



3

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



LORD, 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.

Selah.

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

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

Selah.

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

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

Arise, | O LORD;
 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 un- | to the LORD:
 Thy blessing is upon thy | **people**.

Selah.

149



Praise ye the LORD. // Sing unto the LORD a | **new** song,
And his praise in the congregation | **of** saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that | **made** him:
Let the children of Zion be joyful | in their King.

Let them praise his name | in the dance:
Let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel | **and** harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in his | **people**:
He will beautify the meek with sal- | **vation**.

Let the saints be joyful in | **glory**:
Let them sing aloud upon | **their** beds.

Let the high praises of God be | in their mouth,
And a twoedged sword | in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the | **heathen**,
And punishments upon the | **people**;

To bind their | kings with chains,
And their nobles with fetters of | **iron**;

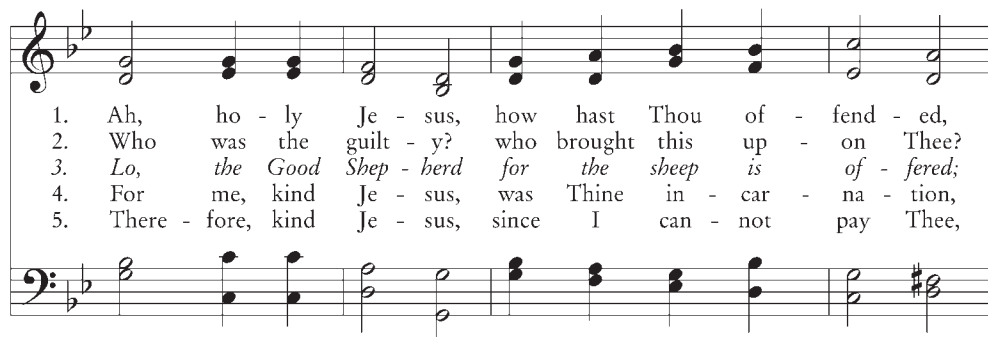
To execute upon them the judgment | **written**:
This honour have all his saints. // Praise ye | **the** LORD.

Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended

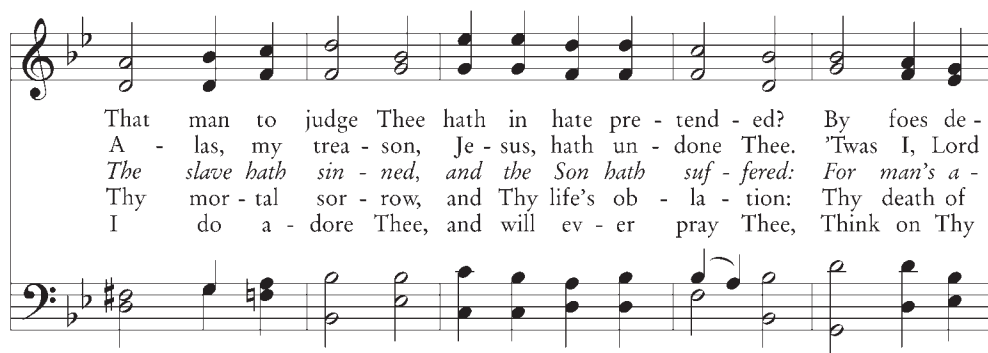
HERZLIEBSTER JESU (11.11.11.5)

Johann Crüger, 1640


Johann Heermann, 1630

tr. Robert Bridges, *Yattendon Hymnal*, 1899


1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed,
 2. Who was the guilt - y? who brought this up - on Thee?
 3. *Lo, the Good Shep - herd for the sheep is of - fered;*
 4. For me, kind Je - sus, was Thine in - car - na - tion,
 5. There - fore, kind Je - sus, since I can - not pay Thee,



That man to judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de -
 A - las, my trea - son, Je - sus, hath un - done Thee. 'Twas I, Lord
The slave hath sin - ned, and the Son hath suf - fered: For man's a -
 Thy mor - tal sor - row, and Thy life's ob - la - tion: Thy death of
 I do a - dore Thee, and will ev - er pray Thee, Think on Thy



rid - ed, by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed.
 Je - sus, I it was de - nied Thee: I cru - ci - fied Thee.
tone - ment, while he noth - ing heed - eth. God in - ter - ced - eth.
 an - guish and Thy bit - ter pas - sion, For my sal - va - tion.
 pit - y and Thy love un - swerv - ing, Not my de - serv - ing.

Now Shall My Inward Joys Arise

1. Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And
 2. God on His thirst - y Zi - on hill Some
 3. Why do we then in - dulse our fears, Sus -
 4. Can a kind wom - an e'er for - get The
 5. "Yet," saith the Lord, "should na - ture change, And
 6. "Deep on the palms of both My hands I

melody

5
 burst in - to a song; Al - might - y love in -
 mer - cy drops has thrown, And sol - emn oaths have
 pi - cions, and com - plaints? Is He a God, and
 in - fant of her womb? And 'mongst a thou - sand
 moth - ers mon - sters prove, Zi - on still dwells up -
 have en - graved her name; My hands shall raise her

10
 spires my heart, And pleas - ure tunes my tongue.
 bound His love To show'r sal - va - tion down.
 shall His grace Grow wea - ry of His saints?
 ten - der thoughts Her suck - ling have no room?
 on the heart Of ev - er - last - ing love.
 ru - ined walls, And build her bro - ken frame?"

