

SCAN ME



Email Music Requests / Suggestions:
whurdwfd@gmail.com

PSALM 58

To the chief Musician, Altaschith, Michtam of David



Do ye indeed speak righteousness, // O conger- | **gation?**
Do ye judge uprightly, // O ye | sons of men?

Yea, in heart ye work | wickedness;
Ye weigh the violence of your hands | in the earth.

The wicked are estranged | from the womb:
They go astray as soon as they be born, | speaking lies.

Their poison is like the poison of a | **serpent**:
They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth | **her** ear;

Which will not hearken to the voice of | **charm**ers,
Charming never so | **wisely**.

Break their teeth, O God, | in their mouth:
Break out the great teeth of the young lions, O | **Yahweh**.

Let them | melt away
As waters which run continu- | **ally**:

When he bendeth his bow to shoot his | **arrows**,
Let them be as cut in | **pieces**.

As a snail which melteth, // let every one of them | pass away:
Like the untimely birth of a woman, // that they may not | see the sun.

Before your pots can | feel the thorns,
He shall take them away as with a whirlwind, // both living, and | in his wrath.

The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the | **vengeance**:
He shall wash his feet in the blood of the | **wicked**.

So that a man shall say, // Verily there is a reward for the | **righteous**:
Verily he is a God that judgeth | in the earth.

Glory be to the Father, // and | to the Son,
And to the | Holy Ghost,
As it was in the be- | **ginning**,
Is now and ever shall be, // world without end. | **Amen**.

Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)

The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973

Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

1. ¹¹Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;
2. ¹⁵My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,
3. ¹⁷My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.

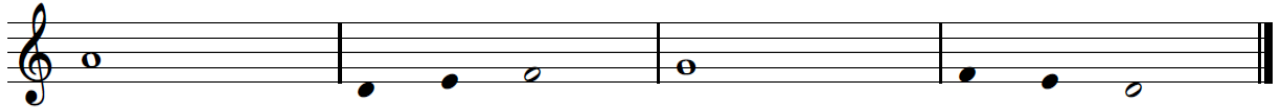
¹²For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.
For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.
¹⁸My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.

¹³Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.
¹⁶For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On eve - ry side there stands
¹⁹Now hur - ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!

¹⁴My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.
A broth - er - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.
²⁰But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.

PSALM 3

A Psalm of David, when he fled from Absalom his son.



Yahweh, how are they increased that | trouble me!
Many are they that rise up a- | **gainst** me.

Many there be which say of | **my** soul,
There is no help for | him in God.

But thou, O Yahweh, art a | shield for me;
My glory, and the lifter up of | **mine** head.

I cried unto Yahweh | with my voice,
And he heard me out of his | holy hill.

I laid me | down and slept;
I awaked; for Yahweh sus- | **tained** me.

I will not be afraid of ten thousands of | **people**,
That have set themselves against me | round about.

Arise, O | **Yahweh**;
Save me, | O my God:

For thou hast smitten all mine enemies upon the | **cheek** bone;
Thou hast broken the teeth of the | ungodly.

Salvation belongeth unto | **Yahweh**:
Thy blessing is upon thy | **people**.

Glory be to the Father, // and | to the Son,
And to the | Holy Ghost,
As it was in the be- | **ginning**,
Is now and ever shall be, // world without end. | **Amen**

Lord, Keep Us Steadfast in Thy Word

ERHALT UNS, HERR (L.M.)
Joseph Klug's *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg, 1543

Martin Luther, 1541
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

1. Lord, keep us stead - fast in Thy Word; Curb those who fain by
2. Lord Je - sus Christ, Thy pow'r make known, For Thou art Lord of
3. O Com - fort - er of price - less worth, Send peace and u - ni -

craft and sword Would wrest the king - dom from Thy
lords a - lone; De - fend Thy Chris - ten - dom that
ty on earth. Sup - port us in our fi - nal

Son And set at naught all He hath done.
we May ev - er - more sing praise to Thee.
strife And lead us out of death to life.

O God of Earth and Altar

unison

1. O God of earth and al - tar, Bow down and hear our cry.
 2. From all that ter - ror teach - es, From lies of tongue and pen,
 3. Tie in a liv - ing teth - er The prince and priest and thrall.

Our earth - ly rul - ers fal - ter; Our peo - ple drift and die.
 From all the eas - y speech - es That com - fort cru - el men,
 Bind all our lives to - geth - er; Smite us and save us all.

The walls of gold en - tomb us; The swords of scorn di - vide.
 From sale and prof - a - na - tion Of hon - or and the sword,
 In ire and ex - ul - ta - tion, A - flame with faith and free,

Take not Thy thun - der from us, But take a - way our pride.
 From sleep, and from dam - na - tion, De - liv - er us, good Lord!
 Lift up a liv - ing na - tion, A sin - gle sword to Thee.

Music: English traditional melody; arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906
 Text: Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1906

KING'S LYNN
 76.76.76.76.

Be Thou My Vision

SLANE (10 10. 9 10)
 Traditional Irish melody
 harm. David Evans, 1927

Ancient Irish
 tr. Mary Byrne, 1927
 versified by Eleanor Hull, 1927

Unison

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, and Thou my true Word;
 3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art—
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
 Thou my in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:
 May I reach heav'n's joys, O bright heav - en's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true son;
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.
 High King of heav - en, my Treas - ure Thou art.
 Still be my Vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.

