







# THE PSALMIST'S HARP

A NEW COMPILATION OF *FASOLA* MUSIC OFFERING THE ONE HUNDRED FIFTY PSALMS OF THE HOLY BIBLE, AS PARAPHRASED BY THE MOST ESTEEMED POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, SET TO BOTH PLAIN AND FUGING TUNES OF PAST AND PRESENT, INCLUDING SOME NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED; TOGETHER WITH SEVERAL PARAPHRASES OF THE DOXOLOGY AND OTHER PRAYERFUL & SPIRITUAL SONGS OF A BIBLICAL ORIGIN; SUITABLE FOR USE BY CHURCHES WISHING TO WORSHIP THE LORD WITH MUSIC DRAWN FROM SCRIPTURE AND WITHOUT THE NEED OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, AS WELL BY SOCIAL FELLOWSHIPS OF SINGERS WISHING TO SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER IN PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

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FIRST ELECTRONIC EDITION

MMXIX

# PREFACE

The following compilation represents a first of its kind: to the best of the compiler's knowledge, it is the first time a *fasola* tunebook has offered all of the one hundred and fifty psalms of the Holy Bible. It is to be noted that while each psalm – including each of the 22 sections of the 119<sup>th</sup> Psalm – is represented, a curated selection of verses are offered in the body of the book, due to space constraints; any singer wishing to utilize further verses from the historical paraphrases will easily be able to find the unabridged texts as they appeared from the pen of the original author by doing a cursory search for the author and psalm number.

The purposes of the book are manifold. For one, the book is a celebration of Anglo-American psalmody and the unique musical and poetic products of that spiritual artform. Among the pages of this book are compositions that trace this music's cultural migration from 18<sup>th</sup> century Britain, to Revolutionary Era New England, through the Midatlantic states and across the Appalachians in the early 1800s and then southward by the latter part of the century, where the music was incubated further and attained to even loftier heights of artistic ingenuity and spiritual significance — and, more importantly, where the music was sustained through the 20<sup>th</sup> century; and finally, one additionally finds contemporary tunes, representing the resurgence of this rich cultural heritage that was nearly lost to the grinding teeth of modernity and progress. The historical precedent of intermixing of new and old is expressed eloquently by Freeman Lewis in the “Preface” to *The Beauties of Harmony* (1814):

“I have inserted a number of old tunes: I think them as good as when they were new; and better than many which are yet new. I have inserted a number of new tunes; they have peculiarities and beauties which are not to be found in ancient composition. I have inserted a number of fuges and anthems, because they do (when well performed) express the language to which they are applied, better than any plain tune can do.”

Spanning an even greater interval of time and penetrating even more broadly into Anglo-American society are the texts to which the tunes are affixed. The straight-backed straightforwardness of *The Scottish Psalter* stands in contrast to the mellifluous and rose-colored paraphrases of Dr. Watts, as the two demarcate the dynamic breadth of this poetic tradition. Texts from the pens of literary pre-eminentes such as John Milton stand alongside those of great political-historical import and mythos, like John Quincy Adams.

The rich historical tapestry stemming from this musical and poetical interweaving has served to undergird the formidable spiritual and emotional impact of this tradition of music making. As such, the compiler intends the collection first and foremost as an implement for worship, to be used in singing the praises of God Almighty. It is not to be doubted, however, that this book will likely also be found to be a vehicle for building and strengthening ties of fellowship and common affection among those singers who would use it; at least, this is the hope of the compiler.

Below are some notes on the usage of the book. As is the venerable historical tradition of *fasola* music making, local custom as embraced by the singing community should always be given pride of place when at odds with any perceived or prescribed external instruction. With that in mind, the compiler hopes the following considerations may be found valuable or enlightening:

- Optional repeats such as are often found in the fusing section of fusing tunes are not notated; these may be sung *ad lib* at the leader's discretion.
- Many tunes with multiple verses offer the first verse printed again at the bottom of the tenor stanza, for easier view by Tenor and Bass singers.
- In the lyrics, Arabic numerals indicate stanza number; Roman numerals indicate the versification of the psalm as paraphrased from scripture.
- Given the uncertainty of the authorship of much of the historical repertoire, the compiler of this book has elected to give attribution from the specific historical compilations from which the tunes were drawn. This approach will allow the reader to easily examine the provenance of the tunes offered here, and hence conduct their own investigation into the tunes' original authorship, if desired, without promoting any erroneous or spurious information.

The tunebook before you is a living document, and the compiler invites collaboration and contributions from those who would help improve the book. With any comments, critiques, corrections, suggestions, or submissions, please contact the compiler at [PsalmsHarp@gmail.com](mailto:PsalmsHarp@gmail.com). It is projected that future editions of the book could accommodate as many as two or three entries for each psalm, for a maximum of approximately 450 tunes; the collection as it stands here offers 200 discrete tunes, meaning that the collection is not yet halfway to capacity, and accordingly, contributions of new compositions are very willingly considered. As it stands now, this compilation is most highly suitable for use by the seasoned shape note singer. However, it is planned that a future edition of this compilation will also include a modernized pedagogical preface, to facilitate instruction of those without any training in music or singing. Furthermore, the Psalter before you will also serve as the cornerstone for an expanded compilation including other spiritual songs and texts drawn from Holy Scripture, as well as suggested orders of worship for daily prayer to be used in coordination with the repertoire of the compilation.

The compiler will take the liberty of looking to history one more time, to conclude his remarks here as Mr. Lewis did in 1814, by borrowing his words once more:

“Notwithstanding great care has been taken to have the work correct, some errors may have escaped notice; but should any be discovered, they will be particularly attended to before another edition is printed. Without further remarks, I commit the book to the hands of a candid, generous and enlightened public; they do not expect a *perfect* work from the hands of man, and will therefore be the proper judges, whether this compilation merits attention or not.”

*A. Mitchell V. Stecker*

James Island, South Carolina, 13 November 2019

# Psalm I

## SWEET PROSPECT

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1835), p.139

1. [i] How blest are they who ne'er consent by ill advice to walk; [ii] But make the perfect  
Nor stand in sinners' ways nor sit where men profanely talk.

2. [iii.] Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams, with timely fruit does bend, [iv.] Un- god- ly folk and  
They still shall flourish, and success all their designs attend.

law of God their business and delight; De- vout- ly read there- in by day, and med- i- tate by night.

their at- tempts no last- ing root shall find; Un- time- ly blast- ed, and dis- pers'd like chaff be- fore the wind.

# Psalm II

## SUFFIELD

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.31b

1. [i.] With rest- less and un- gov- ern'd rage why do the hea- then storm?  
2. [iv.] But God, who sits en- throned on high, and sees how they com- bine,  
3. [vi.] "Though mad- ly you dis- pute my will, the king that I or- dain,  
4. [x.] Learn then, ye prin- ces, and give ear, ye jud- ges of the earth;"

Why in such rash at- tempts en- gage, as they can ne'er per- form?  
Does their con- spir- ing strength de- fy, and mocks their vain de- sign.  
Whose throne is fixed on Zi- on's hill, shall there se- cure- ly reign."  
[xi.] Wor- ship the Lord with ho- ly fear; re- joice with aw- ful mirth."



# Psalm III

## PLYMPTON

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music* (1825, 15th ed.), p.54

1. [i.] How num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the troublers of my peace!  
2. [iii.] But thou, O Lord, art my defense; on thee my hopes rely;

5. [v.] Guard-ed by him, I laid me down my sweet repose to take;  
1. [i.] How num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the troublers of my peace!

And, as their numbers hourly rise, so does their rage increase.  
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet lift up my head on high.

For I through him securely sleep, through him in safety wake.  
And, as their numbers hourly rise, so does their rage increase.

# Psalm IV

## RESIGNATION

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.54

1. [i.] O God, thou art my right- eous- ness, Lord, hear me when I call: [ii.] Have mer- cy, Lord, there-  
Thou hast set me at li- ber- ty, when I was bound in thrall:  
2. [v.] Sin not, but stand in awe there- fore, ex- am- ine well your heart; [vi.] Of- fer to God the  
And in your cham- ber qui- et- ly see your- selves con- vert.

3. [viii.] For Thou there- by shalt make my heart more joy- ful and more glad, [ix.] In peace there- fore lie  
Than they that of their corn and wine full great in- crease have had.  
(1. O God, thou art my right- eous- ness, Lord, hear me when I call: [ii.] Have mer- cy, Lord, there-  
Thou hast set me at li- ber- ty, when I was bound in thrall.)  
fore on me, and grant me my re- quest; For un- to thee in- cess- ant- ly to cry I will not rest.  
sac- ri- fice of right- eous- ness and praise; And look that in the liv- ing Lord ye put your trust al- ways.  
8 down will I, ta- king my rest and sleep; For thou on- ly dost me, O Lord, pre- serve and safe- ly keep.  
fore on me, and grant me my re- quest; For un- to thee in- cess- ant- ly to cry I will not rest.

# Psalm V

## EXHORTATION

Isaac Watts

From *The Social Harp*, p.88

1. [i.] Lord, in the mor- ning Thou shalt hear My voice as- cen- ding  
 2. [v.] O may Thy Spi- rit guide my feet In ways of right- eous-

high; ness! To Thee will I di- rect my prayer, To  
 Make e- very path of du- ty straight And  
 To Thee will I di-  
 Make e- very path (&c)

To Thee will I di- rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.  
 2. Make e- very path of du- ty straight And plain be- fore my face.

Thee lift up mine eye To Thee lift up mine eye.  
plain be-fore my face. And plain be-fore my face.

rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye To Thee lift up mine eye.

eye To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.  
Make e-very path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face.

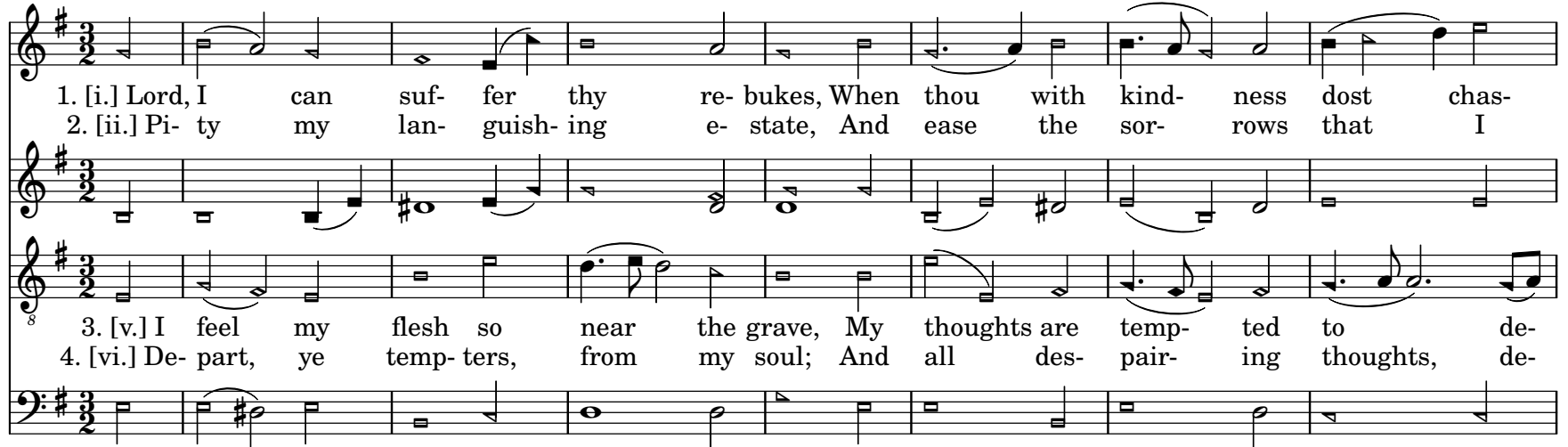
The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a bass line. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "Thee lift up mine eye plain be-fore my face. To Thee lift up mine eye. And plain be-fore my face." and "rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye To Thee lift up mine eye." and "eye To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye. Make e-very path of du-ty straight And plain be-fore my face."

# Psalm VI

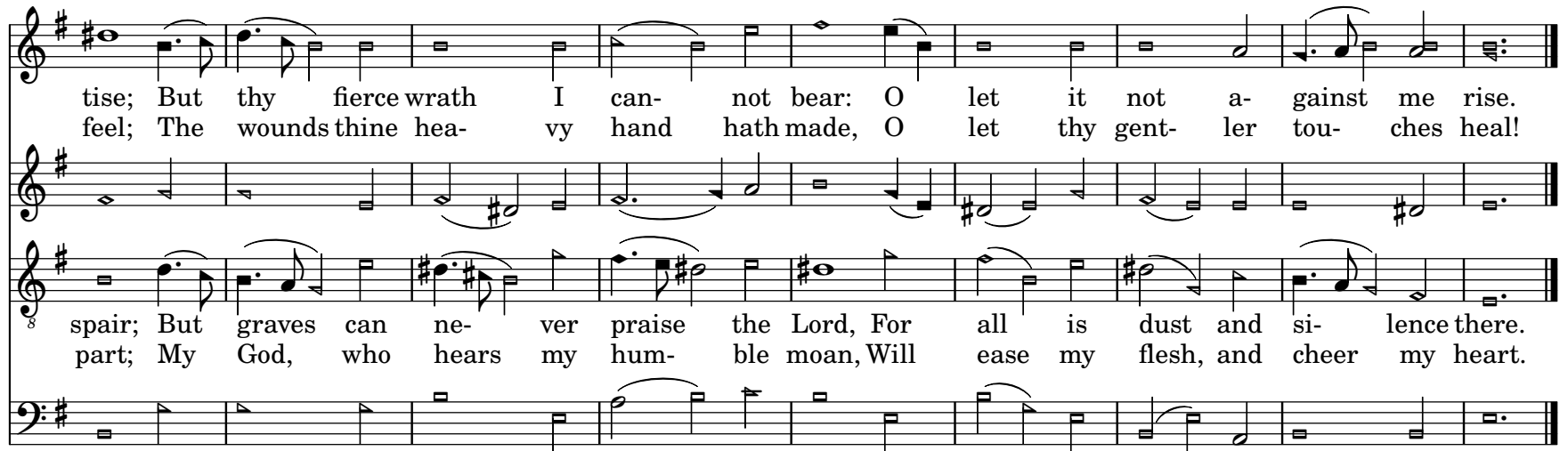
## OXFORD

Isaac Watts

From *Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music*, p.114



1. [i.] Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes, When thou with kindness dost chaste;  
2. [ii.] Pi-ty my languish-ing e-state, And ease the sor-rows that I



3. [v.] I feel my flesh so near the grave, My thoughts are tempted to de-  
4. [vi.] De-part, ye tempt-ers, from my soul; And all des-pair-ing thoughts, de-  
tise; But thy fierce wrath I can-not bear: O let it not a- gainst me rise.  
feel; The wounds thine hea- vy hand hath made, O let thy gent- ler tou- ches heal!  
spair; But graves can ne- ver praise the Lord, For all is dust and si- lence there.  
part; My God, who hears my hum- ble moan, Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.



and my help- less life de- fend From those that seek my blood.  
should not dare ap- peal to thee, Nor ask my God to rise.

8 and my help- dare less life de- fend From those that seek my blood.  
should not dare ap- peal to thee, Nor ask my God to rise.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn, consisting of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are: "and my help- less life de- fend From those that seek my blood. should not dare ap- peal to thee, Nor ask my God to rise." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.

# Psalm VIII

## NEW JERSEY

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.20t

1. [i.] Lord, what was man, when made at first, A-dam the off-spring of the dust, That  
2. [ii.] That thou shouldst raise his na- ture so, And make him lord of all be- low; Make

1. [i.] Lord, what was man, when made at first, A- dam the off- spring of the dust, That  
3. [iii.] But, O! what bright- er glo- ries wait To crown the Se- cond A- dam's state! What

1. [i.] Lord, what was man, when made at first, A- dam the off- spring of the dust, That  
4. [iv.] See him be- low his an- gels made; See him in dust a- mongst the dead, To

1. [i.] Lord, what was man, when made at first, A- dam the off- spring of the dust, That  
5. [v.] The world to come, re- deemed from all The mi- series that at- tend the fall, New

thou shouldst set him and his race But just be- low an an- gel's place?  
e- very beast and bird sub- mit, And lay the fish- es at his feet?

thou shouldst set him and his race But just be- low an an- gel's place?  
ho- nors shall thy Son a- dorn, Who con- de- scen- ded to be born!

thou shouldst set him and his race But just be- low an an- gel's place?  
save a ru- ined world from sin; But he shall reign with power di- vine.

thou shouldst set him and his race But just be- low an an- gel's place?  
made and glor- ious, shall sub- mit At our ex- alt- ed Sa- vior's feet.



# Psalm VIIIb

## PLENARY

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.230

1. [i.] How ex- cell- ent in all the earth, Lord, our Lord, is thy name! Who hast thy glo- ry  
2. [iii.] When I look up un- to the heav'ns, which thine own fin- gers framed, Un- to the moon, and  
3. [iv.] When say I, What is man, that he re- mem-bered is by thee? Or what the son of

4. [v.] For thou a lit- tle lo- wer hast him than the an- gels made; With glo- ry and with  
5. [vi.] Of thy hands' works thou mad'st him lord, all un- der's feet didst lay; [vii.] All sheep and ox- en,  
(1. How ex- cell- ent in all the earth, Lord, our Lord, is thy name! Who hast thy glo- ry

far ad- vanced a- bove the star- ry frame. A- bove the star- ry frame, a-  
to the stars, which were by thee or- dained. Which were by thee or- dained, which  
man, that thou so kind to him should'st be? So kind to him should'st be, so

dig- ni- ty thou crown- èd hast his head. Thou crown- èd hast his head, thou  
yea, and beasts that in the field do stray; That in the field do stray, that  
far ad- vanced a- bove the star- ry frame. A- bove the star- ry frame, a-

bove the star-ry frame, Who hast thy glo-ry far ad-vanced a-bove the star-ry frame.  
were by thee or-dained, Un-to the moon, and to the stars, which were by thee or-dained.  
kind to him should'st be? Or what the son of man, that thou so kind to him should'st be?

8 crown-èd hast his head, With glo-ry and with dig-ni-ty thou crown-èd hast his head.  
in the field do stray; All sheep and ox-en, yea, and beasts that in the field do stray;  
bove the star-ry frame, Who hast thy glo-ry far ad-vanced a-bove the star-ry frame.)

The image shows a musical score for three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a small '8' below the clef. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some lines starting with a small '8' below the first staff. The music consists of various note values including quarter, eighth, and half notes, with some rests and bar lines. The lyrics are: 'bove the star-ry frame, Who hast thy glo-ry far ad-vanced a-bove the star-ry frame. were by thee or-dained, Un-to the moon, and to the stars, which were by thee or-dained. kind to him should'st be? Or what the son of man, that thou so kind to him should'st be? crown-èd hast his head, With glo-ry and with dig-ni-ty thou crown-èd hast his head. in the field do stray; All sheep and ox-en, yea, and beasts that in the field do stray; bove the star-ry frame, Who hast thy glo-ry far ad-vanced a-bove the star-ry frame.)' The score ends with double bar lines on each staff.

# Psalm IX

ALBANY

From *The Psalter* of the UPC, 1887

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.31b

1. [i.] My heart shall praise the Lord, Thy won- ders I'll pro- claim;  
2. [vi.] A re- fuge God will be, For those whom foes op- press;

8 1. [i.] My heart shall praise the Lord, Thy won- ders I'll pro- claim; In thee, most High,  
2. [vi.] A re- fuge God will be, For those whom foes op- press; A tower of strength

In thee, most High, I'll great- ly joy,

In thee, most High, I'll great- ly joy, and ce- le- brate thy name.

(1.) In thee, most High, I'll great- ly joy, and ce- le- brate thy name, and ce- le- brate thy name.  
(2.) A tower of strength he e- ver proves In sea- sons of dis- tress. In sea- sons of dis- tress.

8 I'll great- ly joy, In thee, most High, I'll great- ly joy, and ce- le- brate thy name.  
he e- ver proves A tower of strength he e- ver proves In sea- sons of dis- tress.

In thee, most High, I'll great- ly joy, and ce- le- brate thy name, and ce- le- brate thy name.

# Psalm X

## FELLOWSHIP

The Scottish Psalter

From *A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony*, p.149t

1. [i.] Wherefore is it that thou, O Lord, dost stand from us afar?  
2. [iii.] The wicked of his heart's desire doth talk with boasting great;

3. [xii.] O Lord, do thou arise; O God, lift up thine hand on high:  
4. [xvii.] O Lord, of those that humble are thou the desire didst hear;

And wherefore hidest thou thyself, when times so troublous are?  
He bleaseth him that's covetous, whom yet the Lord doth hate.

Put not the meek afflicted ones out of thy memory.  
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and thou to hear wilt bend thine ear.

# Psalm XI

## BATHFORD

Isaac Watts

From *The Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music*, p.80

1. [i.] My re- fuge is the God of love; Why do my foes in- sult and cry, "Fly like a tim' rous,  
2. [iii.] The Lord in heav'n has fixed his throne, His eye sur- veys the world be- low: To him all mor- tal

trem- bling dove, To dis- tant woods or moun- tains fly?" To dis- tant woods or moun- tains fly?"  
things are known, His eye- lids search our spi- rits through.

eye be- holds The folk that his own i- mage bear. The folk that his own i- mage bear.  
trem- bling dove, To dis- tant woods or moun- tains fly?" To dis- tant woods or moun- tains fly?)"

# Psalm XII

## LIBERTY HALL

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.98t

1. [i.] Help, Lord, be- cause the god- ly man doth dai- ly fade a-  
2. [v.] For poor op- pressed, and for the sighs of need- y, rise will

3. [vi.] The words of God are words most pure; they be like sil- ver  
4. [vii.] Lord, thou shalt them pre- serve and keep for e- ver from this

way; And from a- mong the sons of men set the faith- ful do de- cay.  
I, Saith God, and him in safe- ty set from such as him de- fy.

tried In earth- en fur- nace, se- ven times that hath been pur- i- fied.  
race. [viii.] On each side walk the wick- ed, when vile men are high in place.

# Psalm XIII

## DETROIT

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.158t

1. [i.] How long wilt thou conceal thy face? O God, how long delay?  
2. [ii.] How long shall my poor labouring soul wrestle and toil in vain?

3. [iv.] Be thou my sun, and thou my shield, My soul in safety keep;  
4. [vii.] Thou wilt display that sovereign grace, Where all my hopes have hung;

When shall I feel those heavenly rays, That chase my fears away?  
Thy word can all my foes control, And ease my raging pain.

Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed, In death's eternal sleep.  
I shall employ my lips in praise, And victory shall be sung.

# Psalm XIV

## MARYSVILLE

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.6

1. [i.] Sure wick- ed fools must needs sup- pose that God is no- thing but a name; Cor-  
2. [ii.] The Lord looked down from heav'n's high tow'r, and all the sons of men did view, To

3. [iii.] But all he saw were gone a- side, all were de- gen' rate grown and base, None  
4. [vii.] Would he his sa- ving pow'r em- ploy to break his peo- ple's ser- vile band; Then

rupt and lewd their prac- tice grows, no breast is warmed with ho- ly flame.  
see if a- ny owned his pow'r, if a- ny truth or jus- tice knew.

took re- li- gion for their guide, not one of all the sin- ful race.  
shouts of u- ni- ver- sal joy should loud- ly e- cho through the land.



# Psalm XV

## DADE CITY

*The Psalter of the United Presbyterian Church, 1912*

M. Stecker

1 [i.] Who, O Lord, with Thee a-bi-ding, in Thy house shall be Thy guest?  
2. [i.b.] They who e-ver walk up-right-ly, act-ing just-ly with-out fear,

3. [ii.] He that slan-ders not his bro-ther, does no e-vil to a friend;  
4. [ii.b.] Wick-ed men win not his fa-vor, but the good who fear the Lord;

Who, his feet to Zi-on tur-ning, in Thy ho-ly hill shall rest?  
Who, when spea-king, speak not light-ly, but with truth and love sin-cere.

To re-proa-ches of a-no-ther he re-fu-ses to at-tend.  
From his vow he will not wa-ver, though it bring him sad re-ward.

# Psalm XVI

## MESSIAH

Isaac Watts

From *A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony*, p.74

1. [i.] Save me, O Lord, from ev' ry foe; In thee my trust I place, [ii.] Yet if my God pro-long my  
Though all the good that I can do Can ne'er de-serve thy grace.

2. [iv.] His hand pro-vides my con-stant food, He fills my dai-ly cup; [v.] God is my por-tion and my  
Much am I pleased with pre-sent good, But more re-joice in hope.

3. [pt.II, i.] I set the Lord be-fore my face, He bears my cour-age up; [ii.] "My spi-rit, Lord, thou wilt not  
My heart and tongue their joys ex-press, My flesh shall rest in hope.

4. [iii.] "Thou wilt re-veal the path of life, And raise me to thy throne; [vi.] When shall my feet a-rise and  
Thy courts im-mor-tal plea-sure give, Thy pre-sence joys un-known."

breath, The saints may pro-fit by't; The saints, the glo-ry of the earth, The men of my de-light.

joy, His coun-sels are my light; He gives me sweet ad-vice by day, And gen-tle hints by night.

leave Where souls de-part-ed are; Nor quit my bo-dy to the grave, To see cor-rup-tion there.

stand On heav'n's e-ter-nal hills? There sits the Son at God's right hand, And there the Fa-ther smiles.

# Psalm XVII

## SOCIAL BAND

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.26

1. [i.] Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove My faith, my pa-tience, and my love: [ii.] Their hope and por-tion lies be-  
When men of spite a-gainst me join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2. [iii.] What sin-ners va-lue I re-sign; Lord, 'tis e-nough that thou art mine: [iv.] This life's a dream, an em-pty  
I shall be-hold thy blis-sful face, And stand com-plete in righ-teous-ness.

3. [v.] O glor-ious hour! O blessed a-bode! I shall be near and like my God! [vi.] My flesh shall slum-ber in the  
And flesh and sin no more con-trol The sa-cred plea-sures of the soul.

low: 'Tis all the hap-pi-ness they know, 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares, And leave the rest a-mong their heirs.

show; But the bright world to which I go. Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sin- cere: When shall I wake and find me there?

ground Till the last trum-pet's joy-ful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet sur-prise, And in my Sa-vior's i-mage rise.

# Psalm XVIII

## DUNDEE

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.126b

1. [i.] Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength. [ii.] My fortress is the Lord,  
2. [ii.b.] My God, my strength, whom I will trust, a buckler unto me,

3. [iii.] U- pon the Lord, who worthy is of praises, will I cry;  
4. [xxvii.] For He wilt the afflicted save in grief that low do lie:

My rock, and he that doth to me deli- ver- ance af- ford:  
The horn of my sal- va- ti- on, and my high tow'r, is he.

And then shall I pre- ser- ved be safe from mine e- ne- my.  
But wilt bring down the coun- ten- ance of them whose looks are high.

# Psalm XIX

## MORNING SONG

Joseph Addison

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.110b

1. [i.] The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue etherial;  
2. [ii.] Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display.

3. [iii.] Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth;  
4. [vi.] In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious cry, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim.

# Psalm XIXb

## NASHVILLE

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.41b

1. [i.] I love the volume of Thy Word: What light and joy these leaves afford To souls benighted and distressed! Thy  
2. [ii.] From the discoveries of Thy Law The perfect rules of life I draw; These are my study and delight: Not  
3. [iii.] Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes, And warn me where my danger lies; But 'tis Thy blessed Gospel, Lord, That  
4. [iv.] Who knows the errors of his thoughts? My God, forgive my secret faults, And from presumptuous sins restrain Ac-

pre- cepts guide my doubt- ful way; Thy fear for- bids my feet to stray; Thy pro- mise leads my heart to rest.  
ho- ney so in- vites the taste, Nor gold that hath the fur- nace passed Ap- pears so plea- sing to the sight.  
8 makes my guilt- y con- science clean, Con- verts my soul, sub- dues my sin, And gives a free, but large re- ward.  
cept my poor at- tempts of praise, That I have read Thy Book of grace And book of na- ture not in vain.

# Psalm XX

GARRETT

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker

1. [i.] The Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress:  
2. [ii.] To aid thee from on high repair, and strength from Zion give;  
3. [iv.] To compass thy own heart's desire, thy counsels still direct;

4. [vii.] Some trust in steeds for war designed, on chariots some rely;  
5. [ix.] Still save us, Lord, and still proceed our right-ful cause to bless;  
(1. The Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress:

The name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms success.  
[iii.] Remember all thy offerings there, thy sacrifice receive.  
Make kindly all events conspire to bring them to effect.

a- gainst them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God most high.  
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need, the pray'rs that we address.  
The name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms success.)

# Psalm XXI

WESLEY

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.114

1. [i.] The king, O Lord, with songs of praise, Shall in thy strength re-joice;  
2. [vi.] Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare, And thus ex-alt thy fame;

1. [i.] The king, O Lord, with songs of praise, Shall in thy strength re-joice;  
2. [vi.] Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare, And thus ex-alt thy fame;

And,  
Whilst

And, blessed with thy sal-va-tion, raise And,  
Whilst we glad songs of praise pre-pare Whilst

And, blessed with thy sal-va-tion, raise And, blessed with thy sal-  
Whilst we glad songs of praise pre-pare Whilst we glad thy sal-

blessed with thy sal-va-tion, raise And, blessed with thy sal-va-tion, raise To  
we glad songs of praise pre-pare Whilst we glad songs of praise pre-pare For



blessed with thy sal- va- tion, raise To heav'n his cheer- ful voice.  
 we glad songs of praise pre- pare For thine al- migh- ty name,

va- tion, raise To heav'n his cheer- ful voice, his cheer- ful voice.  
 praise pre- pare For thine al- migh- ty name, al- migh- ty name.

heav'n, To heav'n his cheer- ful voice, To heav'n his cheer- ful voice.  
 thine, For thine al- migh- ty name, For thine al- migh- ty name.

# Psalm XXII

## SEPARATION

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.30

1. [i.] Why has my God my soul for-sook, Nor will a smile afford? (Thus David once in anguish  
2. [iii.] Our fathers trust-ed in thy name, And great de-liv' rance found; But I'm a worm, de-spised of

3. [v.] But thou art he who formed my flesh By thine al-mi-ghty word; And since I hung u-pon the  
(1. Why has my God my soul for-sook, Nor will a smile afford? (Thus David once in an-guish  
spoke, And thus our dy-ing Lord.) [ii.] Though 'tis thy chief de-light to dwell A-mong thy prai-sing  
men, And trod-den to the ground. [iv.] Sha-king their heads, they pass me by, And laugh my soul to  
breast, My hope is in the Lord. [xii.] Fa-ther, I give my spi-rit up, And trust it in thy  
spoke, And thus our dy-ing Lord.) Though 'tis thy chief de-light to dwell A-mong thy prai-sing

saints, Yet thou canst hear a groan as well, And pi-ty our com-plaints.  
scorn; "In vain he trusts in God," they cry,. "Ne-glec-ted and for-lorn."

hand; My dy-ing flesh shall rest in hope, And rise at thy com-mand.  
saints, Yet thou canst hear a groan as well, And pi-ty our com-plaints.)

# Psalm XXIII

LAMBERTON

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.99b

1. [i.] The Lord my shep- herd is, I shall be well sup- plied; since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

1. [i.] The Lord my shep- herd is, I shall be well sup- plied; since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

1. [i.] The Lord my shep- herd is, I shall be well sup- plied; since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

1. [i.] The Lord my shep- herd is, I shall be well sup- plied; since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

he is mine and I am his, since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

I am his, what can I want be- side? since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

his, what can I want be- side? since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

can I want be- side? since he is mine and I am his, what can I want be- side?

