

# SCAN ME



Email Music Requests / Suggestions:  
[whurdwfd@gmail.com](mailto:whurdwfd@gmail.com)

# 12

*To the chief Musician upon Sheminith, A Psalm of David.*



Help, Yahweh; for the godly man | **ceaseth**;  
For the faithful fail from among the children | **of** men.

They speak vanity every one with his | **neighbour**:  
With flattering lips and with a double heart | do they speak.

Yahweh shall cut off all flatter- | **ing** lips,  
And the tongue that speaketh | **proud** things:

Who have said, With our tongue will | we prevail;  
Our lips are our own: // who is lord | over us?

For the oppression | of the poor,  
For the sighing of the | **needy**,

Now will I arise, saith | **Yahweh**;  
I will set him in safety from him that puffeth | **at** him.

The words of Yahweh are | **pure** words:  
As silver tried in a furnace of earth, // purified | seven times.


Thou shalt keep them, O | **Yahweh**,  
Thou shalt preserve them from this generation for | **ever**.

The wicked walk on | ev'ry side,  
When the vilest men are ex- | **alted**.



*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**.*

## The Son of God Goes Forth to War



666





1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain.  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;  
 3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,  
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,


His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky And called on Him to save.  
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame.  
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain?  
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;  
 They climbed the steep as - cent of Heav'n Through per - il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
 He prayed for them that did the wrong! Who fol - lows in His train?  
 They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



# 98 *A Psalm*



O sing unto Yahweh a | **new** song;  
For he hath done marvel- | **lous** things:

His right hand, and his | holy arm,  
Hath gotten him the | victory.

Yahweh hath made known his sal- | **vation**:  
His righteousness hath he openly shewed // in the sight of the | **heathen**.

He hath remembered his mercy // and his truth toward the house of | Israel:  
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation | of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto Yahweh, | all the earth:  
Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and | **sing** praise.

Sing unto Yahweh | with the harp;  
With the harp, and the voice | of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of | **cornet**  
Make a joyful noise before Yahweh, | **the** King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness | **thereof**;  
The world, and they that | dwell therein.

Let the floods | clap their hands:  
Let the hills be joyful together before | **Yahweh**;

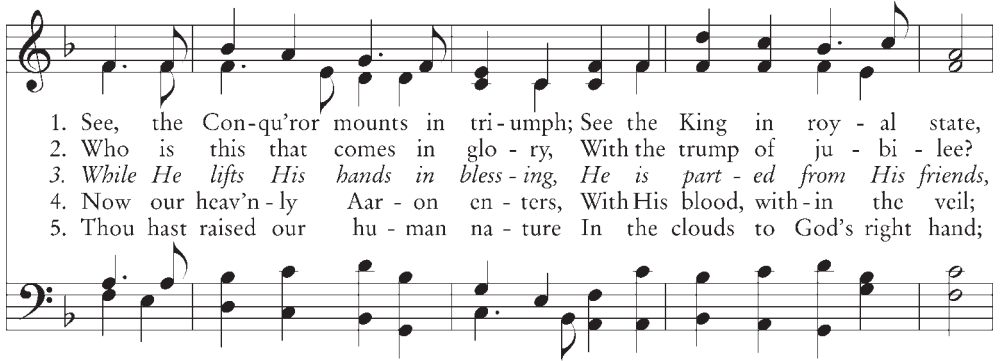
For he cometh to | judge the earth:  
With righteousness shall he judge the world, // and the people with | equity.

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**

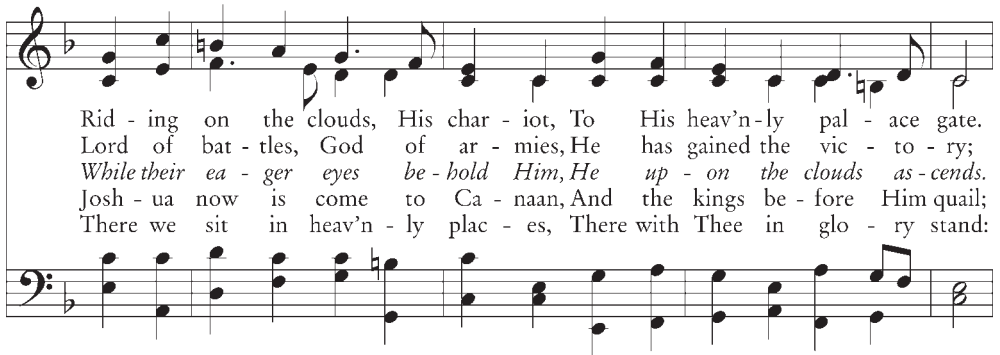
# See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

