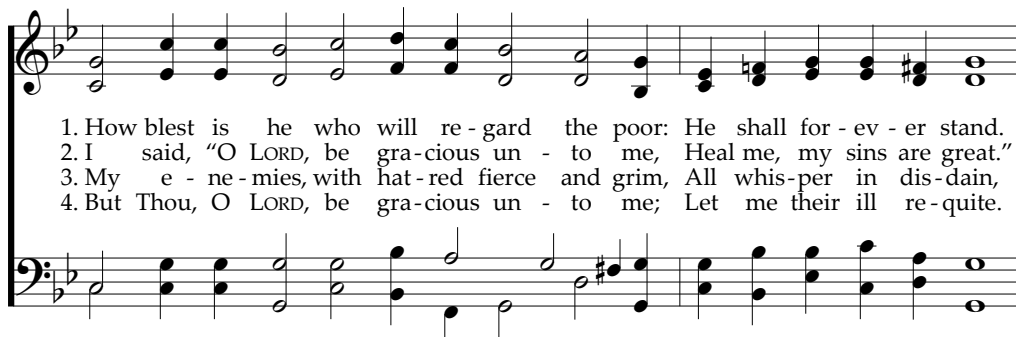


# How Blest Is He Who Will Regard the Poor

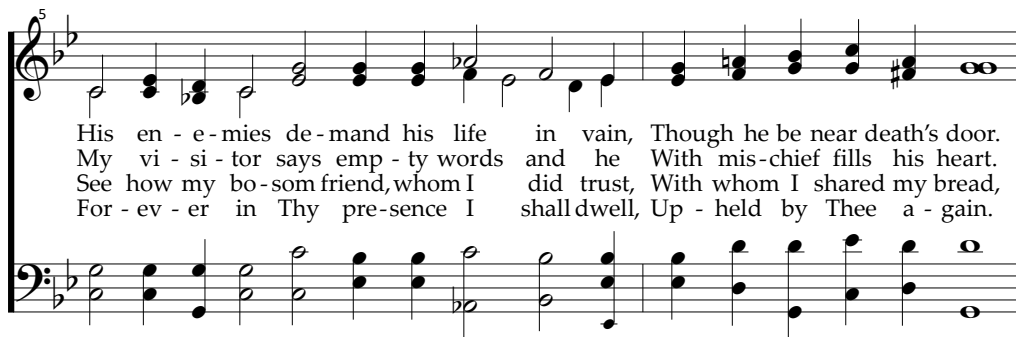
Based on Psalm 41



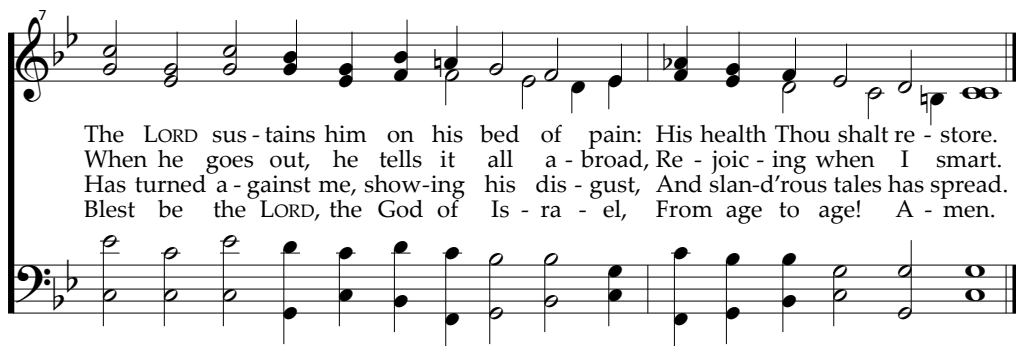
1. How blest is he who will re - gard the poor: He shall for - ev - er stand.  
2. I said, "O LORD, be gra - cious un - to me, Heal me, my sins are great."  
3. My e - ne - mies, with hat - red fierce and grim, All whis - per in dis - dain,  
4. But Thou, O LORD, be gra - cious un - to me; Let me their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