

Blest Is the Man Whose Trespass Is Forgiven

Psalm 32

O BIENHEUREUX CELUI DONT LES COMMISES (11 11. 10 10. 11 11. 10 10)

William Helder, 1980

Strasbourg, 1539

harm. Claude Goudimel, 1564; alt.

1. Blest is the man whose tres - pass is for - giv - en,
2. When I kept si - lent, sin - ful ways con - don - ing,
3. *Let all the god - ly when they grieve and suf - fer*
4. I will in - struct you, with my aid pro - vide you,
5. With man - y woes the wick - ed are af - flict - ed,

Whose sins are cov - ered in the sight of heav - en.
I pined a - way through my in - ces - sant groan - ing.
To Thee, O LORD, their sup - pli - ca - tions of - fer.
And in the way that you should go will guide you.
But he who trusts in God is well pro - tect - ed;

Blest is the man a - gainst whom, LORD, Thou wilt
Thy hand weighed down on me in my de - ceit;
Sure - ly when floods of might - y wa - ters rise,
My coun - sel will be ev - er at your side,
Him will the LORD with stead - fast love sur - round.

Not count all his in - iq - ui - ty and guilt.
My strength was sapped as by the sum - mer's heat.
They shall not reach him who on Thee re - lies.
And, keep - ing watch, I will with you a - bide.
Those who re - vere Him are with mer - cy crowned.

How hap - py he, con - trite of heart and low - ly,
 To Thee, O God of jus - tice and com - pas - sion,
Thou art a hid - ing place for those who serve Thee;
 Be not a fool, who has no un - der - stand - ing;
 Be glad, O right - eous, in the LORD re - joic - ing;

Who has con - fessed his sins, O LORD most ho - ly;
 I then at last ac - knowl - edged my trans - gres - sion.
Thou, might - y God, from trou - ble dost pre - serve me.
 Do not be - have like horse or mule, de - pend - ing
 Ex - ult in Him, your ju - bi - la - tion voic - ing,

Who does not se - cret - ly Thy laws trans - gress,
 I said, "I will con - fess my sins to Thee,"
Songs of de - liv - 'rance ev - 'ry - where re - sound:
 On bit and bri - dle to con - trol their course;
 For light and life He will to you im - part.

Whose spir - it har - bors no de - ceit - ful - ness.
 And all my guilt Thou hast for - giv - en me.
Thou me with great re - joic - ing dost sur - round.
 They dis - o - bey un - less re - strained by force.
 Now shout for joy, you men of up - right heart.