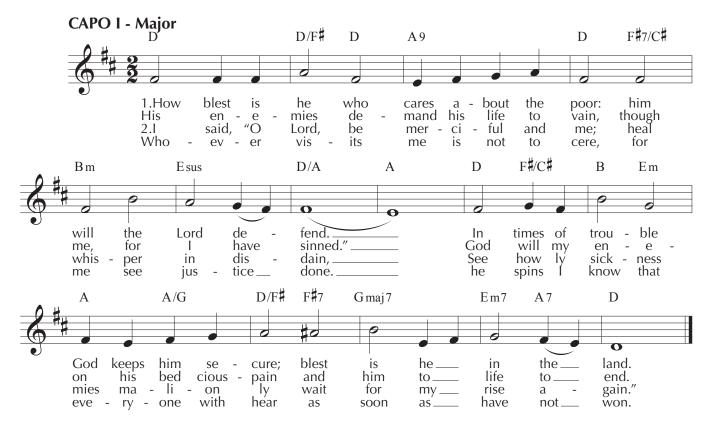
How Blest Is He Who Cares About the Poor

PSALM 41 - St. Nicholas



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.

Tune: ST. NICHOLAS - Clemetn C. Scholefield, 1870; Arr. Tim Nijenhuis, © 2019

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