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## 28

*A Psalm of David.*

Unto thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; // be not silent | **to** me:

Lest, if thou be silent to me, // I become like them that go down in- | to the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry | unto thee,

When I lift up my hands toward thy holy | oracle.

Draw me not away with the | **wicked**,

And with the workers of in- | iquity,

Which speak peace to their | **neighbours**,

But mischief is | in their hearts.

Give them according to | **their** deeds,

And according to the wickedness of their en- | **deavours**:

Give them after the work | of their hands;

Render to them | their desert.

Because they regard not the works | of the LORD,

Nor the operation | of his hands,

He shall de- | **stroy** them,

And not | build them up.

Blessed be | **the** LORD,

Because he hath heard the voice of my suppli- | **cations**.

The LORD is my strength | and my shield;

My heart trusted in him, and | I am helped:

Therefore my heart greatly re- | **joiceth**;

And with my song will I | **praise** him.

The LORD is | **their** strength,

And he is the saving strength of his a- | **nointed**.

Save thy people, and bless thine in- | heritance:

Feed them also, and lift them up for | **ever**.

# Be Not Far Off, for Grief Is Near

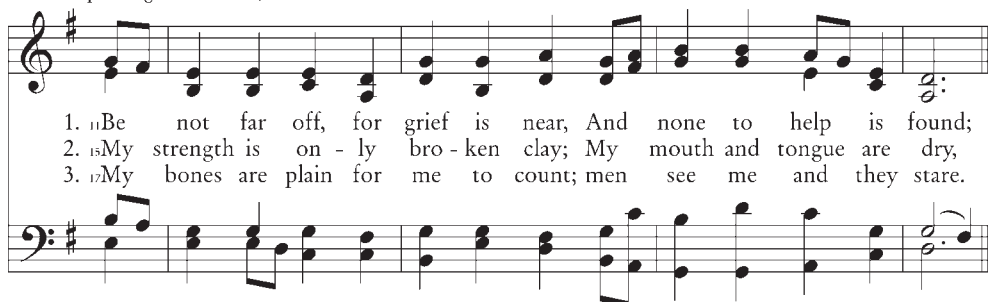
Psalm 22:11-20

KINGSFOLD (C.M.D.)

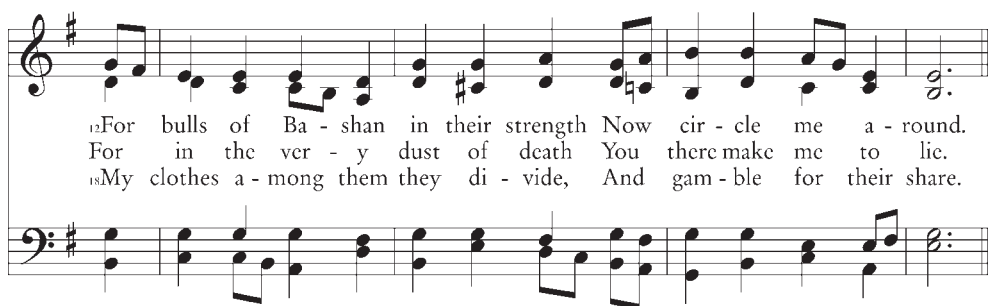
*The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973*

Melody collected by Lucy Broadwood

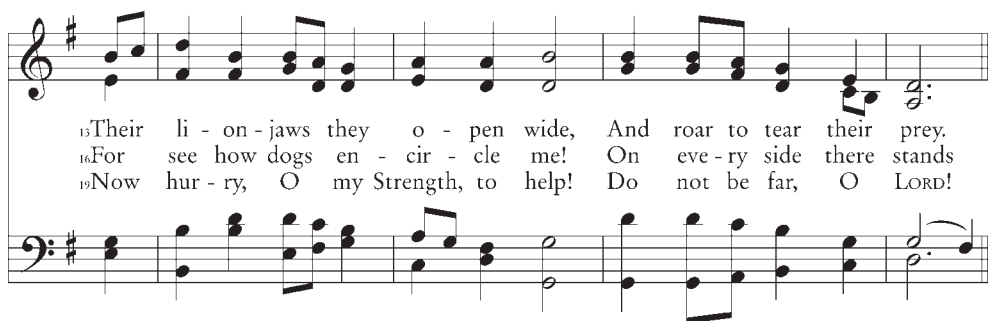
harm. Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906



