

Psalm 41

vers. W. van der Kamp, 1972; rev.

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Dorian

Genevan Psalter, 1551
harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564

1. How blest is he who will re - gard the poor: He shall for - ev - er stand.
2. I said, "O LORD, be gra - cious un - to me, Heal me, my sins are great."
3. My e - ne - mies, with hat - red fierce and grim, All whis - per in dis - dain,
4. But Thou, O LORD, be gra - cious un - to me; Let me their ill re - quite.

In trou - bled days the LORD makes him en - dure: Blest is he in the land.
In mal - ice speak my e - ne - mies of me, And for my death they wait.
"A dead - ly thing has got - ten hold of him, He will not rise a - gain."
By this I know that Thou art pleased with me: My foes are put to flight.

His en - e - mies de - mand his life in vain, Though he be near death's door.
My vi - si - tor says emp - ty words and he With mis - chief fills his heart.
See how my bo - som friend, whom I did trust, With whom I shared my bread,
For - ev - er in Thy pre - sence I shall dwell, Up - held by Thee a - gain.

The LORD sus - tains him on his bed of pain: His health Thou shalt re - store.
When he goes out, he tells it all a - broad, Re - joic - ing when I smart.
Has turned a - gainst me, show - ing his dis - gust, And slan - d'rous tales has spread.
Blest be the LORD, the God of Is - ra - el, From age to age! A - men.