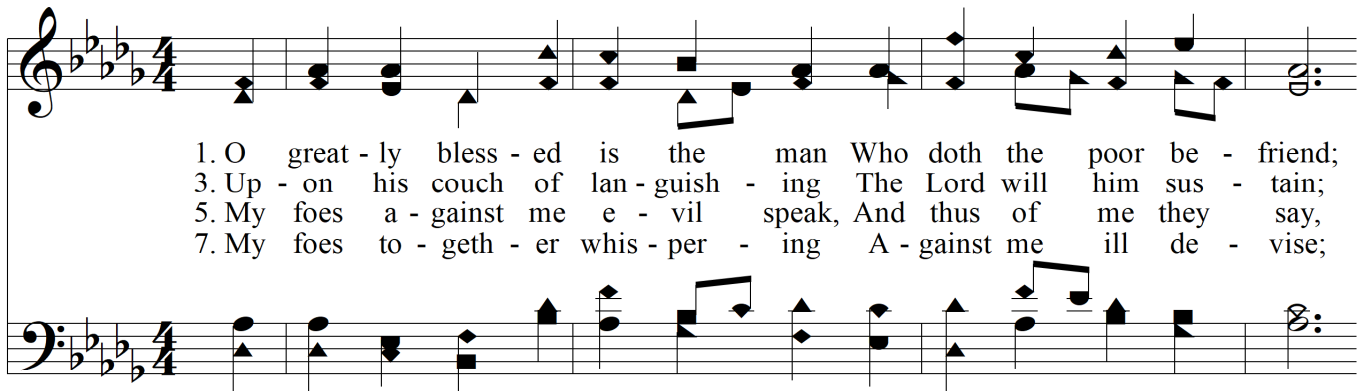
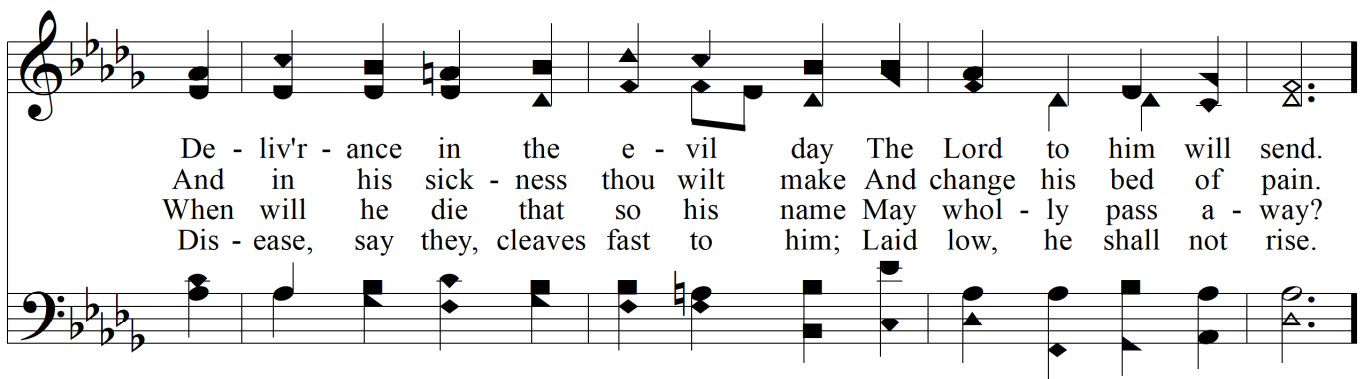


