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# 12

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

Help, LORD; 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.

The LORD 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 the LORD;  
I will set him in safety from him that puffeth | **at** him.

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

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

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

## Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

HYFRYDOL (8 7. 8 7. D.)  
Rowland Hugh Pritchard, 1855

Charles Wesley, 1744

1. Come, Thou long - ex - spect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;  
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child and yet a King,

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.  
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.

Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art,  
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

Dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long - ing heart.  
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

# 13

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

How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for | **e**ver?

How long wilt thou hide thy | face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, //having sorrow in my heart | **d**aily?

How long shall mine enemy be exalted | over me?

Consider and hear me, O LORD | **m**y God:

Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the | sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, //I have prevailed a- | **g**ainst him;

And those that trouble me rejoice when | I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy | **m**ercy;

My heart shall rejoice in thy sal- | **v**ation.

I will sing un- | to the LORD,

Because he hath dealt bountifully | **w**ith me.

## O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

VENI EMMANUEL (8 8. 8 8. 8 8)

13th century plainsong

arr. Thomas Helmore, 1856

Latin antiphon, 12th century

tr. John Mason Neale, 1851; alt.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive  
 2. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes on  
 3. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's  
 4. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine  
 5. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our

Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un -  
 Si - nai's height In an - cient times didst give the law In  
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And  
 ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night, And  
 heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high, And

til the Son of God ap - pear.  
 cloud and maj - es - ty and awe.  
 give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -  
 death's dark shad - ows put to flight.  
 close the path to mis - er - y.

man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

# 14

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

The fool hath said in his heart, There | is no God.

They | are corrupt,

They have done abomin- | able works,

There is none that | doeth good.

The LORD looked down from heaven upon the children | **of** men,

To see if there were any that did understand, and | **seek** God.

They are all | gone aside,

They are all together become | **filthy**:

There is none that | doeth good,

No, | **not** one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no | **knowledge**?

Who eat up my people as they eat bread, // and call not up- | on the LORD.

There were they | in great fear:

For God is in the generation of the | **righteous**.

Ye have shamed the counsel | of the poor,

Because the LORD is his | **refuge**.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of | **Zion**!

When the LORD bringeth back the captivity of his | **people**,

Jacob | shall rejoice,

And Israel | shall be glad.

## Behold the Bridegroom Cometh

SECOND MODE MELODY (14 14. 14 14)  
Thomas Tallis, 1567

*Horologion*, c. 8th century  
tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1864



1. Be - hold the Bride-groom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,
  2. Do thou, my soul, be - ware, be - ware, lest thou in sleep sink down,
  3. That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
  4. Be - ware, my soul; be - ware, be - ware, lest thou in slum - ber lie,
- Melody



And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;  
Lest thou be giv - en o'er to death, and lose the gold - en crown;  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;  
And, like the Five, re - main with - out, and knock, and vain - ly cry;



But woe to that dull ser - vant whom the Mas - ter shall sur - prise  
But see that thou be so - ber, with a watch - ful eye, and thus  
Who know - est not how soon may sound the cry at e - ven - tide,  
But watch, and bear thy lamp un - dimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on



With lamp un - trimmed, un - burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes.  
Cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly God, have mer - cy up - on us."  
"Be - hold, the Bride - groom comes! A - rise! Go forth to meet the bride."  
His own bright wed - ding - robe of light - the glo - ry of the Son.



# 15

*A Psalm of David.*

LORD, who shall abide in thy taber- | **nacle**?  
Who shall dwell in thy | holy hill?

He that walketh up- | **rightly**,  
And worketh | righteousness,

And speaketh the truth | in his heart.  
He that backbiteth not | with his tongue,

Nor doeth evil to his | **neighbour**,  
Nor taketh up a reproach against his | **neighbour**.

In whose eyes a vile person | is contemned;  
But he honoureth them that | fear the LORD.

He that sweareth to | his own hurt,  
And | changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to | usury,  
Nor taketh reward against the | innocent.

