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To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

I waited patiently | for the LORD;
And he inclined unto me, and | heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an hor- | rible pit,
Out of the | miry clay,

And set my feet up- | on a rock,
And established my | goings.

And he hath put a new song | in my mouth,
Even praise un- | to our God:

Many shall see it, | **and** fear,
And shall trust | in the LORD.

Blessed is that man that maketh the | LORD his trust,
And respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn a- | side to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which | thou hast done,
And thy thoughts which are to | **us**-ward:

They cannot be reckoned up in order | unto thee:
If I would declare and speak of them, // they are more than can be | **numbered**.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; // mine ears hast thou | **opened**:
Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou | not required.

Then said I, | Lo, I come:
In the volume of the book it is written | **of** me,

I delight to do thy will, | O my God:
Yea, thy law is with- | in my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great conger- | **gation**:
Lo, I have not refrained my lips, // O LORD, thou | **knowest**.

I have not hid thy righteousness with- | in my heart;
I have declared thy faithfulness and thy sal- | **vation**:

I have not concealed thy loving- | **kindness**
And thy truth from the great conger- | **gation**.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, | **O** LORD:

Let thy lovingkindness and thy truth continually pre- | **serve** me.

For innumerable evils have compassed | me about:

Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, //so that I am not able to | **look** up;

They are more than the hairs | of mine head:

Therefore my heart | faileth me.

Be pleased, O LORD, to de- | liver me:

O LORD, make haste to | **help** me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded to- | **gether**

That seek after my soul to de- | **stroy** it;

Let them be driven backward and | put to shame

That wish me | **evil**.

Let them be desolate for a reward | of their shame

That say unto me, A- | ha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be | glad in thee:

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, //The LORD be | magnified.

But I am poor and | **needy**;

Yet the Lord thinketh up- | **on** me:

Thou art my help and my de- | liverer;

Make no tarrying, | O my God.

From Psalm 40:1-11

1. I wait - ed for the LORD; He stooped and heard my cry.
 2. Man - y will see with awe, And so will trust the LORD.
 3. *You want no of - fer - ing, Nor ask a sac - ri - fice,*
 4. *"To do Your will, O God, To me is my de - light.*
 5. I hid not in my heart Your truth and sav - ing help;

2 He brought me from the pit, Out of the dun - geon mire,
 3 Blest he who trusts in GOD And turns not to false men.
But You have giv - en me A read - y ear to hear.
 Your law is part of me, Deep in my heart, O God."
 Your faith - ful - ness I preached In con - gre - ga - tion great.

13 My feet set on a rock, My foot - steps made se - cure.
 5 You have worked won - ders, LORD; No one com - pares to You!
You ask no of - frings burnt, Nor sac - ri - fice for sin.
 9 In con - gre - ga - tion great I told Your right - eous - ness.
 11 Do not with - hold from me Your ten - der mer - cies, LORD

19 3 My lips He gave a song, A song to praise our God.
 Should I de - clare each one, Their num - ber is too great.
 7 So I say, "Here I come, As in the scroll in - scribed.
 You know, LORD, I spoke out, I did not close my lips.
 Let Your un - fail - ing love For ev - er keep me safe.

41

To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David.

Blessed is he that considereth | **the** poor:

The LORD will deliver him in time of | **trouble**.

The LORD will pre- | **serve** him,

And keep | him alive;

And he shall be blessed up- | on the earth:

And thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his | enemies.

The LORD will strengthen him upon the bed of | languishing:

Thou wilt make all his bed in his | **sickness**.

I said, LORD, be merciful | unto me:

Heal my soul; for I have sinned a- | **gainst** thee.

Mine enemies speak evil | **of** me,

When shall he die, and his name | **perish**?

And if he come to see me, he speaketh | vanity:

His heart gathereth iniquity to itself; // when he goeth abroad, he | telleth it.

All that hate me whisper together a- | **gainst** me:

Against me do they de- | vise my hurt.

An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast | unto him:

And now that he lieth he shall rise | up no more.

Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, // which did eat | of my bread,

Hath lifted up his heel a- | **gainst** me.

But thou, O LORD, be merciful | unto me,

And raise me up, that I may re- | **quite** them.

By this I know that thou | fav' rest me,

Because mine enemy doth not triumph | over me.

And as for me, thou upholdest me in mine in- | tegrity,

And settest me before thy face for | ever.

Blessed be the LORD God of | Israel

From everlasting, and to everlasting. // Amen, and | **Amen**.

At the Lamb's High Feast We Sing

ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN [SALZBURG] (7.7.77.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 pier - 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.

42

To the chief Musician, Maschil, for the sons of Korah.

As the hart panteth after the | water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, | **O** God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living God:
When shall I come and appear be- | **fore** God?

My tears have been my meat | day and night,
While they continually say unto me, //Where is | **thy** God?