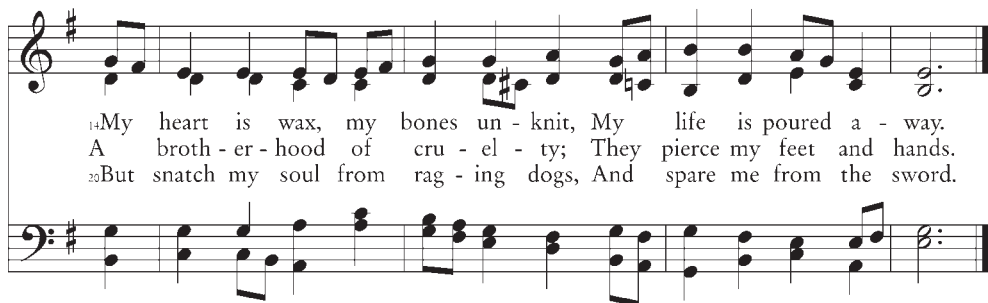
1. <sup>11</sup>Be not far off, for grief is near, And none to help is found;  
 2. <sup>15</sup>My strength is on - ly bro - ken clay; My mouth and tongue are dry,  
 3. <sup>17</sup>My bones are plain for me to count; men see me and they stare.



<sup>12</sup>For bulls of Ba - shan in their strength Now cir - cle me a - round.  
 For in the ver - y dust of death You there make me to lie.  
<sup>18</sup>My clothes a - mong them they di - vide, And gam - ble for their share.



<sup>13</sup>Their li - on - jaws they o - pen wide, And roar to tear their prey.  
<sup>16</sup>For see how dogs en - cir - cle me! On eve - ry side there stands  
<sup>19</sup>Now hur - ry, O my Strength, to help! Do not be far, O LORD!



<sup>14</sup>My heart is wax, my bones un - knit, My life is poured a - way.  
 A broth - er - hood of cru - el - ty; They pierce my feet and hands.  
<sup>20</sup>But snatch my soul from rag - ing dogs, And spare me from the sword.

## 29

*A Psalm of David.*

Give unto the LORD, O ye | **mighty**,  
Give unto the LORD glory | **and** strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due un- | to his name;  
Worship the LORD in the beauty of | holiness.

The voice of the LORD is upon the | **waters**:  
The God of glory thundereth: // the LORD is upon many | **waters**.

The voice of the LORD is | powerful;  
The voice of the LORD is full of | majesty.

The voice of the LORD breaketh the | cedars;  
Yea, the LORD breaketh the cedars of | Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip | like a calf;  
Lebanon and Sirion like a young | unicorn.

The voice of the LORD divideth the | flames of fire.  
The voice of the LORD shaketh the | wilderness;

The LORD shaketh the wilderness of | **Kadesh**.  
The voice of the LORD maketh the | hinds to calve,

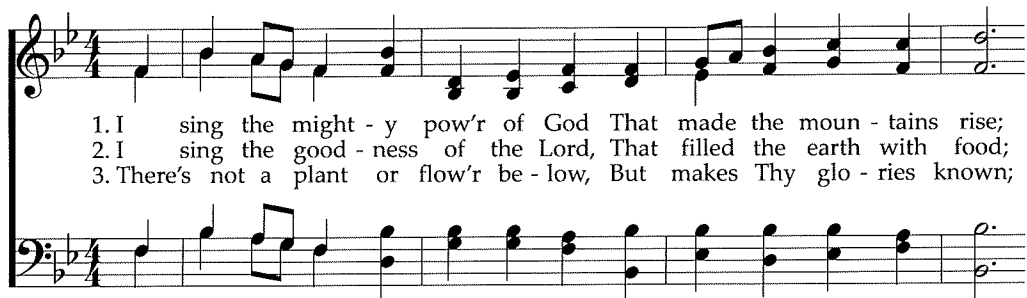
And discovereth the | **forests**:  
And in his temple doth every one speak of his | **glory**.