# Psalm XXIV

HARTFORD

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.82

1. [i.] This spa- cious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds: He raised the build- ing

2. [iii.] He that ab- hors and fears to sin, Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean, Him shall the Lord the

3. [v.] Re- joice, ye shi- ning worlds on high, Be- hold the King of glo- ry nigh! Who can this King of

(1. This spa- cious earth is all the Lord's, And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds: He raised the build- ing

on the seas, And gave it for their dwell- ing- place. [ii.] But there's a brigh- ter world on high,

Sa- vior bless, And clothe his soul with right- eous- ness. [iv.] These are the folk, the pi- ous race, That

glo- ry be? The might- y Lord, the Sa- vior's he. [vi.] Ye heav'n- ly gates, your leaves dis- play, To

on the seas, And gave it for their dwell- ing- place. But there's a brigh- ter world on high, Thy

Thy pa- lace, Lord, a- bove the sky: Who shall as- cend that blest a- bode, And dwell so near her Ma- ker  
seek the God of Ja- cob's face: These shall en- joy the bliss- ful sight, And dwell in e- ver- last- ing light.  
make the Lord the Sa- vior way: La- den with spoils from earth and hell, The Con- quer'r comes with God to dwell.  
pa- lace, Lord, a- bove the sky: Who shall as- cend that blest a- bode, And dwell so near her Ma- ker God?)

The image shows a musical score for a hymn, consisting of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: "Thy pa- lace, Lord, a- bove the sky: Who shall as- cend that blest a- bode, And dwell so near her Ma- ker seek the God of Ja- cob's face: These shall en- joy the bliss- ful sight, And dwell in e- ver- last- ing light. make the Lord the Sa- vior way: La- den with spoils from earth and hell, The Con- quer'r comes with God to dwell. pa- lace, Lord, a- bove the sky: Who shall as- cend that blest a- bode, And dwell so near her Ma- ker God?)". There is a small number '8' written below the first staff.

# Psalm XXV

## DOOMSDAY

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.218b

1. [i.] I Lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name:  
 2. [vi.] For his own good- ness' sake He saves my soul from shame:

Let He

1. [i.] I Lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name: Let not my foes that  
 2. [vi.] For his own good- ness' sake He saves my soul from shame: He par- dons, though my

Let not my foes that seek my  
 He par- dons, though my guilt be

Let not my foes that seek my blood great, Still tri- umph in my shame.  
 He par- dons, though my guilt be great, Through my Re- deem- er's name.

not my foes that seek my blood great, Still tri- umph in my shame.  
 par- dons, though my guilt be great, Through my Re- deem- er's name.

seek my blood great, Still tri- umph in my shame.  
 guilt be great, Through my Re- deem- er's name. Through my Re- deem- er's name.

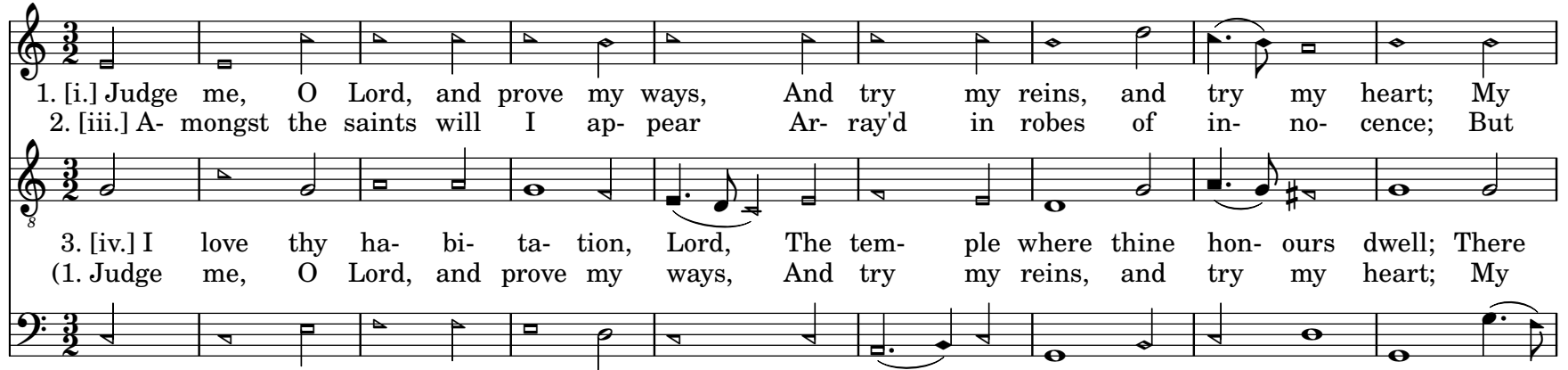
blood great, Still tri- umph in my shame,  
 Through my Re- deem- er's name. Through my Re- deem- er's name.

# Psalm XXVI

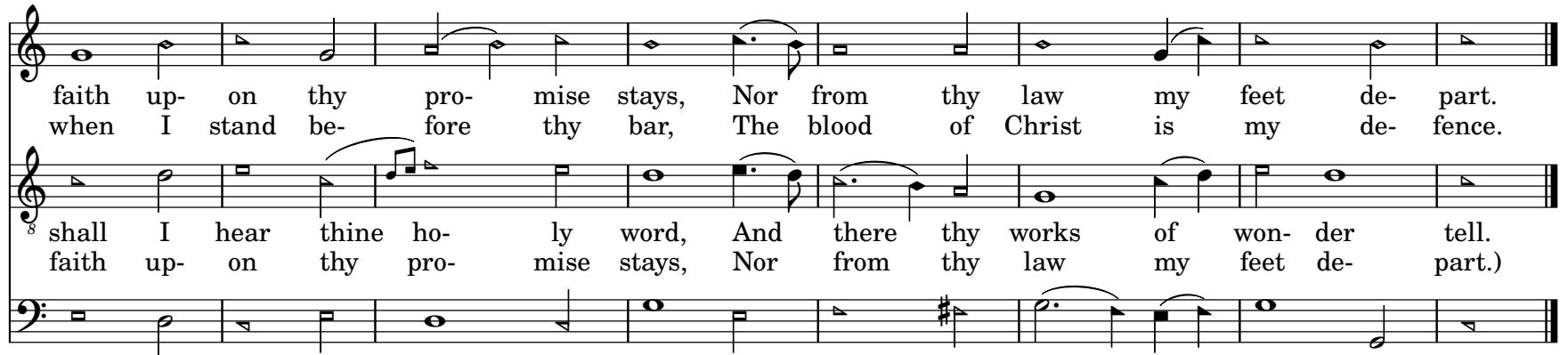
## WINCHESTER

Isaac Watts

From *The Columbian Repository of Sacred Harmony*, p.35



1. [i.] Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways, And try my reins, and try my heart; My  
2. [iii.] A- mongst the saints will I ap- pear Ar- ray'd in robes of in- no- cence; But  
3. [iv.] I love thy ha- bi- ta- tion, Lord, The tem- ple where thine hon- ours dwell; There  
(1. Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways, And try my reins, and try my heart; My



faith up- on thy pro- mise stays, Nor from thy law my feet de- part.  
when I stand be- fore thy bar, The blood of Christ is my de- fence.  
shall I hear thine ho- ly word, And there thy works of won- der tell.  
faith up- on thy pro- mise stays, Nor from thy law my feet de- part.)

# Psalm XXVII

## VICTORY

Isaac Watts

From *The Virginia Harmony*, p.44

[v.] Now shall my head be lift- ed high A- bove my foes a- round And songs of joy and vic- to- ry

[v.] Now shall my head be lift- ed high A- bove my foes a- round And songs of joy and vic- to- ry With-

[v.] Now shall my head be lift- ed high A- bove my foes a- round And songs of joy and vic- to- ry

[v.] Now shall my head be lift- ed high A- bove my foes a- round And songs of joy and vic- to- ry With-

Sound With- in Thy tem- ple sound, With- in Thy tem- ple sound.

in Thy tem- ple sound, Sound, Sound With- in Thy tem- ple sound.

With- in Thy tem- ple sound, Sound, With- in Thy tem- ple sound.

in Thy tem- ple sound, Sound, With- in Thy tem- ple sound.



# Psalm XXVIII

BUCKMAN

The Scottish Psalter

M. Stecker

1. [i.] To thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock; hold not thy peace to me; Lest  
2. [ii.] Hear thou my voice of humble pray'r when un- to thee I cry; When  
3. [vi.] For- e- ver bless- ed be the Lord, for gra- cious- ly he heard my

8  
4. [vii.] The Lord's my strength and shield; my heart u- pon him does re- ly; And  
5. [ix.] O God, do thou thy peo- ple save, bless thine in- her- i- tance; Feed  
(1. To thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock; hold not thy peace to me; Lest

like those that to pit de- scend I by thy sil- ence be.  
to thine ho- ly o- ra- cle I lift mine hands on high.  
voice when un- to him I cried, my pray'rs did he re- gard.

8  
I am help'd, and hence my heart doth joy ex- ceed- ing- ly.  
thou thy flock, O lord, and them for e- ver- more ad- vance.  
like those that to pit de- scend I by thy sil- ence be.)

# Ps. XXIX

## KEDRON

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1835), p.3b

1. [i.] Ye prin- ces, that in might ex- cel, Your grate- ful sac- ri- fice pre- pare; God's  
2. [ii.] To his great name fresh al- tars raise; De- vout- ly due re- spect af- ford; Him  
3. [iii.] Tis he that with a- ma- zing noise The wat' ry clouds in sun- der breaks: The

4. [iv.] How full of pow'r his voice ap- pears! With what ma- jes- tick ter-ror crown'd! Which  
5. [vii.] He makes the hinds to cast their young, And lays the beasts dark co-verts bare; While  
6. [viii.] The Lord sits sov' reign on the flood, The thund' rer reigns for e- ver king; But

glor- ious act- ions loud- ly tell, His wond' rous pow'r to all de- clare.  
in his ho- ly tem- ple praise, Where he's with sol- emn state a- dor'd.  
o- cean trem- bles at his voice, When he from heav'n in thun- der speaks.

from the roots tall ce- dars tears, And strews their scat- ter'd bran- ches round.  
those that to his courts be- long, Se- cure- ly sing his prai- ses there.  
makes his church his blest a- bode, Where we his aw- ful glo- ries sing.

# Psalm XXL

## PABLO CREEK

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker

1. [i.] I'll ce- le- brate thy prais- es, Lord, who didst thy pow'r em- ploy To  
2. [ii, iii.] In my dis- tress, I cried to thee, who kind- ly didst re- lieve, And  
4. [iv.] Thus to his courts, ye saints of his, with songs of praise re- pair; With  
4. [xi.] 'Tis done! Thou hast my mourn- ful scene to songs and dan- ces turned; In-  
5. [xii.] Ex- al- ted thus, I'll glad- ly sing thy praise in grate- ful verse; And,

raise my droo- ping head, and check my foes in- sul- ting joy.  
from the grave's ex- pec- ting jaws my hope- less life re- trieve.  
me com- mem- o- rate his truth, and hope- less life re- trieve.  
ves- ted me with robes of state, who late in sack- cloth mourned.  
as thy fa- vors end- less are, Thy end- less praise re- hearse.

# Psalm XXXI

SMITH

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker

1. [i.] Un- to thine hand, O God of truth, My spi- rit I com- mit; Thou  
2. [iv.] O make thy re- con- ci- led face U- pon thy ser- vant shine, And  
3. [vii.] O love the Lord, all ye his saints, And sing his prai- ses loud; He'll

1. [i.] Un- to thine hand, O God of truth, My spi- rit I com- mit; Thou  
2. [iv.] O make thy re- con- ci- led face U- pon thy ser- vant shine, And  
3. [vii.] O love the Lord, all ye his saints, And sing his prai- ses loud; He'll

hast re- deemed my soul from death, And saved me from the pit.  
save me for thy mer- cy's sake, For I'm en- tire- ly thine.  
bend his ear to your com- plaints, And re- com- pense the proud.

hast re- deemed my soul from death, And saved me from the pit.  
save me for thy mer- cy's sake, For I'm en- tire- ly thine.  
bend his ear to your com- plaints, And re- com- pense the proud.

# Psalm XXXII

## SWEET RIVERS

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.166

1. [i.] How blest the man to whom his God No more im-putes his sin, [ii.] And blest be- yond ex-  
But wash'd in the Re- deem- er's blood Hath made his gar- ments clean!

2. [iii.] His spir- it hates de- ceit and lies, His words are all sin- cere: [iv.] While I my in- ward  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes, To keep his con- science clear.

3. [v.] Then I con- fess'd my trou- bled thoughts, My se- cret sins re- veal'd, [vi.] This shall in- vite thy  
Thy pard' ning grace for- gave my faults, Thy grace my par- don seal'd.

pres- sion he, Whose debts are thus dis- charg'd; While from the guil- ty bon- dage free He feels his soul en- larg'd.

guilt sup- prest, No qui- et could I find; Thy wrath lay burn- ing in my breast, And rack'd my tor- tur'd mind.

saints to pray; When like a ra- ging flood Temp- ta- tions rise, our strength and stay Is a for- giv- ing God.

# Psalm XXXIII

MARY BLAIN

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Social Harp*, p.31

1. [i.] Let all the just to God with joy their cheerful voices raise, For

2. [ii, iii.] Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes in joyful concert meet, And

3. [iv, v] For faithful is the word of God, his works with truth abound; He

well the righteous it becomes to sing glad songs of praise. I love, I love, I

new-made songs of loud applause the harmony complete. I love, I love, I

justice loves, and all the earth is with his goodness crowned. I love, I love, I

love, I love the Lord, And well the righteous it becomes to sing glad songs of praise.

love, I love the Lord, And new-made songs of loud applause the harmony complete.

love, I love the Lord, He justice loves, and all the earth is with his goodness crowned.

# Psalm XXXIV

## THIRTY FOURTH PSALM

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

Joseph Stephenson, from *Church Harmony Sacred to Devotion*

1. [i.] Through all the chan- ging scenes of life, in trou- ble and in joy,  
 2. [iv.] The hosts of God en- camp a- round the dwel- lings of the just;

1. [i.] Through all the chan- ging scenes of life, in trou- ble and in joy, the  
 2. [iv.] The hosts of God en- camp a- round the dwel- lings of the just; de-

The prais- es of my  
 De- liv' rance he af-

the prais- es of my God shall still the prais- es of my God shall still  
 de- liv' rance he af- fords to all, de- liv' rance he af- fords to all

The prais- es of my God, The prais- es of my God shall still  
 De- liv' rance he af- fords, de- liv' rance he af- fords to all

prais- es of my God shall still the prais- es of my God shall still  
 liv' rance he af- fords to all, de- liv' rance he af- fords to all

God shall still  
 fords to all,

my heart, my heart and tongue em- ploy, my heart and tongue em- ploy.  
who on, who on his suc- cor trust, who on his suc- cor trust.

my heart  
who on

my heart and tongue em- ploy, my heart and tongue em- ploy.  
who on his suc- cor trust, who on his suc- cor trust.

my heart  
who on

my heart and tongue em- ploy, my heart and tongue em- ploy.  
who on his suc- cor trust, who on his suc- cor trust.

my heart and tongue em- ploy, my heart and tongue em- ploy.  
who on his suc- cor trust, who on his suc- cor trust.

my heart and tongue em- ploy, my heart and tongue em- ploy.  
who on his suc- cor trust, who on his suc- cor trust.



# Psalm XXXV

## ARBACOOCHEE

Isaac Watts

From the J.S. James *Sacred Harp* (1911), p.530

[i.] Be- hold the love, the gen' rous love, That ho- ly Da- vid shows; Be- hold his kind com- pas- sion move For his af- flic- ted

[i.] Be- hold the love, the gen' rous love, That ho- ly Da- vid shows; Be- hold his kind com- pas- sion move For his af- flic- ted

[i.] Be- hold the love, the gen' rous love, That ho- ly Da- vid shows; Be- hold his kind com- pas- sion move For his af- flic- ted

[i.] Be- hold the love, the gen' rous love, That ho- ly Da- vid shows; Be- hold his kind com- pas- sion move For his af- flic- ted

foes. [ii.] When they are sick, his soul com- plains, And seems to feel the smart;

foes. [ii.] When they are sick, When they are sick his soul com- plains, And seems to feel the smart; The

foes. [ii.] When they are sick, his soul com- plains, And seems to feel the smart;

foes. [ii.] When they are sick, his soul com- plains, And seems to feel the smart; The

The spir- it of the gos- pel reigns, And melts his pi- ous heart, And melts his pi- ous heart.

spir- it of the gos- pel reigns, And melts his pi- ous heart, And melts his pi- ous heart.

The spir- it of the gos- pel reigns, And melts his pi- ous heart, And melts his pi- ous heart.

spir- it of the gos- pel reigns, And melts his pi- ous heart, And melts his pi- ous heart.

Ps. XXXVI  
JERUSALEM

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.11

1. [i.] My crafty foe, with flattery, his wicked purpose would disguise  
But reason whispers to my heart, he ne'er sets God before his eyes.  
2. [v.] But Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope, above the heavenly orb ascends;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope beyond the spreading sky extends.

3. [vii.] Since of thy goodness all partake, with what assurance should the just  
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make, and saints to thy protection trust.  
4. [viii.] Such guests shall to thy courts be led to banquet on thy love's repast;  
And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that shall forever last.

I'm  
I'm on my journey home to the  
I'm on my journey home to the new Jerusalem. I'm on my journey home to the  
on my journey home to the new Jerusalem.

new Jerusalem.  
new Jerusalem. So fare you well, so fare you well, so fare you well, I am going home.

Please note that the text of the chorus is not directly drawn from scripture.

# Ps. XXXVII

DERRICK

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.170t

1. [i.] Why should I vex my soul, and fret To see the wick- ed rise? [ii.] As flow' ry grass, cut down at  
Or en- vy sin- ners wax- ing great By vi- o- lence and lies?

2. [iii.] Then let me make the Lord my trust, And prac- tice all that's good; [iv.] I to my God my ways com-  
So shall I dwell a- mong the just, And he'll pro- vide me food.

3. [xvi.] Why do the wealth- y wick- ed boast, And grow pro- fane- ly bold? The wick- ed bor- rows of his  
The mean- est por- tion of the just Ex- cels the sin- ner's gold.

4. [xxvi.] The law and gos- pel of the Lord Deep in his heart a- bide; [xxix.] When sin- ners fall, the right- eous  
Led by the Spi- rit and the word, His feet shall ne- ver slide.

5. [xxxii.] Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men, Nor fear when ty- rants frown; [xxxv.] But mark the man of right- eous-  
Ye shall con- fess their pride was vain, When jus- tice casts them down.

noon, Be- fore the ev' ning fades, So shall their glo- ries van- ish soon in e- ver- last- ing shades.  
mit, And cheer- ful wait his will; Thy hand, which guides my doubt- ful feet. Shall my de- sires ful- fill.

friends, But ne'er de- signs to pay; The saint is mer- ci- ful and lends, Nor turns the poor a- way.  
stand, Pre- serv'd from ev' ry snare; They shall pos- sess the pro- mis'd land, And dwell for e- ver there.  
ness, His sev- eral steps at- tend; True plea- sure runs through all his ways, And peace- ful is his end.

# Psalm XXXVIII

## I WANT TO GO

Isaac Watts

From *The Social Harp*, p.50

1. [i.] A- midst thy wrath re- mem- ber love, Re- store thy ser- vant, Lord; Nor let a

2. [iii.] My sins a hea- vy load ap- pear, And o'er my head are gone; Too hea- vy

3. [ix.] But I'll con- fess my guilt to thee, And grieve for all my sin; I'll mourn how

Fa- ther's chast' ning prove Like an a- ven- ger's sword. [Chorus] I want to go, I want to go, I want to

they for me to bear, Too hard for me t'a- tone. [Chorus] I want to go, I want to go, I want to

weak my gra- ces be, And beg sup- port di- vine.

go to glo- ry There's so ma- ny tri- als here be- low, They say there's none in glo- ry.

go to glo- ry There's so ma- ny tri- als here be- low, They say there's none in glo- ry.

# Psalm XXXIX

SUFFIELD

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.152t

1. [i.] Re- solved to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue, in awe;  
2. [iii.] My heart did glow, which work- ing thoughts did hot and rest- less make;

3. [iv.] Lord, let me know my term of days, how soon my life will end;  
4. [xii.] Lord, hear my cry, ac- cept my tears, and list- en to my pray'r;

5. [xiii.] O spare me yet a lit- tle time, my wast- ed strength re- store;  
(1. Re- solved to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue, in awe;

I curbed my ha- sty words when I the wick- ed prosp' rous saw.  
And warm re- flec- tions fanned the fire, till thus at length I spake:

The num' rous train of ills dis- close, which this frail state at- tend.  
Who so- journ like a stran- ger here, as all my fa- thers were.

Be- fore I van- ish quite from hence, and shall be seen no more.  
I curbed my ha- sty words when I the wick- ed prosp' rous saw.)

# Psalm XL

BAGLEY

The Scottish Psalter

M. Stecker

1. [i.] I wait- ed for the Lord my God, and pa- tient- ly did bear;  
2. [ii.] He took me from a fear- ful pit, and from the mi- ry clay,

At  
And

1. [i.] I wait- ed for the Lord my God, and pa- tient- ly did bear; At  
2. [ii.] He took me from a fear- ful pit, and from the mi- ry clay, And

At length to me he did in- cline my voice and cry to hear.  
And on a rock he set my feet, And on a rock he set

length to me he did in- cline, At length to me he did in- cline my voice and cry to hear.  
on a rock he set my feet, And on a rock he set my feet, e- stab- lish- ing my way.

length to me he did in- cline, he did in- cline my voice and cry to hear.  
on a rock he set my feet, he set my feet, e- stab- lish- ing my way.

At length to me he did in- cline, my voice and cry to hear.  
And on a rock he set my feet, e- stab- lish- ing my way.

# Psalm XLI

## ORTONVILLE

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The New Harp of Columbia* (1919), p.128b

1. [i.] Hap- py the man whose ten- der care re- lieves the poor dis- tressed; When he's by trou- ble

2. [ii.] The Lord his life, with bless- ings crowned, In safe- ty shall pro- long; And dis- ap- point the

3. [iv.] Se- cure of this, to thee, my God, I thus my pray'r ad- dressed: "Lord, for thy mer- cy,

4. [xii.] Thy ten- der care se- cures my life from dan- ger and dis- grace; And thou vouch- safst to

5. [xiii.] Let there- fore Is- rael's Lord and God from age to age be blessed; And all the peo- ple's

com- passed round the Lord shall give him rest, the Lord shall give him rest.

will of those that seek to do him wrong, that seek to do him wrong.  
heal my soul, though I have much trans- gressed, though I have much trans- gressed."

set me still be- fore thy glor- ious face, be- fore thy glor- ious face.  
glad app- lause with loud A- mens ex- pressed, with loud A- mens ex- pressed.



# Psalm XLII

GENEVAN 42

Psalm 42, para. M. Stecker

Louis Bourgeois? Adapt. M. Stecker

1. As the deer longs for the well-spring, cool re-fresh-ment to re-ceive, Day and night the tears have flow'd,  
So the soul looks for Je-ho-vah, its sore bur-den to re-lieve

2. Why so cast down, O my spi-rit? Why this tu-mult in my breast? "Has the Lord for-got-ten thee,  
Cry to God, as out of Jor-dan; He would all thy woes ar-rest.

3. Look thee hea-ven-ward, O spi-rit; Sing to God, thy hope and stay. Midst the in-sults of thy foes  
Thank him night-ly for his re-fuge; Praise him for his acts by day.

Wa-ter-ing the doubts they've sowed: "Where is God? Has he de-ceived thee? Has he bid his Spi-rit leave thee?"  
e'en as now thy e-ne-my prowls a-round with hun-gry fer-vor? Where is now thy life's pre-ser-ver?"  
Whom the ways of God op-pose, Dai-ly still his prai-ses ren-der Who is yet thy strong de-fen-der.

# Psalm XLIII

## NEW HARMONY

The Scottish Psalter (alt.)

From *Die Union Choral-Harmonie*, p.116t

1. [i.] Judge me, O God, and plead my cause a- gainst th'un- god- ly na- tion; [ii.] For thou the God art of  
From the un- just and craf- ty man, O be thou my sal- va- tion.

2. [iii.] O send thy light forth and thy truth; let them both be guides to me, [iv.] Then will I to God's al-  
And bring me to thine ho- ly hill, e- ven where thy dwell- ings be.

3. [v.] Why art thou then cast down, my soul? what should then dis- cour- age thee? Still trust in God; for him  
And why with such vex- a- tious thoughts art thou rest- less with- in me?

my strength; why thrust- est thou me thee fro'? For the en- e- my's op- pres- sion why then do I mourn- ing go?  
tar go, to the God of my chief joy: Yea, the name of my God to praise my own harp I will em- ploy.

to praise good cause do I yet still have: He of my count' nance is the health, He, my God that doth me save.

# Psalm XLIV

WALTER

*The Psalter of the United Presbyterian Church, 1887*

M. Stecker

1. O God, we have heard, and our fathers have taught The works which of old, in their day, thou hadst wrought. The  
2. They gain'd not the land by the edge of the sword, Their own arm to them could no safe-ty af- ford; But

3. To Ja- cob, O God, thou my Sa- vior and King, Com- mand, and thy word shall de- li- ver- ance bring. We  
4. No trust will I place in my bow to de- fend, Nor yet on my sword for my safe-ty de- pend, In

na- tions were crush'd, and ex- pell'd by thy hand, Cast out that thy peo- ple might dwell in their land.  
by thy right hand, and the light of thy face, The strength of thy arm, and be- cause of thy grace.

through thy as- sis- tance will push down our foe; In thy name we'll tram- ple on all that op- pose.  
God who has saved us, and put them to shame, We boast all the day, e- ver prai- sing his name.

# Psalm XLV

## MONONGAHELA

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker

1. My Sa- vior and my King, Thy beau- ties are di- vine; Thy

2. Now make thy glo- ry known, Gird on thy dread- ful sword, And

3. Strike through thy stub- born foes, Or melt their hearts t'o- bey, While

lips with bless- ings o- ver- flow, And ev' ry grace is thine.

ride in ma- jes- ty to spread The con- quests of thy word.

jus- tice, meek- ness, grace, and truth, At- tend thy glo- rious way.

# Psalm XLVI

## GREENFIELD

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.79

God is our re- fuge in dis- tress A pre- sent help when dan- gers press; In him un- daun- ted

God is our re- fuge in dis- tress A pre- sent help when dan- gers press; In him un- daun- ted

God is our re- fuge in dis- tress A pre- sent help when dan- gers press; In him un- daun- ted

God is our re- fuge in dis- tress A pre- sent help when dan- gers press; In him un- daun- ted

we'll con- fide Tho' earth were from her cen- tre toss'd And

we'll con- fide Tho' earth were from her

we'll con- fide Tho' earth were from her cen- tre toss'd And moun- tains in the

we'll con- fide Tho' earth were from her cen- tre toss'd And moun- tains in the o- cean

moun- tains in the o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.

cen- tre toss'd And moun- tains in the o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.

o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.

lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.

The image shows a musical score with four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has a melodic line with a slur over the first three notes. The second staff has a similar melodic line with a slur over the last three notes. The third staff has a more rhythmic line with many eighth notes. The fourth staff has a bass line with mostly quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: 'moun- tains in the o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.' on the first staff; 'cen- tre toss'd And moun- tains in the o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.' on the second staff; 'o- cean lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.' on the third staff; and 'lost, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide, Torn piece- meal by the roar- ing tide.' on the fourth staff.


# Psalm XLVIb

## ASYLUM


From *Die Union Choral-Harmonie*, p.16




[EN] God is our re- fuge in dis- tress, our strong de- fence and ar- mour Th'in-fer- nal e- ne- my, How  
He's pre- sent when we're com- fort- less, In storms he is our har- bour



[DE] Ein' fes- te Burg ist un- ser Gott ein' gu- te Wehr und waff- en; Der al- te bö- se Feind, mit  
er hilft uns frei aus al- ler Not, die uns jetzt hat be- tro- ffen.




[EN] God is our re- fuge in dis- tress, our strong de- fence and ar- mour Th'in-fer- nal e- ne- my, How  
He's pre- sent when we're com- fort- less, In storms he is our har- bour



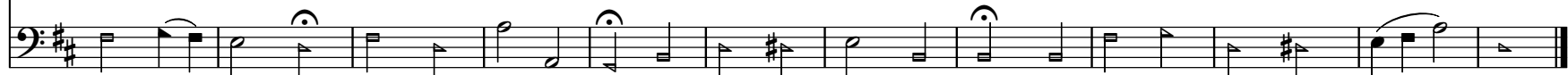
en- raged is he! He ex- erts his force To stop the Gos- pel course; Who can with- stand this ty- rant?



Ernst er's jetzt meint, groß Macht und viel List sein' grau- sam' Rüst- ung ist, auf Erd' ist nicht seins- glei- chen.



en- raged is he! He ex- erts his force To stop the Gos- pel course; Who can with- stand this ty- rant?



# Psalm XLVII

## JAMES ISLAND

*The Psalter of the United Presbyterian Church, 1912*

M. Stecker

1. All na- tions clap your hands, Let shouts of tri- umph ring,  
1. All na- tions clap your hands, Let shouts of tri- umph ring,  
1. All na- tions clap your hands, Let shouts of tri- umph ring, For dread- ful  
1. All na- tions clap your hands, Let shouts of tri- umph ring, For dread- ful

For dread- ful o- ver all the lands The Lord Most High is King.  
For dread- ful o- ver all the lands The Lord Most High is King.  
o- ver all the lands, For dread- ful o- ver all the lands The Lord Most High is King.  
o- ver all the lands The Lord Most High is King.



# Psalm XLVIII

## GOLDEN HILL

Isaac Watts

From *The Missouri Harmony*, p.42b

1 [i.] Great is the Lord, our God, and let His praise be great; He  
2. [ib] These temples of His grace, how beautiful they stand, the  
3. [iii.] Far as Thy Name is known, the world declares Thy praise; Thy  
4. [iiib.] With joy Thy people stand on Zi-don's cho-sen hill, pro-

makes His churches His a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.  
hon-ors of our na-tive place and bul-warks of our land!  
8 saints, O LORD, be-fore Thy throne, their sons of hon-or raise.  
claim the won-ders of Thy hand, and coun-cils of Thy will.

