

Psalm 41

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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

¹ **B**LESSED *is* he that considereth the poor: the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble.

² The LORD will preserve him, and keep him alive; *and* he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies.

³ The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.

⁴ I said, LORD, be merciful unto me: heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee.

⁵ Mine enemies speak evil of me, When shall he die, and his name perish?

⁶ And if he come to see *me*, he speaketh vanity: his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; *when* he goeth abroad, he telleth *it*.

⁷ All that hate me whisper together against me: against me do they devise my hurt.

⁸ An evil disease, *say they*, cleaveth fast unto him: and *now* that he lieth he shall rise up no more.

⁹ Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up *his* heel against me.

¹⁰ But thou, O LORD, be merciful unto me, and raise me up, that I may requite them.

¹¹ By this I know that thou favourest me, because mine enemy doth not triumph over me.

¹² And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine integrity, and settest me before thy face for ever.

¹³ Blessed *be* the LORD God of Israel from everlasting, and to everlasting. Amen, and Amen.