The LORD sitteth up- | on the flood;  
Yea, the LORD sitteth King for | **ever**.

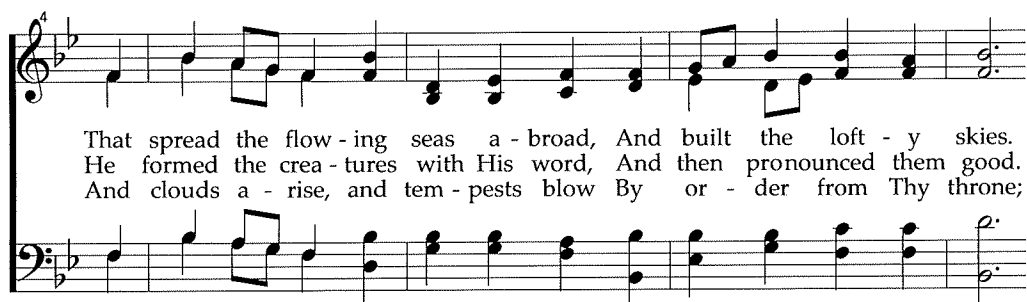
The LORD will give strength unto his | **people**;  
The LORD will bless his people | **with** peace.

## I Sing the Mighty Power of God

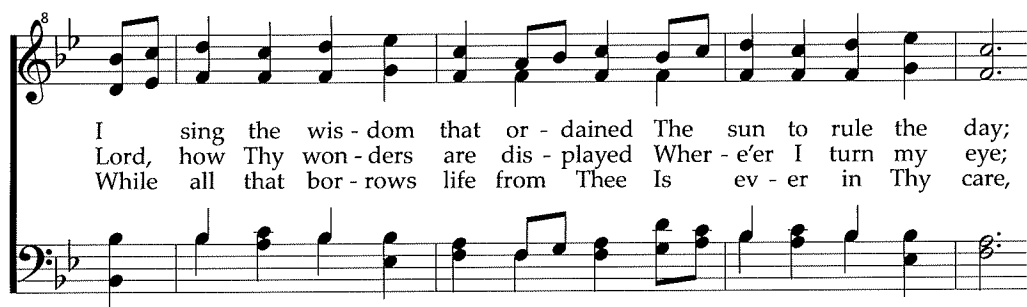
347



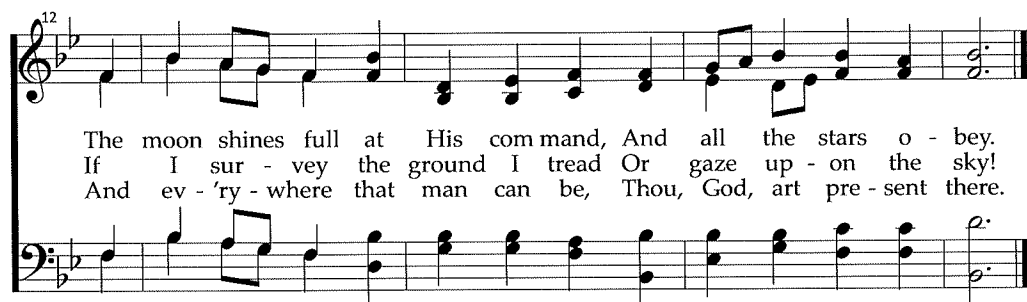
1. I sing the might - y pow'r of God That made the moun - tains rise;  
 2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;  
 3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the loft - y skies.  
 He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pronounced them good.  
 And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow By or - der from Thy throne;



I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day;  
 Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played Wher - e'er I turn my eye;  
 While all that bor - rows life from Thee Is ev - er in Thy care,



The moon shines full at His com mand, And all the stars o - bey.  
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread Or gaze up - on the sky!  
 And ev - 'ry - where that man can be, Thou, God, art pre - sent there.