# Psalm XLIX

## BRUNSWIC

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.48b

1. Why doth the man of riches grow To insolence and pride, To  
2. Why doth he treat the poor with scorn, Made of the self-same clay, And  
3. Not all his treasures can procure His soul a short reprieve, Re-  
4. Life is a blessing can't be sold, The ransom is too high; Jus-

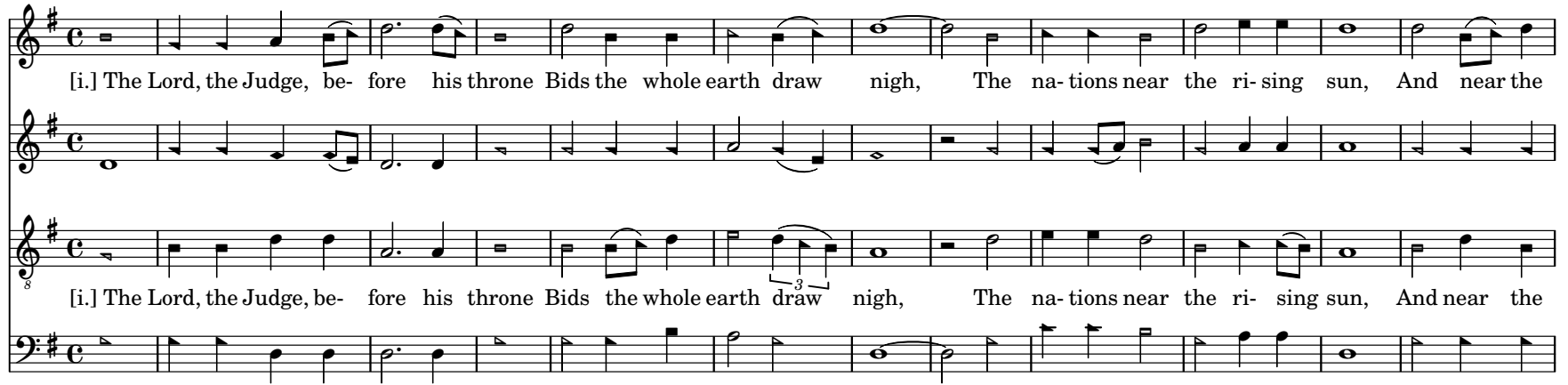
see his wealth and hon-ors was flow With e-very ri-sing tide?  
boast as though his flesh was born Of bet-ter dust than they?  
deem from death one guilt-ty hour, Or make his bro-ther live.  
tice will ne'er be bribed with gold, That man may ne-ver die.

# Psalm L

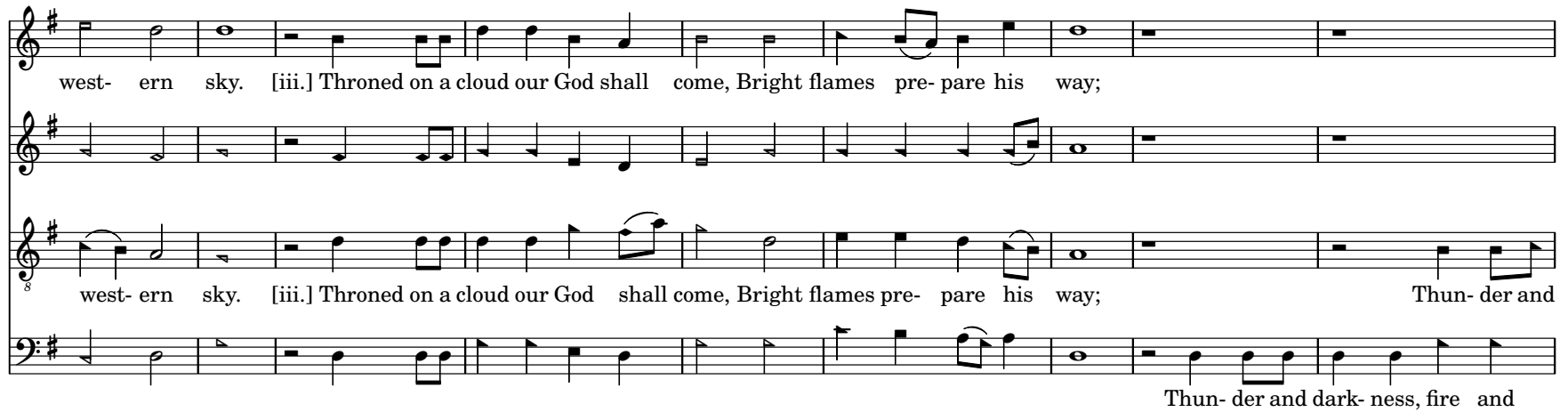
## JUDGMENT

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.95



[i.] The Lord, the Judge, before his throne Bids the whole earth draw nigh, The nations near the rising sun, And near the



west- ern sky. [iii.] Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames pre- pare his way;

west- ern sky. [iii.] Throned on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames pre- pare his way; Thun- der and

Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and

Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day. Thun- der and  
 Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day.  
 dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day. Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm,  
 storm, Lead on the dread- ful day, Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the

dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day. Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day.  
 Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day.  
 Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day. Thun- der and dark- ness, fire and storm, Lead on the dread- ful day.  
 dread- ful day. Lead on the dread- ful day.

# Psalm LI

## CUSSETA

Isaac Watts

From *The Sacred Harp* (1911 James edition), p.73

1. [i.] Show pi-ty, Lord, O Lord, for-give, Let a re-pen-ting re-bel  
2. [ii.] My crimes are great, but not sur-pass The power and glo-ry of Thy  
3. [iii.] O wash my soul from e-very sin, And make my guil-ty con-science  
4. [vi.] Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'-ring round Thy

live: Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in Thee?  
grace: Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard' ning love be found.  
clean; Here on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fen-ses pain my eyes.  
Word, Would light on some sweet pro-mise there, Some sure sup-port a-against de-spair.

# Psalm LII

## THE PRODIGAL SON

The Scottish Psalter; Chorus E.J. King [?]

From *The Sacred Harp* (1909 J. L. White edition), p.113

1 [i.] Why dost thou boast, O mighty man, of mischief and of ill? The goodness of Almighty  
2. [iii.] Ill more than good, and more than truth thou lovest to speak wrong: [iv.] Thou lovest all-devouring  
3. [vii.] But he in his abundant wealth his confidence did place; And he took strength unto him-

4. [viii.] But I am in the house of God like to an olive green: My confidence for ever  
5. [ix.] And I for ever will thee praise, because thou hast done this: I on thy name will wait; for  
(1. Why dost thou boast, O mighty man, of mischief and of ill? The goodness of Almighty  
God endureth ever still. "O! I die with hunger here," he cries, "O! I die with hunger here," he cries, "And  
words, O thou deceitful tongue.  
self from his own wickedness.  
hath upon God's mercy been.  
good before thy saints it is. "O! I die with hunger here," he cries, "O! I die with hunger here," he cries, "And  
God endureth ever still.)

starve in a foreign land!" My father's house hath large supplies and bounteous are his hands.  
starve in a foreign land!" My father's house hath large supplies and bounteous are his hands.

# Psalm LIII

## COMMUNION

Isaac Watts

From *The Social Harp*, p.61b

1. [i.] Are all the foes of Zi- on fools, Who thus de- vour her saints? Do  
2. [ii.] They shall be seiz'd with sad sur- prise; For God's re- ven- ging arm Shall

3. [iv.] O for a word from Zi- on's King, Her cap- tives to re- store! The  
(1. Are all the foes of Zi- on fools, Who thus de- vour her saints? Do

they not know her Sa- viour rules, And pi- ties her com- plaints?  
crush the hand that dares a- rise, To do his child- ren harm.

joy- ful saints thy praise shall sing, And Is- rael weep no more.  
they not know her Sa- viour rules, And pi- ties her com- plaints?)

# Psalm LIV

FORBES

John Patrick

M. Stecker

1. Save me, O God-- Thy glor-ious Name, Thou right-eous Judge, ad- vance: For E- ne- mies to me un- known, And  
O hear my pray'r, and shew thy pow'r In my De- li- ver- ance

2. See how my gra- cious God ap- pears, And brings un- look'd- for aid: God will re- pay their wrongs, con- triv'd With  
Since he my threat- en'd Life se- cures I'll be no more a- fraid

3. My free and grate- full sac- ri- fice Of praise to God I'll bring; For now I'm safe from all my fears, And  
His Pow'r and Wis- dom ce- le- brate, His Good- ness e- ver sing.

stran- gers to thy fear, Seek to be- tray me, and to take A- way my Life, draw near.

such ma- li- cious fraud When thy just Ven- geance on them falls, And will thy Truth ap- plaud.

I with plea- sure see Mine E- ne- mies re- treat with shame, Who glo- ried o- ver me.



# Psalm LV

## ECSTASY

Isaac Watts, with chorus

From *The Social Harp*, p.112, alt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] O God, my re- fuge, hear my cries, Be- hold my flow- ing tears; For earth and hell my hurt de- vise, And  
2. [iv.] O! were I like a feath- er'd dove, And in- no- cence had wings; I'd fly, and make a long re- move From  
3. [v.] Let me to some wild de- sert go, And find a peace- ful home, Where storms of ma- lice ne- ver blow, Temp-

4. [vii.] By morn- ing light I'll seek his face, At noon re- peat my cry, The night shall hear me ask his grace, Nor  
5. [ix.] I cast my bur- dens on the Lord, The Lord sus- tains them all; My cour- age rests u- pon his word, That  
(1. O God, my re- fuge, hear my cries, Be- hold my flow- ing tears; For earth and hell my hurt de- vise, And

tri- umph in my fears. [Chorus:] O! had I wings, I would fly a- way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in his bright a- bode!  
all these rest- less things.  
ta- tions ne- ver come.

will he long de- ny.  
saints shall ne- ver fall. [Chorus:] O! had I wings, I would fly a- way and be at rest, And I'd praise God in his bright a- bode!  
tri- umph in my fears.)

# Psalm LVb

## FLORIDA

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.120

1. [i.] Let sin-ners take their course, And choose the road to death;  
2. [ii.] My thoughts ad- dress His throne When morn- ing brings the light;

But in the wor- ship  
I'll seek His bles- sing

1. [i.] Let sin-ners take their course, And choose the road to death; But  
2. [ii.] My thoughts ad- dress His throne When morn- ing brings the light; I'll

But in the wor- ship  
I'll seek His bles- sing

But in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath. But  
 I'll seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night. I'll

of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath. But  
 e-very noon, And pay my vows at night. I'll

in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath. But  
 seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night. I'll

of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath. But  
 e-very noon, And pay my vows at night. I'll

in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath.  
 seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night.

in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath.  
 seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night.

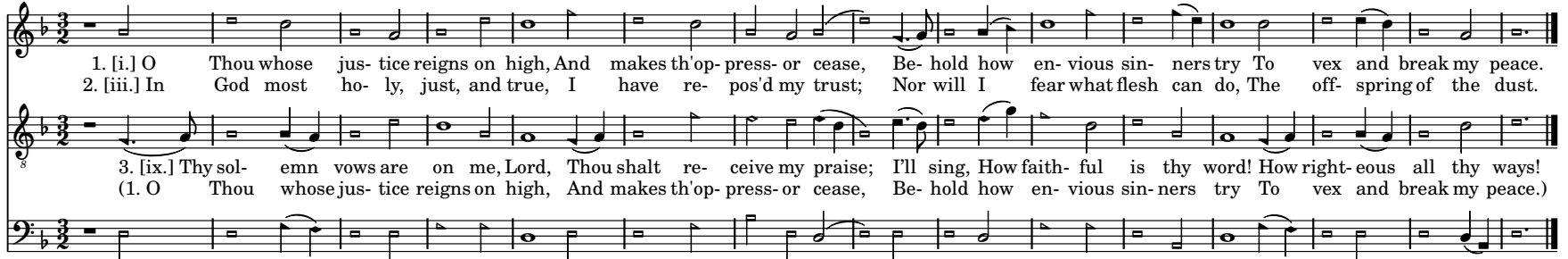
in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath.  
 seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night.

in the wor-ship of my God I'll spend my dai-ly breath.  
 seek His bles-sing e-very noon, And pay my vows at night.

## Psalm LVI TRIBULATION

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.119



1. [i.] O Thou whose jus- tice reigns on high, And makes th'op- press- or cease, Be- hold how en- vious sin- ners try To vex and break my peace.  
2. [iii.] In God most ho- ly, just, and true, I have re- pos'd my trust; Nor will I fear what flesh can do, The off- spring of the dust.  
3. [ix.] Thy sol- emn vows are on me, Lord, 'Thou shalt re- ceive my praise; I'll sing, How faith- ful is thy word! How right- eous all thy ways!  
(1. O Thou whose jus- tice reigns on high, And makes th'op- press- or cease, Be- hold how en- vious sin- ners try To vex and break my peace.)

## Psalm LVII O SAVE

Isaac Watts

From *The Social Harp*, p.99



1. [i.] Thy mer- cy, Lord, to me ex- tend,  
on thy pro- tec- tion I de- pend; Save, migh- ty Lord! O save, save migh- ty Lord And send con- ver- ting po- wer down, Save, migh- ty Lord!  
2. [ii.] To thy tri- bun- al, Lord, I fly,  
thou sov' reign Judge and God most high,  
3. [iii.] From heav'n pro- tect me by thine arm,  
and shame all those who seek my harm;  
4. [ix.] Thy prai- ses, Lord, I will re- sound Save, migh- ty Lord! [Chorus:] O save, save migh- ty Lord And send con- ver- ting po- wer down, Save, migh- ty Lord!  
to all the list' ning na- tions round:

*Please note that the chorus is not drawn directly from the Psalm.*

# Psalm LVIII

## MONTGOMERY

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.158

1. [i.] Ear- ly, my God, with- out de- lay, I haste to seek Thy face; My thirs-ty spi- rit faints a- way  
2. [iii.] I've seen Thy glo- ry and Thy power Through all Thy tem- ple shine; My God, re-peat that heav'n-ly hour,

With- out Thy cheer- ing grace. [ii.] So pil- grims on the  
That vi- sion so di- vine. [iv.] Not all the bless- ings

[ii.] So pil- grims on the scorch- ing  
[iv.] Not all the bless- ings of a

With- out Thy cheer- ing grace. [ii.] So pil- grims on the scorch- ing sand, So pil- grims on the  
That vi- sion so di- vine. [iv.] Not all the bless- ings of a feast Can please my soul so

[ii.] So pil- grims on the scorch- ing sand, So pil- grims on the scorch- ing  
[iv.] Not all the bless- ings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As

scorch- ing sand, Be- neath a burn- ing sky Long for a cool- ing stream at hand, Long for a  
of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when Thy rich- er grace I taste, As when Thy

sand, Be- neath a burn- ing sky Long for a cool- ing stream, Long for a  
feast Can please my soul so well, As when Thy rich- er grace, As when Thy

scorch- ing sand, Be- neath a burn- ing sky Long for a cool- ing stream  
well, As when Thy rich- er grace I taste, As when Thy rich- er grace

sand, Be- neath a burn- ing sky Long for a  
when Thy rich- er grace I taste, As when Thy

cool- ing stream at hand, Long for a cool- ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.  
rich- er grace I taste, As when Thy rich- er grace I taste, And in Thy pre- sence dwell.

cool- ing stream at hand,  
rich- er grace I taste,

at hand, Long for a cool- ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.  
I taste, As when Thy rich- er grace I taste, And in Thy pre- sence dwell.

cool- ing stream at hand,  
rich- er grace I taste,

# Psalm LIX

## REPENTENCE

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.161

1. [i.] My God, de- li- ver me from those that are mine e- ne- mies; And do thou me de-  
2. [x.] He of my mer- cy that is God be- times shall me pre- vent; U- pon mine en' mies

1. [i.] My God, de- li- ver me from those that are mine e- ne- mies; And do thou me de-  
2. [x.] He of my mer- cy that is God be- times shall me pre- vent; U- pon mine en' mies

fend from those that up a- gainst me rise. [ii.] Do  
God shall let me see mine heart's con- tent. [xi.] Them

fend from those that up a- gainst me rise. [ii.] Do thou de- li- ver  
God shall let me see mine heart's con- tent. [xi.] Them slay not, lest my

[ii.] Do thou de- li- ver me from them  
[xi.] Them slay not, lest my folk for- get;

thou de- li- ver me from them that work in- i- qui- ty; And  
 slay not, lest my folk for- get; but scat- ter them a- broad By  
 me from them that work in- i- qui- ty; And give me safe- ty  
 folk for- get; but scat- ter them a- broad By thy strong pow'r; and  
 that work in- i- qui- ty; And give me safe- ty from the men  
 but scat- ter them a- broad By thy strong pow'r; and bring them down,

give me safe- ty from the men of blood- y cru- el- ty. (of blood- y cru- el- ty.)  
 thy strong pow'r; and bring them down, O thou our shield and God. (O thou our shield and God.)  
 from the men of blood- y cru- el- ty. (of blood- y cru- el- ty.)  
 bring them down, O thou our shield and God. (O thou our shield and God.)  
 of blood- y cru- el- ty. (of blood- y cru- el- ty.)  
 O thou our shield and God. (O thou our shield and God.)



# Psalm LX

## DIVES & LAZARUS

The Scottish Psalter

Traditional melody, adapt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] O Lord, thou hast re- jec- ted us, and scat- tered us a- broad; Thou just- ly hast dis-  
2. [iii.] Un- to thy peo- ple thou hard things hast showed, and on them sent; And thou hast caus- ed  
3. [vi.] God in his ho- li- ness hath spoke; here I will take plea- sure: She- chem I will di-

4. [ix.] O who is he will bring me to the ci- ty for- ti- fied? O who is he that  
5. [x.] That thy be- lov- ed peo- ple may de- liv- ered be from thrall, Save with the pow'r of

pleas- ed been; re- turn to us, O God. [ii.] The earth to trem- ble thou hast made; there- in didst  
us to drink wine of as- ton- ish- ment. [iv.] And yet a ban- ner thou hast giv'n to them who  
vide, and forth will Suc- coth's vale mea- sure. [viii.] Gil- ead I claim as mine by right; Man- as- seh

to the land of E- dom will me guide? [x.] O God, which had- est us cast off, this thing wilt  
thy right hand, and hear me when I call. [xi.] Help us from trou- ble; for the help is vain which

breaches make: Do thou thereof the breaches heal, because the land doth shake.  
thee do fear; That it by them, because of truth, displayèd may appear.  
mine shall be; Ephraim is of mine head the strength; Judah gives laws for me;

8  
thou not do? Ev'n thou, O God, which didest not forth with our armies go?  
man supplies. [xii.] Through God we'll do great acts; he shall tread down our enemies.

# Psalm LXI

## CHEROKEE

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.161

1. [i.] When, o-ver-whelmed with grief, My heart with-in me dies, Help-  
2. [ii.] O lead me to the rock That's high a-bove my head, And

3. [iii.] With-in thy pre-sence, Lord, For e-ver I'll a-bide; Thou  
4. [iv.] Thou giv-est me the lot Of those that fear thy name; If  
(1. When, o-ver-whelmed with grief, My heart with-in me dies, Help-

less, and far from all re-lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.  
make the co-vert of thy wings My shel-ter and my shade.

art the tower of my de-fense, The re-fuge where I hide.  
end-less life be their de-ward, I shall pos-sess the same.  
less, and far from all re-lief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes.)

# Psalm LXII

RUSSIA

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.26t

1. [i.] My spir- it looks to God a- lone; My rock and re- fuge is His throne;  
2. [iv.] Make not in- creas- ing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glitt' ring dust;

In  
Why

1. [i.] My spir- it looks to God a- lone; My rock and re- fuge is His throne;  
2. [iv.] Make not in- creas- ing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glitt' ring dust;

In all my fears, in  
Why will you grasp the

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on His sal- va- tion waits.  
Why will you grasp the fleet- ing smoke, And not be- lieve what God has spoke?

all my fears, in all my straits,  
will you grasp the fleet- ing smoke,

all my straits, My soul on His sal- va- tion waits. My soul on His sal- va- tion waits.  
fleet- ing smoke, And not be- lieve what God has spoke? And not be- lieve what God has spoke?

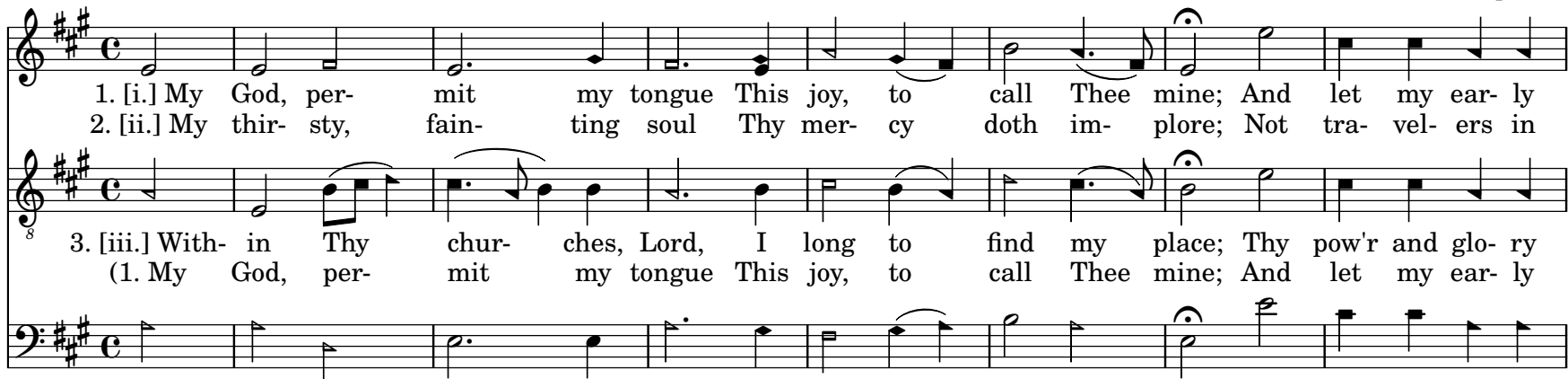
soul on His sal- va- tion waits.  
not be- lieve what God has spoke?

# Psalm LXIII

## TOWANDA

Isaac Watts

From *Die Union Choral Harmonie*, p.103b



1. [i.] My God, permit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine; And let my early  
2. [ii.] My thirsty, fainting soul Thy mercy doth implore; Not travelers in  
3. [iii.] Within Thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place; Thy pow'r and glory  
(1. My God, permit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine; And let my early



cries pre- vail And let my ear- ly cries pre- vail To taste Thy love di- vine.  
de- sert lands Not tra- vel- ers in de- sert lands Can pant for wa- ter more.  
to be- hold, And feel Thy quick- 'ning grace. Thy pow'r and glo- ry to be- hold,  
cries pre- vail And let my ear- ly cries pre- vail To taste Thy love di- vine.)

# Psalm LXIV

## BANGOR

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From John Rippon's *Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, No. 231

1. [i] Lord, hear the voice of my complaint; To my request give ear;

2. [ii] O! hide me with thy tenderest care in some secure retreat,

Pre-serve my life from cruel foes, And free my soul from care.

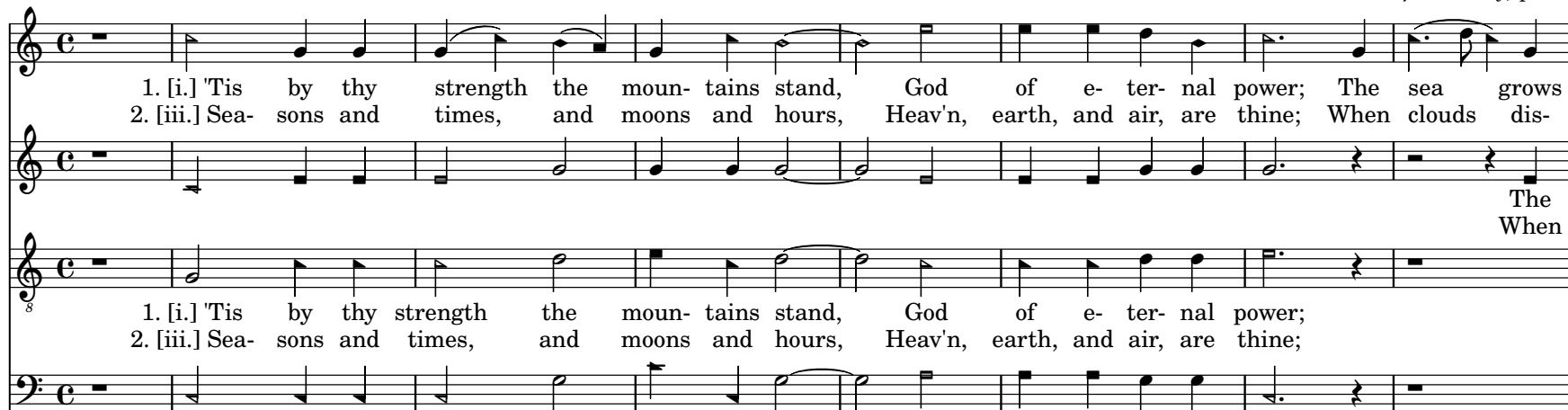
From sinners that against me rise, And all their plots defeat.

# Psalm LXV

## RAINBOW

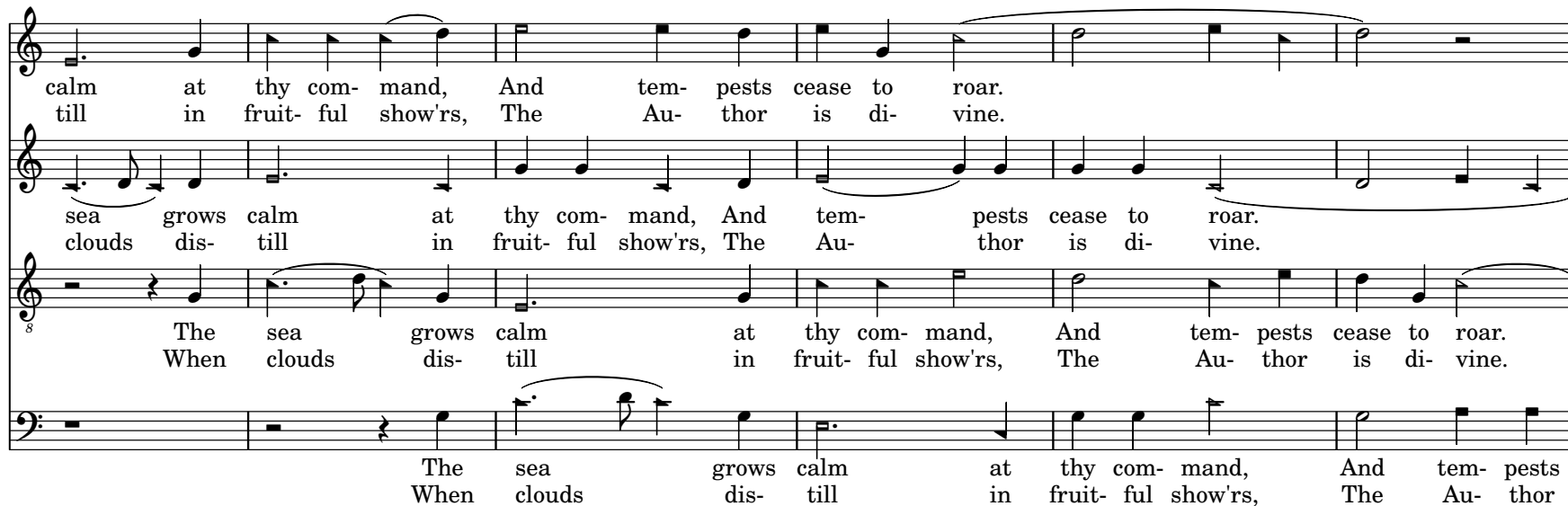
Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.148



1. [i.] 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of e-ter-nal power; The sea grows  
2. [iii.] Sea-sons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine; When clouds dis-

The  
When



calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar.  
till in fruit-ful show'rs, The Au-thor is di-vine.

sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar.  
clouds dis-till in fruit-ful show'rs, The Au-thor is di-vine.

The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar.  
When clouds dis-till in fruit-ful show'rs, The Au-thor is di-vine.

The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem-pests cease to roar.  
When clouds dis-till in fruit-ful show'rs, The Au-thor

And tem-pests cease to roar. And tem-pests cease to roar.  
The Au-thor is di-vine. The Au-thor is di-vine.

8

And tem-pests cease to roar. And tem-pests cease to roar.  
The Au-thor is di-vine. The Au-thor is di-vine.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for Soprano and Alto voices, and the bottom two are for Tenor and Bass voices. Each staff contains a melodic line with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "And tem-pests cease to roar. The Au-thor is di-vine." The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and slurs.

cease to roar.  
is di- vine.

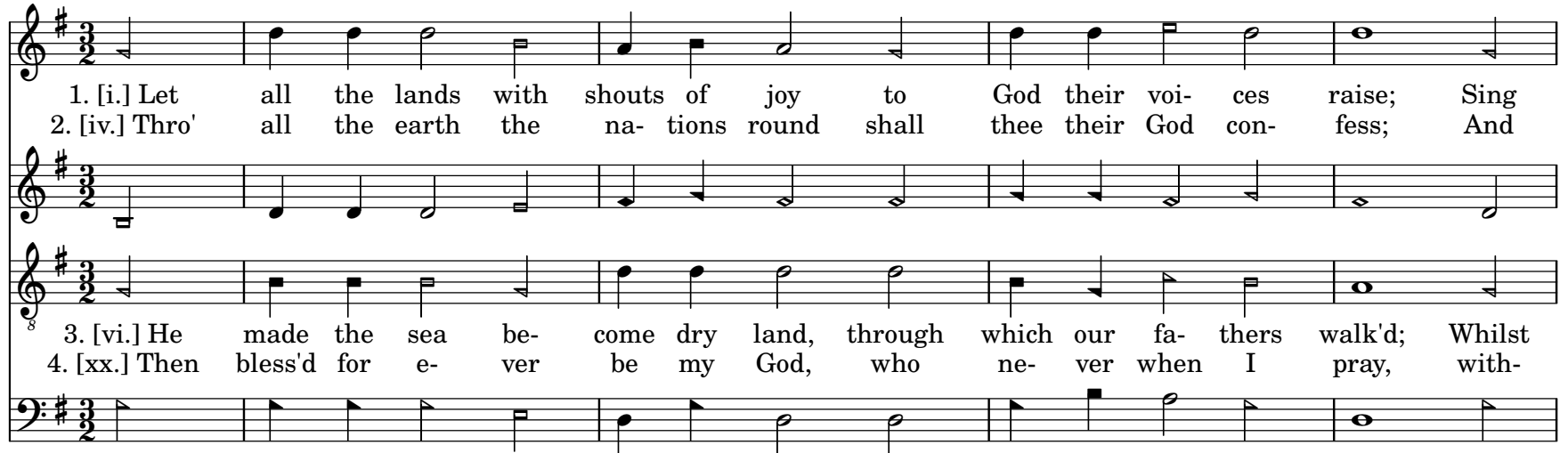


# Psalm LXVI

## MARLOW

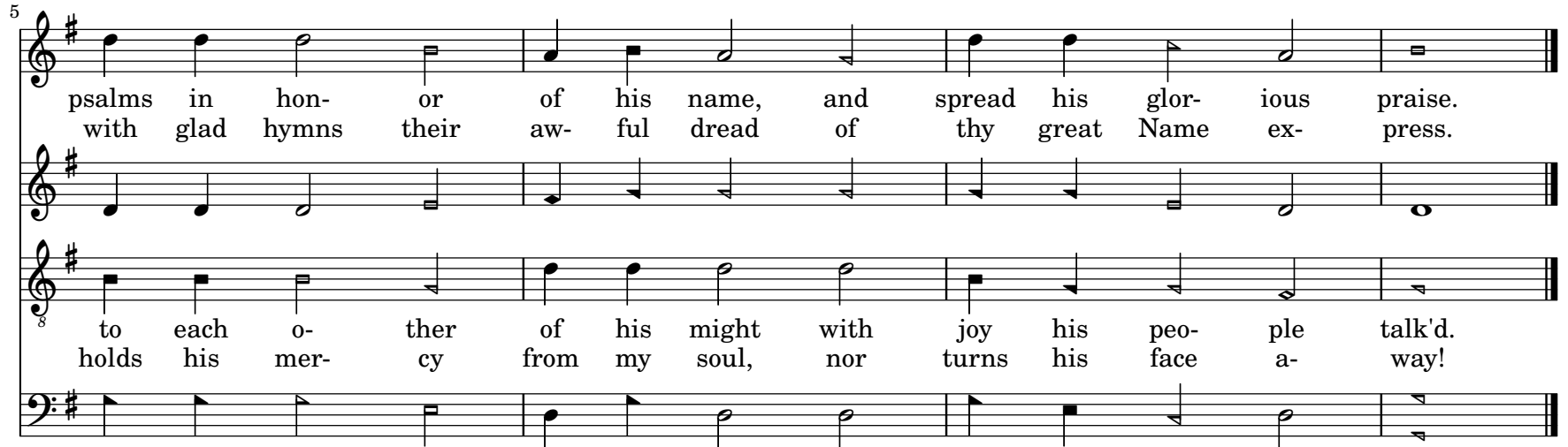
Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *New Harp of Columbia*, p.59t



1. [i.] Let all the lands with shouts of joy to God their voices raise; Sing  
2. [iv.] Thro' all the earth the nations round shall thee their God confess; And  
3. [vi.] He made the sea become dry land, through which our fathers walk'd; Whilst  
4. [xx.] Then bless'd forever be my God, who never when I pray, with-

5



psalms in hon- or of his name, and spread his glor- ious praise.  
with glad hymns their aw- ful dread of thy great Name ex- press.  
to each o- ther of his might with joy his peo- ple talk'd.  
holds his mer- cy from my soul, nor turns his face a- way!

