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To the chief Musician, A Psalm for the sons of Korah.

Hear this, all ye | **peo**ple;

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:

Both low and high,

Rich and poor, to- gether.

My mouth shall speak of | wisdom;

And the meditation of my heart shall be of under- | standing.

I will incline mine ear to a parable:

I will open my dark saying up- on the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of | evil,

When the iniquity of my heels shall compass | me about?

They that trust | in their wealth,

And boast themselves in the multitude of their | riches;

None of them can by any means redeem his | brother,

Nor give to God a ransom | **for** him:

For the redemption of their soul is | precious,

And it ceaseth for | ever:

That he should still live for | ever,

And not see cor- | ruption.

For he seeth that | wise men die,

Likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, // and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward | thought is,

That their houses shall continue for ever,

And their dwelling places to all gener- ations;

They call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honour a- | bideth not:

He is like the beasts that | perish.

This their way is their | **fol**ly:

Yet their posterity approve their | sayings.

Selah.

. . .

Like sheep they are laid | in the grave; Death shall | feed on them;

And the upright shall have dominion over them in the | **morn**ing; And their beauty shall consume in the grave from their | **dwell**ing.

But God will redeem my soul from the power | of the grave: For he shall re- | ceive me.

Selah.

Be not thou afraid when one is | **made** rich, When the glory of his house | is increased;

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing | away: His glory shall not descend | after him.

Though while he lived he | blessed his soul:

And men will praise thee, when thou doest well | to thyself.

He shall go to the generation of his | **fath**ers; They shall never | **see** light.

Man that is in honour, and under-|standeth not, Is like the beasts that |**per**ish.

#### As with Gladness Men of Old

DIX (7 7. 7 7. 7 7) Conrad Kocher, 1838 arr. William H. Monk, 1861 William Chatterton Dix, 1860



A Psalm of Asaph.

The mighty God, even the LORD, hath | **spok**en,

And called the earth from the rising of the sun // unto the going | down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, | God hath shined. Our God shall come, and shall not keep | silence:

A fire shall devour be- | **fore** him, And it shall be very tempestuous round a- | **bout** him.

He shall call to the heavens | from above, And to the earth, that he may judge his | **peo**ple.

Gather my saints together | unto me; Those that have made a covenant with me by | sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his | righteousness: For God is | judge himself.

Selah.

Hear, O my people, and | I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify a- | gainst thee:

I | am God, Even | thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt | offerings, To have been continually be- | **fore** me.

I will take no bullock out of | **thy** house, Nor he goats out of | **thy** folds.

For every beast of the forest | is mine, And the cattle upon a | thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the | **moun**tains:

And the wild beasts of the | field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not | **tell** thee: For the world is mine, and the fulness | **there**of.

Will I eat the | flesh of bulls, Or drink the | blood of goats?

+ + +

Offer unto God thanks- | giving;

And pay thy vows unto | the most High:

And call upon me in the day of | trouble:

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glori- | fy me.

But unto the wicked God saith, // What hast thou to do to declare my | statutes, Or that thou shouldest take my covenant | in thy mouth?

Seeing thou hatest in- | struction,

And castest my words be- | hind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst | with him,

And hast been partaker with a- | dulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to | evil,

And thy tongue frameth | deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy | brother;

Thou slanderest thine own | mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I kept | silence;

Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one | as thyself:

But I will re- | prove thee,

And set them in order be- | fore thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that | forget God,

Lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to de- | liver.

Whoso offereth praise glori- | fieth me:

And to him that ordereth his conversation aright //will I shew the salvation | of God.

#### Let All the Stars in the Skies Give Praise



To the chief Musician, A Psalm of David, when Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to Bath-sheba.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving- | **kind**ness: According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies // blot out my trans- | **gres**sions.

Wash me throughly from mine in- | iquity, And cleanse me | from my sin.

For I acknowledge my trans-|gressions: And my sin is ever be-|fore me.

Against thee, thee only, | have I sinned, And done this evil | in thy sight:

That thou mightest be justified when thou | **speak**est, And be clear when thou | **judg**est.

Behold, I was shapen in in-|iquity; And in sin did my mother con-|ceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the | inward parts:

And in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know | wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be clean: Wash me, and I shall be whiter | than snow.

Make me to hear joy and | **glad**ness; That the bones which thou hast broken | may rejoice.

Hide thy face | from my sins, And blot out all mine in- | iquities.

Create in me a clean heart, | O God; And renew a right spirit with- | in me.

Cast me not away from thy | **pres**ence; And take not thy holy spirit | **from** me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy sal- | vation; And uphold me with thy free | spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors | **thy** ways; And sinners shall be converted | unto thee.

+ + +

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, // thou God of my sal- | vation: And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy | righteousness.

O Lord, open | thou my lips; And my mouth shall shew | forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I | **give** it: Thou delightest not in burnt | offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken | **spir**it:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt | not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto | **Zion**: Build thou the walls of Je- | rusalem.

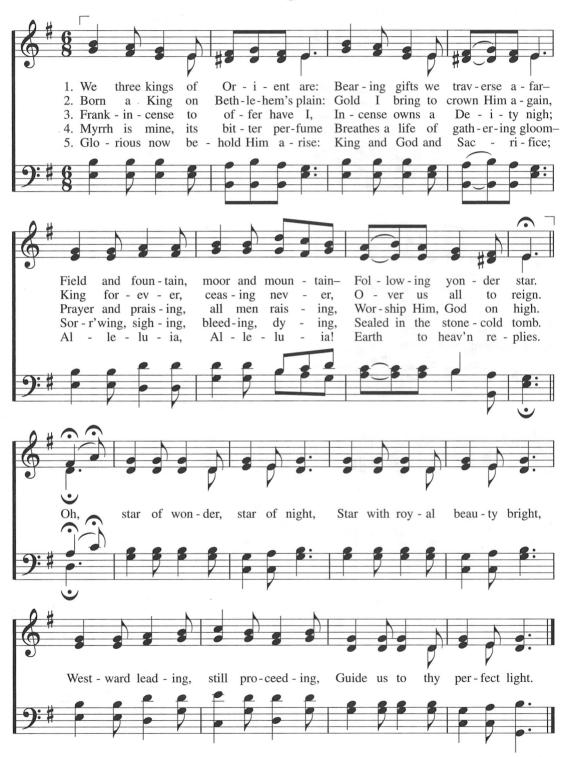
Then shalt | thou be pleased
With the sacrifices of | righteousness,

With burnt offering and whole burnt | offering: Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine | altar.

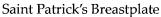
## Gloria Patri



# We Three Kings of Orient Are 228



# 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 

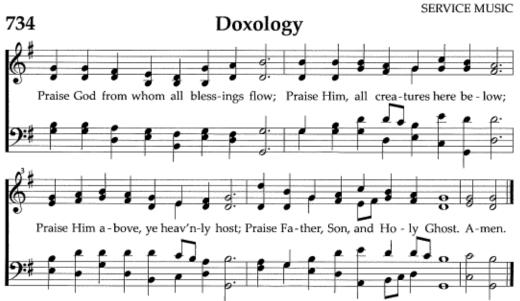
## I Bind unto Myself Today

Cont'd



## **Crown Him with Many Crowns**





Music: Genevan Psalter, 1551; alt.

Text: Thomas Ken, 1709

OLD HUNDREDTH

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