He that doeth | **these** things  
Shall never | **be** moved.



# Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

FREU DICH SEHR [AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF BRUIRE] (8 7. 8 7. 7 7. 8 8)  
*Genevan Psalter*, 1551  
 harm. Johann Crüger, 1658

Johannes Olearius, 1671  
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.

1. Com-fort, com- fort ye My peo- ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
 2. Yea, her sins our God will par- don, Blot- ting out each dark mis- deed;  
 3. For the her-ald's voice is cry- ing In the des- ert far and near,  
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook- ed, Make the rough- er plac- es plain:

Com- fort those who sit in dark-ness, Bowed be-neath their sor- row's load;  
 All that well de- served His an- ger He will no more see nor heed.  
 Bid- ding all men to re- pen- tance, Since the king- dom now is here.  
 Let your hearts be true and hum- ble, As be- fits His ho- ly reign,

Speak ye to Je- ru- sa- lem Of the peace that waits for them;  
 She has suf- fered man- y a day, Now her griefs have passed a- way;  
 O that warn- ing cry o- bey! Now pre- pare for God a way!  
 For the glo- ry of the Lord Now o'er earth is shed a- broad,

Tell her that her sins I cov- er, And her war- fare now is o- ver.  
 God will change her pin- ing sad- ness In- to ev- er- spring- ing glad- ness.  
 Let the val- leys rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.  
 And all flesh shall see the to- ken That His Word is nev- er bro- ken.

# 16

*Michtam of David.*

Preserve me, | **O** God:

For in thee do I | put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, // Thou art | **my** Lord:

My goodness extendeth | not to thee;

But to the saints that are | in the earth,

And to the excellent, in whom is all | my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after an- | other god:

Their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, // nor take up their names into | **my** lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of | **my** cup:

Thou maintainest | **my** lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant | **places**;

Yea, I have a goodly | heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me | **counsel**:

My reins also instruct me in the night | **seasons**.

I have set the LORD always be- | **fore** me:

Because he is at my right hand, I shall | not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory re- | **joiceth**:

My flesh also shall | rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my | soul in hell;

Neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see cor- | **ruption**.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: // in thy presence is fulness | **of** joy;

At thy right hand there are pleasures for | evermore.

## Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying

WACHET AUF (8 9 8. 8 9 8. 6 6 4. 8 8)  
 Philipp Nicolai, 1599

Philipp Nicolai, 1599  
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watch - men on  
 2. Zi - on hears the watch - men sing - ing, And all her heart  
 3. Now let all the heav'ns a - dore ——— Thee, And men and an -

the heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!  
 with joy is spring - ing; She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom;  
 gels sing be - fore Thee, With harp and cym - bal's clear - est tone;

Mid - night hears the wel - come voic - es And at the thrill -  
 For her Lord comes down all - glo - rious; The strong in grace,  
 Of one pearl each shin - ing por - tal, Where we are with

ing cry re - joic - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins, night is past!  
 in truth vic - to - rious; Her Star is ris'n, her Light is come.  
 the choir im - mor - tal Of an - gels round Thy daz - zling throne;

ADVENT

The Bride - groom comes; a - wake, Your lamps with glad - ness  
 Ah come, Thou bless - ed One, God's own be - lov - ed  
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet at - tained to

take; Al - le - lu - ia! And for His mar - riage feast pre -  
 Son, Al - le - lu - ia! We fol - low till the halls we  
 hear What there is ours; But we re - joice, and sing to

pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.  
 see Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.  
 Thee Our hymn of joy e - ter - nal - ly.

## Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come

ANTIOCH (C.M.)

Lowell Mason, 1836

Isaac Watts, 1719



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove



Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 He comes to make His bless - ings flow  
 The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture  
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing  
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is  
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And



sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.  
 joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
 found, Far as, far as the curse is found.  
 love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.



heav'n and na - ture sing,

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  
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