# Psalm LXVII

## Sixty-Seventh Psalm

Micah John Walter

Micah John Walter, 2018

1. May God be mer- ci- ful to us, And bless us with his grace,  
2. Re- veal your ways to us, O Lord, Your sa- ving health pro- claim;  
3. The earth has gi- ven us God's fruit And bles- sings from her store;

And show us sin- ners here be- low The bright- ness of his face.  
Let all your peo- ple sing for joy And glad hearts praise your name.  
May all the earth be filled with awe Now and for e- ver more.

# Psalm LXVIII

## NEW JORDAN

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony*, p.51

1. [i.] Let God a- rise, and then his foes will turn them- selves to flight; His e- ne- mies for fear shall

1. [i.] Let God a- rise, and then his foes will turn them- selves to flight; His e- ne- mies for fear shall

1. [i.] Let God a- rise, and then his foes will turn them- selves to flight; His e- ne- mies for fear shall

1. [i.] Let God a- rise, and then his foes will turn them- selves to flight; His e- ne- mies for fear shall

run, and scat- ter out of sight. [ii.] And

run, and scat- ter out of sight. [ii.] And as wax melts be-

run, and scat- ter out of sight. [ii.] And as wax melts be- fore the fire, and

run, and scat- ter out of sight. [ii.] And as wax melts be- fore the fire, and wind blows smoke a-

as wax melts before the fire, and wind blows smoke away, So in the presence of the Lord So in the presence of the Lord the wicked shall decay. So in the presence of the Lord the wicked shall decay.

pre- sence of the Lord the wick- ed shall de- cay. So in the pre- sence of the Lord the wick- ed shall de- cay. pre- sence of the Lord the wick- ed shall de- cay. So in the pre- sence of the Lord the wick- ed shall de- cay.

# Psalm LXIX

SUTTON

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.113

1. [i.] Save me, O God, the swelling floods break in upon my soul; I  
2. [ii.] I cry till all my voice be gone, In tears I waste the day: My

1. [i.] Save me, O God, the swelling floods break in upon my soul; I sink, and sorrows  
2. [ii.] I cry till all my voice be gone, In tears I waste the day: My God, behold my

I sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like  
My God, behold my long-ing eyes, And  
sink, and sorrows o'er my head Like mighty waters roll, Like mighty waters roll.  
God, behold my long-ing eyes, And shorten thy de-lay, And shorten thy de-lay.

I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
My God, behold my long-ing eyes,  
o'er my head Like mighty waters roll. Like mighty waters roll.  
long-ing eyes, And shorten thy de-lay. And shorten thy de-lay.

migh- ty wa- ters roll.  
shor- ten thy de- lay.

# Psalm LXX

## CAROLINA

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.27b

1. [i.] Make haste, O God, me to pre-serve; with speed, Lord, suc-cour me. [ii.] Let  
2. [iv.] O Lord, in thee let all be glad, and joy that seek for thee: Let

3. [v.] But I both poor and nee-dy am; come, Lord, and make  
(1. Make haste, O God, me to pre-serve; with speed, Lord, suc-

them that for my soul do seek sham'd and con-foun-ded be:  
them who thy sal-va-tion love say still, God prais-ed be.

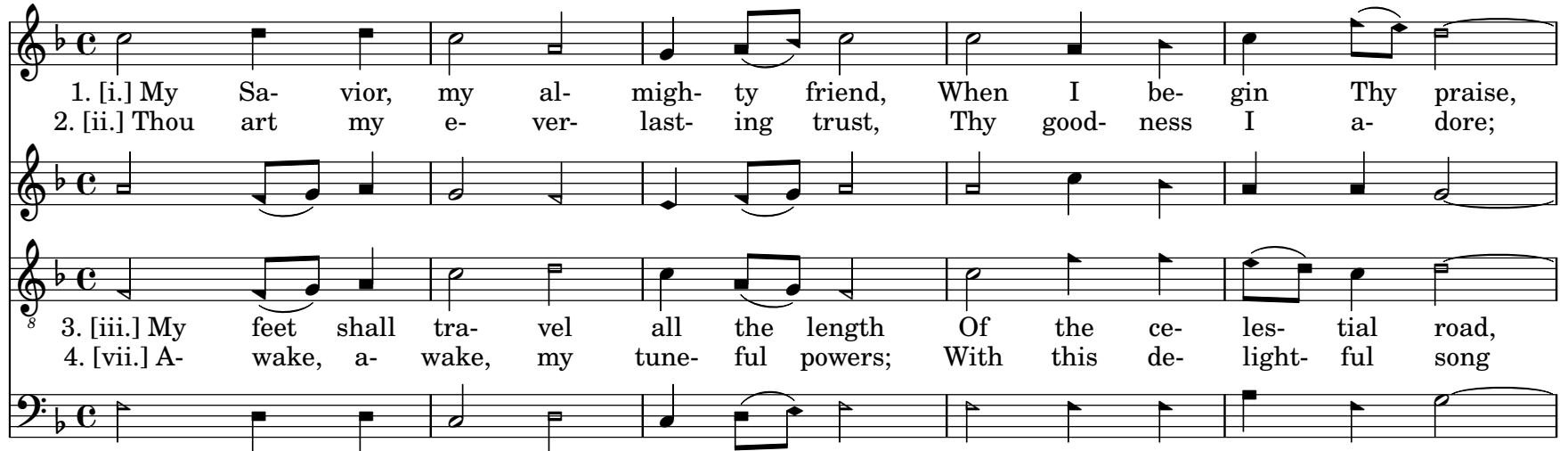
no stay: My help thou and de-liv'-rer art; O Lord, make  
cour me. Let them that for my soul do seek sham'd and con-

# Psalm LXXI

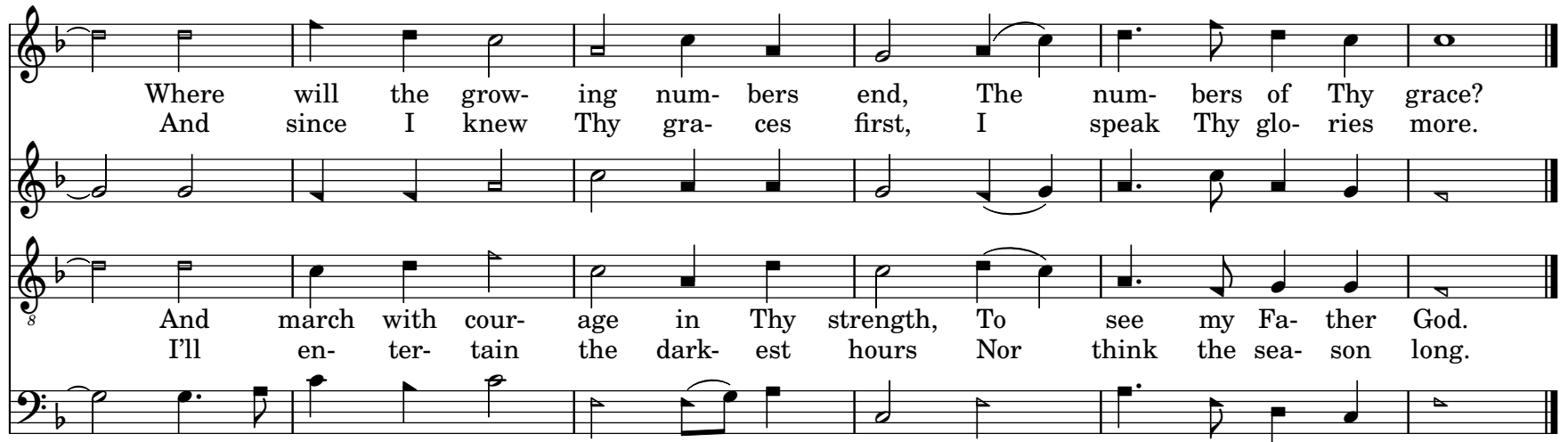
## LIVERPOOL

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.83b



1. [i.] My Sa- vior, my al- migh- ty friend, When I be- gin Thy praise,  
2. [ii.] Thou art my e- ver- last- ing trust, Thy good- ness I a- dore;  
3. [iii.] My feet shall tra- vel all the length Of the ce- les- tial road,  
4. [vii.] A- wake, a- wake, my tune- ful powers; With this ce- de- light- ful song



Where will the grow- ing num- bers end, The num- bers of Thy grace?  
And since I knew Thy gra- ces first, I speak Thy glo- ries more.  
And march with cour- age in Thy strength, To see my Fa- ther God.  
I'll en- ter- tain the dark- est hours Nor think the sea- son long.

# Psalm LXXII

## WOODBIRD

James Montgomery

Old German tune (ES FLOG EIN KLEINS WALDVÖGELEIN), adapt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] Hail to the Lord's Anointed; Great David's greater son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To  
 2. [iii.] He shall come down like showers Upon the fruitful earth: Love, joy, and hope like  
 3. [v.] Kings shall fall down before him, And gold and incense bring; All nations shall adore him, His praise all people sing; For him shall prayer unceasing And  
 4. [vi.] O'er every foe victorious, He on his throne shall rest; From age to age more glorious, All blessing, and all blest. The tide of time shall never His  
 (1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed; Great David's greater son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun! He comes to break oppression, To  
 set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.  
 peace the herald go; And righteousness in fountains, From hill to valley flow.  
 dai-ly vows ascend; His kingdom still increasing, A kingdom without end.  
 co-ve-nant re-move; His name shall stand for ever, His change-less name of Love.  
 set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in equity.)



# Psalm LXXIII

## GREENWICH

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.80

1. [i.] Lord, what a thought-less wretch was I, To mourn, and mur-mur, and re-pine To see the wick-ed placed on high,  
 2. [iii.] Their fan-cied joys, how fast they flee! Like dreams, as fleet-ing and as vain, Their songs of soft-est har-mo-ny

In pride and robes of ho-nor shine!  
 Are but a pre-lude to their pain.

[ii.] But, O! their end, their dread-ful end! Thy sanct-u-a-ry  
 [iv.] Now I e-steam their mirth and wine Too dear to pur-chase

[ii.] But, O! their end, their dread-ful end! Thy sanct- u- a- ry  
 [iv.] Now I e- steam their mirth and wine Too dear to pur- chase

sanct- u- a- ry taught me so; On slipp' ry rocks I see them stand, And fi- ery bil- lows roll be- low.  
 dear to pur- chase with my blood; Lord, 'tis e- nough that Thou art mine, My life, my por- tion and my God.

dread- ful end! Thy sanct- u- a- ry taught me so; On slipp' ry rocks I see them stand, And fi- ery bil- lows roll be- low.  
 mirth and wine Too dear to pur- chase with my blood; Lord, 'tis e- nough that Thou art mine, My life, my por- tion and my God.

taught me so; On slipp' ry rocks I see them stand, And fi- ery bil- lows roll be- low.  
 with my blood; Lord, 'tis e- nough that Thou art mine, My life, my por- tion and my God.

taught me so; On slipp' ry rocks I see them stand, And fi- ery bil- lows roll be- low.  
 with my blood; Lord, 'tis e- nough that Thou art mine, My life, my por- tion and my God.

## Psalm LXXIIIb

### PROTECTION

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.53

1. [i.] God, my sup- port- er and my hope, My help for e- ver near,  
 2. [iii.] But to draw near to Thee, my God, Shall be my sweet em- ploy;

1. [i.] God, my sup- port- er and my hope, My help for e- ver near, Thine  
 2. [iii.] But to draw near to Thee, my God, Shall be my sweet em- ploy; My

Thine arm of mer- cy  
 My tongue shall sound Thy

Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, When  
 My tongue shall sound Thy works a- broad, My

Thine arm of mer-cy held me up, Thine  
 My tongue shall sound Thy works a- broad, My

arm of mer-cy held me up, Thine arm of mer-cy  
 tongue shall sound Thy works a- broad, My tongue shall sound Thy

held me up, Thine arm of mer-cy  
 works a- broad, My tongue shall sound Thy

sink- ing in de- spair. When sink- ing in de- spair.  
 tongue shall sound Thy works a- broad, And tell the world

arm of mer-cy held me up,  
 tongue shall sound Thy works a- broad,

held me up, When sink- ing in de- spair. When sink- ing in de- spair.  
 works a- broad, And tell the world my joy. And tell the world my joy.

held me up, When sink- ing in de- spair.  
 works a- broad, And tell the world my joy.

# Psalm LXXIIIc

## DUNLAP'S CREEK

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.63t

1. [i.] My God, my por-tion, and my love, My e-ver-last-ing All,  
2. [v.] To thee I owe my wealth, and friends, And health, and safe a-bode:

3. [vii.] Were I pos-sess-or of the earth, And called the stars my own,  
4. [viii.] Let o-thers stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore;

I've none but thee in heaven a-bove, Or on this earth-ly ball.  
Thanks to thy name for mean-er things: But they are not my God.

With-out thy gra-cies and thy-self, I were a wretch un-done.  
Grant me the vis-its of thy grace, And I de-sire no more.

# Psalm LXXIV

MEAR

Isaac Watts

From *The Sacred Harp* (1860), p.49b

1. [i.] Will God for e- ver cast us off? His wrath for e- ver  
2. [ii.] Think of the tribes so dear- ly bought With their Re- deem- er's  
3. [viii.] No pro- phet speaks to calm our grief, But all in si- lence

4. [ix.] How long, e- ter- nal God, how long Shall men of pride blas-  
5. [xi.] What strange de- liv' rance hast thou shown In a- ges long be-  
6. [xii.] Thou didst di- vide the ra- ging sea By thy re- sist- less  
7. [xvi.] Think on the cov'- nant thou hast made, And all thy words of

smoke A- gainst the peo- ple of His love, His lit- tle cho- sen flock.  
blood; Nor let thy Zi- on be for- got, Where once thy glo- ry stood.  
mourn; Nor know the times of our re- lief The hour of thy re- turn.

8 pheme? Shall saints be made their end- less song, And bear im- mor- tal shame?  
fore? And now no o- ther God we own, No o- ther God a- dore.  
might, To make thy tribes a wond- 'rous way, And then se- cure their flight.  
love; Nor let the birds of prey in- vade, And vex thy trem- bling dove.

# Psalm LXXV

## THE CONVERTED THIEF

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.152

1. [i.] To Thee, O God, we ren- der praise, to Thee with thanks re- pair; For, that thy Name to  
2. [viii.] His Hand holds forth a dread- ful cup; with pur- ple wine 'tis crown'd; The dead- ly mix- ture,

3. [ix.] His Pro- phet, I, to all the World this mes- sage will re- late: The jus- tice then of  
(1. To Thee, O God, we ren- der praise, to Thee with thanks re- pair; For, that thy Name to

us is nigh, thy wond' rous works de- clare. [ii.] In Is- rael when my throne is fix'd, with  
which his wrath deals out to Na- tions round. Of this his saints some- times may taste; but

Ja- cob's God my song shall ce- le- brate. [x.] The wick- ed's pride I will re- duce, their  
us is nigh, thy wond' rous works de- clare. In Is- rael when my throne is fix'd, with

me shall jus- tice reign. [iii.] The land with dis- cord shakes; but I the sink- ing frame sus- tain.  
wick- ed men shall squeeze The bit- ter dregs, and be con- demn'd to drink the ver- y lees.

cru- el- ty dis- arm; Ex- alt the just, and seat him high, a- bove the reach of harm.  
me shall jus- tice reign. The land with dis- cord shakes; but I the sink- ing frame sus- tain.)

# Psalm LXXVI

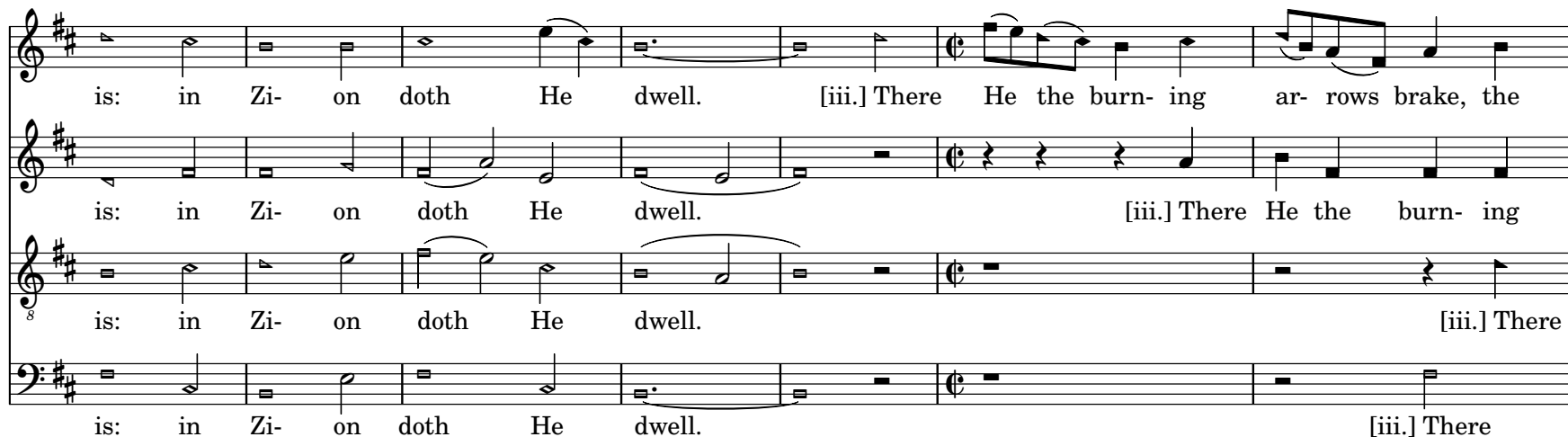
MARINI

As in Thomas Prince's *The New England Psalm Book*

M. Stecker



[i.] In Ju- dah GOD is known: his name is great in Is- ra- el: [ii.] In Sa- lem his pa- vil- ion



is: in Zi- on doth He dwell. [iii.] There He the burn- ing ar- rows brake, the

Composed in honor of Dr. Stephen Marini, Prof. Emeritus of Wellesley College and Founder of Norumbega Harmony (est. 1976), 14 OCT 2019, Charleston, SC

bow, shield, sword and war. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more

ar- rows brake, the bow, shield, sword and war. More glor- ious Thou than

He the burn- ing ar- rows brake, the bow, shield, sword and war. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more

He the burn- ing ar- rows brake, the bow, shield, sword and war. More glor- ious Thou than

ex- cel- lent by far. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far.

mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far.

ex- cel- lent by far. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far.

mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far. More glor- ious Thou than mounts of prey, more ex- cel- lent by far.



# Psalm LXXVII

LEANDER

Isaac Watts

From *The Missouri Harmony*, p.129

1. [i.] To God I cried with mourn-ful voice, I sought His gra-cious ear, In the sad day when  
2. [v.] I called back years and an-cient times When I be-held Thy face; My spi-rit searched for

trou-les rose, And filled the night with fear. [ii.] Sad were my days, and dark my nights, My  
se-cret crimes That might with-hold Thy grace. [vi.] I called Thy mer-cies to my mind Which  
cov'-ring grace, When flesh could hope no more. [x.] Grace dwells with jus-tice on the throne; And  
trou-les rose, And filled the night with fear. Sad were my days, and dark my nights, My

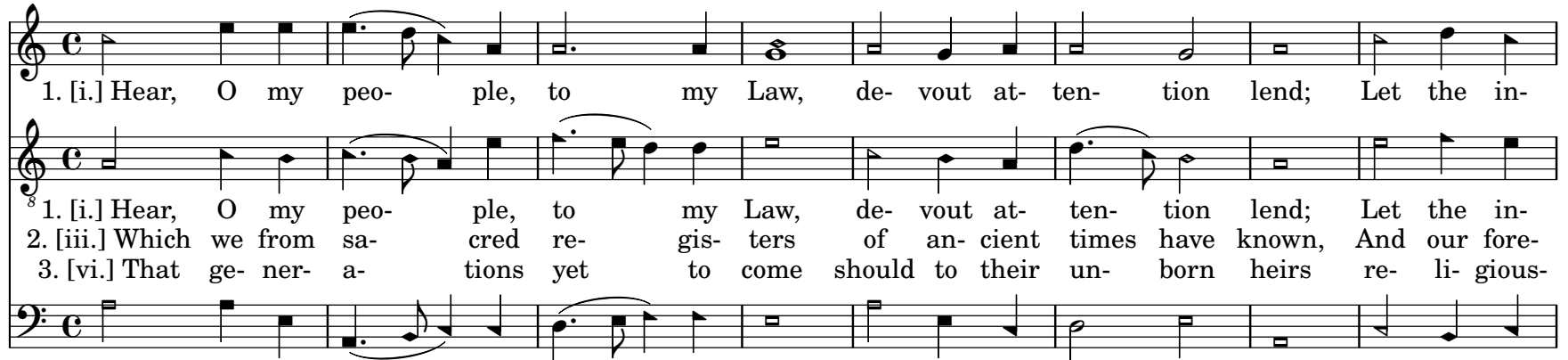
soul re-fused re-lief; I thought on God the just and wise, But thoughts in-creased my grief.  
I en-joyed be-fore; And will the Lord no more be kind? His face ap-pear no more?  
men that love Thy Word Have in Thy sanc-tu-a-ry known The coun-sels of the Lord.  
soul re-fused re-lief; I thought on God the just and wise, But thoughts in-creased my grief.)

# Psalm LXXVIII

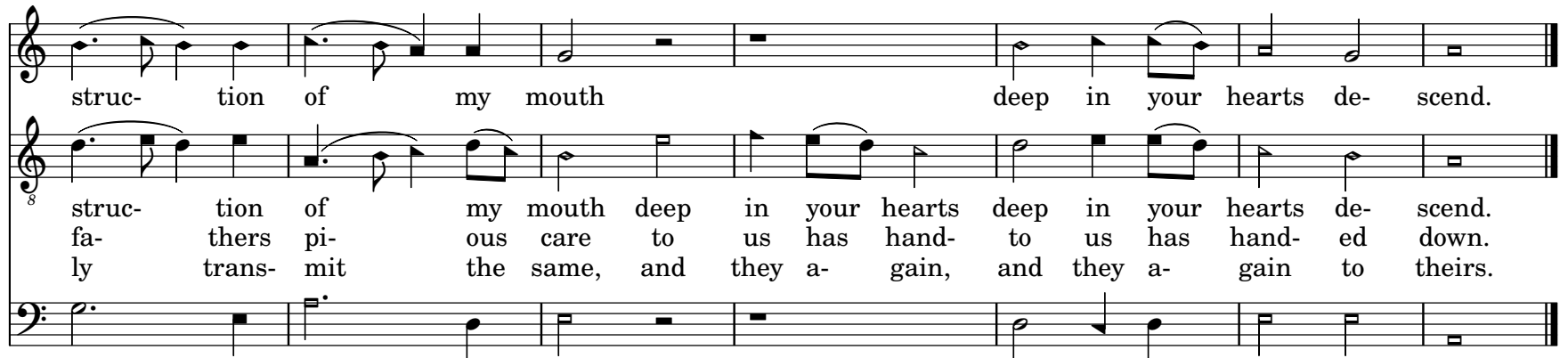
## ASBURY

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.14t



1. [i.] Hear, O my peo- ple, to my Law, de- vout at- ten- tion lend; Let the in-



struc- tion of my mouth deep in your hearts de- scend.

2. [iii.] Which we from sa- cred re- gis- ters of an- cient times have known, And our fore-

3. [vi.] That ge- ner- a- tions yet to come should to their un- born heirs re- li- gious-

# Psalm LXXIX

HOLLIS

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.84

1. [i.] Be- hold, O God, how hea- then hosts have thy pos- ses- sion  
2. [ix.] Thou God of our sal- va- tion, help, and free our souls from

1. [i.] Be- hold, O God, how hea- then hosts have thy pos- ses- sion  
2. [ix.] Thou God of our sal- va- tion, help, and free our souls from

seized;  
blame;

Thy So sa- cred our house they  
So shall our par- don

seized;  
blame;

Thy So sa- cred our house they have de- filed,  
So shall our par- don and de- fense

Thy sa- cred our house they have de- filed,  
So shall our par- don and de- fense

Thy So

have de- filed, Thy sa- cred house they have de- filed, thy ho- ly  
 and de- fense So shall our par- don and de- fense ex- alt thy  
 sa- cred house they have de- filed, Thy sa- cred house they  
 shall our par- don and de- fense So shall our par- don  
 Thy sa- cred house they have de- filed, thy ho- ly  
 So shall our par- don and de- fense ex- alt thy

sa- cred house they have de- filed, thy ho- ly  
 shall our par- don and de- fense ex- alt thy  
 ci- ty razed. thy ho- ly ci- ty razed.  
 glo- rious Name. ex- alt thy glo- rious Name.  
 have de- filed, thy ho- ly ci- ty razed.  
 and de- fense ex- alt thy glo- rious Name.  
 ci- ty razed. thy ho- ly ci- ty razed.  
 glo- rious Name. ex- alt thy glo- rious Name.

ci- ty razed,  
 glo- rious Name.

# Psalm LXXX

## OH! FATHER, LEAVE ME NOT

Isaac Watts

From *The Ohio Harmonist*, p.145

1. [i.] Great Shep-herd of thine Is- ra- el, Who didst be- tween the cher- ubs dwell, And lead the tribes, thy  
2. [ii.] Thy church is in the de- sert now-- Shine from on high, and guide us through; Turn us to thee, thy

3. [iii.] Hast thou not plant- ed with thy hands A love- ly vine in this our land? Did not thy power de-  
4. [iv.] Re- turn, al- migh- ty God, re- turn, Nor let thy bleed- ing vine- yard mourn; Turn us to thee, thy

cho- sen sheep, Safe through the de- sert and the deep,-- Oh! fa- ther, fa- ther, leave me not.  
love re- store, We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

fend it round, And heav- en- ly dew en- rich the ground? Oh! fa- ther, fa- ther, leave me not.  
love re- store, We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

*Please note that the chorus / final phrase is not directly drawn from the Psalm, and may be omitted if desirable.*

# Psalm LXXXb

## BOSTON

John Milton (Words in brackets are Milton's indication of extra-biblical license)

From *The Singing Master's Assistant*, p.2

1. [i.] Thou Shep- herd that dost Is- rael [keep] Give ear [in time of need,] Who lead- est like a  
 2. [ii.] In E- phraim's view and Ben- ja- min's, And in Ma- nas- se's sight A- wake thy strength, come,

3. [xiv.] Re- turn now, God of Hosts, look down From Heav'n, thy Seat di- vine, Be- hold [us, but with-  
 4. [xviii.] So shall we not go back from thee [To ways of sin and shame,] Quick- en us thou, then

flock of sheep [Thy loved ones,] Jo- seph's seed, That sitt'st be- tween the Che- rubs [bright] [Be-  
 and [be seen] [To] save us [by thy might.] [iii.] Turn us a- gain, [thy grace di- vine] [To

out a frown,] And vi- sit this [thy] Vine. [xv.] Vi- sit this, Vine, which thy right hand Hath  
 [glad- ly] we Shall call u- pon thy Name. Re- turn us, [and thy grace di- vine] Lord

tween their wings out- spread] Shine forth, [and from thy cloud give light,] [And on our foes thy dread,]  
 us] O God [vouch- safe,] Cause thou thy face on us to shine And then we shall be safe.

set, and plant- ed [long,] And the young branch, that for thy self Thou hast made firm and strong.  
 God of Hosts [vouch- safe,] Cause thou thy face on us to shine, And then we shall be safe.

# Psalm LXXXI

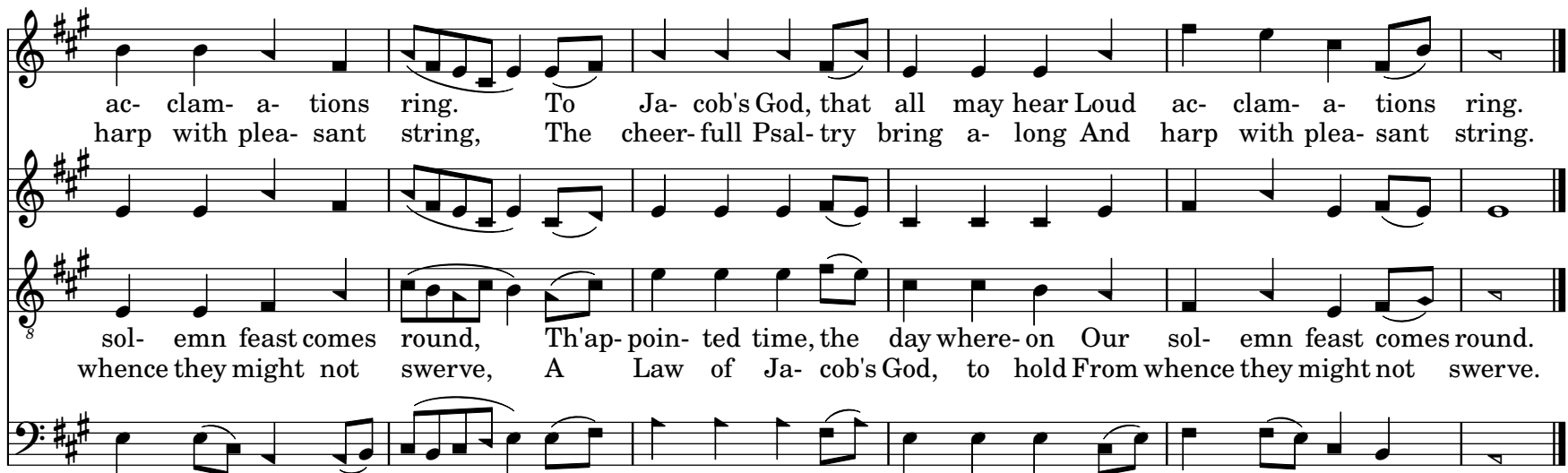
## PISGAH

John Milton

From *The Christian Harmony*, p.88

1. [i] To God our strength sing loud, and clear, Sing loud to God our King, To Ja- cob's God, that  
2. [ii.] Pre- pare a Hymn, pre- pare a song, The tim- brel hi- ther bring The cheer- full Psal- try  
3. [iii.] Blow, as is wont, in the new moon With trum- pets' lof- ty sound, Th'ap- poin- ted time, the  
4. [iv.] This was a Stat- ute giv'n of old For Is- rael to ob- serve A Law of Ja- cob's

all may hear Loud ac- clam- a- tions ring. Loud ac- clam- a- tions ring, Loud  
bring a- long And harp with plea- sant string. And harp with plea- sant string, And  
day where- on Our sol- emn feast comes round. Our sol- emn feast comes round, Our  
God, to hold From whence they might not swerve. From whence they might not swerve, From



ac- clam- a- tions ring. To Ja- cob's God, that all may hear Loud ac- clam- a- tions ring.  
harp with plea- sant string, The cheer- full Psal- try bring a- long And harp with plea- sant string.

sol- emn feast comes round, Th'ap- poin- ted time, the day where- on Our sol- emn feast comes round.  
whence they might not swerve, A Law of Ja- cob's God, to hold From whence they might not swerve.



