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# 55

*To the chief Musician on Neginoth, Maschil, A Psalm of David.*

Give ear to my prayer, | **O** God;  
And hide not thyself from my supplic- | ation.

Attend unto me, and | **hear** me:  
I mourn in my complaint, and | make a noise;

Because of the voice of the | enemy,  
Because of the oppression of the | **wicked**:

For they cast iniquity up- | **on** me,  
And in wrath they | **hate** me.

My heart is sore pained with- | **in** me:  
And the terrors of death are fallen up- | **on** me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come up- | **on** me,  
And horror hath over- | **whelm'd** me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings | like a dove!  
For then would I fly away, and | be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander | **far** off,  
And remain in the | wilderness.

*Selah.*

I would hasten | my escape  
From the windy storm and | **tempest**.

Destroy, O Lord, and divide | **their** tongues:  
For I have seen violence and strife in the | **city**.

Day and night they go about it upon the | walls thereof:  
Mischief also and sorrow are in the | midst of it.

Wickedness is in the | midst thereof:  
Deceit and guile depart not | from her streets.

For it was not an enemy that re- | **proach'd** me;  
Then I could have | **borne** it:

Neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself a- | **gainst** me;  
Then I would have hid myself | **from** him:

◆◆◆

But it was thou, a man mine |equal,  
My guide, and mine ac- |**quaintance**.

We took sweet counsel to- |**gether**,  
And walked unto the house of God in |company.

Let death seize up- |**on** them,  
And let them go down quick |into hell:

For wickedness is in their |**dwellings**,  
And a- |**mong** them.

As for me, I will call up- |**on** God;  
And the LORD shall |**save** me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and |cry aloud:  
And he shall |hear my voice.

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was a- |**gainst** me:  
For there were many |**with** me.

God shall hear, and af- |**flict** them,  
Even he that abideth |**of** old.

*Selah.*

Because they have no |**changes**,  
Therefore they |fear not God.

He hath put forth his hands against such as be at |peace with him:  
He hath broken his |covenant.

The words of his mouth were smoother than |**butter**,  
But war was |in his heart:

His words were softer |**than** oil,  
Yet were they |**drawn** swords.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sus- |**tain** thee:  
He shall never suffer the righteous |to be moved.

But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of de- |**struction**:  
Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; //but I will |trust in thee.

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - boye all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;

Our help - er He a - mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.  
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth  
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they

are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1628; alt.  
 Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG  
 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.

# 56

*To the chief Musician upon Jonath-*elem*-rechokim, Michtam of David, when the Philistines took him in Gath.*

Be merciful unto me, O God: // for man would swallow | **me** up;  
He fighting daily op- | presseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow | **me** up:  
For they be many that fight against me, O | thou most High.

What time I am afraid, I will | trust in thee.  
In God I will | praise his word,

In God I have | put my trust;  
I will not fear what flesh can do | unto me.

Every day they | wrest my words:  
All their thoughts are against me for | evil.

They gather themselves together, they | hide themselves,  
They mark my steps, when they wait | for my soul.

Shall they escape by in- | iquity?  
In thine anger cast down the people, | **O** God.

Thou tellest my | wanderings:  
Put thou my tears into thy bottle: // are they not | in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, // then shall mine enemies | **turn** back:  
This I know; for God is | **for** me.

In God will I | praise his word:  
In the **LORD** will I | praise his word.

In God have I | put my trust:  
I will not be afraid what man can do | unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, | **O** God:  
I will render praises | unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my | soul from death:  
Wilt not thou deliver my feet from | **falling**,

That I may walk be- | **fore** God  
In the light of the | **living**?

## Be Thou My Vision

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all  
 2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true Word; I ev - er  
 3. *Be Thou my bat - tle shield, sword for the fight; Be Thou my*  
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise, Thou my in -  
 5. High King of Heav - en, my vic - to - ry won, May I reach

else to me, save that Thou art— Thou my best thought by  
 with Thee and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,  
*dig - ni - ty, Thou my de - light, Thou my soul's shel - ter,*  
 her - i - tance, now and al - ways: Thou and Thou on - ly  
 Heav'n's joys, O bright Heav - en's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what-

<sup>11</sup>  
 day or by night, Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 I Thy true son; Thou in me dwell - ing and I with Thee one.  
*Thou my high tow'r. Raise Thou me Heav'n - ward, O pow'r of my pow'r.*  
 first in my heart, High King of Heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.  
 ev - er be - fall, Still be my vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.

Music: Irish traditional melody; harm. Martin Shaw, 1925; alt.  
 Text: Ancient Irish; tr. Mary Byrne, 1927; vers. Eleanor Hull, 1927

SLANE  
 10 10. 9 10.

# 57

*To the chief Musician, Al-taschith, Michtam of David, when he fled from Saul in the cave.*

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful | unto me:  
For my soul trusteth | **in** thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my | refuge,  
Until these calamities be | overpast.

I will cry unto | God most high;  
Unto God that performeth all | things for me.

He shall send from | **heaven**,  
And save me from the reproach of him that would swallow | **me** up.

*Selah.*

God shall send forth his | **mercy**  
And | **his** truth.

My soul is among | **lions**:  
And I lie even among them that are set on fire, // even the | sons of men,

Whose teeth are spears and | **arrows**,  
And their tongue a | **sharp** sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the | **heavens**;  
Let thy glory be above | all the earth.

They have prepared a net | for my steps;  
My soul is | **bowed** down:

They have digged a pit be- | **fore** me,  
Into the midst whereof they are fallen | **themselves**.

