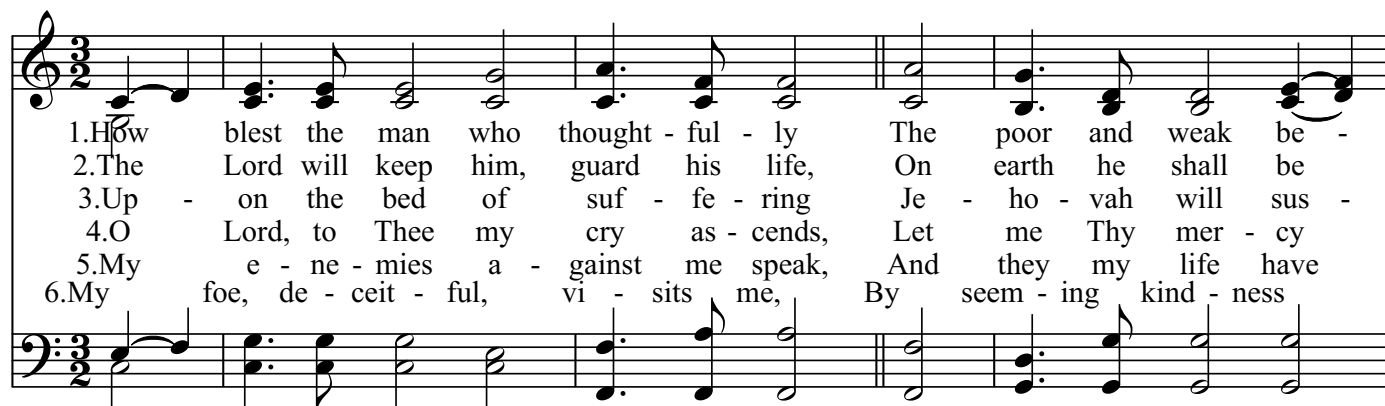


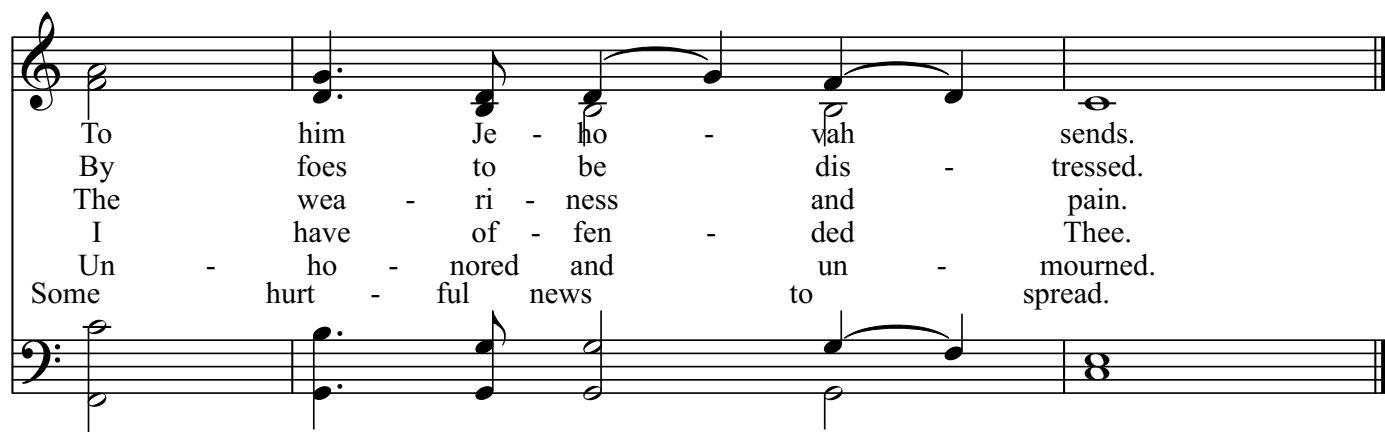
113.The Friend of the Poor



1.How blest the man who thought - ful - ly The poor and weak be -
 2.The Lord will keep him, guard his life, On earth he shall be
 3.Up - on the bed of suf - fe - ring Je - ho - vah will sus -
 4.O Lord, to Thee my cry as - cends, Let me Thy mer - cy
 5.My e - ne - mies a - gainst me speak, And they my life have
 6.My foe, de - ceit - ful, vi - sits me, By seem - ing kind - ness



friends; De - li - verance in the e - vil day
 blest; The Lord will not sur - ren - der him
 tain, And in his sick - ness God will soothe
 see; Heal Thou my soul, for I have sinned,
 scorned; They wish my name to pass a - way,
 led, His heart in - tent on ga - the - ring



To him Je - ho - vah sends.
 By foes to be dis - tressed.
 The wea - ri - ness and pain.
 I have of - fen - ded Thee.
 Un - ho - nored and mourned.
 Some hurt - ful 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,
Who ate my bread, now turns in wrath
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.

10. By this I know assuredly
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.

12. Blest be Jehovah, Israel's God
For evermore. Amen.
Let age to age eternally
Repeat His praise. Amen.