When I remember | **these** things,
I pour out my | soul in me:

For I had gone with the | multitude,
I went with them to the | house of God,

With the voice of | joy and praise,
With a multitude that kept | holyday.

Why art thou cast down, | **O** my soul?
And why art thou disquieted | **in** me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet | **praise** him
For the help of his | countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down with- | **in** me:
Therefore will I remember thee from the land of | **Jordan**,

And of the | Hermonites,
From the hill | **Mizar**.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy | waterspouts:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone | over me.

Yet the **LORD** will command his lovingkindness in the | **daytime**,
And in the night his song shall be with me, //and my prayer unto the God | of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, //Why hast thou for- | gotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the | enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, //mine enemies re- | **proach** me;
While they say daily unto me, //Where is | **thy** God?

◆◆◆

Why art thou cast down, | O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted with- | **in** me?

Hope thou in God: for I shall yet | **praise** him,
Who is the health of my countenance, | and my God.

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 clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp). The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics: 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the'. The bass staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

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

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

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

The third and final system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the vocal line with lyrics: 'shall be, world with - out end. A - men, a - men.'. The bass staff concludes the piano accompaniment with a final chord.

As the Hart, about to Falter

From Psalm 42

1. ¹As the hart, a - bout to fal - ter, In its trem - bling ag - o - ny,
 2. ³Bit - ter tears of la - men - ta - tion Are my food by night and day.
 3. ⁵O my soul, why are you griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?
 4. ⁶From the land be - yond the Jor - dan, With my soul cast down in me,
 5. ⁸But the LORD will send sal - va - tion, And by day His love pro - vide.
 6. ⁹I will say to God, my for - tress, "Why hast Thou for - got - ten me?
 7. ¹⁰O my soul, why are you griev - ing, Why dis - qui - et - ed in me?

Longs for flow - ing streams of wa - ter, So, O God, I long for Thee.
 In my deep hu - mil - i - a - tion "Where is now your God?" they say.
Hope in God, your faith re - triev - ing: He will still your ref - uge be.
 From Mount Mi - zar and Mount Her - mon I will yet re - mem - ber Thee.
He shall be my ex - ul - ta - tion, And my song at e - ven - tide,
 Why must I pro - ceed in sad - ness, Hound - ed by the en - e - my?"
Hope in God, your faith re - triev - ing: He will still your ref - uge be.

²Yes, a - thirst for Thee I cry; God of life, O when shall I
⁴Oh, my soul's poured out in me, When I bring to mem - o - ry
I a - gain shall laud His grace For the com - fort of His face:
⁷As the wa - ters plunge and leap, Deep re - ech - oes un - to deep;
On His praise ev'n in the night I will pon - der with de - light,
¹⁰Their re - bukes and scoff - ing words Pierce my bones like point - ed swords,
 I a - gain shall laud His grace For the com - fort of His face:

Come a - gain to stand be - fore Thee In Thy tem - ple and a - dore Thee?
 How the throngs I would as - sem - ble, Shout - ing prais - es in Thy tem - ple.
He will show His help and fa - vor, For He is my God and Sav - ior.
 All Thy waves and bil - lows roar - ing O'er my trou - bled soul are pour - ing.
And in pray'r, tran - scend - ing dis - tance, Seek the God of my ex - ist - ence.
 As they say with proud de - fi - ance, "Where is God, your firm re - li - ance?"
He will show His help and fa - vor, For He is my God and Sav - ior.

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.

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

LOBE DEN HERREN (14 14. 4 7 8)
Stralsund, *Erneuerten Gesangbuch*, 1665

Joachim Neander, 1680
tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.

1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre -
2. Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all things so won - drous - ly
3. Praise to the Lord, Who doth pros - per thy work and de -

a - tion; O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy
reign - eth, Shel - ters thee un - der His wings, yea, so
fend thee; Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here

health and sal - va - tion: All ye who hear, Now to His
gent - ly sus - tain - eth: Hast thou not seen How thy de -
dai - ly at - tend thee. Pon - der a - new What the Al -

tem - ple draw near; Join me in glad ad - o - ra - tion.
sires e'er have been; Grant - ed in what He or - dain - eth.
might - y can do, If with His love He be - friend thee!

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

4. Praise to the Lord, Who with mar - vel - ous wis - dom hath
 5. Praise to the Lord, Who, when dark - ness of sin is a -
 6. Praise to the Lord, O let all that is in me a -

made thee, Decked thee with health, and with lov - ing hand
 bound - ing, Who, when the god - less do tri - umph, all
 dore Him! All that hath life and breath, come now with

guid - ed and stayed thee. How oft in grief Hath not He
 vir - tue con - found - ing, Shed - deth His light, Chas - eth the
 prais - es be - fore Him. Let the A - men Sound from His

brought thee re - lief, Spread - ing His wings to o'er-shade thee!
 hor - rors of night, Saints with His mer - cy sur-round - ing.
 peo - ple a - gain, Glad - ly for aye we a - dore Him.

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 .