# Psalm LXXXII

FULLER WARREN

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker

1. [i.] A- mong th'ass- em- blies of the great a great- er ru- ler takes his seat;  
2. [ii.] Why will ye, then, frame wick- ed laws? Or why sup- port th'un- right- eous cause?  
3. [iii.] They know not, Lord, nor will they know; Dark are the ways in which they go;  
4. [iv.] A- rise, O Lord, and let thy Son Pos- sess his u- ni- ver- sal throne,

the God of heav'n, as Judge, sur-veys Those gods on earth, and all their ways.  
When will ye once de- fend the poor, That sin- ners vex the saints no more?  
their name of earth- ly gods is vain, For they shall fall and die like men.  
And rule the na- tions with his rod; He is our Judge, and he our God.

# Psalm LXXXIII

## DAUPHIN

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.218t

1. [i.] And will the God of grace Per- pet- ual si- lence keep? The  
2. [ii.] Be- hold, what curs- ed snares The men of mis- chief spread! The

1. [i.] And will the God of grace Per- pet- ual si- lence keep? The God of jus- tice  
2. [ii.] Be- hold, what curs- ed snares The men of mis- chief spread! The men that hate thy

The God of jus- tice hold his peace, The  
The men that hate thy saints and thee, The

God of jus- tice hold his peace, And let his ven- geance sleep? And let his ven- geance sleep?  
men that hate thy saints and thee Lift up their threat' ning head. Lift up their threat' ning head.

The God of jus- tice hold his peace, And let his ven- geance sleep?  
The men that hate thy saints and thee Lift up their threat' ning head.

hold his peace, The God of jus- tice hold his peace, And let his ven- geance sleep?  
saints and thee, The men that hate thy saints and thee Lift up their threat' ning head.

God of jus- tice hold his peace, And let his ven- geance sleep? And let his ven- geance sleep?  
men that hate thy saints and thee Lift up their threat' ning head, Lift up their threat' ning head.

# Psalm LXXXIV

## BALLSTOWN

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.161

[i] Great God, at- tend, while Zi- on sings the joy that from your pre- sence springs;

[i] Great God, at- tend, while Zi- on sings the joy that from your pre- sence springs;

[i] Great God, at- tend, while Zi- on sings the joy that from your pre- sence springs; to

[i] Great God, at- tend, while Zi- on sings the joy that from your pre- sence springs; to spend one day with

to spend one day with you on earth ex- ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth. To

to spend one day with you on earth ex- ceeds a thou- sand

spend one day with you on earth ex- ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth. To spend one day with

you on earth ex- ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth. To spend one day with you on earth,

spend one day with you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth.

days of mirth. To spend one day with you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth.

you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth, ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth.

to spend one day with you on earth, ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn, consisting of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The music is in a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The lyrics are: "spend one day with you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth." (Staff 1), "days of mirth. To spend one day with you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth." (Staff 2), "you on earth ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth, ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth." (Staff 3), and "to spend one day with you on earth, ex-ceeds a thou- sand days of mirth." (Staff 4). The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and half notes, along with slurs and ties.

# Psalm LXXXV

## REGENERATION

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker, in homage to William Walker

1. [i.] Lord, thou has gran- ted to thy land the fa- vors we im- plored,  
 2. [ii, iii.] Thy peo- ple's sins thou hast ab- solved, and all their guilt de- faced;

and  
 Thou

1. [i.] Lord, thou has gran- ted to thy land the fa- vors we im- plored, and faith- ful Ja- cob's cap- tive race hast  
 2. [ii, iii.] Thy peo- ple's sins thou hast ab- solved, and all their guilt de- faced; Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on nor

and faith- ful Ja- cob's  
 Thou hast not let thy

and faith- ful Ja- cob's cap- tive race hast gra- cious- ly re- stored.  
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on nor thy fierce an- ger last.

faith- ful Ja- cob's cap- tive race hast gra- cious- ly re- stored, hast gra- cious- ly re- stored.  
 hast not let thy wrath flame on nor thy fierce an- ger last, nor thy fierce an- ger last.

gra- cious- ly re- stored, and faith- ful Ja- cob's cap- tive race hast gra- cious- ly re- stored.  
 thy fierce an- ger last, Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on nor thy fierce an- ger last.

cap- tive race hast gra- cious- ly re- stored, hast gra- cious- ly re- stored.  
 wrath flame on nor thy fierce an- ger last, nor thy fierce an- ger last.

# Psalm LXXXVI

## HEAVENLY DOVE

Isaac Watts

From *The Social Harp*, p.23b

1. [i.] A- mong the prin- ces, earth- ly gods, There's none hath power di- vine; Nor  
2. [iii.] Lord, I would walk with ho- ly feet; Teach me Thine heav' nly ways, And

3. [iv.] Great is Thy mer- cy, and my tongue Shall those sweet won- ders tell, How  
(1. A- mong the prin- ces, earth- ly gods, There's none hath power di- vine; Nor

is their na- ture, migh- ty Lord, Nor are their works like Thine.  
my poor scat- tered thoughts u- nite In God my Fa- ther's praise.

by Thy grace my sink- ing soul Rose from the deeps of hell.  
is their na- ture, migh- ty Lord, Nor are their works like Thine.)

# Psalm LXXXVII

JEFFERSON

John Newton

From *The Southern Harmony*, p.42

1. [i.] Glo- rious things of thee are spo- ken, Zi- on, ci- ty of our God; on the Rock of A- ges foun- ded,  
he whose word can- not be bro- ken formed thee for his own a- bode;

2. [ii.] See the streams of li- ving wa- ters, spring- ing from e- ter- nal love, who can faint while such a ri- ver  
Well sup- ply thy sons and daugh- ters, and all fear of want re- move;

3. [iii.] Round each ha- bi- ta- tion hov' ring, see the cloud and fire ap- pear thus de- ri- ving from their ban- ner  
for a glo- ry and a cov' ring, show- ing that the Lord is near;  
what can shake thy sure re- pose? With sal- va- tion's walls sur- roun- ded, thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
e- ver flows their thirst t'ass- uage? Grace, which like the Lord, the gi- ver, ne- ver fails from age to age.  
light by night and shade by day, safe they feed u- pon the man- na which he gives them when they pray.

# Psalm LXXXVIIb

## HEAVENLY HOME

Tate & Brady's *New Version* (Chorus anon.)

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.150

1. [i.] God's temple crowns the ho-ly mount, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view  
The Lord there con-de-scends to dwell:

2. [i.b.] His Si-on's gates, in His ac-count, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view.  
Our Is-rael's fair-est tents ex-cel:

3. [i.c.] Yea, glor-ious things of thee we sing, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view.  
O ci-ty of th'Al-migh-ty King!

(Chorus): Heav'n is my home, my jour-ney I'll pur-sue, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view

(Chorus): Heav'n is my home, my jour-ney I'll pur-sue, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view.

(Chorus): Heav'n is my home, my jour-ney I'll pur-sue, I ne-ver will turn back while heav'n's in my view.

*Please note the chorus is not directly derived from the Psalm.*



# Psalm LXXXVIII

JONES

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker; Bass air taken from "Difyrw Ansluydd Trefail -- Lord Trefail's Fancy"

1. [i.] To thee, my God and Sa- vior, I by day and night ad- dress my cry;  
2. [iii.] For seas of trou- ble me in- vade, my soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,  
3. [ix.] Mine eyes from weep- ing ne- ver cease, they waste, but still my griefs in- crease;

8

1. [i.] To thee, my God and Sa- vior, I by day and night ad- dress my cry;  
2. [iii.] For seas of trou- ble me in- vade, my soul draws nigh to death's cold shade,  
3. [ix.] Mine eyes from weep- ing ne- ver cease, they waste, but still my griefs in- crease;

3

[ii.] Vouch- safe my  
[iv.] Like one whose  
Yet dai- ly,

[ii.] Vouch- safe my mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in- cline thine  
[iv.] Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the  
Yet dai- ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy

8

safe my mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in- cline thine ear: Vouch-  
one whose strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the dead. Like  
dai- ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy aid. Yet

mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in<sup>3</sup> cline thine ear: Vouch- safe my  
strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the dead. Like one whose  
Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy aid. Yet dai- ly,

Composed April-May 2019, in honor of Stephen Jones (Charleston, SC), edited 9 OCT 19

ear: Vouch- safe my mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in- cline thine ear,  
 dead. Like one whose strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the dead.  
 aid. Yet dai- ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy aid.

safe my mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in- cline thine ear, thine ear.  
 one whose strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the dead, the dead.  
 dai- ly, Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy aid, thy aid.

mourn- ful voice to hear, to my dis- tress, in- cline thine ear, in- cline thine ear.  
 strength and hopes are fled, they num- ber me a- mong the dead, a- mong the dead.  
 Lord, to thee I prayed, with out- stretched hands in- voked thy aid, in- voked thy aid.

# Psalm LXXXIX

## EIGHTY-NINTH PSALM

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.350

1. [i.] Think, migh- ty God, on fee- ble man; How few his hours! how short his span!  
 2. [ii.] Lord, shall it be for e- ver said, The race of man was on- ly made

1. [i.] Think, migh- ty God, on fee- ble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from the  
 2. [ii.] Lord, shall it be for e- ver said, The race of man was on- ly made For sick- ness,

Short from the cra-  
 For sick- ness, sor-

Short from the cra- dle to the grave Who can se- cure his  
 For sick- ness, sor- row, and the dust? Are not thy ser- vants

Short from the cra- dle to the grave Who can se- cure his  
 For sick- ness, sor- row, and the dust? Are not thy ser- vants

cra- dle to the grave Who can se- cure his vi- tal breath A- gainst the bold de-  
 sor- row, and the dust? Are not thy ser- vants day by day Sent to their graves, and

dle to the grave Who can se- cure his vi- tal breath A- gainst the bold de-  
 row, and the dust? Are not thy ser- vants day by day Sent to their graves, and

vi- tal breath A- gainst the bold de- mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?  
 day by day Sent to their graves, and turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

vi- tal breath A- gainst the bold de- mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?  
 day by day Sent to their graves, and turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?  
 turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

mands of death, With skill to fly, or power to save?  
 turned to clay? Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

With skill to fly, or power to save? Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

With skill to fly, or power to save?  
 Lord, where's thy kind- ness to the just?

# Psalm LXXXIXb

## WHITESTOWN

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.180

1. [i.] Re- mem- ber, Lord, our mor- tal state, How frail our life! how short the date! Where is the  
2. [iii.] "Where is thy pro- mise to the just? Are not thy ser- vants turned to dust?" But faith for-

1. [i.] Re- mem- ber, Lord, our mor- tal state, How frail our life! how short the date! Where is the  
2. [iii.] "Where is thy pro- mise to the just? Are not thy ser- vants turned to dust?" But faith for-

man that draws his breath Safe from dis- ease, se- cure from death?  
bids these mourn- ful sighs, And sees the sleep- ing dust a- rise.

man that draws his breath Safe from dis- ease, se- cure from death? [ii.] Lord,  
bids these mourn- ful sighs, And sees the sleep- ing dust a- rise. [iv.] That

[ii.] Lord, while we see whole  
[iv.] That glor- ious hour, that

[ii.] Lord, while we see whole na- tions die, Our flesh and sense re- pine and cry,  
 [iv.] That glor- ious hour, that dread- ful day, Wipes the re- proach of saints a- way,

[ii.] Lord, while we see whole na- tions die, Our flesh and sense re-  
 [iv.] That glor- ious hour, that dread- ful day, Wipes the re- proach of

while we see whole na- tions die, Our flesh and sense re- pine and cry,  
 glor- ious hour, that dread- ful day, Wipes the re- proach of saints a- way,

na- tions die, Our flesh and sense re- pine and cry,  
 dread- ful day, Wipes the re- proach of saints a- way,

"Must death for e- ver rage and reign? Or hast thou made man- kind in vain?"  
 And clears the hon- or of thy word: A- wake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

pine and cry,  
 saints a- way,

"Must death for e- ver rage and reign? Or hast thou made man- kind in vain?"  
 And clears the hon- or of thy word: A- wake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

# Psalm LXXXVIIIc

## FAIRFIELD

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.62t

1. [i.] With rev'-rence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high com-mands with  
2. [ii.] Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv' rer sing; Ye pil-grims now for

8  
1. [i.] With rev'-rence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore the Lord; His high com-mands with  
2. [ii.] Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv' rer sing; Ye pil-grims now for

rev' rence hear, And trem-ble at his word. His high com-mands with rev' rence hear, And trem-ble at his word.  
Zi- on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Ye pil-grims now for Zi- on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

8  
rev' rence hear, And trem-ble at his word. His high com-mands with rev' rence hear, And trem-ble at his word.  
Zi- on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Ye pil-grims now for Zi- on bound, Be joy-ful in your King.

# Psalm XC

## HIGHBRIDGE

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.37b

1. [i.] Through e-very age, e-ter-nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe a-bode;  
2. [ii.] Long hadst thou reigned ere time be-gan, Or dust was fash-ioned to a man;

<sup>8</sup> 3. [iii.] But man, weak man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and van-i-ty;  
4. [viii.] Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kind-ly length-en out our span,

High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy hum-ble foot-stool laid.  
And long thy king-dom shall en-dure When earth and time shall be no more.

<sup>8</sup> Thy dread-ful sen-tence, Lord, was just, "Re-turn, ye sin-ners, to your dust."  
Till a wise care of pi-e-ty Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.



# Psalm XCI

## PLEADING SAVIOR

James Montgomery

From *The Brethren Hymnal*, p.229 (adapt.)

1. [i.] Call Je- ho- vah thy sal- va- tion, Rest be- neath th'Al- migh- ty's shade;  
 In his se- cret ha- bi- ta- tion Dwell, nor e- ver be dis- mayed;  
 Guile nor vi- o- lence can harm thee, In e- ter- nal safe- ty there. *fine*

2. [ii.] From the sword at noon- day wast- ing, From the noi- some pes- til- ence,  
 In the depth of mid- night blast- ing, God shall be thy sure de- fence;  
 Mer- cy shall thy soul de- li- ver Though ten thou- sand be laid low. *fine*

3. [iii.] Since, with pure and firm af- fec- tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,  
 With the wings of his pro- tec- tion, He will shield thee from a- bove:  
 Thou shalt call on him in trou- ble, He will hear- ken, he will save; *fine*

There no tu- mult can a- larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid- den snare;  
 Fear thou not the dead- ly qui- ver, When a thou- sand feel the blow;  
 Here for grief re- ward thee dou- ble, Crown with life be- yond the grave. *D. C. al fine*

# Psalm XCII

## HUDSON, or DERBY

Isaac Watts

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.83; alto alt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise His na- ture

1. [i.] Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi- ces in His praise; His na- ture

1. [i.] Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi- ces in His praise; His na- ture  
 2. [vii.] What is the crea- ture's skill or force, The spright- ly man, the war- like horse, The nim- ble  
 3. [viii.] But saints are love- ly in His sight, He views His child- ren with de- light; He sees their

1. [i.] Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voi- ces in His praise; His na- ture

and His works in- vite To make this du- ty our de- light, To make this du- ty our de- light.

and His works in- vite To make this du- ty our de- light.

and His works in- vite To make this du- ty our de- light, To make this du- ty our de- light.  
 wit, the ac- tive limb? All are too mean de- lights for Him. All are too mean de- lights for Him.  
 hope, He knows their fear, And looks, and loves His i- mage there. And looks, and loves His i- mage there.

and His works in- vite, To make this du- ty our de- light, To make this du- ty our de- light.  
 All are too mean &c  
 And looks and loves &c

# Psalm XCIII

## THE YOUNG CONVERT

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Southern Harmony* (1854), p.308

1. [i.] With glo- ry clad, with strength ar- rayed, Won- der, won- der, won- der the world's foun- da- tions  
the Lord, that o'er all na- ture reigns, Won- der, won- der, won- der

2. [ii.] How sure- ly 'stab- lished is your throne, Won- der, won- der, won- der For you, O Lord, and  
which shall no change or per- iod see! Won- der, won- der, won- der

3. [iii.] The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, Won- der, won- der, won- der but God a- bove can  
and toss the trou- bled waves on high; Won- der, won- der, won- der

strong- ly laid, Won- der, won- der, won- der, and the vast fa- bric still sus- tains, O Won- der, won- der, won- der

you a- lone, Won- der, won- der, won- der are God from all e- ter- ni- ty, O Won- der, won- der, won- der.

still their noise, Won- der, won- der, won- der and make the an- gry sea com- ply, O Won- der, won- der, won- der.

*Treble and Bass voice in third phrase originally typeset in small notes.*

# Psalm XCIV

## SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Southern Harmony* (1847), p.38

1. [i.] O Lord God, un- to whom a- lone all ven- geance doth be- long; O migh- ty God, who ven- geance  
2. [iii.] How long, O migh- ty God, shall they who lewd and wick- ed be, How long shall they who wick- ed  
3. [xiv.] For sure the Lord will not cast off those that his peo- ple be, Nei- ther his own in- her- i-

own'st, shine forth, a- ven- ging wrong. [ii.] Lift up thy- self, thou of the earth the  
are thus tri- umph haught- i- ly? [iv.] How long shall things most hard by them be  
tance quit and for- sake will he: [xv.] But judg- ment un- to right- eous- ness shall

own'st, shine forth, a- ven- ging wrong. [ii.] Lift up thy- self, thou of the earth the  
are thus tri- umph haught- i- ly? [iv.] How long shall things most hard by them be  
tance quit and for- sake will he: [xv.] But judg- ment un- to right- eous- ness shall

sov' reign Judge that art; And un- to those that are so proud a due re- ward im- part.  
ut- ter- ed and told? And all that work in- i- qui- ty to boast them- selves be bold?  
yet re- turn a- gain; And all shall fol- low af- ter it that are right- heart- ed men.

sov' reign Judge that art; And un- to those that are so proud a due re- ward im- part.  
ut- ter- ed and told? And all that work in- i- qui- ty to boast them- selves be bold?  
yet re- turn a- gain; And all shall fol- low af- ter it that are right- heart- ed men.

# Psalm XCV

## NINETY-FIFTH

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.122b (adapt.)

1. [i.] O come, loud an- thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al- migh- ty King;  
 2. [ii.] In- to his pre- sence let us haste To thank him for his fa- vours past;

1. [i.] O come, loud an- thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al- migh- ty King;  
 2. [ii.] In- to his pre- sence let us haste To thank him for his fa- vours past;

1. [i.] O come, loud an- thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al- migh- ty King; For  
 2. [ii.] In- to his pre- sence let us haste To thank him for his fa- vours past; To

1. [i.] O come, loud an- thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al- migh- ty King; For we our voi- ces  
 2. [ii.] In- to his pre- sence let us haste To thank him for his fa- vours past; To him ad- dress in

For we our voi- ces high should raise, When our Sal- va- tion's Rock we praise.  
 To him ad- dress in joy- ful songs, The praise that to his name be- longs.

For we our voi- ces high should raise, When our Sal- va- tion's Rock we praise.  
 To him ad- dress in joy- ful songs, The praise that to his name be- longs.

we our voice, For we our voi- ces high should raise, When our Sal- va- tion's Rock we praise.  
 him ad- dress, To him ad- dress in joy- ful songs, The praise that to his name be- longs.

high should raise, for we our voi- ces high should raise, When our Sal- va- tion's Rock we praise.  
 joy- ful songs, To him ad- dress in joy- ful songs, The praise that to his name be- longs.

# Psalm XCVI

## SWEETGUM

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker

1. [i.] Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of e-very tongue; His  
2. [iii.] Let Heav'n pro-claim the joy-ful day; Joy through the earth be seen; Let  
3. [iv.] Let an un-u-sual joy sur-prise The is-lands of the sea; Ye

4. [v.] Be-hold, He comes, He comes to bless The na-tions as their God; To  
5. [vi.] But when His voice shall raise the dead, And bid the world draw near, How  
(1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of e-very tongue; His

new dis-cov-ered grace de-mands A new and no-bler<sup>3</sup> song.  
ci-ties shine in bright de-ar-ly ray, And fields in cheer-ful green.  
moun-tains sink; ye val-leys rise; Pre-pare the Lord His way.

show the world His right-eous-ness, And send His truth a-<sup>3</sup> broad.  
will the guilty na-tions dread To see their judge ap-pear.  
new dis-cov-ered grace de-mands A new and no-bler song.)

# Psalm XCVIb

## REVERENTIAL ANTHEM

Psalm 96, excerpted

From *The Sacred Harp* (1909 J.L. White edition), p.234

Come in-to His courts, Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness.  
Give un-to the Lord The glo-ry due un-to His name; Come in-to His courts, Wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness. Fear be-

Fear be-fore Him all the earth, He shall judge the peo-ple right-eous-ly. Let the heav'ns re-joice, And the earth be glad be-  
fore Him all the earth, He shall judge the peo-ple right-eous-ly. Let the heav'ns re-joice, And the earth be glad be-

Fear be-fore Him all the earth, right-eous-ly. And the earth be glad be-

fore the Lord. For He com-eth To judge the world with right-eous-ness, And the peo-ple with His truth.  
fore the Lord. For He com-eth To judge the world with right-eous-ness, And the peo-ple with His truth.  
fore the Lord. For He com-eth To judge the world with right-eous-ness, And the peo-ple with His truth.



# Psalm XCVII

FLORENCE

John Hopkins

From *The Social Harp*, p.77

1. [i.] The Lord doth reign, for which the earth may sing with pleasant voice, [ii.] Both clouds and darkness  
The isles also, with joyful mirth may triumph and rejoice.

2. [iv.] His lightnings great full bright did blaze, and to the world appear, [v.] The hills like wax did  
Where- at the earth did look and gaze with dread and dead-ly fear.

3. [ix.] With joy shall Zi- on hear this thing, and Ju- dah shall re-joice; [x.] For thou, O Lord, art  
For at thy judg-ments they shall sing with a most cheer-ful voice.

like-wise swell, and round a- bout him beat, Yea, right and jus- tice e- ver dwell and 'bide a- bout his seat.

melt in sight and pre- sence of the Lord, They fled be- fore that Ru- ler's might, who guid- eth all the world.

set on high in all the earth a- broad, And art ex- al- ted won- drous-ly a- bove each o- ther god.

# Psalm XCIIX

DE PAUL

The Psalter of the United Presbyterian Church, 1912

M. Stecker

1. [i-ii.] Sing a new song to Je- ho- vah, for the won- ders He has wrought, His right hand and arm most ho- ly  
2. [iii-vii.] Truth and mer- cy toward His peo- ple He has e- ver kept in mind, And His full and free sal- va- tion  
3. [vii-ix.] Seas and all your full- ness, thun- der, all earth's peo- ples, now re- joice, Floods and hills, in praise u- ni- ting,

tri- umph to His cause have brought. He has made sal-  
He has shown to all man- kind. Prai- ses to Je-  
to the Lord lift up your voice. For, be- hold, Je-  
Tender mercy, He has made sal- va- tion  
To Je- ho- vah, prai- ses to Je-  
Ho- vah com- eth, robed in jus- tice  
tri- umph to His cause have brought. In His love and ten- der mer- cy He has made sal-  
He has shown to all man- kind. Sing, O earth, sing to Je- ho- vah, prai- ses to Je-  
to the Lord lift up your voice. For, be- hold, Je- ho- vah com- eth, robed in jus- tice

Composed 27 September 2019, the feast of St. Vincent de Paul

va- tion known, In the sight of e- very na- tion He His right- eous- ness has shown.  
ho- vah sing; With the swell- ing notes of mu- sic shout be- fore the Lord, the King.  
ho- vah com- eth, robed in jus- tice and in might; He a- lone will judge the na-

known, In the sight of e- very na- tion He His right- eous- ness has shown.  
ho- vah sing; With the swell- ing notes of mu- sic shout be- fore the Lord, the King.  
and in might; He a- lone will judge the na- tions, and His judg- ment shall be right.

va- tion known, In the sight of e- very na- tion He His right- eous- ness has shown.  
ho- vah sing; With the swell- ing notes of mu- sic shout be- fore the Lord, the King.  
and in might; He a- lone will judge the na- tions, and His judg- ment shall be right.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves are in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in the bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and dynamic markings like 'mf'.

# Psalm XCIX

## VOLUNTEERS

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.90

1. [i.] Th'e-ter-nal Lord doth reign as king, let all the peo-ple quake; [iv.] The king's strength al-  
He sits be-tween the cher-u-bim, let th'earth be mov'd and shake.

2. [vi.] Mo-ses and Aa-ron 'mong his priests, Sa-muel, with them that call [vii.] With-in the pil-lar  
U-pon his name: these call'd on God, and he them an-swer'd all.

3. [v.] The Lord our God ex-alt on high, and rev'rent-ly do ye [ix.] Do ye ex-alt the  
Be-fore his foot-stool wor-ship him: the Ho-ly One is he.

judg-ment loves; thou sett-lest e-qui-ty: Just judg-ment thou dost ex-e-cute in Ja-cob righ-teous-ly.

of the cloud he un-to them did speak: The tes-ti-mo-nies he them taught, and laws, they did not break.

Lord our God, and at his ho-ly hill Do ye him wor-ship: for the Lord our God is ho-ly still.

# Psalm C

## OLD HUNDRED

William Kethe, as it appears in *The Psalter* (1912)

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.132t

1. [i.] All peo- ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer- ful voice.  
2. [ii.] Know that the Lord is God in- deed; With- out our aid He did us make:

3. [iii.] O en- ter then His gates with praise, With- in His courts His praise pro- claim;  
4. [iv.] Be- cause the Lord our God is good, His mer- cy is for- e- ver sure;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be- fore Him and re- joice.  
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.

Let thank- ful songs your tongues em- ploy, O bless and mag- ni- fy His Name.  
His truth at all times firm- ly stood, And shall from mag- ni- fy His Name.  
And shall from age to age en- dure.

# Psalm CI

## PENNSVILLE

From *The Presbyterian Book of Praise* of The Presbyterian Church in Canada, 1915

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.251

1. [i.] Of mer- cy and of judg- ment, O Lord, I'll sing to thee. In wis- dom and up- right- ness Shall my be- hav- ior be. [ii.] O  
2. [iii.] No work of sin I'll suf- fer Be- fore my eyes to be. I hate the work of sin- ners; it shall not cleave to me. [iv.] The

when wilt thou, Je- ho- vah, to me in kind- ness come? With heart sin- cere and per- fect I'll walk with- in my home.  
man whose heart is fro- ward Shall from my pre- sence go. None who in sin take plea- sure will I con- sent to know.

when wilt thou, Je- ho- vah, to me in kind- ness come? With heart sin- cere and per- fect I'll walk with- in my home.  
man whose heart is fro- ward Shall from my pre- sence go. None who in sin take plea- sure will I con- sent to know.

# Psalm CII

BERNE

Isaac Watts

From Wyeth's *Repository*, p.61t

1. [i.] Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face; But answer, lest I die; Hast thou not built a  
2. [iii.] My spirits flag like with'ring grass Burnt with excessive heat; In secret groans my  
3. [ix.] My looks like withered leaves appear; And life's declining light Grows faint as ev'ning

throne of grace To hear when sinners cry? [ii.] My days are wast- ed  
min- utes pass, And I for- get to eat. [iv.] As on some lone- ly  
sha- dows are That van- ish in- to night. [x.] But thou for e- ver

[ii.] My days are wast- ed like the smoke Dis- sol- ving in the  
[iv.] As on some lone- ly build- ing's top The spar- row tells her  
[x.] But thou for e- ver art the same, O my e- ter- nal

throne of grace To hear when sinners cry? [ii.] My days are wast- ed like the smoke Dis-  
min- utes pass, And I for- get to eat. [iv.] As on some lone- ly build- ing's top The  
sha- dows are That van- ish in- to night. [x.] But thou for e- ver art the same, O

[ii.] My days are wast- ed like the smoke Dis-  
[iv.] As on some lone- ly build- ing's top The  
[x.] But thou for e- ver art the same, O





# Psalm CIIb

## COMPLAINT (First)

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.55

1. [ii.] Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we pray, Nor let our sun go  
 2. [v.] The star-ry cur-tains of the sky, Like gar-ments, shall be  
 3. [vi.] Be-fore thy face thy church shall live, And on thy throne thy

down at noon; Thy years are one e-  
 laid a-side; But still thy throne stands  
 child-ren reign; This dy-ing world shall

Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, Thy  
 But still thy throne stands firm on high, Thy  
 This dy-ing world shall they sur-vive, And

years are one e- ter- nal day, And must thy child- ren die so soon? Thy  
 still thy throne stands firm on high, Thy church for dead e- saints ver must a- bide. But  
 dy- ing world shall they sur- vive, And the dead saints be raised a- gain. This

Thy years are one e- ter- nal day,  
 But still thy throne stands firm on high,  
 This dy- ing world shall they sur- vive,

ter- nal day, And must thy child- ren die so soon? Thy  
 firm on high, Thy church for dead e- saints ver must a- bide. But  
 they sur- vive, And the dead saints be raised a- gain. And

years church the are for dead e- saints e- ver be ter- must raised nal day, a- bide. a- gain.

years are one e- ter- nal day, And must thy child- ren die so soon?  
 still thy throne stands firm on high, Thy church for dead e- ver must a- bide.  
 dy- ing world shall they sur- vive, And the dead saints be raised a- gain.

years are one e- ter- nal day, And must thy child- ren die so soon?  
 still thy throne stands firm on high, Thy church for e- ver must a- bide.  
 the dead saints be raised a- gain.