*Selah.*

My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is fixed:  
I will sing and | **give** praise.

Awake up, my glory; // awake, psaltery | **and** harp:  
I myself will awake | **early**.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the | **people**:  
I will sing unto thee among the | **nations**.

For thy mercy is great unto the | **heavens**,  
And thy truth un- | to the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the | **heavens**:  
Let thy glory be above | all the earth.

# 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 some 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.

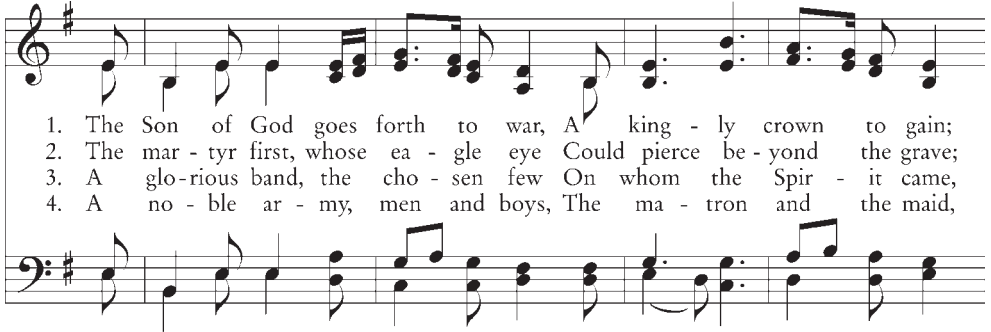
The third system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The treble staff has lyrics: 'shall be, world with - out end. A - men, a - men.'. The bass staff continues the piano accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.



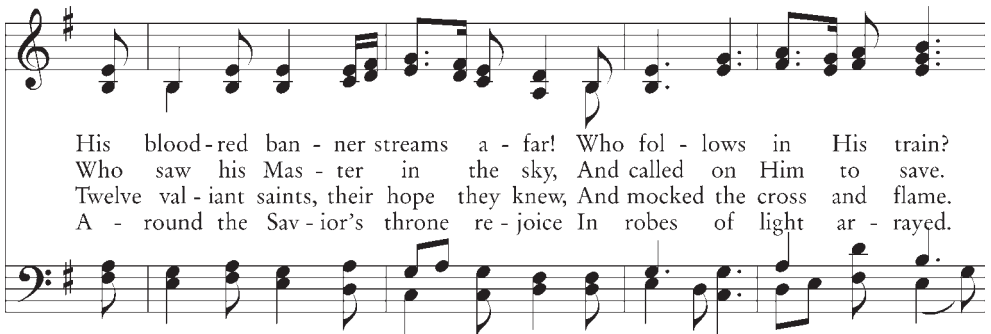
## The Son of God Goes Forth to War

GREYOAKS (C.M.D.)  
Gregory D. Wilbur, 1994

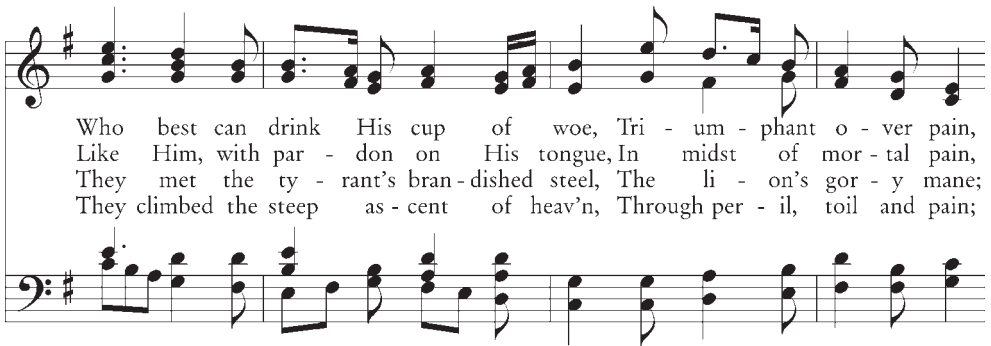
Reginald Heber, 1827



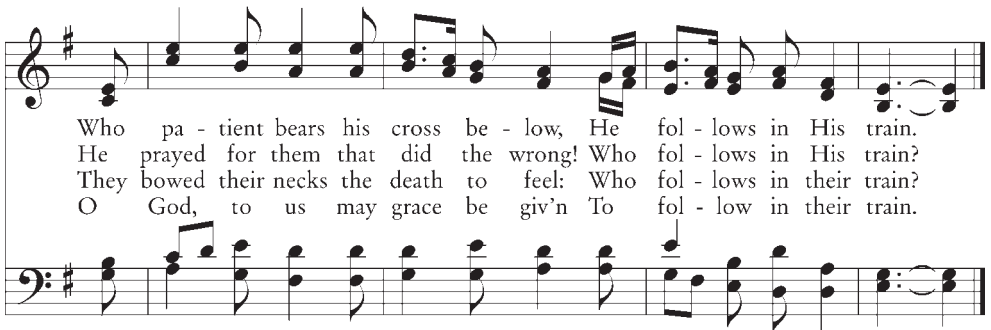
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave;  
3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,  
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far! Who fol - lows in His train?  
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save.  
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.  
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain,  
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;  
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n, Through per - il, toil and pain;



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
He prayed for them that did the wrong! Who fol - lows in His train?  
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

## 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.

## 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.

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 .