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22

To the chief Musician upon Aijeleth Shahar, A Psalm of David.

My God, my God, why hast thou for- | saken me?

Why art thou so far from helping me, // and from the words of my | **roaring**?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou | hearest not;

And in the night season, and am not | **silent**.

But thou art | **holy**,

O thou that inhabitest the praises of | Israel.

Our fathers trusted | **in** thee:

They trusted, and thou didst de- | liver them.

They cried unto thee, and were de- | **livered**:

They trusted in thee, and were not con- | **founded**.

But I am a worm, and | **no** man;

A reproach of men, and despised of the | **people**.

All they that see me laugh | me to scorn:

They shoot out the lip, they | shake the head,

Saying, He trusted on the LORD that he would de- | liver him:

Let him deliver him, seeing he delighted | **in** him.

But thou art he that took me out | of the womb:

Thou didst make me hope when I was upon my | mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee | from the womb:

Thou art my God from my mother's | **belly**.

Be not far from me; for trouble | **is** near;

For there is | none to help.

Many bulls have | compassed me:

Strong bulls of Bashan have beset | **me** round.

They gaped upon me | with their mouths,

As a ravening and a roaring | **lion**.

I am poured out like | **water**,

And all my bones are | out of joint:

My heart | is like wax;

It is melted in the midst | of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; // and my tongue cleaveth | to my jaws;

And thou hast brought me into the | dust of death.

For dogs have | compassed me:

The assembly of the wicked have in- | **closed** me:

They pierced my hands | and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: // they look and stare up- | **on** me.

They part my garments a- | **mong** them,

And cast lots upon my | **vesture**.

But be not thou far from me, | **O** LORD:

O my strength, haste thee to | **help** me.

Deliver my soul | from the sword;

My darling from the power | of the dog.

Save me from the | lion's mouth:

For thou hast heard me from the horns of the | unicorns.

I will declare thy name unto my | **brethren**:

In the midst of the congregation will I | **praise** thee.

Ye that fear the LORD, praise him; // all ye the seed of Jacob, glori- | **fy** him;

And fear him, all ye the seed of | Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the af- | **flicted**;

Neither hath he hid his face from him; // but when he cried unto him, | **he** heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great conger- | **gation**:

I will pay my vows before them that | **fear** him.

The meek shall eat and be | satisfied:

They shall praise the LORD that seek him: // your heart shall live for | **ever**.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn un- | to the LORD:

And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship be- | **fore** thee.

For the kingdom | is the LORD'S:

And he is the governor among the | **nations**.

All they that be fat upon earth shall eat and | **worship**:

All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him: // and none can keep alive | his own soul.

◆ ◆ ◆

A seed shall | **serve** him;

It shall be accounted to the Lord for a gener- | ation.

They shall come, and shall declare his | righteousness

Unto a people that shall be born, //that he hath | **done** this.

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.

23

A Psalm of David.

The LORD is my | **shepherd**;
I shall | **not** want.

He maketh me to lie down in green | **pastures**:
He leadeth me beside the still | **waters**.

He restoreth | **my** soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness // for | his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, // I will fear no | **evil**:
For thou art with me; // thy rod and thy staff they | comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine | **enemies**:
Thou anointest my head with oil; // my cup runneth | **over**.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days | of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the LORD for | **ever**.

The Church's One Foundation

AURELIA (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864

Samuel John Stone, 1866

1. The church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
 3. *The church shall nev - er per - ish!* Her dear Lord to de - fend,
 4. *Though with a scorn - ful won - der* Men see her sore op - pressed,
 5. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 6. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word.
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 To guide, sus - tain, and cher - ish, Is with her to the end:
By schis - ms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed:
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won,

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Though there be those who hate her, And false sons in her pale,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we

With His own blood He bought her And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
A - gainst or foe or trai - tor She ev - er shall pre - vail.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of rest!
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at song!
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.

24

A Psalm of David.

The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness | **thereof**;
The world, and they that | dwell therein.

For he hath founded it up- | on the seas,
And established it up- | on the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill | of the LORD?
Or who shall stand in his | holy place?

He that hath | **clean** hands,
And a | **pure** heart;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto | vanity,
Nor sworn de- | ceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing | from the LORD,
And righteousness from the God of his sal- | **vation**.

This is the generation of them that | **seek** him,
That seek thy face, O | **Jacob**.

Selah.

Lift up your heads, | O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; // and the King of glory | shall come in.

Who is this King of | **glory**?
The LORD strong and mighty, // The LORD mighty in | **battle**.

Lift up your heads, | O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; // and the King of glory | shall come in.

Who is this King of | **glory**?
The LORD of hosts, he is the King of | **glory**.

Selah.

541 **Mighty Lord, Extend Your Kingdom**

1. Might - y Lord, ex - tend Your king - dom, Be the truth with
 2. By Your arm, e - ter - nal Fa - ther, Scat - ter far the
 3. Come in all Your Spir - it's po - wer; Come, Your reign on

tri - umph crowned; Let the lands that sit in dark - ness
 shades of night; Let the great Im - man - uel's king - dom
 earth re - store; In Your strength ride forth and con - quer,

13 Hear the glo - rious gos - pel sound, From our bor - ders,
 O - pen like the morn - ing light; Let all bar - riers,
 Still ad - vanc - ing more and more, Till all peo - ple,

19 From our bor - ders To the earth's re - mot - est bound.
 Let all bar - riers Yield be - fore Your Heav'n - ly might.
 Till all peo - ple Shall Your ho - ly name a - dore.

Music: Gregory D. Wilbur, 2008 ©
 Text: Joseph Cottle, 1828

8 7. 8 7. 4 7. w/ repeat

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.

Raise a Glass to the King

Johnny Simmons

Capo 2

Raise a glass to the King, boys! Raise a glass to the King! For

He has dealt most kind-ly with us; raise a glass to the King!

1. The King of Glo- ry reigns a-bove us, seat- ed on His throne; He

2. He came to trounce the Dev- il who en-slaved us all to sin; He
3. For us con-demned to death, He died, and laid down in the grave; The
4. The King as-cend- ed high a-bove, and then sat down to reign; He
5. His gra- cious hand is o- pen wide with ev- 'ry per- fect thing; For
6. Through all these things He makes us glad, and proves to us His love; So
7. To Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost, all praise and glo- ry be! Where-

gave Him-self up- on the Cross to make us all His own.

hum- bly wore a crown of thorns, and made short work of him.
Fa- ther raised Him back to life, for those He came to save.
rules there with a lov- ing hand, un- til He comes a- gain.
smoke, and drink, and fel- lowship, we thank Him and we sing:
in true Christ-ian bro- ther-hood, we sing with those a- bove:
ev- er men may raise a glass, through all e- ter- ni ty!

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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
8 8 . 8 8 .