

PSALM 41

Play the Melody 

For the director of music. A psalm of David.

Geneva, 1551



1. How blest is he who cares a-bout the poor:
him will the LORD de-fend.
In times of trou-ble God keeps him se-cure;
blest is he in the land.
His en-e-mies de-mand his life in vain,
though he be near death's door.
God will sus-tain him on his bed of pain
and him to health re-store.

2. *I said, "O LORD, be merciful to me;
heal me, for I have sinned."
See how my enemies maliciously
wait for my life to end.
Whoever visits me is not sincere,
for in his spite-filled heart
he spins false tales, for everyone to hear
as soon as he departs.*

3. My enemies, with *hatred* fierce and *grim*,
all *whisper* in *disdain*,
“Some deadly *sickness* has its grip on him;
he will not rise again.”
One of my dearest *friends*, who had my *trust*,
with whom I shared my bread,
lifts up his *heel* against me, like the rest,
and wishes I were dead.
4. But You, O LORD, be *merciful* to me!
Help me see *justice* done.
By this I know that You are pleased with me:
my *haters* have not won.
I will forever in Your presence *dwell*,
by You *upheld* again.
Blest be the LORD, the *God* of Israel,
from age to age! Amen.