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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 | **neigh**bour: 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 | **ev**er.

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

### Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus



To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for | ever? How long wilt thou hide thy | face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, //having sorrow in my heart | daily? How long shall mine enemy be exalted | over me?

Consider and hear me, O LORD | my God: Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the | sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, // I have prevailed a- | gainst him; And those that trouble me rejoice when | I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy | mercy; My heart shall rejoice in thy sal- | vation.

I will sing un- | to the LORD, Because he hath dealt bountifully | with me.

#### O Come, O Come, Emmanuel



### 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 | **filth**y:

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



# 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



# **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



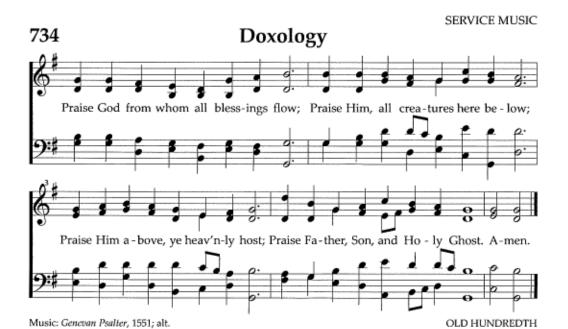


# Joy to the World! the Lord Is Come



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sing,



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Text: Thomas Ken, 1709