Music: *Gesangbuch der Herzogl*, 1784  
 Text: Isaac Watts (1674–1748)

ELLACOMBE  
 8 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.

## 30

*A Psalm and Song at the dedication of the house of David.*

I will extol thee, O LORD; for thou hast lifted | **me** up,  
And hast not made my foes to rejoice | over me.

O LORD my God, I cried | unto thee,  
And thou hast | **healed** me.

O LORD, thou hast brought up my soul | from the grave:  
Thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down | to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye | saints of his,  
And give thanks at the remembrance of his | holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; // in his favour | **is** life:  
Weeping may endure for a night, // but joy cometh in the | **morning**.

And in my prosperity I said, // I shall never | **be** moved.  
LORD, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to | **stand** strong:

Thou didst | hide thy face,  
And I was | **troubled**.

I cried to thee, | **O** LORD;  
And unto the LORD I made suppli- | **cation**.

What profit is there | in my blood,  
When I go down | to the pit?

Shall the dust | **praise** thee?  
Shall it de- | **clare** thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy up- | **on** me:  
LORD, be thou my | **helper**.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into | **dancing**:  
Thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with | **gladness**;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be | **silent**.  
O LORD my God, I will give thanks unto thee for | **ever**.

# Gloria Patri

GLORIA PATRI (Irreg.)  
Charles Meineke, 1844

2nd century

Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the

The first system of musical notation for 'Gloria Patri'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the'.

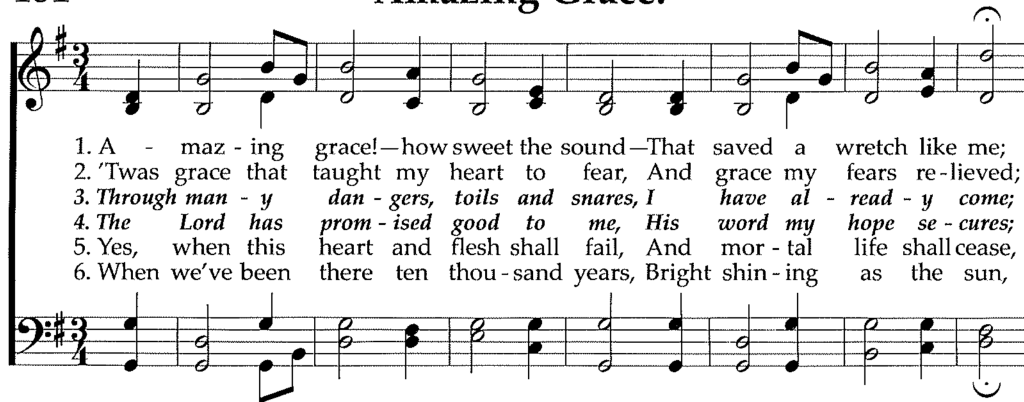
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass line continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er'.

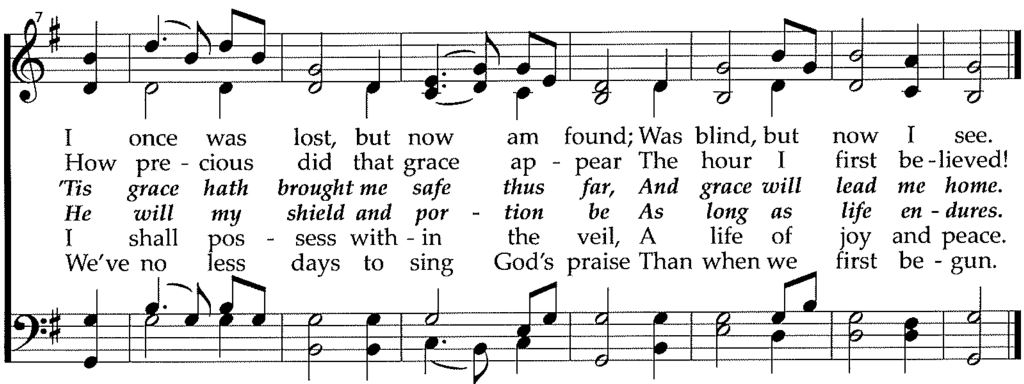
shall be, world with - out end. A - men, a - men.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The melody ends with a final cadence in the treble staff, and the bass line ends with a final cadence in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'shall be, world with - out end. A - men, a - men.'

