



Get your Psalter:
biblicalpsalmody.com

61

To the chief Musician upon Neginah, A Psalm of David.

Hear my cry, | **O** God;
Attend un- | to my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, // when my heart is | overwhelmed:
Lead me to the rock that is higher | **than** I.

For thou hast been a shelter | **for** me,
And a strong tower from the | enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for | ever:
I will trust in the covert | of thy wings.

Selah.

For thou, O God, hast | heard my vows:
Thou hast given me the heritage of those that | fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the | **king's** life:
And his years as many gener- | ations.

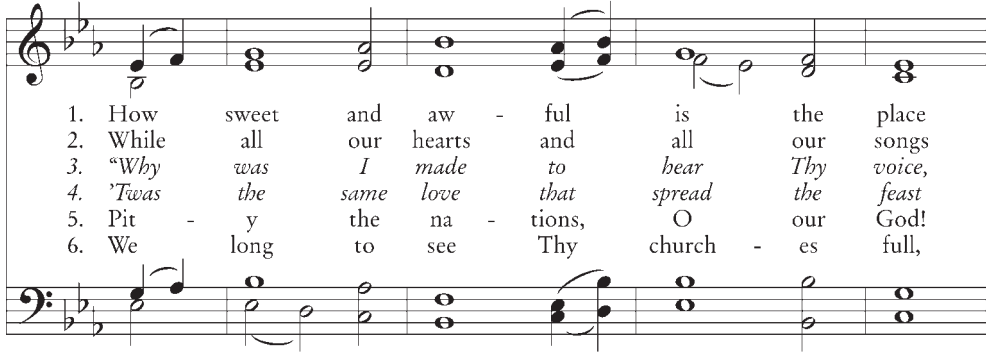
He shall abide before God for | ever:
O prepare mercy and truth, which may pre- | **serve** him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for | ever,
That I may daily per- | form my vows.

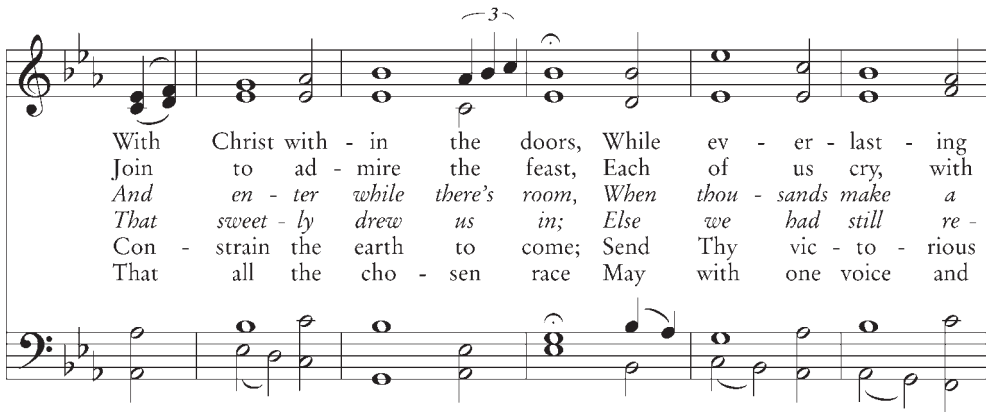
How Sweet and Awful Is the Place

ST. COLUMBA (C.M.)
Old Irish hymn melody

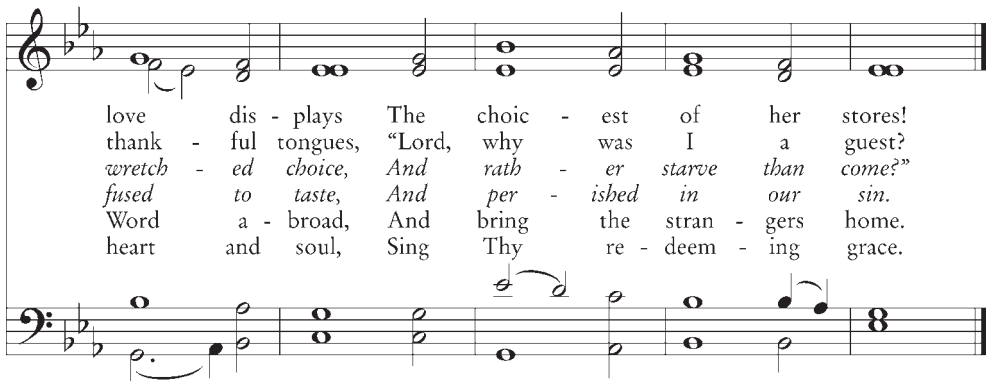
Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Sacred Songs*, 1707



