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# **40**

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- | **kind**ness And thy truth from the great conger- | **ga**tion.

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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 | **need**y; Yet the Lord thinketh up- | **on** me:

Thou art my help and my de-|liverer; Make no tarrying, |O my God.

#### I Waited for the LORD

From Psalm 40:1-11



Music: Irish traditional melody; arr. Leopold L. Dix, 1933 Text: The Book of Psalms for Singing, 1973 ⊕ FINGAL 6 6. 6 6. 6 6. 6 6. 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. 7 7. D.) Latin hymn, 17th century Jakob Hintze, 1678 tr. Robert Campbell, 1849 harm. J. S. Bach the Lamb's high feast we sing, Praise to our vic - to - rious King, Pas - chal blood is poured, Death's dark an - gel sheathes his sword; Where the Vic - tim from the sky, Pow'rs of tri - umph, Pas - chal joy, On - ly hell be - neath Thee lie; 3. Might - y can this de - stroy; Pas - chal sin the tide Flow - ing from his pierc - ed side; Who hath washed us in 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 set free Souls re - born, O Lord, Thou di - vine Gives His we Him, Whose love sa - cred blood for 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 for feast, Christ the Vic - tim, Christ Gives His bod - y the 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

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 | **Mi**zar.

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?

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

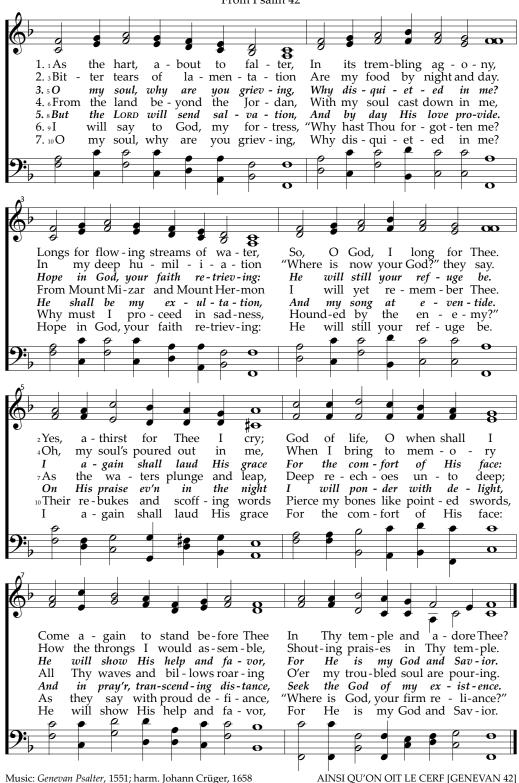
Hope thou in God: for I shall yet | **praise** him, Who is the health of my countenance, | and my God.

#### Gloria Patri



# As the Hart, about to Falter

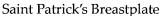
From Psalm 42



Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; harm. Johann Crüger, 1658 Text: Dewey Westra, 1931; rev. ©

AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF [GENEVAN 42] 87.87.77.88

# I Bind unto Myself Today





Music 1: ancient Irish hymn melody; arr. Charles Villiers Standford, 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 

# I Bind unto Myself Today

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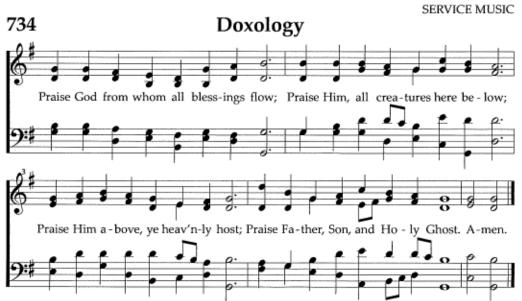


### Praise to the Lord, the Almighty



#### Praise to the Lord, the Almighty





Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; alt.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH

8 8. 8 8.