## Amazing Grace!



1. A - maz - ing grace!—how sweet the sound—That saved a wretch like me;  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;  
 3. *Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;*  
 4. *The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;*  
 5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,  
 6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!  
*'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.*  
*He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.*  
 I shall pos - sess with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun.

Music: Scottish folk tune; arr. *Columbian Harmony*, 1829

Text: st. 1–5, John Newton, 1779; st. 6, *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790

NEW BRITAIN

8 6. 8 6.



## 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.

# Ever and Aye (Psalm 136)

words by Douglas Wilson  
music by Mark Reagan

## REFRAIN

Melody Alto



'Ev - er and aye, for - ev - er and aye, The mer - cies of the Lord en - dure for - ev - er and aye - UHHpp!

Bass



## LEADER

## ALL

## LEADER

## ALL



1. Give thanks to God for he is good, 'Ev - er and aye. Give thanks un - to the God of gods, 'Ev - er and aye.




## LEADER

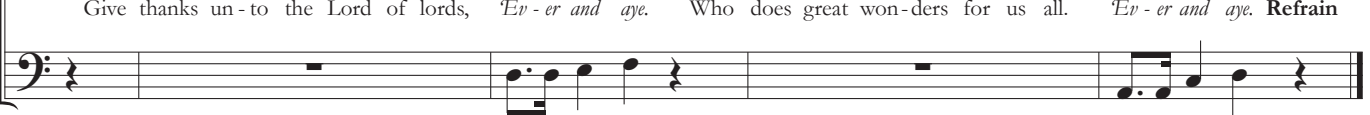
## ALL

## LEADER

## ALL



Give thanks un - to the Lord of lords, 'Ev - er and aye. Who does great won - ders for us all. 'Ev - er and aye. Refrain



2.  
Who by His wisdom made the skies—'Ever and aye!  
Who stretched the earth above the seas—...  
To him who made great lights appear—...  
The sun to rise and rule by day—...

3.  
Made moon and stars to rule by night—...  
To him that struck the firstborn down—...  
And brought the Jews from Egypt's land—...  
With his own strong and outstretched arm—...

4.  
He split the Red Sea clean in two—...  
And made the Jews to pass between—...  
But drowned old Pharaoh and his host—...  
Through wastelands led His people through—...

5.  
And struck great kings so that they died—...  
And threw down famous kings beside—...  
Like Sihon of the Amorites—...  
And Og the king of Bashan's land—...

6.  
And made the Jews inherit all—...  
A heritage for Israel—...  
Our God recalled our low estate—...  
And has redeemed us from our foes...

7.  
(2<sup>nd</sup> half of the verse)  
He gives good food to all who live—...  
Give thanks unto our God above—...

# At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN [SALZBURG] (7 7. 7 7. D.)

Jakob Hintze, 1678

harm. J. S. Bach

Latin hymn, 17th century

tr. Robert Campbell, 1849



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King,  
 2. Where the Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword;  
 3. Might - y Vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of hell be - neath Thee lie;  
 4. Pas - chal tri - umph, Pas - chal joy, On - ly sin can this de - stroy;

Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side;  
 Is - rael's hosts tri - um - phant go Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
 Death is bro - ken in the fight, Thou hast brought us life and light;  
 From sin's pow'r do Thou set free Souls re - born, O Lord, in Thee.

Praise we Him, Whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,  
 Christ, the Lamb Whose blood was shed, Pas - chal Vic - tim, pas - chal Bread;  
 Now Thy ban - ner Thou dost wave; Van - quished Sa - tan and the grave;  
 Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to Thee we raise;

Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ the Priest.  
 With sin - cer - i - ty and love Eat we Man - na from a - bove.  
 An - gels join His praise to tell, See o'er - thrown the prince of hell.  
 Ris - en Lord, all praise to Thee, Ev - er with the Spir - it be.

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.