1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place
2. While all our hearts and all our songs
3. "Why was I made to bear Thy voice,
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
5. Pit - y the na - tions, O our God!
6. We long to see Thy church - es full,



With Christ with - in the doors, While ev - er - last - ing
Join to ad - mire the feast, Each of us cry, with
And en - ter while there's room, When thou - sands make a
That sweet - ly drew us in; Else we had still re -
Con - strain the earth to come; Send Thy vic - to - rious
That all the cho - sen race May with one voice and



love dis - plays The choic - est of her stores!
thank - ful tongues, "Lord, why was I a guest?
wretch - ed choice, And rath - er starve than come?"
fused to taste, And per - ished in our sin.
Word a - broad, And bring the stran - gers home.
heart and soul, Sing Thy re - deem - ing grace.

62

To the chief Musician, to Jeduthun, A Psalm of David.

Truly my soul waiteth up- | **on** God:
From him cometh my sal- | **vation**.

He only is my rock and my sal- | **vation**;
He is my defence; I shall not be | greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief a- | **gainst** a man?
Ye shall be slain | all of you:

As a bowing wall | shall ye be,
And as a totter- | **ing** fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excel- | **lency**:
They delight | **in** lies:

They bless | with their mouth,
But they curse | inwardly.

Selah.

My soul, wait thou only up- | **on** God;
For my expectation is | **from** him.

He only is my rock and my sal- | **vation**:
He is my defence; I shall | not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my | **glory**:
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, | is in God.

Trust in him at all times; // ye people, pour out your heart be- | **fore** him:
God is a refuge | **for** us.

Selah.

Surely men of low degree are | **vanity**,
And men of high degree | are a lie:

To be laid in the | **balance**,
They are altogether lighter than | **vanity**.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in | **robbery**:
If riches increase, set not your heart up- | **on** them.

God hath spoken once; // twice have I | **heard** this;
That power belongeth | unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth | **mercy**:
For thou renderest to every man according | to his work.

Lift Up Your Heads

Guitar chords do not match vocals.

1. Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates! Be - hold, the King of
 2. The Lord is just, a help - er tried, With mer - cy ev - er
 3. Oh, blest the land, the cit - y blest, Where Christ the Rul - er
 4. Re - deem - er, come! I o - pen wide My heart to Thee: here,

Glo - ry waits! The King of kings is draw - ing near; The Sav - ior of the
 at His side. His king - ly crown is ho - li - ness, His scep - ter, pit - y
 is con - fessed! Oh, hap - py hearts and hap - py homes To whom this King of
 Lord, a - bide! Let me Thine in - ner pres - ence feel: Thy grace and love in

world is here. Life and sal - va - tion He doth bring, Where - fore re - joice and
 in dis - tress. The end of all our woe He brings, Where - fore the earth is
 tri - umph comes! The cloud - less sun of joy He is, Who bring - eth pure de -
 me re - veal. Thy Ho - ly Spir - it guide us on, Un - til our glo - rious

glad - ly sing: We praise Thee, Fa - ther, now, Cre - a - tor, wise art Thou!
 glad and sings: We praise Thee, Sav - ior, now, Might - y in deed art Thou.
 light and bliss: O Com - fort - er di - vine, What bound - less grace is Thine.
 goal is won: E - ter - nal praise and fame We of - fer to Thy name.

Music: Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, 1704

Text: Georg Weissel, 1642; tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

MACHT HOCH DIE TÜR

8 8 . 8 8 . 8 8 . 6 6 .

63

A Psalm of David, when he was in the wilderness of Judah.

O God, thou | art my God;
Early will I | **seek** thee:

My soul thirsteth | **for** thee,
My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, // where no | water is;

To see thy power and thy | **glory**,
So as I have seen thee in the sanctu- | **ary**.

Because thy lovingkindness is better | **than** life,
My lips shall | **praise** thee.

Thus will I bless thee | while I live:
I will lift up my hands | in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and | **fatness**;
And my mouth shall praise thee with | joyful lips:

When I remember thee up- | on my bed,
And meditate on thee in the night | **watches**.