I Bind unto Myself Today

COMMISSION

Saint Patrick's Breastplate

unison

1. I bind un-to my-self to-day The strong name of the Trin-i-ty, By

in-vo-ca-tion of the same, The Three in One, and One in Three.

17

2. I bind this day to me for-ev-er, By pow'r of faith, Christ's
 3. I bind un-to my-self the pow'r Of the great love of
 4. I bind un-to my-self to-day The vir-tues of the
 5. I bind un-to my-self to-day The pow'r of God to
 6. A-gainst the de-mon snares of sin, The vice that gives temp-
 7. A-gainst all Sa-tan's spells and wiles, A-gainst false words of

24

in-car-na-tion, His bap-tism in the Jor-dan Riv-er, His
 cher-u-bim, The sweet "Well done" in judg-ment hour, The
 star-lit heav-en, The glo-rious sun's life-giv-ing ray, The
 hold and lead, His eye to watch, His might to stay, His
 ta-tion force, The na-tural lusts that war with-in, The
 her-e-sy, A-gainst the knowl-edge that de-files, A-

Music 1: ancient Irish hymn melody; arr. Charles Villiers Stanford, 1902

Music 2: ancient Irish melody; adapt.

Text: attr. Patrick of Ireland (372-466); tr. Cecil Frances Alexander, 1889

ST. PATRICK

8 8. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

DEIRDRE

8 8. 8 8. Trochaic

COMMISSION

30

death on the cross for my sal - va - tion, His burst - ing from the spic - ed
 serv - ice of the ser - a - phim, Con - fes - sors' faith, a - pos - tles'
white - ness of the moon at e - ven, The flash - ing of the light - ning
ear to hear - en to my need, The wis - dom of my God to
 hos - tile men that mar my course— Though few or man - y, far or
 gainst the heart's i - dol - a - try, A - gainst the wiz - ard's e - vil

37

tomb, His rid - ing up the Heav'n - ly way, His com - ing
 word, The pa - triarchs' pray'rs, the proph - ets' scrolls, All good deeds
free, The whirl - ing wind's tem - pes - tuous shocks, The sta - ble
teach, His hand to guide, His shield to ward, The word of
 nigh - In ev - 'ry place, and in all hours, A - gainst their
 craft, A - gainst the death - wound and the burn - ing, The chok - ing

43

at the day of doom I bind un - to my - self to - day.
 done un - to the Lord, And pu - ri - ty of vir - gin souls.
earth, the deep salt sea A - round the old en - dur - ing rocks.
God to give me speech, His Heav'n - ly host to be my guard.
 fierce hos - til - i - ty I bind to me these ho - ly pow'rs.
 wave, the poi - soned shaft, Pro - tect me, Christ, till Thy re - turn - ing.

50 harmony

8. Christ be with me, Christ with - in me, Christ be - hind me, Christ be - fore me,
 Christ be - neath me, Christ a - bove me, Christ in qui - et, Christ in dan - ger,

54

Christ be - side me, Christ to win me, Christ to com - fort and re - store me,
 Christ in hearts of all that love me, Christ in mouth of friend and stran - ger.

I Bind unto Myself Today

Cont'd

59 *unison*

9. I bind un - to my - self the name, The strong name of the

66

Trin - i - ty, By in - vo - ca - tion of the same, The

72

Three in One, and One in Three Of whom all na - ture

78

hath cre - a - tion: E - ter - nal Fa - ther, Spir - it, Word. Praise to the

85

Lord of my sal - va - tion; Sal - va - tion is of Christ the Lord.

Ever and Aye (Psalm 136)

words by Douglas Wilson
music by Mark Reagan

REFRAIN

Melody Alto

'Ev - er and aye, for - ev - er and aye, The mer - cies of the Lord en - dure for - ev - er and aye - UHHpp!

Bass

LEADER

ALL

LEADER

ALL

1. Give thanks to God for he is good, 'Ev - er and aye. Give thanks un - to the God of gods, 'Ev - er and aye.

LEADER

ALL

LEADER

ALL

Give thanks un - to the Lord of lords, 'Ev - er and aye. Who does great won - ders for us all. 'Ev - er and aye. Refrain

2.
Who by His wisdom made the skies—'Ever and aye!
Who stretched the earth above the seas—...
To him who made great lights appear—...
The sun to rise and rule by day—...

3.
Made moon and stars to rule by night—...
To him that struck the firstborn down—...
And brought the Jews from Egypt's land—...
With his own strong and outstretched arm—...

4.
He split the Red Sea clean in two—...
And made the Jews to pass between—...
But drowned old Pharaoh and his host—...
Through wastelands led His people through—...

5.
And struck great kings so that they died—...
And threw down famous kings beside—...
Like Sihon of the Amorites—...
And Og the king of Bashan's land—...

6.
And made the Jews inherit all—...
A heritage for Israel—...
Our God recalled our low estate—...
And has redeemed us from our foes...

7.
(2nd half of the verse)
He gives good food to all who live—...
Give thanks unto our God above—...

734

Doxology

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be low;

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Music: *Genevan Psalter*, 1551; alt.
 Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH
 8 8 . 8 8 .