

How Blest the Man Who Thoughtfully
The Psalter, 1912.
Sophie Dedekam(1820-1894)

How blest the man who thoughtfully
The poor and weak befriends;
Deliverance in the evil day
To him Jehovah sends.
The Lord will keep him, guard his life,
On earth he shall be blest;
The Lord will not surrender him
By foes to be distressed.

Upon the bed of suffering
Jehovah will sustain,
And in his sickness God will soothe
The weariness and pain.
O Lord, to Thee my cry ascends,
Let me Thy mercy see;
Heal Thou my soul, for I have sinned,
I have offended Thee.

My enemies against me speak,
And they my life have scorned;
They wish my name to pass away,
Unhonored and unmourned.
My foe, deceitful, visits me,
By seeming kindness led,
His heart intent on gathering
Some hurtful news to spread.

My foes, together whispering,
Their evil plans devise;
Disease, they say, cleaves fast to him,
Laid low, he shall not rise.
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.

Do Thou, Jehovah, show me grace,
And raise me up again,
That I with justice may requite
These base and wicked men.
By this I know assuredly
That I am loved by Thee,
Because my foe does not exult
In triumph over me.

And as for me, in uprightness
Thou dost uphold me well,
And settest me before Thy face
Forevermore to dwell.
Blest be Jehovah, Israel's God
Forevermore. Amen.
Let age to age eternally
Repeat His praise. Amen.