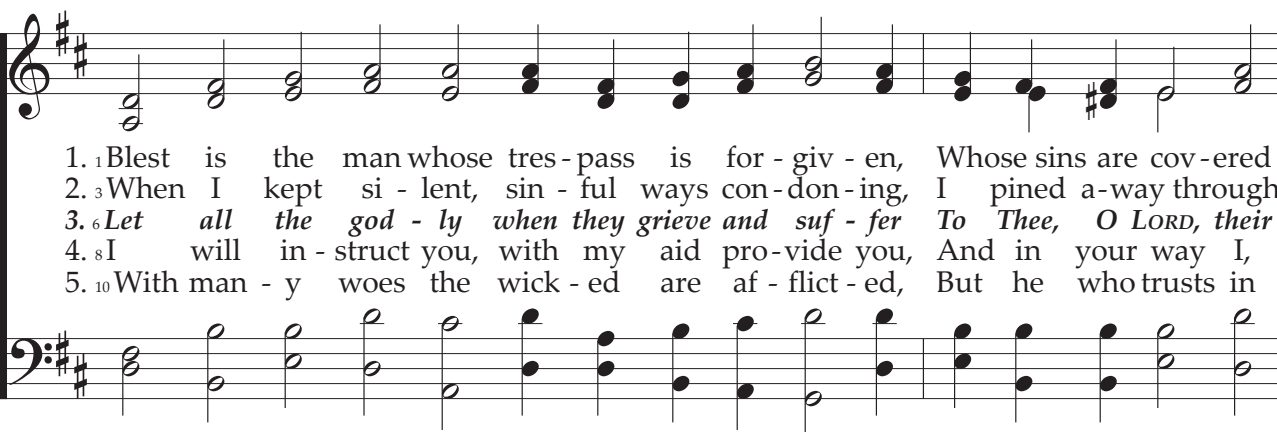
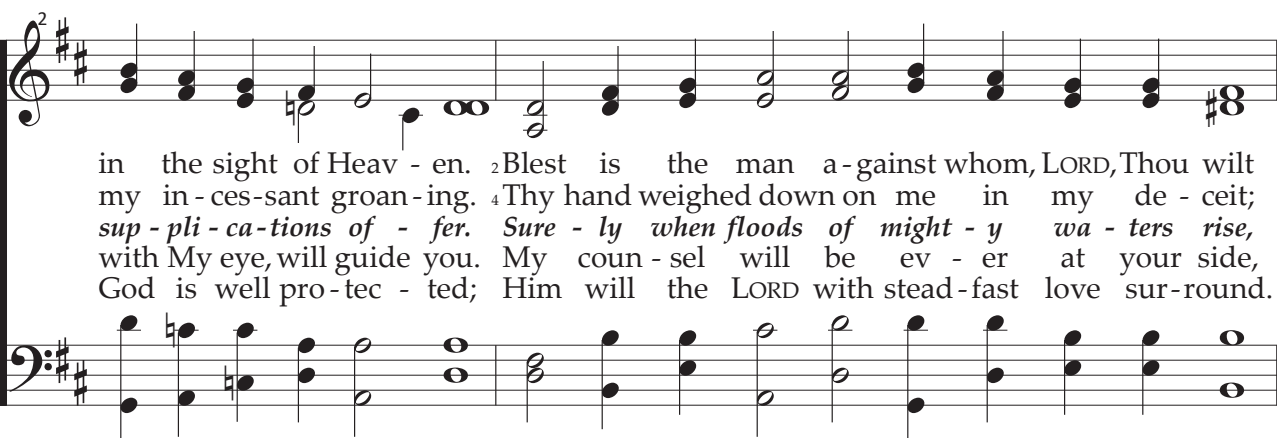