RUSTINGTON (8 7. 8 7. D.)  
C. Hubert Parry, 1897

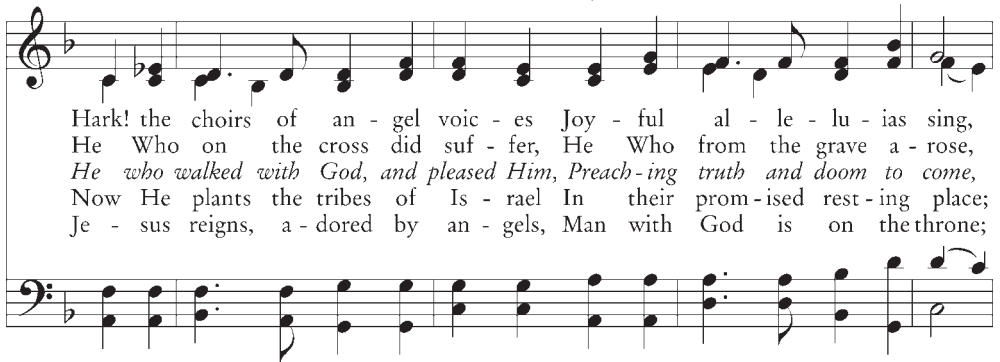
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862



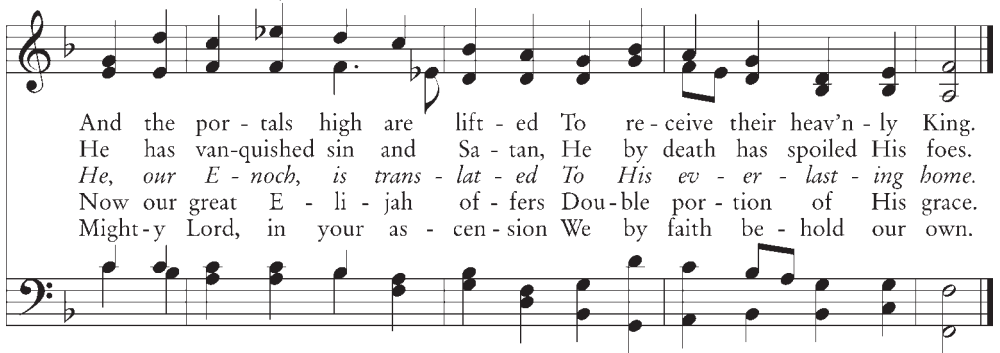
1. See, the Con-qu'ror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy - al state,  
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?  
3. *While He lifts His hands in bless - ing, He is part - ed from His friends,*  
4. Now our heav'n - ly Aar - on en - ters, With His blood, with - in the veil;  
5. Thou hast raised our hu - man na - ture In the clouds to God's right hand;



Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'n - ly pal - ace gate.  
Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;  
*While their ea - ger eyes be - hold Him, He up - on the clouds as - cends.*  
Josh - ua now is come to Ca - naan, And the kings be - fore Him quail;  
There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es, There with Thee in glo - ry stand:



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,  
He Who on the cross did suf - fer, He Who from the grave a - rose,  
*He who walked with God, and pleased Him, Preach - ing truth and doom to come,*  
Now He plants the tribes of Is - rael In their prom - ised rest - ing place;  
Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels, Man with God is on the throne;



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n - ly King.  
He has van - quished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.  
*He, our E - noch, is trans - lat - ed To His ev - er - last - ing home.*  
Now our great E - li - jah of - fers Dou - ble por - tion of His grace.  
Might - y Lord, in your as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

## See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph

6. Ho - ly Ghost, Il - lu - mi - na - tor, Shed Thy beams up - on our eyes,  
 7. See Him, Who is gone be - fore us, Heav'n-ly man - sions to pre - pare,  
 8. Lifts us up from earth to heav - en; Give us wings of faith - ful love,  
 9. So at last, when He ap - pear - eth, We from out our graves may spring,  
 10. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Help us to look up with Ste - phen, And to see be - yond the skies,  
 See Him, who is ev - er plead - ing For us with pre - vail - ing prayer,  
*Gales of ho - ly as - pi - ra - tions* Waft - ing us to realms a - bove;  
 With our youth re - newed like ea - gles, Flock - ing round our heav'n - ly king,  
 Dy - ing, ris - en, as - cend - ing for us, Who the heav'n - ly realm has won;

Where the Son of Man in glo - ry Stand - ing is at God's right hand,  
 See Him, Who with sound of trum - pet, And with His an - gel - ic train  
*That with hearts and minds up - lift - ed* We with Christ our Lord may dwell,  
 Caught up in the clouds of heav - en, And may meet Him in the air,  
 Glo - ry to the Ho - ly Spir - it, To one God in per - sons Three;

Beck - 'ning on His mar - tyr ar - my, Suc - cor - ing His faith - ful band.  
 Sum - mon - ing the world to judg - ment, On the clouds will come a - gain.  
*Where He sits en - throned in glo - ry* In His heav'n - ly cit - a - del.  
 Rise to realms where He is reign - ing, And may reign for - ev - er there.  
 Glo - ry both in earth and heav - en, Glo - ry, end - less glo - ry, be.