# Psalm CIII

## THANKSGIVING

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *Die Union Choral-Harmonie*, p.113

1. [i.] My soul, in- spired with sa- cred love, God's ho- ly Name for e- ver bless; Of  
2. [iii.] The Lord a- bounds with ten- der love And un- ex- am- pled acts of grace; His

1. [i.] My soul, in- spired with sa- cred love, God's ho- ly Name for e- ver bless; Of  
2. [iii.] The Lord a- bounds with ten- der love And un- ex- am- pled acts of grace; His

1. [i.] My soul, in- spired with sa- cred love, God's ho- ly Name for e- ver bless; Of  
2. [iii.] The Lord a- bounds with ten- der love And un- ex- am- pled acts of grace; His

all His fa- vours mind- ful prove, And still Thy grate- ful thanks ex- press. [ii.] 'Tis  
wak- en'd wrath doth slow- ly move, His will- ing mer- cy flies a- pace. [v.] As

all His fa- vours mind- ful prove, And still Thy grate- ful thanks ex- press.  
wak- en'd wrath doth slow- ly move, His will- ing mer- cy flies a- pace.

all His fa- vours mind- ful prove, And still Thy grate- ful thanks ex- press. [ii.] 'Tis He that all thy  
wak- en'd wrath doth slow- ly move, His will- ing mer- cy flies a- pace. [v.] As far as east is

He that all thy sins for-gives, And af- ter sick- ness makes thee sound; From dan- ger He thy  
 far as east is from the west, So far has he our sins re- moved; Who, with a fa- ther's

[ii.] 'Tis He that all thy sins for- gives, And af- ter sick- ness makes thee sound; From  
 [v.] As far as east is from the west, So far has he our sins re- moved; Who,

sins for- gives, From  
 from the west, Who,

life re- trieves, By Him with grace and mer- cy crown'd, with grace and mer- cy crown'd.  
 ten- der breast, Has such as fear Him al- ways loved, as fear Him al- ways loved.

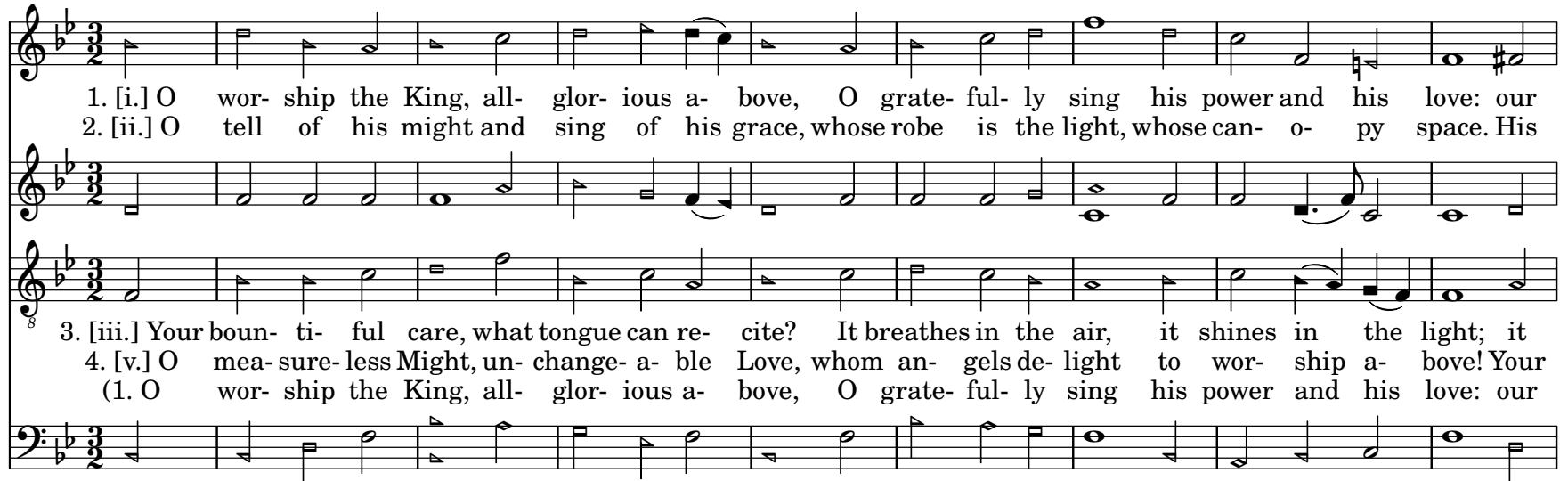
dan- ger He thy life re- trieves, By Him, by him with grace and mer- cy crown'd.  
 with a fa- ther's ten- der breast, Has such, has such as fear Him al- ways loved.

# Psalm CIV

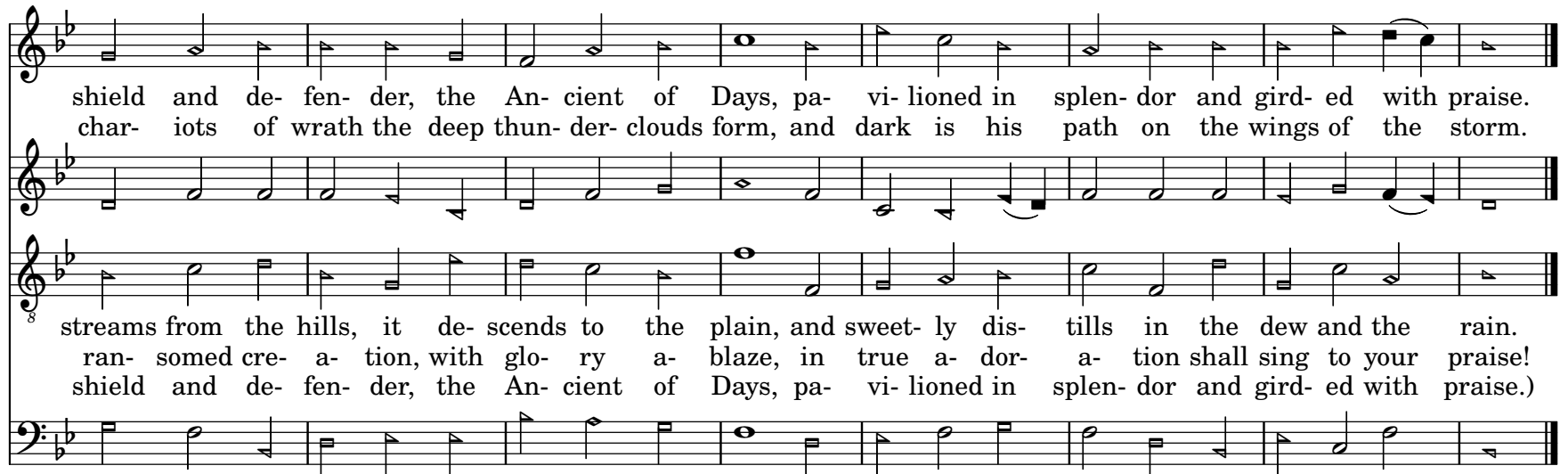
## HANOVER

Robert Grant

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.189, treble and alto alt. M. Stecker



1. [i.] O wor-ship the King, all-glor-ious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly sing his power and his love: our  
2. [ii.] O tell of his might and sing of his grace, whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space. His  
3. [iii.] Your boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; it  
4. [v.] O mea-sure-less Might, un-change-a-ble Love, whom an-gels de-light to wor-ship a-bove! Your  
(1. O wor-ship the King, all-glor-ious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly sing his power and his love: our



shield and de-fen-der, the An-cient of Days, pa-vi-lioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.  
char- iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form, and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.  
streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, and sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.  
ran-somed cre-a-tion, with glo-ry a-blaze, in true a-dor-a-tion shall sing to your praise!  
shield and de-fen-der, the An-cient of Days, pa-vi-lioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.)

# Psalm CV

## RESURRECTION

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker, inspired by material from Billings

1. [i.] Give thanks to God, in-voke his name, And tell the world his grace;  
2. [iii.] He sware to Abr-'ham and his seed, And made the bless-ing sure;  
3. [xviii.] O won-drous stream! O bless-ed type Of e-ver-flow-ing grace!

1. [i.] Give thanks to God, in-voke his name, And tell the world his grace; Sound through the  
2. [iii.] He sware to Abr-'ham and his seed, And made the bless-ing sure; Gen-tiles the  
3. [xviii.] O won-drous stream! O bless-ed type Of e-ver-flow-ing grace! So Christ, our

Sound through the earth his deeds of fame, That all may seek his face.  
Gen-tiles the an-cient pro-mise read, And find his truth en-dure.  
So Christ, our Rock, main-tains our life Through all this wil-der-ness,

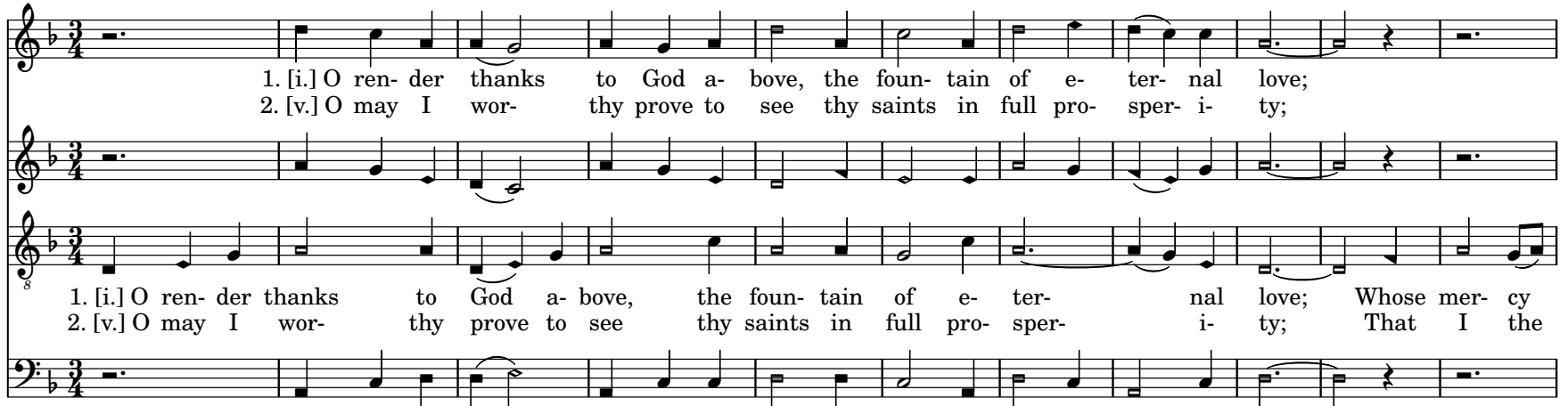
earth his deeds of fame, That all may seek his face, may seek his face.  
an-cient pro-mise read, And find his truth en-dure, his truth en-dure.  
Rock, main-tains our life Through all this wil-der-ness, this wil-der-ness.

# Psalm CVI

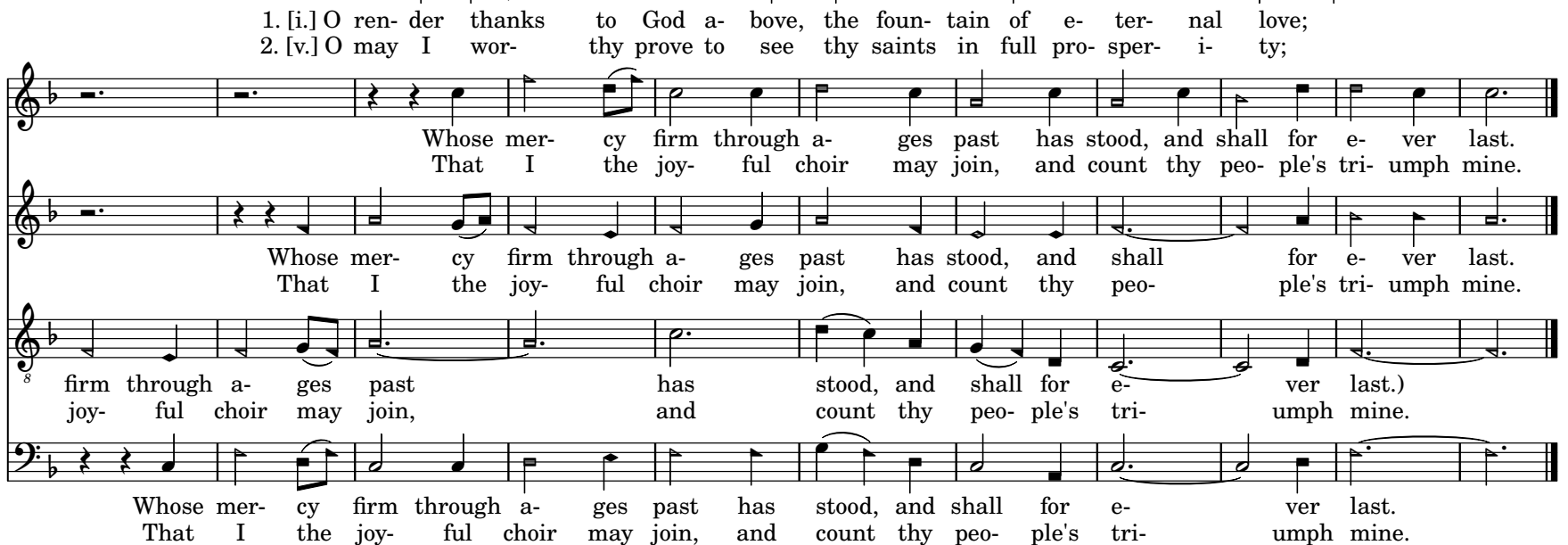
## OHIO

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker



1. [i.] O ren- der thanks to God a- bove, the foun- tain of e- ter- nal love;  
2. [v.] O may I wor- thy prove to see thy saints in full pro- sper- i- ty;



1. [i.] O ren- der thanks to God a- bove, the foun- tain of e- ter- nal love;  
2. [v.] O may I wor- thy prove to see thy saints in full pro- sper- i- ty; That I the  
Whose mer- cy firm through a- ges past has stood, and shall for e- ver last.  
That I the joy- ful choir may join, and count thy peo- ple's tri- umph mine.

# Psalm CVII

SEABURY

John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States

From *The Union Harmony*, p.66t

1. [i.] O that the race of men would raise Their voices to their heav'nly King  
2. [ii.] Ye na-vi-ga-tors of the sea your course on o-cean's tides who keep  
3. [iii.] He speaks con-flic-ting whirl-winds fly The waves in swel-ling tor-rents flow

4. [iv.] Their souls with ter-ror melt a-way They stag-ger as if drunk with wine  
5. [v.] He stays the storm, the waves sub-side Their hearts with rap-ture are in-spired  
6. [vi.] O that man-kind the song would raise Je-ho-vah's good-ness to pro-claim  
(1. O that the race of men would raise Their voices to their heav'nly King

And with the sac-ri-fice of praise The glo-ries of Je-hov-ah sing.  
And there Je-ho-vah's won-ders see His won-ders in the bri-ny deep.  
They mount a-spire to heaven on high They sink as if to hell be-low.

Their skill is vain; to thee they pray; O save them, E-ner-gy di-vine!  
Soft bree-zes waft them o'er the tide In glad-ness to their port de-sired.  
As-sem-bled na-tions shout his praise, As-sem-bled el-ders bless his name.  
And with the sac-ri-fice of praise The glo-ries of Je-hov-ah sing.)



# Psalm CVIII

## Silver Street

The Scottish Psalter

M. Stecker

1. [i.] My heart is fixed, Lord; I will sing, and with my glory praise.  
2. [iii.] I'll praise thee 'mong the people, Lord; 'mong nations sing will I:

3. [v.] Be thou above the heavens, Lord, exalted gloriously;  
(1. My heart is fixed, Lord; I will sing, and with my glory praise.)

[ii.] A-wake up psaltery and harp; my-self I'll early raise.  
[iv.] For a-bove heav'n thy mercy's great, thy truth doth reach the sky.

Thy glory o-ver all the earth be lift-ed up on high.  
A-wake up psaltery and harp; my-self I'll early raise.)

# Psalm CIX

## DEPRAVITY

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.164

1. [i.] God of my mer- cy and my praise, Thy glo- ry is my song,  
2. [v.] Lord, shall thy bright ex- am- ple shine In vain be- fore my eyes?  
3. [vi.] The Lord shall on my side en- gage, And, in my Sa- vior's name,

8 1. [i.] God of my mer- cy and my praise, Thy glo- ry is my song,  
2. [v.] Lord, shall thy bright ex- am- ple shine In vain be- fore my eyes?  
3. [vi.] The Lord shall on my side en- gage, And, in my Sa- vior's name,

Though sin- ners speak a- gainst thy grace With a blas- phe- ming tongue.  
Give me a soul a- kin to thine, To love my e- ne- mies.  
I shall de- feat their pride and rage Who slan- der and con- demn.

8 8  
Though sin- ners speak a- gainst thy grace With a blas- phe- ming tongue.  
Give me a soul a- kin to thine, To love my e- ne- mies.  
I shall de- feat their pride and rage Who slan- der and con- demn.

# Psalm CX

## NEW ORLEANS

Isaac Watts

From *The Southern Harmony* (1845), p.76

1. [i.] The Lord did say un- to my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, Un- til I make thy foes a  
2. [ii.] The Lord shall out of Si- on send the rod of thy great pow'r: In midst of all thine e- ne-

stool, where- on thy feet may stand.  
mies be thou the go- ver- nor. (Chorus:) Are we not ten- ding up- wards too, as fast as  
through kings that do him with- stand.  
he shall lift his head on high. (Chorus:) Are we not ten- ding up- wards too, as fast as

time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.

The image shows a musical score for a song in G major. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love." The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The vocal lines are written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

# Psalm CX

## Anthem on the Hundred Tenth Psalm, or Singleton

Ps. 110, KJV

M. Stecker

Thou art a priest for e- ver. Af- ter the or- der of Mel- chi- ze-

Thou art a priest for e- ver. Af- ter the or- der of Mel- chi- ze-

The Lord hath sworn, and will not re- pent, Thou art a priest for e- ver. Af- ter the or- der of Mel- chi- ze-

The Lord hath sworn, and will not re- pent, Thou art a priest for e- ver. Af- ter the or- der of Mel- chi- ze-

dek, Thou art a priest for e- ver. The Lord said un- to my Lord, un- til I make thine

dek Thou art a priest for e- ver. The Lord said un- to my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, un- til I make thine

dek, Thou art a priest for e- ver. Sit thou at my right hand, un- til I make thine

dek, Thou art a priest for e- ver.

Composed October 2019 in honor of the Rev. Les Singleton's three decades of ministry, upon his retirement

e- ne- mies thy foot- stool. Thou art a priest for e- ver. The Lord shall send the rod, The Lord shall send the  
 e- ne- mies thy foot- stool. Thou art a priest for e- ver. The Lord shall send the rod, The Lord shall send the  
 e- ne- mies thy foot- stool. Thou art a priest for e- ver. The Lord shall send the rod

rod of thy strength out of Zi- on. He shall judge a- mong the heath- en:  
 rod of thy strength out of Zi- on.  
 of thy strength out of Zi- on. He shall judge a- mong the heath- en, He shall judge a- mong the heath- en: The

Shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. Thou art a priest for e- ver.

Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. Thou art a priest for e- ver.

Thou art a priest for e- ver.

He shall drink of the brook in the way: there- fore shall he

He shall drink of the brook in the way: There-

He shall drink of the brook in the way; He shall drink of the brook in the way: there- fore shall he

lift up the head, there-fore shall he lift up the head. The Lord hath sworn, The Lord hath sworn,  
 Thou  
 lift up the head, there-fore shall he lift up the head. The Lord hath sworn, and will not re-pent, Thou art a priest for

Thou art a priest for e-ver, Thou art a priest, Thou art a priest, Thou art a priest for e-ver.  
 art a priest for e-ver, Thou art a priest, Thou art a priest for e-ver.  
 e-ver. Thou art a priest for e-ver. Thou art a priest, Thou art a priest, Thou art a priest for e-ver.  
 Thou art a priest for e-ver.



# Psalm CXI

WAREH

Thomas Norton

M. Stecker

1. [i.] With heart I do accord to praise and laud the Lord, In presence of the just; For  
2. [iii.] Such as to him bear love, a portion fair below He hath up for them laid: For

3. [vi.] Re- demp- tion great he gave his peo- ple for to save, It al- so hath ap- peared; His  
4. [vii.] Who- so with heart full fain true wis- dom would at- tain, The Lord fear and o- bey Such  
(1. With heart I do accord to praise and laud the Lord, In presence of the just; For

great his works are found, To search them such are bound, as do him love and trust.  
this they shall well find, He will them have in mind, and keep them as he said.

8 pro- mise doth not fail, But e- ver- more pre- vail: his ho- ly Name be feared.  
as his laws do keep, Shall know- ledge have full deep; his praise shall last al- way.  
great his works are found, To search them such are bound, as do him love and trust.)

Composed in honor of Tarik Wareh, using a modified organal technique; James Island, SC, 4 OCT 2019,

# Psalm CXII

## THE SOUNDING TRUMPET

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Social Harp*, p.23b

1. [i.] How blest the man that fears the LORD And makes his law his chief de- light.  
His seed shall share his great re- ward And on the earth be men of might.

2. [iii.] The good will fa- vor show and lend And his af- fairs dis- creet- ly guide  
Un- moved he stands till life shall end His name and ho- nor shall a- bide.

3. [v.] Dis- per- sing gifts a- mong the poor His lib'- ral hands their want sup- ply.  
His right- eous- ness shall still en- dure His pow'r shall be ex- alt- ed high.

[Chorus] Glo- ry, glo- ry, the trum- pets are a- soun- ding, soun- ding, O! for the year of ju- bi- lee.

[Chorus] Glo- ry, glo- ry, the trum- pets are a- soun- ding, soun- ding, O! for the year of ju- bi- lee.

*Please note that the text of the chorus is not drawn directly from the Psalm.*

# Psalm CXIII

## RAVENS CROFT

Isaac Watts

From *Sacred Harmony* (S. Jackson, 1848), p.163

1. [i.] Ye that de-light to serve the Lord, The ho-nors of his name re-cord, His sa-cred name for e-ver bless;  
2. [ii.] Not time, nor na-ture's nar-row rounds, Can give his vast do-min-ion bounds, The heav'ns are far be-low his height:

3. [iii.] He bows his glor-ious head to view What the bright hosts of an-gels do, And bends his care to mor-tal things;  
(1. Ye that de-light to serve the Lord, The ho-nors of his name re-cord, His sa-cred name for e-ver bless;

Wher-e'er the circ-ling sun dis-plays His ri-sing beams, or set-ting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r con-fess.  
Let no cre-a-ted great-ness dare With our e-ter-nal God com-pare, Armed with his un-cre-a-ted might.

His sov'reign hand ex-alt the poor, He takes the nee-dy from the door, And makes them com-pa-ny for kings.  
Wher-e'er the circ-ling sun dis-plays His ri-sing beams, or set-ting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r con-fess.)

# Psalm CXIV

## CHANSON

John Milton

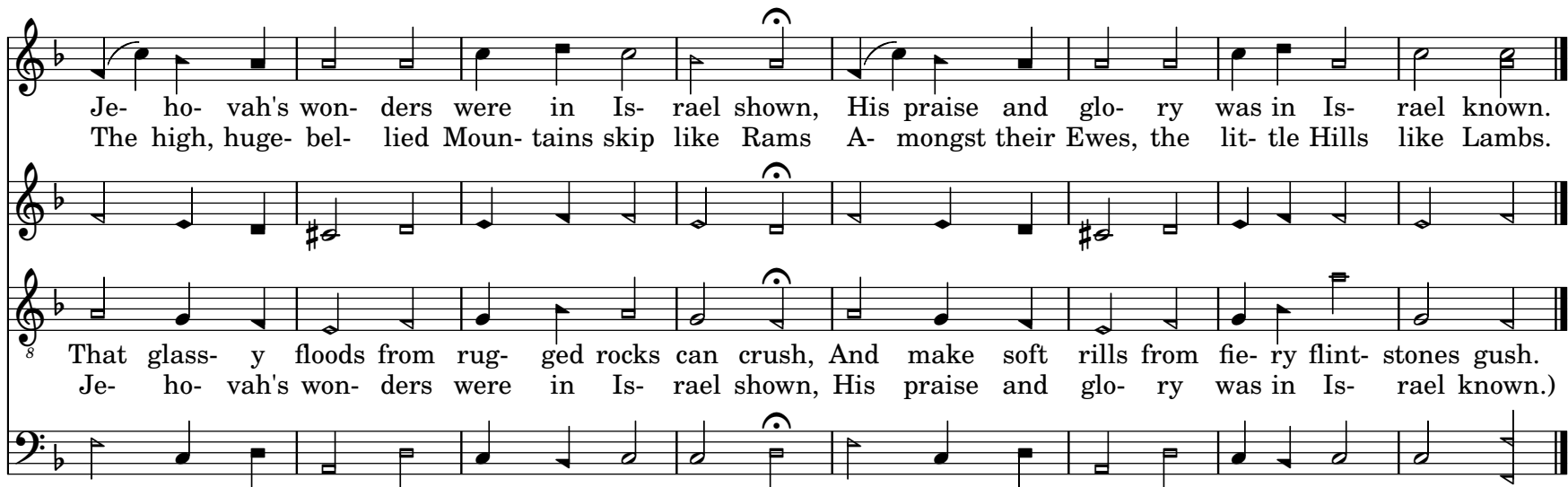
"Tant que Vivray", Claude Sermisy, adapt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] When the blest seed of Te-rah's faith- full Son, Af- ter long toil their li- ber- ty had won,  
2. [ii.] That saw the trou- bl'd Sea, and shiv- ring fled, And sought to hide his froth- be- curl- ed head

[iii.] Why fled the O- cean? And why skipt the Mount? Why turn- èd Jor- dan toward his Cry- stall Fount?  
(1. When the blest seed of Te-rah's faith- full Son, Af- ter long toil their li- ber- ty had won,

And past from Phar- ian fields to Ca- naan Land, Led by the strength of the Al- migh- ties hand,  
Low in the earth, Jor- dans clear streams re- coil, As a faint host that hath re- ceiv'd the foil.

Shake earth, and at the pre- sence be a- gast Of him that e- ver was, and ay shall last,  
And past from Phar- ian fields to Ca- naan Land, Led by the strength of the Al- migh- ties hand,



Je- ho- vah's won- ders were in Is- rael shown, His praise and glo- ry was in Is- rael known.  
The high, huge- bel- lied Moun- tains skip like Rams A- mongst their Ewes, the lit- tle Hills like Lambs.

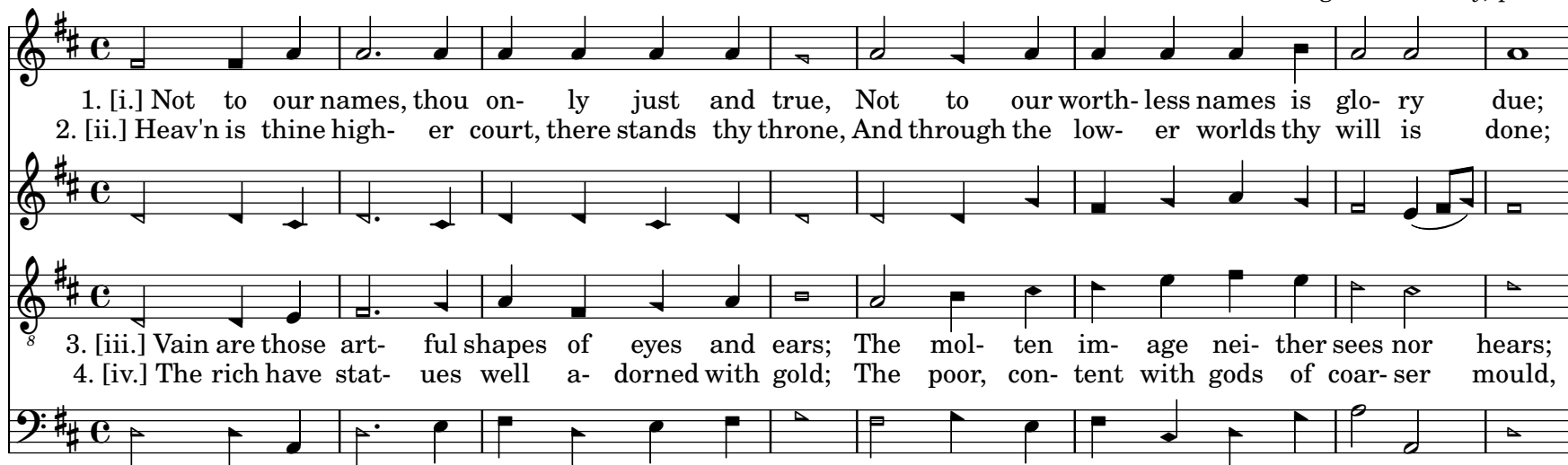
That glass- y floods from rug- ged rocks can crush, And make soft rills from fie- ry flint- stones gush.  
Je- ho- vah's won- ders were in Is- rael shown, His praise and glo- ry was in Is- rael known.)

## Psalm CXV

WALWORTH

Isaac Watts

From *The Virginia Harmony*, p.136b



1. [i.] Not to our names, thou on- ly just and true, Not to our worth- less names is glo- ry due;  
2. [ii.] Heav'n is thine high- er court, there stands thy throne, And through the low- er worlds thy will is done;

3. [iii.] Vain are those art- ful shapes of eyes and ears; The mol- ten im- age nei- ther sees nor hears;  
4. [iv.] The rich have stat- ues well a- dorned with gold; The poor, con- tent with gods of coar- ser mould,

Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice, claim Im-mor-tal hon-ors to thy sov'-reign name:  
 Our God framed all this earth, these heav'ns he spread; But fools a-dore the gods their hands have made:

Their hands are help-less, nor their feet can move, They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;  
 With tools of i-ron carve the sense-less stock, Lopped from a tree, or bro-ken from a rock;

Shine through the earth from heav'n, thy blest a-bode Nor let the hea-thens say, "And where's your God?"  
 The kneel-ing crowd, with looks de-vout, be-hold Their sil-ver sa-vi-ors, and their saints of gold.

Yet sot-tish mor-tals make their long com-plaints To their deaf i-dols and their move-less saints.  
 Peo-ple and priest drive on the sol-lemn trade, And trust the gods that saws and ham-mers made.

# Psalm CXVI

## WINDSOR

The Bay Psalm Book

From *The Missouri Harmony*, p.66

1. [i] I love, be- cause JE- HO- VAH doth My voice and pray'r still hear; [ii] And  
 2. [iii] The cords of death on ev' ry side be- girt me fast a- round: The

3. [vii] O now my soul, do thou re- turn to thy de- light- ful rest, Be-  
 4. [ix.] There- fore I'll walk be- fore the LORD, in his ap- poin- ted ways, While

in my days will call on Him, who bow'd to me his ear.  
 pains of hell laid hold on me: grief and dis- tress I found.

cause the LORD hath boun- teous- ly Him- self to thee ex- press'd.  
 in the land of li- ving ones He length- ens out my days.

# Psalm CXVII

## ALL SAINTS OLD

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.34t

1. [i.] From all that dwell be- low the skies Let the Cre- a- tor's praise a-  
2. [ii.] E- ter- nal are thy mer- cies, Lord, E- ter- nal truth at- tends thy

rise: Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

rise: Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.



# Psalm CXVIIb

## BRIDGEWATER

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.43b

1. [i.] From all that dwell be- low the skies Let the Cre- a- tor's praise a- rise:  
 2. [ii.] E- ter- nal are thy mer- cies, Lord, E- ter- nal truth at- tends thy word;

1. [i.] From all that dwell be- low the skies Let the Cre- a- tor's praise a- rise: Let the Re-  
 2. [ii.] E- ter- nal are thy mer- cies, Lord, E- ter- nal truth at- tends thy word; Thy praise shall

Let the Re- deem- er's name be  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to

Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

deem- er's name be sung, Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
 sound from shore to shore, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

sung, Let the Re- deem- er's name be sung, Thro' e- very land, by e- very tongue.  
 shore, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

# Psalm CXVIII

ACOSTA

*The Psalter of the UPC (1887)*

M. Stecker

1. [i.] O praise the Lord, for he is good; His grace is e- ver sure. Let  
2. [ii.] Let Aa- ron's house now say, His grace For- e- ver doth en- dure. Let  
3. [xiii.] I shall not die, but live, and shall The works of God de- clare. The  
4. [xvi.] That stone is made head cor- ner- stone Which build- ers did de- spise: This  
5. [xvii.] This is the day the Lord hath made, In it glad will we be. Save  
Is- ra- el now say, His grace For- e- ver doth en- dure.  
those who fear the Lord now say, His grace is e- ver sure.  
Lord hath sore- ly chas- tened me, But yet my life did spare.  
is the do- ing of the Lord, And won- drous in our eyes.  
now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray, Send now pro- sper- i- ty.