# 60 Blest Is the Man Whose Trespass Is Forgiven

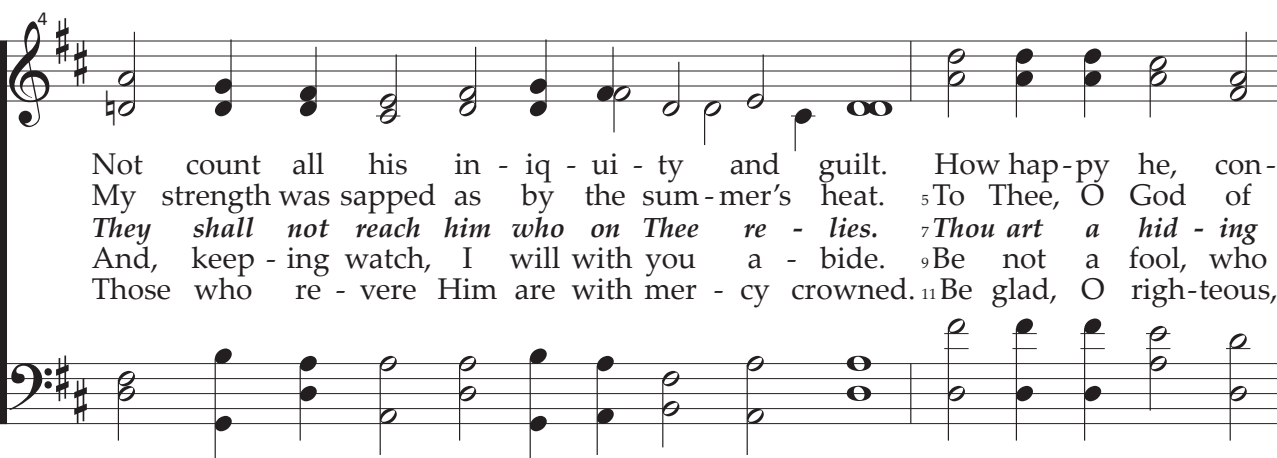
From Psalm 32



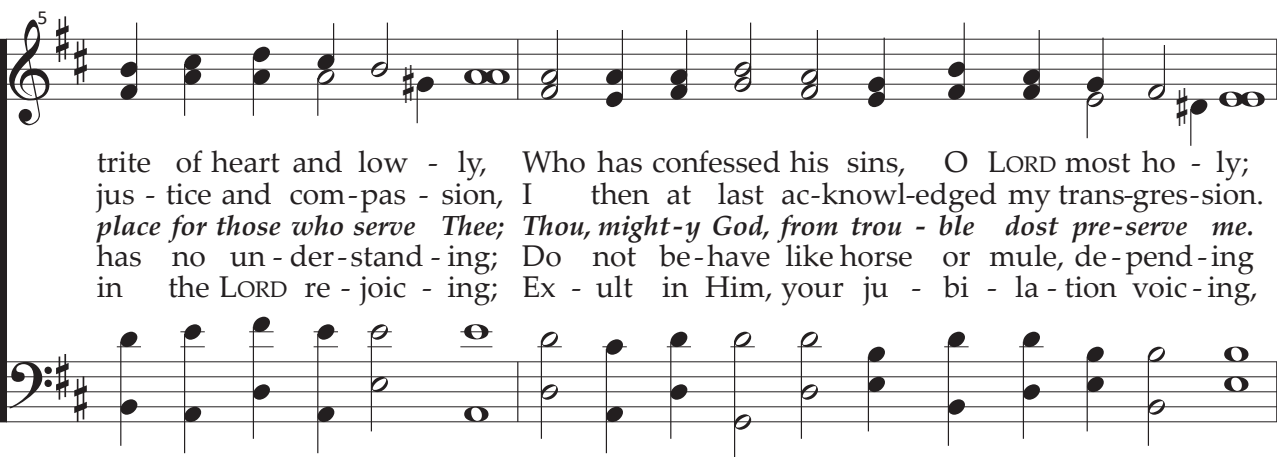
1. <sup>1</sup>Blest is the man whose tres-pass is for-giv-en, Whose sins are cov-ered  
 2. <sup>3</sup>When I kept si-lent, sin-ful ways con-don-ing, I pined a-way through  
 3. <sup>6</sup>*Let all the god-ly when they grieve and suf-fer To Thee, O LORD, their*  
 4. <sup>8</sup>I will in-struct you, with my aid pro-vide you, And in your way I,  
 5. <sup>10</sup>With man-y woes the wick-ed are af-flict-ed, But he who trusts in



in the sight of Heav-en. <sup>2</sup>Blest is the man a-gainst whom, LORD, Thou wilt  
 my in-ces-sant groan-ing. <sup>4</sup>Thy hand weighed down on me in my de-ceit;  
*sup-pli-ca-tions of-fer. Sure-ly when floods of might-y wa-ters rise,*  
 with My eye, will guide you. My coun-sel will be ev-er at your side,  
 God is well pro-tec-ted; Him will the LORD with stead-fast love sur-round.



Not count all his in-iq-ui-ty and guilt. How hap-py he, con-  
 My strength was sapped as by the sum-mer's heat. <sup>5</sup>To Thee, O God of  
*They shall not reach him who on Thee re-lies.* <sup>7</sup>*Thou art a hid-ing*  
 And, keep-ing watch, I will with you a-bide. <sup>9</sup>Be not a fool, who  
 Those who re-vere Him are with mer-cy crowned. <sup>11</sup>Be glad, O righ-teous,



trite of heart and low-ly, Who has confessed his sins, O LORD most ho-ly;  
 jus-tice and com-pas-sion, I then at last ac-knowl-edged my trans-gres-sion.  
*place for those who serve Thee; Thou, might-y God, from trou-ble dost pre-serve me.*  
 has no un-der-stand-ing; Do not be-have like horse or mule, de-pend-ing  
 in the LORD re-joic-ing; Ex-ult in Him, your ju-bi-la-tion voic-ing,

7

Who does not se - cret - ly Thy laws trans - gress,  
 I said, "I will con - fess my sins to Thee,"  
*Songs of de - liv - erance ev - 'ry - where re - sound:*  
 On bit and bri - dle to con - trol their course;  
 For light and life He will to you im - part.

8

Whose spir - it har - bors no de - ceit - ful - ness.  
 And all my guilt Thou hast for - gi - ven me.  
*Thou me with great re - joic - ing dost sur - round.*  
 They dis - o - bey un - less re - strained by force.  
 Now shout for joy, you men of up - right heart.