Music: William Billings (1746–1800)
 Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

AFRICA
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HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH

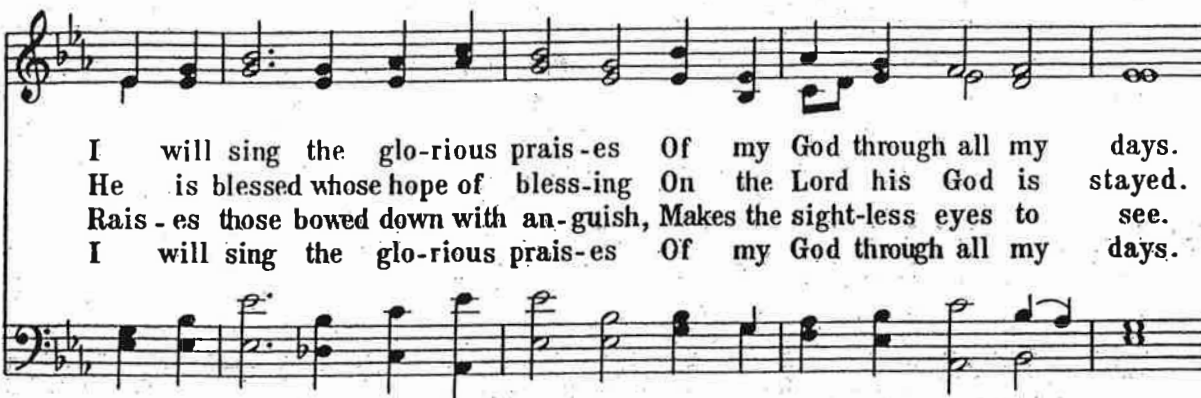
PSALM 146
The Psalter, 1912

RIPLEY 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

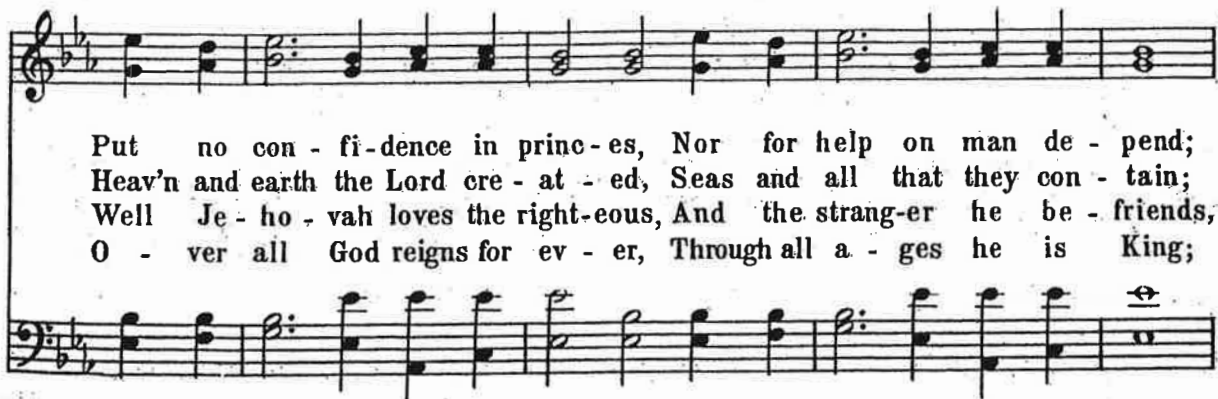
Arr. from a Gregorian chant by Lowell Mason, 1839



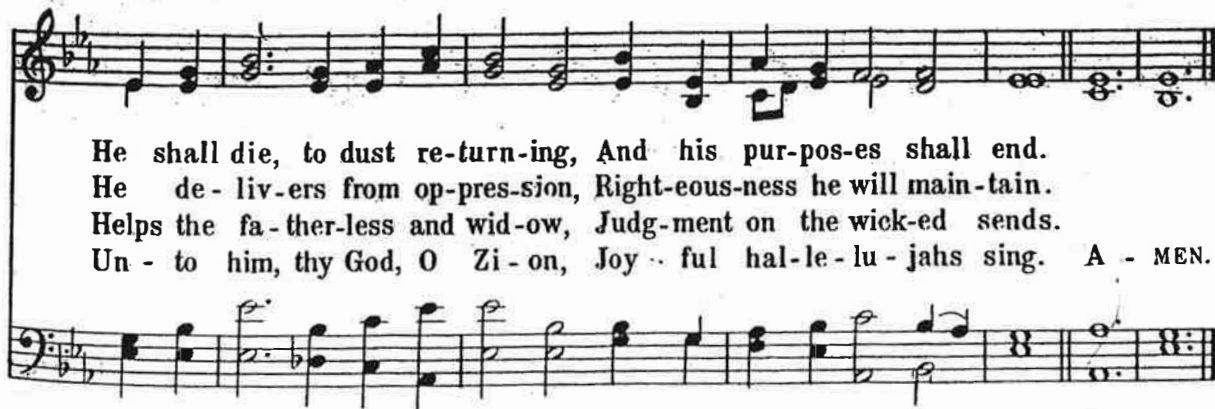
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;
2. Hap - py is the man that choos - es Is - rael's God to be his aid;
3. Food he dai - ly gives the hun - gry, Sets the mourn - ing pris - 'ner free,
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah, O my soul, Je - ho - vah praise;



