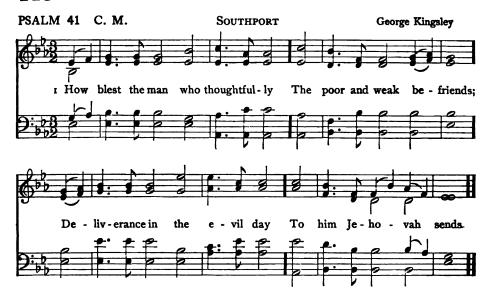
The Friend of the Poor



2 The Lord will keep him, guard his life, On earth he shall be blest; The Lord will not surrender him By foes to be distressed.

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- 3 Upon the bed of suffering Jehovah will sustain, And in his sickness God will soothe The weariness and pain.
- 4 O Lord, to Thee my cry ascends, Let me Thy mercy see; Heal Thou my soul, for I have sinned, I have offended Thee.
- 5 My enemies against me speak, And they my life have scorned; They wish my name to pass away, Unhonored and unmourned.
- 6 My foe, deceitful, visits me, By seeming kindness led, His heart intent on gathering Some hurtful news to spread.

- 7 My foes, together whispering,
 Their evil plans devise;
 Disease, they say, cleaves fast to him,
 Laid low, he shall not rise.
- 8 Yea, he who was my chosen friend, In whom I put my trust, [wrath Who ate my bread, now turns in To crush me in the dust.
- 9 Do Thou, Jehovah, show me grace, And raise me up again, That I with justice may requite These base and wicked men.
- That I am loved by Thee,
 Because my foe does not exult
 In triumph over me.
- 11 And as for me, in uprightness Thou dost uphold me well, And settest me before Thy face For evermore to dwell.
- Blest be Jehovah, Israel's God
 For evermore. Amen.

 Let age to age eternally
 Repeat His praise. Amen.