# Psalm 41:1-8

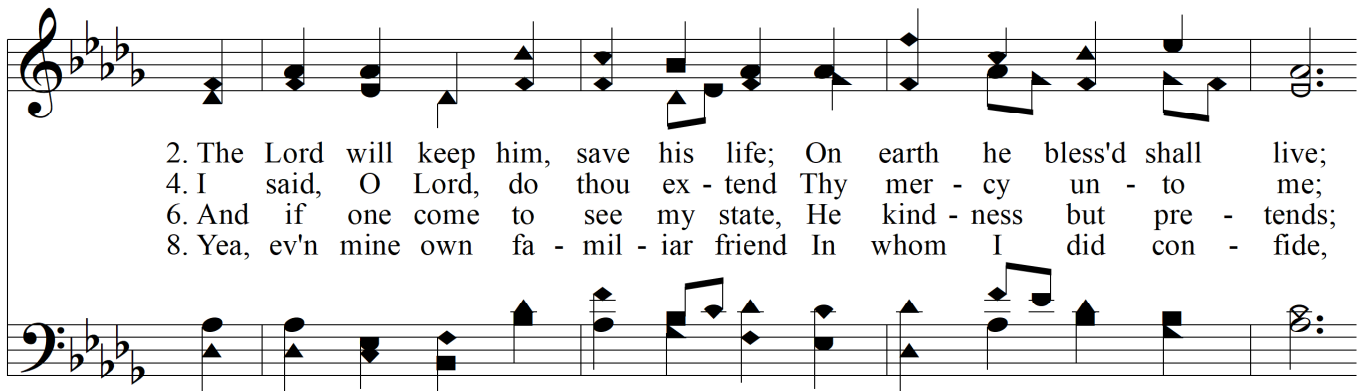
TUNE: WESTMINSTER C. M.



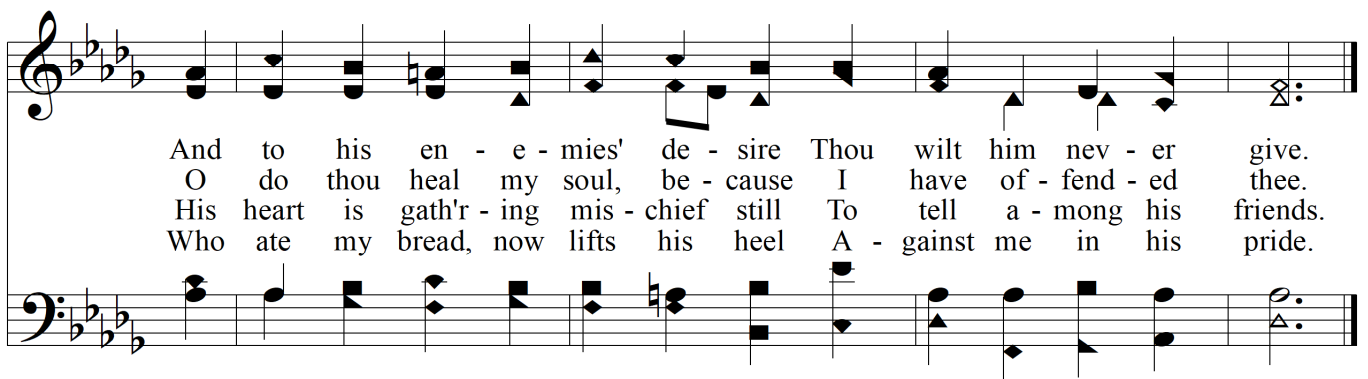
1. O great - ly bless - ed is the man Who doth the poor be - friend;  
3. Up - on his couch of lan - guish - ing The Lord will him sus - tain;  
5. My foes a - gainst me e - vil speak, And thus of me they say,  
7. My foes to - geth - er whis - per - ing A - gainst me ill de - vise;



De - liv'r - ance in the e - vil day The Lord to him will send.  
And in his sick - ness thou wilt make And change his bed of pain.  
When will he die that so his name May whol - ly pass a - way?  
Dis - ease, say they, cleaves fast to him; Laid low, he shall not rise.



2. The Lord will keep him, save his life; On earth he bless'd shall live;  
4. I said, O Lord, do thou ex - tend Thy mer - cy un - to me;  
6. And if one come to see my state, He kind - ness but pre - tends;  
8. Yea, ev'n mine own fa - mil - iar friend In whom I did con - fide,



And to his en - e - mies' de - sire Thou wilt him nev - er give.  
O do thou heal my soul, be - cause I have of - fend - ed thee.  
His heart is gath'r - ing mis - chief still To tell a - mong his friends.  
Who ate my bread, now lifts his heel A - gainst me in his pride.

Words: Psalm 41:1-8  
Music: J. Turle