I will sing the glo - rious prais - es Of my God through all my days.
He is blessed whose hope of bless - ing On the Lord his God is stayed.
Rais - es those bowed down with an - guish, Makes the sight - less eyes to see.
I will sing the glo - rious prais - es Of my God through all my days.



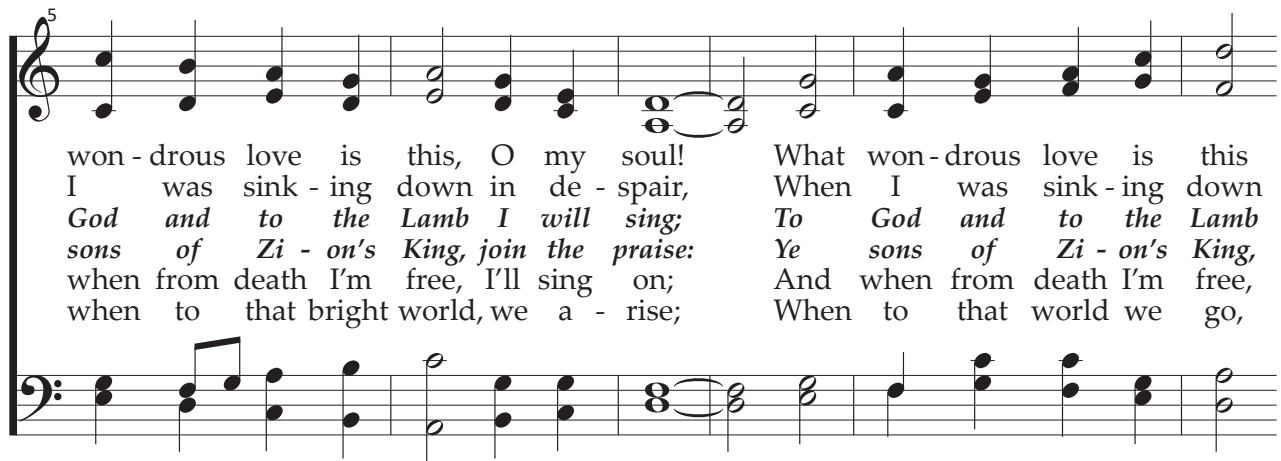
Put no con - fi - dence in princ - es, Nor for help on man de - pend;
Heav'n and earth the Lord cre - at - ed, Seas and all that they con - tain;
Well Je - ho - vah loves the right - eous, And the strang - er he be - friends,
O - ver all God reigns for ev - er, Through all a - ges he is King;



He shall die, to dust re - turn - ing, And his pur - pos - es shall end.
He de - liv - ers from op - pres - sion, Right - eous - ness he will main - tain.
Helps the fa - ther - less and wid - ow, Judg - ment on the wick - ed sends.
Un - to him, thy God, O Zi - on, Joy - ful hal - le - lu - jahs sing. A - MEN.



1. What won - drous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
 2. When I was sink - ing down in de - spair, in de - spair, When
 3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing; To
 4. Ye sons of Zi - on's King, join the praise, join the praise, Ye
 5. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And
 6. And when to that bright world, we a - rise, we a - rise, And



won - drous love is this, O my soul! What won - drous love is this
 I was sink - ing down in de - spair, When I was sink - ing down
 God and to the Lamb I will sing; To God and to the Lamb
 sons of Zi - on's King, join the praise: Ye sons of Zi - on's King,
 when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; And when from death I'm free,
 when to that bright world, we a - rise; When to that world we go,



That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dread - ful curse for my
 Be - neath God's right - eous frown, Christ laid a - side His crown for my
 Who is the great I AM, While mil - lions join the theme, I will
 With hearts, and voi - ces sing, And strike each tune - ful string in His
 I'll sing and joy - ful be, And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing
 Free from all pain, and woe, We'll join the hap - py throng and sing



soul, for my soul, To bear the dread - ful curse for my soul!
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown for my soul.
 sing, I will sing, While mil - lions join the theme, I will sing!
 praise, in His praise; And strike each tune - ful string in His praise.
 on, I'll sing on, And through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing on!
 on, and sing on, We'll join the hap - py throng and sing on.

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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
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