# As the Hart, about to Falter

From Psalm 42

1. <sup>1</sup>As the hart, a - bout to fal - ter, In its trem-bling ag - o - ny,  
 2. <sup>3</sup>Bit - ter tears of la - men - ta - tion Are my food by night and day.  
 3. <sup>5</sup>O my soul, why are you griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?  
 4. <sup>6</sup>From the land be - yond the Jor - dan, With my soul cast down in me,  
 5. <sup>8</sup>But the LORD will send sal - va - tion, And by day His love pro-vide.  
 6. <sup>9</sup>I will say to God, my for - tress, "Why hast Thou for - got - ten me?  
 7. <sup>10</sup>O my soul, why are you griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?

Longs for flow - ing streams of wa - ter, So, O God, I long for Thee.  
 In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion "Where is now your God?" they say.  
 Hope in God, your faith re - triev - ing: He will still your ref - uge be.  
 From Mount Mi - zar and Mount Her - mon I will yet re - mem - ber Thee.  
 He shall be my ex - ul - ta - tion, And my song at e - ven - tide.  
 Why must I pro - ceed in sad - ness, Hound - ed by the en - e - my?"  
 Hope in God, your faith re - triev - ing: He will still your ref - uge be.

<sup>2</sup>Yes, a - thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I  
<sup>4</sup>Oh, my soul's poured out in me, When I bring to mem - o - ry  
 I a - gain shall laud His grace For the com - fort of His face:  
<sup>7</sup>As the wa - ters plunge and leap, Deep re - ech - oes un - to deep;  
 On His praise ev'n in the night I will pon - der with de - light,  
<sup>10</sup>Their re - bukes and scoff - ing words Pierce my bones like point - ed swords,  
 I a - gain shall laud His grace For the com - fort of His face:

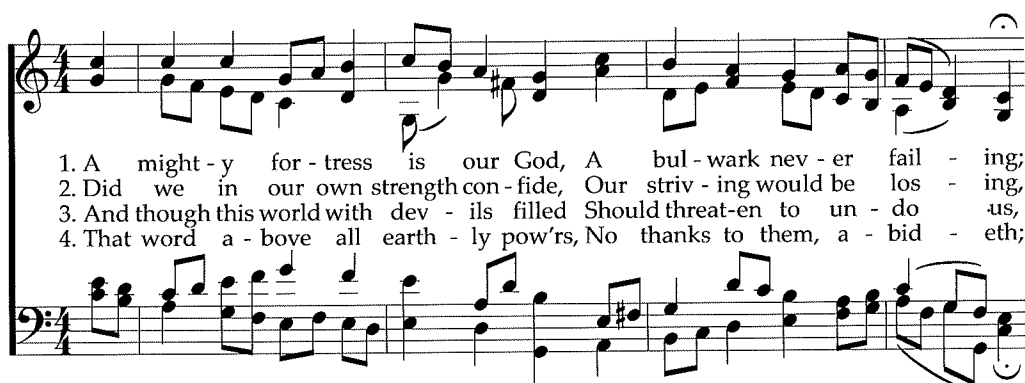
Come a - gain to stand be - fore Thee In Thy tem - ple and a - dore Thee?  
 How the throngs I would as - sem - ble, Shout - ing prais - es in Thy tem - ple.  
 He will show His help and fa - vor, For He is my God and Sav - ior.  
 All Thy waves and bil - lows roar - ing O'er my trou - bled soul are pour - ing.  
 And in pray'r, tran - scend - ing dis - tance, Seek the God of my ex - ist - ence.  
 As they say with proud de - fi - ance, "Where is God, your firm re - li - ance?"  
 He will show His help and fa - vor, For He is my God and Sav - ior.

Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Johann Crüger, 1658  
 Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

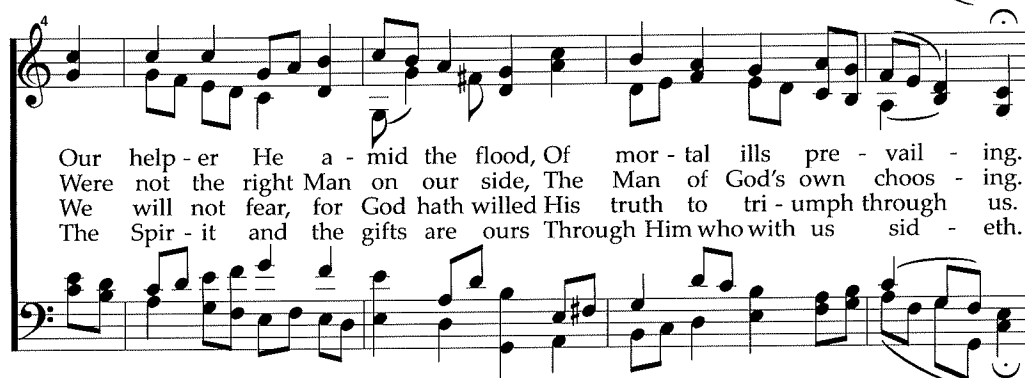
AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVAN 42]  
 8 7. 8 7. 7 7. 8 8

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

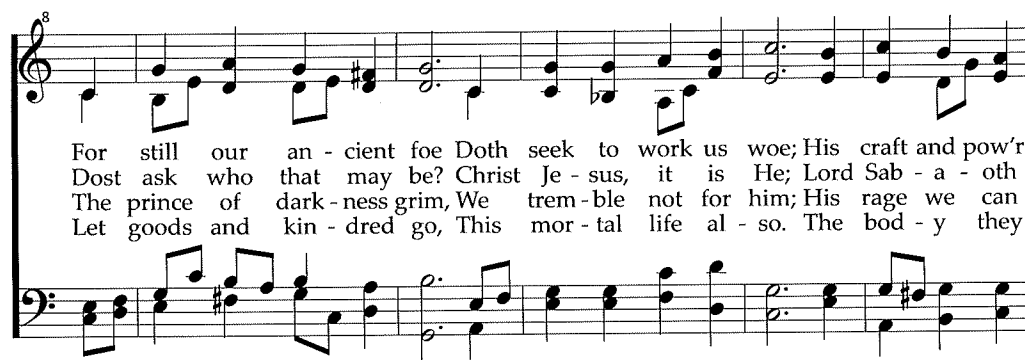
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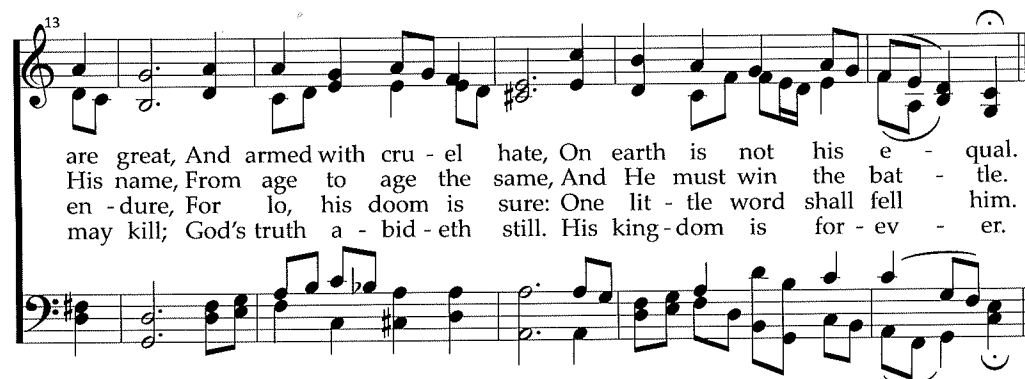
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - boye all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He a - mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.  
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth  
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they



are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1628; alt.  
 Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG  
 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.



## 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.

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

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 - 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.

# To the Word

Isaiah 8:13-22, setting by Douglas Wilson

Traditional Sea Shanty, arr. Aaron Snell

LEADER ALL LEADER

Alto

Melody Bass

1. Sanc-ti - fy the Lord, he said, To the Word, to the Word we go. Let

Him be your fear, - let Him be your dread, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

5 ALL

9 REFRAIN

To the tes - ti - mo - ny and law, To the Word, to the Word we go. If they

13

don't speak this word, they have no light at all, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

2. A stone of stumbling and rock  
of offense  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
Against this snare there is  
no defense,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

3. Many among them will stumble  
and fall,  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
Bind up the word behind a  
great wall,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

4. So I will wait upon the Lord  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
To seek the one who must be adored,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

5. Here I am and the children you gave  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
A sign that You have promised to save,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

6. Shall we go to the wizards that chirp?  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
The words of the prophets they want to usurp,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

7. If they do not feed on  
His Word,  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
They shall hunger and thirst,  
and die unheard,  
Bend, break, burn and blow.

8. All they will see is trouble  
and dark,  
To the Word, to the Word we go.  
Their anguish great, their troubles  
are stark,  
Bend break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

# 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.

734

## Doxology

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

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

OLD HUNDREDTH  
 8 8. 8 8.