Because thou hast | been my help,
Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will | I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard | after thee:
Thy right hand up- | holdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to de- | **stroy** it,
Shall go into the lower parts | of the earth.

They shall fall | by the sword:
They shall be a portion for | **foxes**.

But the king shall rejoice in God; // every one that sweareth by him shall | **glory**:
But the mouth of them that speak lies shall | **be** stopped.

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' is written on two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (one sharp). The melody is in an irregular meter. The lyrics 'Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the' are placed below the staves.

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

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

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

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The melody and bass line are shown with the lyrics 'shall be, world with - out end. A - men, a - men.' underneath.

Crown Him with Many Crowns

Guitar chords do not match vocals.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne.
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
 3. *Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave*
 4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove,
 5. *Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - ter sways*
 6. Crown Him the Lord of lords, Who o - ver all doth reign,
 7. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,

Hark! how the Heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
 Rich wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save.
 Crown Him the King to whom is giv'n The won-drous name of Love.
From pole to pole that wars may cease, Ab - sorbed in pray'r and praise.
 Who once on earth, th'in - car - nate Word, For ran-somed sin - ners slain,
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high,
 Crown Him with man - y crowns, As thrones be - fore Him fall;
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
 Now lives in realms of light, Where saints with an - gels sing
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died, e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
 Crown Him, ye kings, with man - y crowns, For He is King of all.
Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
 Their songs be - fore Him day and night, Their God, Re - deem - er, King.
 Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty.

Music: George J. Elvey, 1868

Text: Matthew Bridges, 1851; st. 2, Godfrey Thring, 1874

DIADEMATA

6 6. 8 6. 6 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.

And Can It Be That I Should Gain

Guitar chords do not match vocals.

1. And can it be that I should gain An in - t'rest in the
 2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies: Who can ex - plore His
 3. He left His Fa - ther's throne a - bove— So free, so in - fi -
 4. Long my im - pris - oned spir - it lay Fast bound in sin and
 5. No con - dem - na - tion now I dread; Je - sus, and all in

Sav - ior's blood? Died He for me, who caused His pain? For me, who
 strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To sound the
 nite His grace! Hum - bled Him - self, so great His love, And bled for
 na - ture's night. Thine eye dif - fused a quick - ning ray; I woke, the
 Him, is mine! A - live in Him, my liv - ing Head, And clothed in

Him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing love! How can it
 depths of love di - vine. 'Tis mer - cy all! Let earth a -
 all His cho - sen race. 'Tis mer - cy all, im - mense and
 dun - geon flamed with light; My chains fell off, my heart was
 right - eous - ness di - vine, Bold I ap - proach th'e - ter - nal

be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
 dore, Let an - gel minds in - quire no more. A - maz - ing love! How
 free, For, O my God, it found out me.
 free; I rose, went forth, and fol - lowed Thee. A - maz - ing love!
 throne And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

can it be That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?
 How can it be That Thou, my Lord,

To the Word

Isaiah 8:13-22, setting by Douglas Wilson

Traditional Sea Shanty, arr. Aaron Snell

LEADER ALL LEADER

Alto

Melody Bass

1. Sanc-ti - fy the Lord, he said, To the Word, to the Word we go. Let

Him be your fear, - let Him be your dread, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

5 ALL

9 REFRAIN

To the tes - ti - mo - ny and law, To the Word, to the Word we go. If they

13

don't speak this word, they have no light at all, Bend, break, - burn and blow.

2. A stone of stumbling and rock
of offense
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Against this snare there is
no defense,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

3. Many among them will stumble
and fall,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Bind up the word behind a
great wall,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

4. So I will wait upon the Lord
To the Word, to the Word we go.
To seek the one who must be adored,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

5. Here I am and the children you gave
To the Word, to the Word we go.
A sign that You have promised to save,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

6. Shall we go to the wizards that chirp?
To the Word, to the Word we go.
The words of the prophets they want to usurp,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

7. If they do not feed on
His Word,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
They shall hunger and thirst,
and die unheard,
Bend, break, burn and blow.

8. All they will see is trouble
and dark,
To the Word, to the Word we go.
Their anguish great, their troubles
are stark,
Bend break, burn and blow.

REFRAIN

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.