Dedicated to the Strickland family of Jacksonville, FL

# Psalm CXIX - Aleph

## HAPPY TIME

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.94

1. [i.] Bless-èd are they that per- fect are, and pure in mind and heart; Whose lives and con- ver-  
2. [v.] O would to God it might thee please my ways so to di- rect, That I might al- ways

sa- tions do from God's laws ne'er de- part. [ii.] Bless- èd are they that give them- selves his stat- utes  
keep thy laws, and ne- ver them re- ject! [vii.] Then will I praise with up- right heart, and mag- ni-

to ob- serve, Seek- ing the Lord with all their heart, and ne- ver from him swerve,  
fy thy Name, When I shall learn thy judg- ments just, and al- so prove the same.

# Psalm CXIX - Bet

## ELEVATION

Tate & Brady's New Version

From *The Southern and Western Pocket Harmonist*, p.85

1. [ix.] How shall the young pre-serve their ways from all pol-lu-tion free? By ma-king still their  
2. [x.] With hear-ty zeal for thee I seek, to thee for suc-cor pray; O suf-fer not my

3. [xi.] Safe in my heart, and close-ly hid, thy word, my trea-sure, lies; To suc-cor me with  
4. [xii.] Se-cured by that my grate-ful soul shall e-ver bless thy Name: O teach me then by

course of life with thy com-mands a-gree. With thy com-mands a-gree, with  
care-less steps from thy right paths a-to stray. From thy right paths a-to stray, from  
time-ly aid, when sin-ful thoughts a-rise. When sin-ful thoughts a-rise, when  
thy just laws my fu-ture life a-to frame. My fu-ture life a-to frame, my

thy com-mands a-gree, By ma-king still their course of life with thy com-mands a-gree.  
thy right paths a-to stray, O suf-fer not my care-less steps from thy right paths a-to stray.  
sin-ful thoughts a-rise, To suc-cor me with time-ly aid when sin-ful thoughts a-rise.  
fu-ture life a-to frame, O teach me then by thy just laws my fu-ture life a-to frame.

# Psalm CXIX - Gimel

## HARMONY

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Union Harmony*, p.3

1. [xvii.] Grant to thy ser- vant now such grace, as may my life pro- long;  
2. [xviii.] My eyes, which are dim and shut up, so o- pen and make bright,

3. [xix.] I am a stran- ger on the earth wand' ring now here, now there  
4. [xxiv.] For why? thy cov' nants are the joy and so- lace of my heart,

Thus long thy ho- ly word I'll keep both in my heart and tongue.  
That of thy law and won- drous works I may have the clear sight.

Thy word there- fore to me dis- close, my foot- steps for to clear.  
They are my faith- ful coun- se- lers, from them I'll not de- part.

# Psalm CXIX - Daleth

SUSSEX

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Virginia Harmony*, p.29

1. [xxv.] A- las! I am as brought to grave, and al- most turned to dust; There- fore re- store my  
2. [xxL.] The way of truth both straight and sure I cho- sen have and found; Be- fore me I thy  
3. [xxxii.] Since then, O Lord, I read- i- ly thy co- ven- ants em- brace, Let me there- fore have  
(1. A- las! I am as brought to grave, and al- most turned to dust; There- fore re- store my  
life a- gain, as thy pro- mise is just. [xxvii.] Make me, O Lord, to un- der- stand thy  
judg- ments set, which keep me safe and sound. [xxix.] From ly- ing and de- ceit- ful lips let  
no re- buke, nor check in a- ny case. [xxxii.] Then will I run most joy- ful- ly where  
life a- gain, as thy pro- mise is just. [xxvii.] Make me, O Lord, to un- der- stand thy  
pre- cepts e- ver- more; Then on thy works I'll me- di- tate, and lay them up in store.  
thy grace me de- fend; And that I may learn thee to love, thy ho- ly law me send.  
thy word doth me call, When thou en- lar- gèd hast my heart, and rid me out of thrall.  
pre- cepts e- ver- more; Then on thy works I'll me- di- tate, and lay them up in store.)

# Psalm CXIX - He

LONG (The Citadel Alma Mater, Spiritualized)

Sternhold & Hopkins

Carl Metz, adapt. M. Stecker

1. In-struct me, Lord, in the right way of thy statutes di-vine, And them to keep un-  
2. In the right paths of thy com-mands guide me, Lord, I re-quire; No o-ther plea-sure

3. From vain de-sires and world-ly lusts turn back my eyes and light, And with thy Spi-rit  
4. Re-proach and shame, which I do fear, from me, O Lord, ex-pel; For thou dost judge with

to the end my heart I will in-cline. Grant me the know-ledge of thy law, and  
do I wish, no grea-ter thing de-sire. In-cline mine heart thy laws to keep, and

streng-then me to walk thy ways a-right. Con-firm thy gra-cious pro-mise, Lord, which  
e-qui-ty, and there-in dost ex-cel. Be-hold, my heart's de-sire is bent thy

I shall it o-bey; With heart and mind and all my might I will it keep al-way.  
cov'nants to em-brace; And from all fil-thy a-va-ri-ty, Lord, shield me with thy grace.

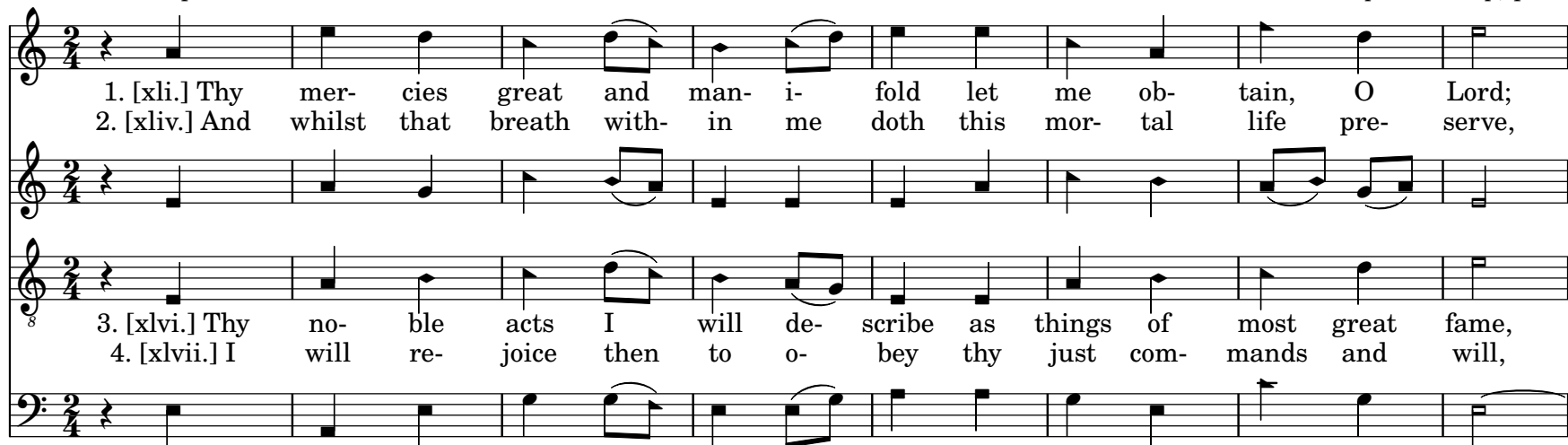
thou hast made to me, Who am thy ser-vant, and do love, and no-thing fear but thee.  
laws to keep al-way: O streng-then me so with thy grace, that it per-form I may.

# Psalm CXIX - Vav

## CONSOLATION

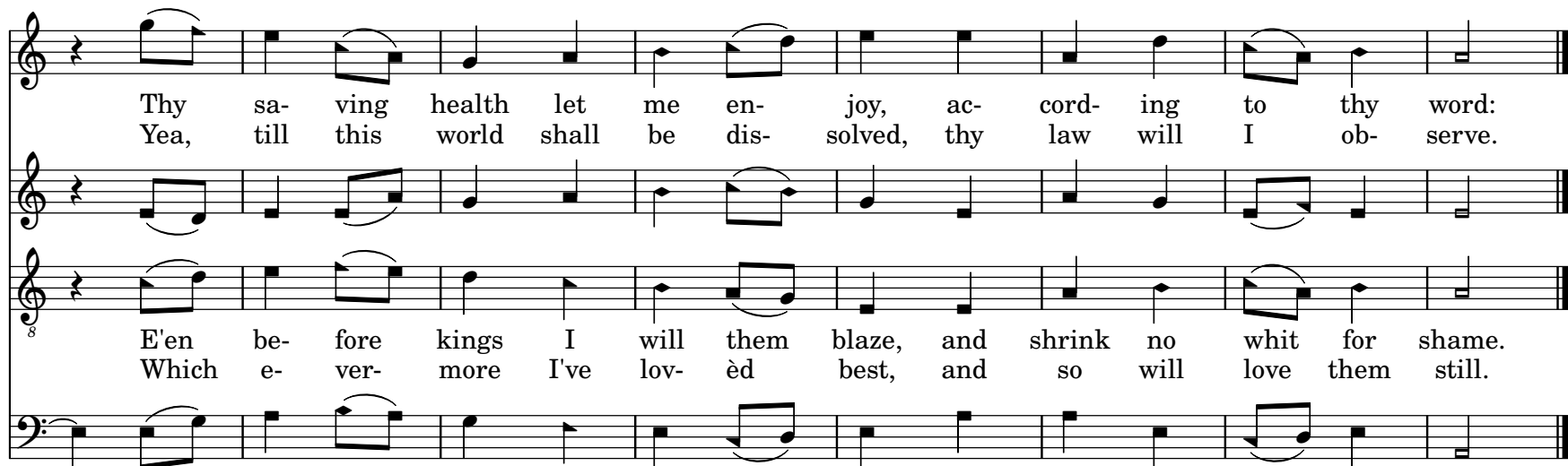
Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.58t



1. [xli.] Thy mer- cies great and man- i- fold let me ob- tain, O Lord;  
2. [xliv.] And whilst that breath with- in me doth this mor- tal life pre- serve,

3. [xlvi.] Thy no- ble acts I will de- scribe as things of most great fame,  
4. [xlvii.] I will re- joice then to o- bey thy just com- mands and will,



Thy sa- ving health let me en- joy, ac- cord- ing to thy word:  
Yea, till this world shall be dis- solved, thy law will I ob- serve.

E'en be- fore kings I will them blaze, and shrink no whit for shame.  
Which e- ver- more I've lov- ed best, and so will love them still.



# Psalm CXIX - Zayn

## BEREAVEMENT

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Social Harp*, p.208t

1. [il] Thy promise which thou mad'st to me, remember, Lord, I pray; For  
2. [l] It is my comfort and my joy, when troubles me assail: For

3. [lii.] But call to mind, Lord, thy great works showed to our fathers old, Where-  
4. [liv.] And as for me, I framed my songs thy statutes to ex- alt, When

there- in have I put my trust and con- fi- dence al- way.  
were my life not by thy word, it sud- den- ly would fail.

by I feel my joy sur- mount my grief an<sup>3</sup> hun- dred fold.  
I a- mong the stran- gers dwelt, and grief did me as- sault.

# Psalm CXIX - Heth

PATMOS

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony*, p.106

1. [lvii.] O God, who art my part and lot, my comfort and my stay, I  
2. [lix.] My life I have ex- am- in- èd, and tried my se- cret heart, Which

3. [lxii.] Thy right- eous laws and judg- ments are so ver- y great and high, That  
4. [lxiv.] Thy mer- cies, Lord, most plen- teous- ly the earth through- out do fill: O  
(1. O God, who art my part and lot, my com- fort and my stay, I

have de- creed and pro- mis- èd thy laws to keep al- way. I have de- creed and  
to thy stat- utes caus- èd me my feet straight to con- vert. Which to thy stat- utes

e'en at mid- night I will rise Thy Name to mag- ni- fy. That e'en at mid- night  
teach me how I may o- bey thy stat- utes and thy will. O teach me how I  
have de- creed and pro- mis- èd thy laws to keep al- way. I have de- creed and

pro- mis- èd thy laws to keep al- way, thy laws to keep al- way.  
caus- èd me my feet straight to con- vert, my feet straight to con- vert.

I will rise Thy Name to mag- ni- fy, Thy Name to mag- ni- fy.  
may o- bey thy stat- utes and thy will, thy stat- utes and thy will.  
pro- mis- èd thy laws to keep al- way, thy laws to keep al- way.)

# Psalm CXIX - Teth

SANDTOWN

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Sacred Harp* (1860), p.112

1. [lxv.] Ac- cor- ding to thy pro- mise, Lord, so hast thou with me dealt; For of thy grace in  
2. [lxix.] The proud and the un- god- ly have a- gainst me forged a lie; Yet thy com- mand- ments

3. [xxi] O! hap- py time, may I well say, when thou didst me cor- rect! That I there- by might  
(1. Ac- cor- ding to thy pro- mise, Lord, so hast thou with me dealt; For of thy grace in

sun- dry sorts have I thy ser- vant felt. [lxvi.] Teach me to judge al- ways a- right, and  
still ob- serve with all my heart will I. [lxx.] Their hearts are e'en like un- to brawn, which

learn thy laws, and ne- ver them re- ject. [lxxii.] So that thy word and law to me is  
sun- dry sorts have I thy ser- vant felt. [lxvi.] Teach me to judge al- ways a- right, and

give me know- ledge sure; For stead- fast- ly I do be- lieve thy pre- cepts are most pure.  
is ex- ceed- ing fat; But in thy law do I de- light, and no- thing seek but that.

dear- er man- i- fold, Than gold and sil- ver in great sums, or ought that can be told.  
give me know- ledge sure; For stead- fast- ly I do be- lieve thy pre- cepts are most pure.)

# Psalm CXIX - Yodh

## GARLAND

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Bridgewater Selection of Sacred Music* (15th ed.), p.41t

1. [lxxiii.] Thy hands have made and fashioned me, thy creature, Lord, am I; Make  
2. [lxxiv.] So they that fear thee shall rejoice whenever they may see, Be-

*The alto part appears in the original source one octave higher.*

3. [lxxvii.] Thy tender mercies pour on me, then shall I surely live; For  
4. [lxxx.] My heart without all wavering let on thy laws be bent, That  
me to understand thy law, and keep it faithfully.  
cause I've learned by thy word to put my trust in thee.  
joy and consolation both thy law to me doth give.  
no confusion come to me, nor any discontent.

# Psalm CXIX - Kaph

BLACKBURN

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Social Harp*, p.218

1. [lxxxii.] My soul doth faint and ceaseth not thy saving health to crave;  
2. [lxxxii.] My eyes do fail with looking for thy word, and thus I say,

3. [lxxxiii.] Like as a bottle in the smoke, so am I parched and dried:  
4. [lxxxviii.] Restore me, Lord, again to life; thy mercies do excel;

And for thy word's sake still I trust my heart's desire to have.  
Oh, when wilt thou me comfort, Lord! why dost thou thus delay?

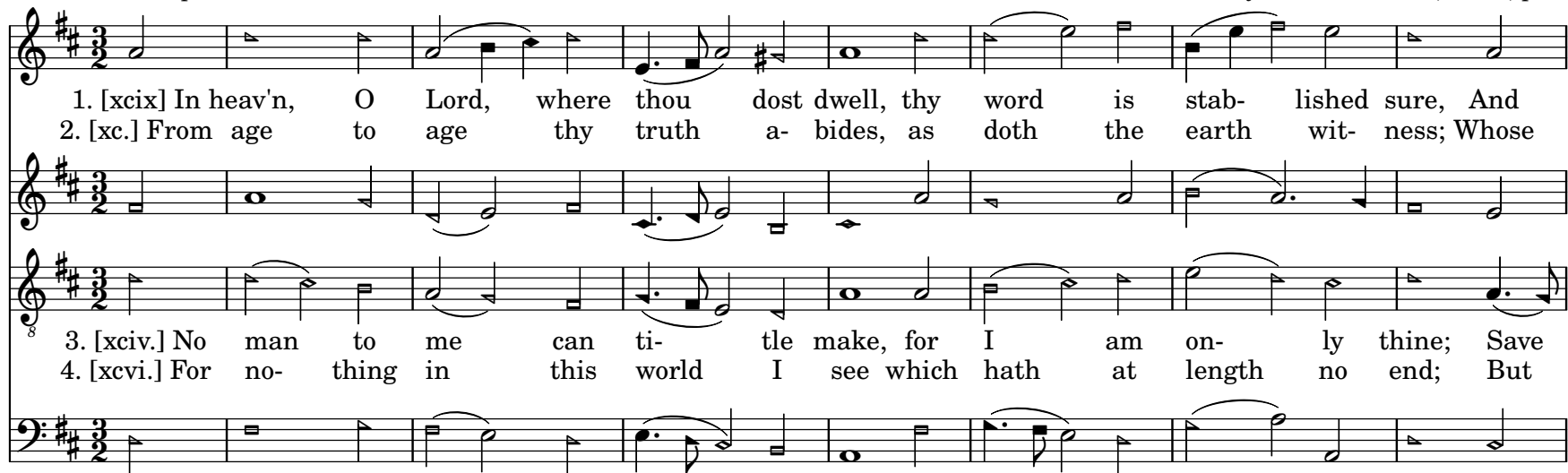
Yet will I not out of my heart let thy commandments slide.  
And so shall I thy statutes keep, till death my life expel.

# Psalm CXIX - Lamed

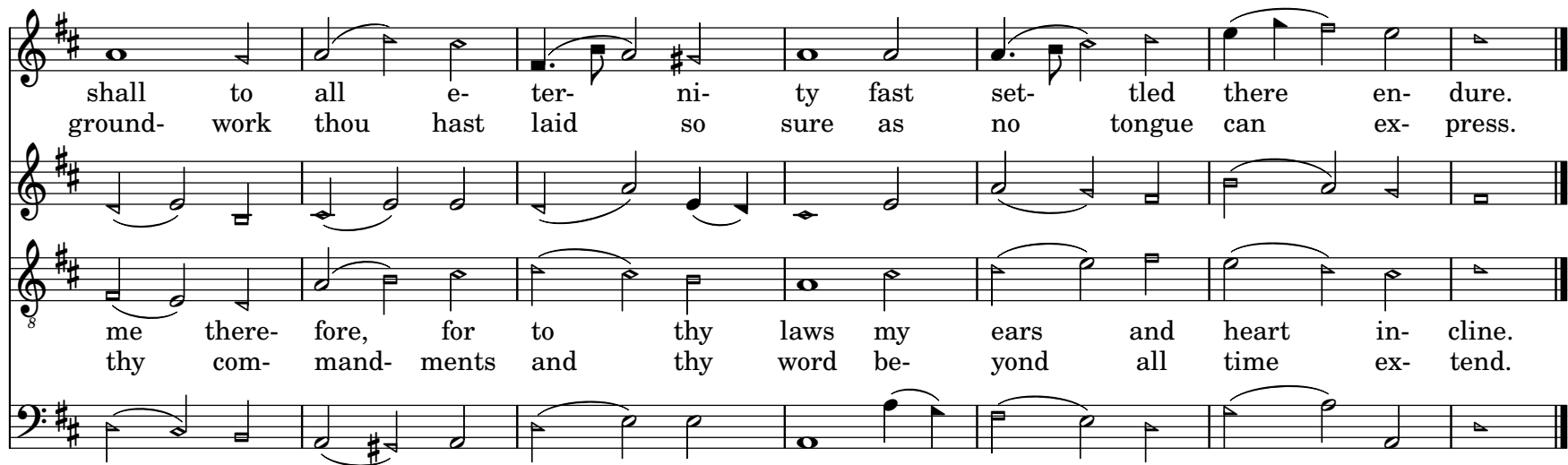
BEXLEY

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Sacred Harmony* (Alex. Davidson, 1845), p.8b



1. [xcix] In heav'n, O Lord, where thou dost dwell, thy word is stablished sure, And  
2. [xc.] From age to age thy truth abides, as doth the earth witness; Whose  
3. [xciv.] No man to me can title make, for I am only thine; Save  
4. [xcvi.] For nothing in this world I see which hath at length no end; But



shall to all eter-ni-ty fast set-tled there en-dure.  
ground-work thou hast laid so sure as no tongue can ex-press.  
me there-fore, for to thy laws my ears and heart in-cline.  
thy com-mand-ments and thy word be-yond all time ex-tend.

# Psalm CXIX - Mem

BEAUMONT

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Sacred Harmony* (Alex. Davidson, 1845), p.20

1. [xcvii.] What great desire and fervent love unto thy law I bear! On it my dai- ly  
2. [ciii.] O Lord, how sweet un- to my taste I find thy words al- way! Doubt- less, no ho- ney

1. [xcvii.] What great desire and fervent love unto thy law I bear! On it my dai- ly  
2. [ciii.] O Lord, how sweet un- to my taste I find thy words al- way! Doubt- less, no ho- ney

wis- dom all my foes; For it is e- ver with me, and does give me sweet re- pose.  
I do hate there- fore All wick- ed and un- god- ly ways, and shall for e- ver- more.



# Psalm CXIX - Nun

GENEVA

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.223

*Treble and alto appear one octave higher in the source; they may be sung in that range if desired.*

1. [cv.] E'en as a lan-tern to my feet, so doth thy word shine bright, And to  
 2. [cxi.] Thy law, O Lord, I ta-ken have my her-i-tage to be; Be-cause

1. [cv.] E'en as a lan-tern to my feet, so doth thy word shine bright,  
 2. [cxi.] Thy law, O Lord, I ta-ken have my her-i-tage to be;

1. [cv.] E'en as a lan-tern to my feet, so doth thy word shine bright, And  
 2. [cxi.] Thy law, O Lord, I ta-ken have my her-i-tage to be; Be-

1. [cv.] E'en as a lan-tern to my feet, so doth thy word shine bright,  
 2. [cxi.] Thy law, O Lord, I ta-ken have my her-i-tage to be;

my paths where I do go it is a fla-ming light.  
 such great de-light and joy it doth af-ford to me.

And to my paths where I do go it is a fla-ming light.  
 Be-cause such great de-light and joy it doth af-ford to me.

to my paths great where I do go it is a fla-ming light.  
 cause such great de-light and joy it doth af-ford to me.

And to my paths where I do go it is a fla-ming light.  
 Be-cause such great de-light and joy it doth af-ford to me.

# Psalm CXIX - Samech

## SALVATION

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Virginia Harmony*, p.30t

1. [cxiii.] All thoughts that vain and wick-ed are I do al-ways de- test; [cxiv.] Thou art my hid and  
But for thy pre- cepts and thy laws, I e- ver love them best.

2. [cxv.] There- fore ye e- vil do- ers all, a- way from me be gone; [cxvi.] As thou hast pro- mised,  
For the com- mand- ments will I keep of God my Lord a- lone.

(1. [cxiii.] All thoughts that vain and wick-ed are I do al-ways de- test; [cxiv.] Thou art my hid and  
But for thy pre- cepts and thy laws, I e- ver love them best.

se- cret place, my shield and strong de- fense; There- fore have I thy pro- mis- es looked for with con- fi- dence.

so per- form that I may live and be Ne- ver a- sham-èd of the hope which thou hast gi- ven me.

se- cret place, my shield and strong de- fense; There- fore have I thy pro- mis- es looked for with con- fi- dence.)

# Psalm CXIX - Ayin

FOSTER

Tate & Brady's New Version

From Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony, p.36

1. [cxxi.] Judg- ment and jus- tice I have loved; O there- fore, Lord, en- gage In my de- fense, nor  
2. [cxxiii.] My eyes, a- las! be- gin to fail, in long ex- pect- ance held; Till thy sal- va- tion

3. [cxxiv.] To me, thy ser- vant in dis- tress, thy wont- ed grace dis- play, And dis- ci- pline my  
(1. Judg- ment and jus- tice I have loved; O there- fore, Lord, en- gage In my de- fense, nor

give me up to my op- pres- sors' rage. [cxxii.] Do thou be sure- ty, Lord, for me, and  
they be- hold, and right- eous word ful- filled. [cxxv.] On me, de- vo- ted to thy fear, thy

will- ing heart thy stat- utes to o- bey. [cxxviii.] Thy pre- cepts there- fore I ac- count in  
give me up to my op- pres- sors' rage. [cxxii.] Do thou be sure- ty, Lord, for me, and

so shall this dis- tress Prove good for me; nor shall the proud my guilt- less soul op- press.  
sa- cred skill be- stow, That of thy tes- ti- mo- nies I the full ex- tent may know.

all re- spects di- vine; They teach me to dis- cern the right, and all false ways de- cline.  
so shall this dis- tress Prove good for me; nor shall the proud my guilt- less soul op- press.

# Psalm CXIX - Pe

GAINES

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Christian Harmony*, p.61b

1. [cxxxix.] Thy co- ven- ants are won- der- ful, and full of things pro- found; My soul there- fore  
2. [cxxx.] The en- trance of thy word doth give to men a light most dear; The sim- ple like-  
3. [cxxxii.] My mouth I o- pened and did pant, be- cause my soul did long For thy com- mand-

4. [cxxxiii.] Di- rect my foot- steps by thy word, that I thy will may know And never let in-  
5. [cxxxv.] Thy coun- ten- ance, which doth sur- pass the sun in its bright hue, Let shine on me,  
(1. Thy co- ven- ants are won- der- ful, and full of things pro- found; My soul there- fore  
doth keep them sure, when they are tried and found, when they are tried and found.  
wise un- der- stand when they it read or hear, when they it read or hear.  
ments, which al- ways do guide my heart and tongue, do guide my heart and tongue.  
i- qui- ty, thy ser- vant o- ver- throw, thy ser- vant o- ver- throw.  
and by thy law teach me what to es- chew, teach me what to es- chew.  
doth keep them sure, when they are tried and found, when they are tried and found.)

# Psalm CXIX - Tsade

CALVARY NEW

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.121b

1. [cxxxvii.] Thou art the right-eous Judge, in whom wronged in- no- cence may trust; [cxxxviii.] Most just and  
And, like thy- self, thy judg- ments, Lord, in all re- spects are just.

2. [cxxxix] With zeal my flesh con- sumes a- way, my soul with an- guish frets, [cxl] Yet each ne-  
To see my foes con- temn at once thy pro- mi- ses and threats.

3. [cxli.] Brought, for thy sake, to low e- state, con- tempt from all I find; [cxlii.] Thy right- eous-  
Yet no af- fronts or wrongs can drive thy pre- cepts from my mind.

true those stat- utes were, Which thou didst first de- cree; And all with faith- ful- ness per- formed suc- ceed- ing times shall see.

glec- ted word of thine how- e'er by them de- spised Is pure, and for e- ter- nal truth by me, thy ser- vant, prized.

ness shall then en- dure, when time it- self is past; Thy law is truth it- self that truth which shall for e- ver last.

# Psalm CXIX - Qoph

## PRIMROSE

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Southern Harmony*, p.3

1. [cvi.] With fer- vent heart I called and cried, now an- swer me, O Lord,  
2. [ciiil.] To thee do I cry in the morn be- fore the day ap- pear;

3. [ciil.] My eyes pre- vent the night- watch- es, be- fore they call, I wake,  
(1. With fer- vent heart I called and cried, now an- swer me, O Lord,

That thy com- mand- ments to ob- serve I ful- ly may ac- cord.  
For in thy word I put my trust, and thee a- lone do fear:

That med- i- ta- ting on thy word, I might some com- fort take.  
That thy com- mand- ments to ob- serve I ful- ly may ac- cord.)

# Psalm CXIX Resh

## SAVANNAH HIGHWAY

Sternhold & Hopkins

M. Stecker

1. My trouble and affliction, Lord, consider and behold; De-  
2. fend my good and righteous cause, with speed some succor send; From  
3. Great are thy mercies, Lord, I grant; what tongue can them explain? Ac-  
4. Behold how I do love thy laws with a most upright heart! Then

li- ver me, for of thy law I e- ver take fast hold.  
death, as thou hast pro- mi- sèd, Lord, e- ver me de- fend.  
cor- ding to thy judg- ments good let me my life ob- tain.  
quick- en me, O Lord, for thou most good and gra- cious art.

# Psalm CXIX - Schin

## PILGRIM

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Songs of Zion*, p.13

1. [clxi.] Prin- ces have per- se- cu- ted me with- out a cause; but saw [clxii.] And sure- ly of  
It was in vain, for of thy word my heart did stand in awe.

2. [clxiv.] Sev'n times a day I praise thee, Lord, sing- ing with heart and voice; [clxv.] Great peace and rest  
Be- cause thy right- eous judg- ments do great- ly my heart re- joice.

3. [cclxvi.] My on- ly health and com- fort, Lord, I look for at thy hand; [clxviii.] Thy sta- tutes and  
And there- fore have I done those things which thou didst me com- mand.

thy word I was more joy- ful and more glad, Than he that of rich spoils and prey great store and plen- ty had.

shall all such have as do thy sta- tutes love; No dan- ger shall their qui- et state im- pair or once re- move.

com- mand- ments I have kept with heart up- right; For all my do- ings and my ways are pre- sent in thy sight.

