

Psalm 41

Translation by Rabbi Jacob Lieberman, '15

For the leader,  
A Melody of David

He's happy, the one who gives consideration to those brought low.  
On a bad day, God will help him escape.

God will guard him and keep him alive. All through the land, he'll go about, happy  
Don't give him over in spirit to his enemies.

God, feed us, rather than the unhealthy thoughts in bed at night. For every person who  
has experienced being put down, You have turned this sickness around.

Even I once said: God, be gracious towards me. Heal my spirit, for I lost my way to you.

My enemies say such terrible things about me: "When will he die and his name be forgotten?"

If one comes to see me, he says such empty words. In his heart, he's really come to gather more wicked  
intelligence, and then to go out and talk about it.

All my haters whisper together against me. Together, they think up evil things to do to me, against me.

They say: "Something wicked has fixed upon him. Now that he's been brought down, will he ever rise  
again?"

Even a so-called friend—who I trusted in, who ate my bread—he gave me such an insidious fall.

But you, God, are gracious towards me, and you raise me up – and this is my repayment to them.

This is how I know you take pleasure in me, because my enemy does not shout in ultimate triumph over  
me.

Not me. With my own integrity, You have supported me and You arranged for me to be in your presence  
forever.

Blessed is Adonay, God of those who wrestle for their good name, everywhere and always.

Amen and amen.