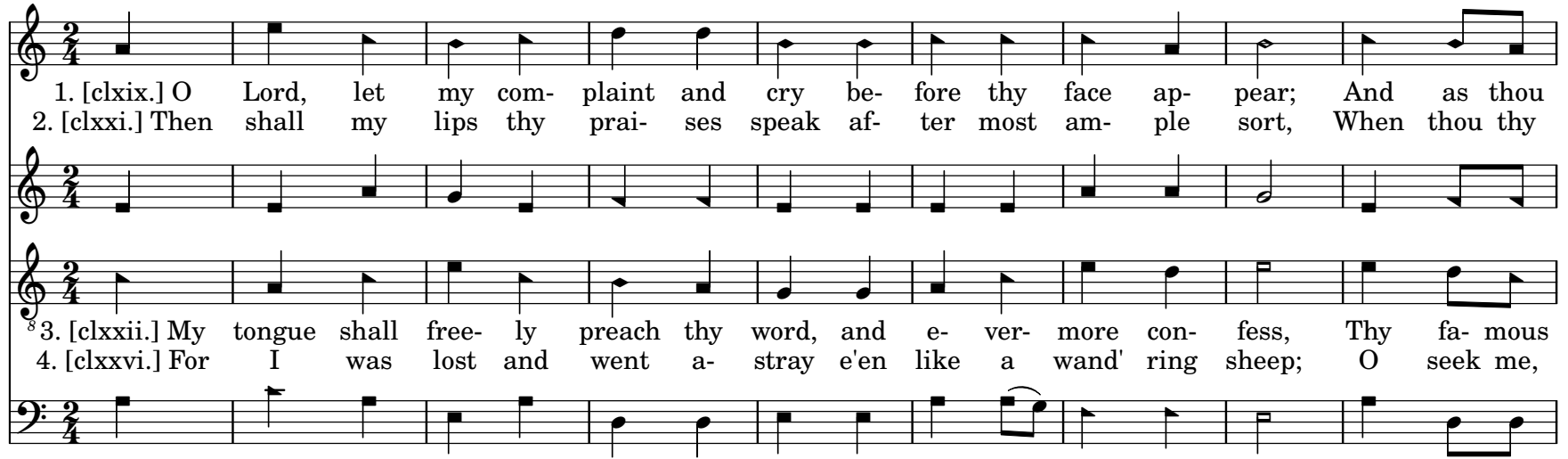


# Psalm CXIX - Tau

## CHAPEL

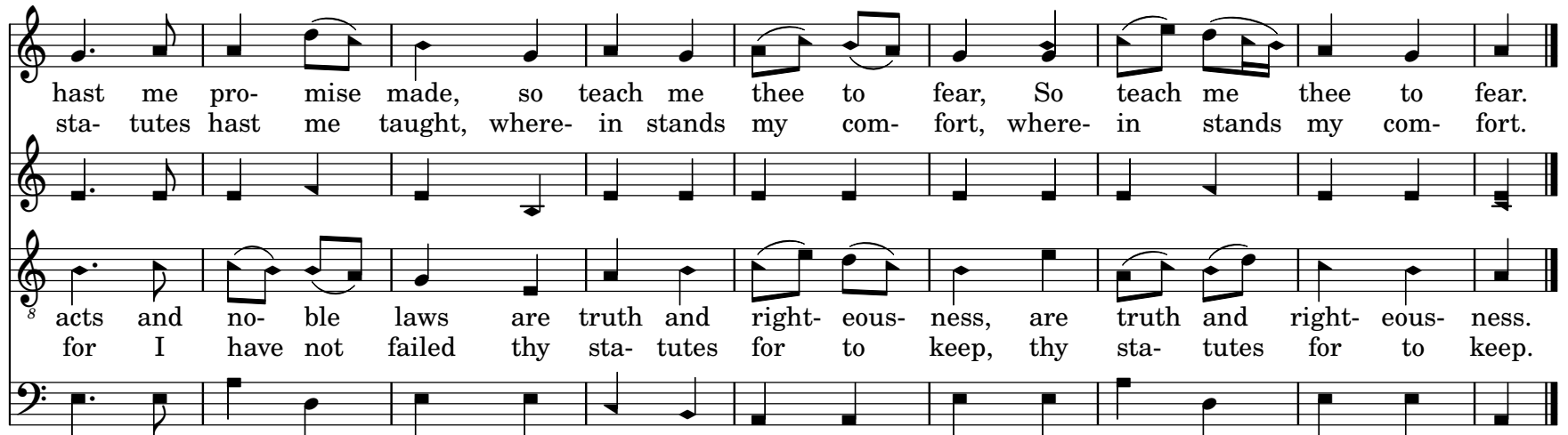
Sternhold & Hopkins

From *Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music* (15th ed.), p.28b



1. [clxix.] O Lord, let my complaint and cry before thy face appear; And as thou  
2. [clxxi.] Then shall my lips thy praises speak after most ample sort, When thou thy

<sup>8</sup>3. [clxxii.] My tongue shall freely preach thy word, and ever more confess, Thy famous  
4. [clxxvi.] For I was lost and went astray e'en like a wand'ring sheep; O seek me,



hast me promise made, so teach me thee to fear, So teach me thee to fear.  
sta- tutes hast me taught, where- in stands my com- fort, where- in stands my com- fort.

<sup>8</sup>acts and noble laws are truth and right- eous- ness, are truth and right- eous- ness.  
for I have not failed thy sta- tutes for to keep, thy sta- tutes for to keep.

# Psalm CXX

## DEPTFORD

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *Sacred Harmony* (S. Jackson, 1848), p.160

1. [i.] In deep dis- tress I oft have cried to God, who ne- ver yet de- nied To res- cue me, op- pressed with  
2. [v.] But O how wret- ched is my doom, who am a so- jour- ner be- come In bar- ren Me- sech's de- sert

3. [vi.] My hap- less dwell- ing is with those who peace and a- mi- ty op- pose, And plea- sure take in o- thers'  
(1. In deep dis- tress I oft have cried to God, who ne- ver yet de- nied To res- cue me, op- pressed with

wrongs. [ii.] Once more, O Lord, de- liv' rance send, from ly- ing lips my soul de- fend, And from the rage of sland' ring tongues.  
soil! With Ke- dar's wick- ed tents en- closed, to law- less sa- va- ges ex- posed, Who live on naught but theft and spoil.

8 harms: [vii.] Sweet peace is all I court and seek; but when to them of peace I speak, They straight cry out, "To arms, to arms"  
wrongs. Once more, O Lord, de- liv' rance send, from ly- ing lips my soul de- fend, And from the rage of sland' ring tongues.)

# Psalm CXXI

## DELIGHT

Isaac Watts

From Beauties of Harmony, p.59

[i.] Up-ward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; The God who built the skies, And earth and na- ture  
[ii.] My feet shall ne- ver slide And fall in fa- tal snares, Since God, my Guard and Guide, De- fends me from my

made, fears. God is the Tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In  
Those wake- ful eyes That ne- ver sleep Shall Is- rael keep When

made, fears. God is the Tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In e- very hour.  
Those wake- ful eyes That ne- ver sleep Shall Is- rael keep When dan- gers rise.

God is the Tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In e- very hour.  
Those wake- ful eyes That ne- ver sleep Shall Is- rael keep When dan- gers rise.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn, consisting of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts, and the fourth is a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is not explicitly shown but appears to be common time (C).

Staff 1 (Soprano):  
e- very hour. God is the Tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In e- very hour.  
dan- gers rise, When dan- gers rise. Those wake- ful eyes That ne- ver sleep Shall Is- rael keep

Staff 2 (Alto):  
e- very hour, In e- very hour.  
dan- gers rise, When dan- gers rise.

Staff 3 (Tenor):  
God is the Tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In e- very hour.  
Those wake- ful eyes That ne- ver sleep Shall Is- rael keep When dan- gers rise.

Staff 4 (Bass):  
[Bass line with notes and rests]

# Psalm CXXIb

## ALLEGHENY

The Bay Psalm Book, alt. M. Stecker

M. Stecker

1. [i.] I to the hills lift up mine eyes, from whence shall come mine aid? [ii.] Mine  
2. [iii.] He will not let thy foot be moved, nor slumber, who thee keeps. [iv.] Lo

3. [v.] The Lord him- self thy keeper is, his right hand giv- eth shade. [vi.] Not  
4. [vii.] The Lord will keep thee from all ill: thy soul will keep al- way, [viii.] Thy

help e'en from the LORD doth come, which heav'n and earth hath made.  
he that keep- eth Is- ra- el, he slum- breth not, nor sleeps.

sun by day, nor moon by night, shall thee by stroke in- vade.  
go- ing out and co- ming in he shall pre- serve for aye.

# Psalm CXXII

## LAND OF REST

*The Psalter of the UPC (1887)*

Trad. American, adapt. M. Stecker

1. [i.] I joyed when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me. Je-  
2. [ii.] Je- ru- s'lem as a ci- ty is Com- pact- ly built, and fair; To  
3. [iii.] To Isr- ael's tes- ti- mo- ny, there To God's name thanks to pay. For

4. [iv.] Pray that Je- ru- sa- lem may have Peace and fe- li- ci- ty: All  
5. [v.] I there- fore wish that peace may still With- in thy walls re- main, And  
6 [vi.] And now, for friends' and breth- ren's sakes, Peace be in thee, I'll say. Yea

ru- sa- lem, with- in thy gates Our feet shall stand- ing be.  
it the tribes go up; to it, The tribes of God re- pair.  
thrones of judg- ment, ev'n the thrones Of Da- vid's house, there stay.

those who love thee and thy peace Shall have pro- sper- i- ty.  
e- ver may thy pa- la- ces Pros- per- i- ty re- tain.  
for the house of God our Lord, I'll seek thy good al- way.

# Psalm CXXIIb

## AMITY

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.30b

[i.] How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo- ple cry, Come, let us seek our  
[ii.] Zi- on, thrice hap- py place, A- dorned with won- drous grace, And walls of strength em-

God to- day; Yes, with a cheer- ful  
brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap-  
Yes, with a cheer- ful zeal We  
In thee our tribes ap- pear To  
God to- day; Yes, with a cheer- ful zeal We haste to Zi- on's hill, And  
brace thee round; In thee our tribes ap- pear To pray, and praise, and hear The  
Yes, with a cheer- ful zeal We haste to Zi- on's hill, And there our cred  
In thee our tribes ap- pear To pray, and praise, and hear The sa- cred

zeal We haste to Zi- on's hill, And there our vows and ho- nors pay.  
 pear To pray, and praise, and hear The sa- cred Gos- pel's joy- ful sound.

haste to Zi- on's hill,  
 pray, and praise, and hear

there our vows and ho- nors pay, And there our vows and ho- nors pay.  
 sa- cred Gos- pel's joy- ful sound. The sa- cred Gos- pel's joy- ful sound.

vows and ho- nors pay.  
 Gos- pel's joy- ful sound.



# Psalm CXXIII

## MEDIATOR - A Song of Ascents

The Scottish Psalter

M. Stecker

1. [i.] To thee whose grace and jus- tice reign En- throned a- bove the skies, To  
 2. [ii.] As ser- vants watch their mas- ter's hand, And fear the an- gry stroke; Or

3. [iii.] So for our sins we just- ly feel Thy dis- ci- pline, O God; Yet  
 5. [v.] Our foes in- sult us, but our hope In thy com- pas- sion lies; This  
 (1. To thee whose grace and jus- tice reign En- throned a- bove the skies, To

thee our hearts would tell their pain, To thee we lift our eyes.  
 maids be- fore their mis- tress stand, And wait a peace- ful look.

wait the gra- cious mo- ment still, Till thou re- move thy rod.  
 thought shall bear our spi- rits up, That God will not de- spise.  
 thee our hearts would tell their pain, To thee we lift our eyes.)

“If the LORD himself had not been on our side [...] the waters had drowned us, and the stream had gone over our soul.” Ps.124:1;3

## Psalm CXXIV

PALATKA

Wm. Whittingham, as found in Sternhold's *Old Version*

M. Stecker



1. [i.] Now Is- ra- el may say, and that in truth: Hal- le- lu- jah If that the Lord had not our right main- tained,

2. [ii.] Yea, when their wrath a- gainst us fierce- ly rose, Hal- le- lu- jah The swel- ling tide had o'er us spread its wave,

3. [iii.] Blest be the Lord, who made us not their prey, Hal- le- lu- jah As from the snare a bird e- sca- peth free,

Hal- le- lu- jah If that the Lord had not with us re- mained, Hal- le- lu- jah When cru- el

Hal- le- lu- jah The ra- ging stream had then be- come our grave, Hal- le- lu- jah The sur- ging

Hal- le- lu- jah Their net is rent and so e- scaped are we, Hal- le- lu- jah Our on- ly

foes a- gainst us rose to strive, We sure- ly had been swal- lowed up a- live. Hal- le- lu- jah!

flood, in proud- ly swel- ling roll, Most sure- ly then had o- ver- whelmed our soul. Hal- le- lu- jah!

help is in God's ho- ly name, Who made the earth and all the heavn- ly frame, Hal- le- lu- jah!

Composed 11 Sep 2017, the Day after Hurricane Irma; Sung at the First Palatka Singing, 16 Sep 2017

# Psalm CXXV

BAIRD

Isaac Watts

M. Stecker

1. [i.] Un-sha-ken as the sa-cred hill, And firm as moun-tains be, Firm  
2. [ii.] Not walls nor hills could guard so well Old Sa-lem's hap-py ground, As

3. [iii.] While ty-rants are a smar-ting scourge To drive them near to God, Di-  
4. [iv.] Deal gent-ly, Lord, with souls sin- cere, And lead them safe-ly on To

as a rock the soul shall rest That leans, O Lord, on thee.  
those e-ter-nal arms of love That ev'ry saint sur-round.

vine com-pas-sion does al-lay The fu-ry of the rod.  
the bright gates of Par-a-dise, Where Christ their Lord is gone.

# Psalm CXXVI

CYPRESS

Sternhold & Hopkins

M. Stecker

[i.] When that the Lord a- gain his Zi- on had forth brought From bon- dage great and al- so ser- vi- tude ex- treme, His work was

such as did sur- mount man's heart and thought; So that we were much like to them that used to dream: Our mouths were  
Our  
such as did sur- mount man's heart and thought; So that we were much like to them that used to dream: Our mouths were  
Our

all with laugh- ter fill- ed then, Al- so our tongues did show us joy- ful men.  
mouths were all with laugh- ter fill- ed then, Al- so our tongues did show us joy- ful men.  
all with laugh- ter fill- ed then, Al- so our tongues did show us joy- ful men.  
mouths were all with laugh- ter fill- ed then, Al- so our tongues did show us joy- ful men.

# Psalm CXXVII

RUSSELL

The Psalter of the UPC (1912)

From *The Social Harp*, p.170

1. [i.] Un- less the Lord the house shall build, The wear- y build- ers toil in vain; Un- less the Lord the ci- ty shield, The  
2. [iii.] Lo, child- ren are the gift of God, And sons the bless- ing he com- mands; These, when in youth- ful days be- stowed, Are

guards a use- less watch main- tain. [ii.] In vain you rise ere morn- ing break, And  
like the shafts in war- rior's hands. [iv.] And hap- py they whose qui- vers bear Full

[ii.] In vain you rise ere morn- ing break,  
[iv.] And hap- py they whose qui- vers bear

late your night- ly vi- gils keep, And bread of an- xious care par- take: God gives to his be- lov- èd sleep.  
store of ar- rows such as these; They in the gate are free from fear, And bold- ly face their e- ne- mies.

# Psalm CXXVIII

## ST SEBASTIAN

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *Union Harmony*, p.42

1. [i.] The one is blest who fears the Lord, nor on- ly wor- ship pays,  
2. [ii.] He shall u- pon the sweet re- turns of his own la- bor feed;  
3. [iv-v.] Who fears the Lord shall pros- per thus; and Zi- on's God shall bless

1. [i.] The one is blest who fears the Lord, nor on- ly wor- ship pays, But keeps their steps con- fined with care  
2. [ii.] He shall u- pon the sweet re- turns of his own la- bor feed; With- out de- pen- dence live, and see  
3. [iv-v.] Who fears the Lord shall pros- per thus; and Zi- on's God shall bless and grant them all their days to see

But keeps their steps con- fined with care But keeps their steps con- fined with care to the ap- point- ed ways.  
With- out de- pen- dence live, and see With- out de- pen- dence live, and see his wish- es all suc- ceed.  
and grant them all their days to see and grant them all their days to see Je- ru- sa- lem's suc- cess.

But keeps their steps con- fined with care to the ap- point- ed ways.  
With- out de- pen- dence live, and see his wish- es all suc- ceed.  
and grant them all their days to see Je- ru- sa- lem's suc- cess.

# Psalm CXXIX

## THE PROMISED LAND

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Social Harp*, p.114

1. [i.] From my youth up, may Is-rael say they oft have me as- sailed; [ii.] Re- duced me oft to  
2. [iii.] They oft have plowed my pa- tient back with fur- rows deep and long; [iv.] But our just God has

hea- vy straits, but ne- ver quite pre- vailed. [Chorus:] I am bound for the pro- mised land, I'm  
broke their chains, and res- cued us from wrong.

hea- vy straits, but ne- ver quite pre- vailed. [Chorus:] I am bound for the pro- mised land, I'm  
broke their chains, and res- cued us from wrong.

bound for the pro- mised land, O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the pro- mised land.

bound for the pro- mised land, O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the pro- mised land.

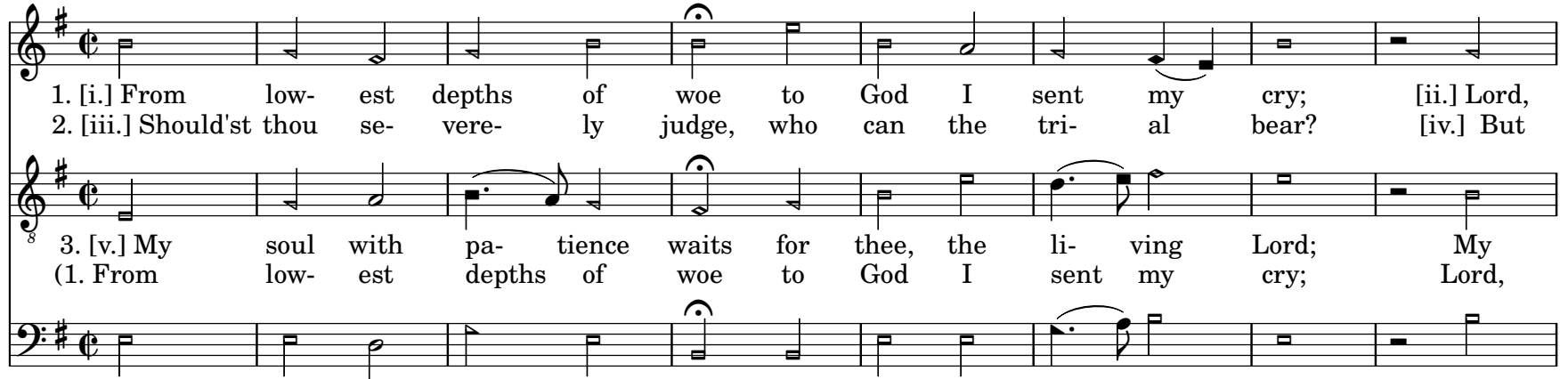
*Please note that the text of the chorus is not directly drawn from the Psalm.*

# Psalm CXXX

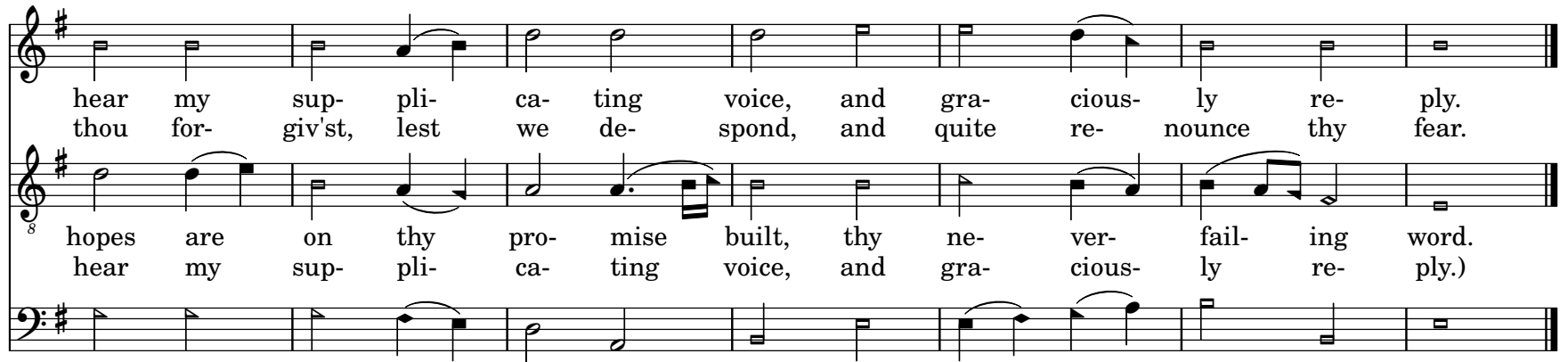
## COMPLAINT (Second)

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Virginia Harmony*, p.90b



1. [i.] From low- est depths of woe to God I sent my cry; [ii.] Lord,  
2. [iii.] Should'st thou se- vere- ly judge, who can the tri- al bear? [iv.] But  
3. [v.] My soul with pa- tience waits for thee, the li- ving Lord; My  
(1. From low- est pa- depths of woe to God I sent my cry; Lord,



hear my sup- pli- ca- ting voice, and gra- cious- ly re- ply.  
thou for- giv'st, lest we de- spond, and quite re- nounce thy fear.  
hopes are on thy pro- mise built, thy ne- ver- fail- ing word.  
hear my sup- pli- ca- ting voice, and gra- cious- ly re- ply.)



# Psalm CXXXI

## PENNSYLVANIA

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *Die Neue Choral Harmonie*, p.15

1. [i.] O Lord, I am not proud of heart, Nor cast a scornful eye; Nor  
2. [ii] With infant innocence thou know'st I have myself demeaned; com-

3. [iii.] Like me, let Israel hope in God, His aid alone implore: Both  
(1. O Lord, I am not proud of heart, Nor cast a scornful eye; Nor

my aspi- ring thoughts em- ploy in things for me too high.  
posed to qui- et, like a babe that from the breast is weaned.

now and e- ver trust in Him, who lives for e- ver more.  
my as- pi- ring thoughts em- ploy in things for me too high.)

# Psalm CXXXII

## PASSOVER

John Marckant

From *The Norristown Musical Teacher*, p.72b

1. [i.] Re- mem- ber Da- vid's trou- bles, Lord, how un- to thee he swore, And  
2. [ii.] I will not come with- in my house, nor climb up to my bed, Nor  
3. [iii.] Till I have found out for the Lord a place to sit there- on, An

4. [vii.] Let all thy priests be cloth- ed, Lord, with truth and right- eous- ness, Let  
5. [vi.] A- rise, O Lord, a- rise, I pray, in- to thy rest- ing place, Thou  
(1. Re- mem- ber Da- vid's trou- bles, Lord, how un- to thee he swore, And

vowed a vow to Ja- cob's God, to keep for e- ver- more  
let my tem- ples take their rest, nor eyes with- in my head  
house for Ja- cob's God to be an ha- bi- ta- ti- on.

8 all thy saints with songs of praise their joy- full- ness ex- press.  
and the ark of thy great strength, the pre- sence of thy grace.  
vowed a vow to Ja- cob's God, to keep for e- ver- more.)

# Psalm CXXXIII

SHARON

Isaac Watts

From Wyeth's *Repository*, p.115

1. [i.] How plea-sant 'tis to see Kin-dred and friends a-gree,  
2. [ii.] 'Tis like the oint-ment shed On Aa-ron's sa-cred head,

Each  
Di-

[i.] How plea-sant 'tis to see Kin-dred and friends a-gree, Each in his pro-per  
2. [ii.] 'Tis like the oint-ment shed On Aa-ron's sa-cred head, Di-vine-ly rich, di-

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move,  
Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet;

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in his pro-per sta-tion move; And  
Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet; Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet; The

in his pro-per sta-tion move, Each in his pro-per sta-tion move; And  
vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet; Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet; The

sta-tion move,  
vine-ly sweet; Each in his pro-per sta-tion move;  
Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet;

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move;  
Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet;

Each in his pro-per sta-tion move;  
Di-vine-ly rich, di-vine-ly sweet;

each ful- fills his part  
oil through all the room

each ful- fills his part  
oil through all the room

And each ful- fills his part  
The oil through all the room

With sym- path- i- zing  
Dif- fused a choice per-  
fume,

And each ful- fills his part  
The oil through all the room

With sym- path- i- zing  
Dif- fused a choice per-

heart, In all the cares of life In all the cares of life and love.  
fume, Ran through his robes, and blessed Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

heart,  
fume,

In all the cares of life In all the cares of life and love.  
Ran through his robes, and blessed Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

heart,  
fume,

# Psalm CXXXIIIb

## ST MARK'S

*The Psalter of the UPC (1912)*

M. Stecker

1. [i.] How good and plea- sant is the sight when breth- ren make it their de- light to dwell in blest ac-  
2. [ii.] Such love in peace and joy dis- tills, as o'er the slopes of Her- mon's hills re- fresh- ing dew de-

cord;  
scends;

that con- se- crates for ho- ly toil the ser- vants of the Lord.  
the Lord com- mands his bless- ing there, and they that walk in love

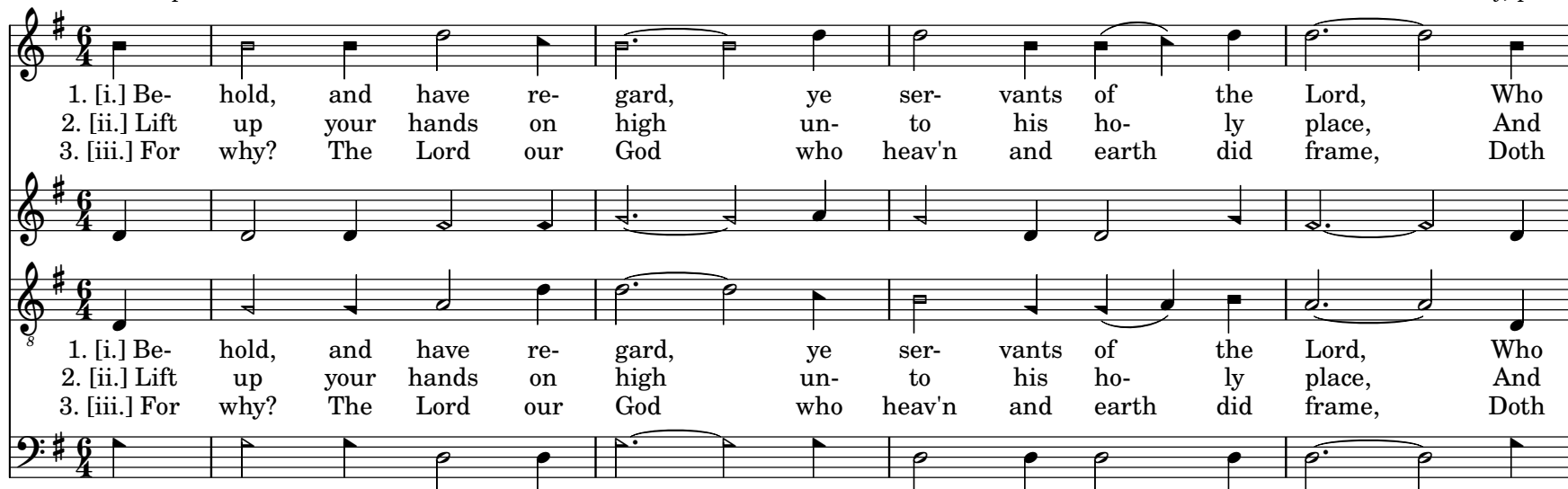
cord; such love is like a- noin- ting oil that con- se- crates for ho- ly toil the ser- vants of the Lord.  
scends; the Lord com- mands his bless- ing there, and they that walk in love shall share in life that ne- ver ends.

# Psalm CXXXIV

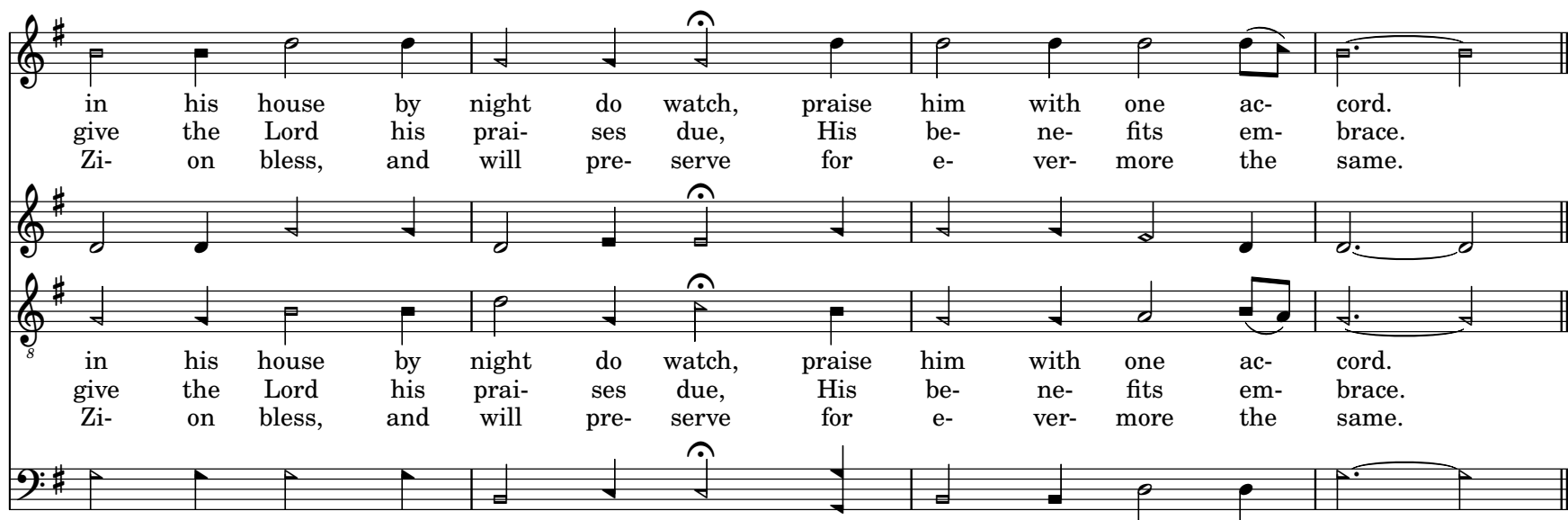
FREDRICA

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Christian Harmony*, p.24b



1. [i.] Be- hold, and have re- gard, ye ser- vants of the Lord, Who  
2. [ii.] Lift up your hands on high un- to his ho- ly place, And  
3. [iii.] For why? The Lord our God who heav'n and earth did frame, Doth



in his house by night do watch, praise him with one ac- cord.  
give the Lord his prai- ses due, His be- ne- fits ac- em- brace.  
Zi- on bless, and will pre- serve for e- ver- more the same.

# Psalm CXXXV

## PITTSBURGH

Sternhold & Hopkins

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.135

1. [i.] O Praise the Lord, praise ye his Name, praise him with one accord; O praise him still, all ye that  
2. [ii.] O praise him, ye that stand and be in the house of the Lord; Ye of his court and of his  
3. [xix.] O all ye house of Is- ra- el, see that ye praise the Lord; And ye that be of Aa- ron's

4. [xx.] And out of Zi- on sound his praise, the great praise of the Lord, Who dwell- eth in Je- ru- sa-  
(1. O Praise the Lord, praise ye his Name, praise him with one accord; O praise him still, all ye that  
be, O praise him still, all ye that be the ser- vants of the Lord, the ser- vants of the Lord.  
house, Ye of his court and of his house, praise him with one ac- cord. praise him with one ac- cord.  
house, And ye that be of Aa- ron's house, praise him with one ac- cord, praise him with one ac- cord.

lem, Who dwell- eth in Je- ru- sa- lem, praise him with one ac- cord, praise him with one ac- cord.  
be, O praise him still, all ye that be the ser- vants of the Lord, the ser- vants of the Lord.)

# Psalm CXXXVI

## MICANOPY

The Scottish Psalter, alt. M. Stecker

M. Stecker

1. [i.] Give thanks to God, for good is he: for mer-cy hath he e- ver. [ii.]Thanks to the God of gods give ye: his mer- cy fai- leth

1. [i.] Give thanks to God, for good is he: for mer- cy hath he e- ver. [ii.]Thanks to the God of gods give ye: his mer- cy fai- leth  
2. [v.] Who by his wis- dom made the heavens; for mer- cy hath he e- ver, [vi.] Who stretch'd the earth a- bove the sea; his mer- cy fai- leth  
3. [xii.] By whom the Red Sea part- ed was; for mer- cy hath he e- ver, [xiii.] And through its midst made Is- rael pass; his mer- cy fai- leth  
4. [xxiii.] In our low state who on us thought, for mer- cy hath he e- ver, [xxvii.] And from our foes our free- dom wrought; his mer- cy fai- leth

1. [i.] Give thanks to God, for good is he: for mer- cy hath he e- ver. [ii.]Thanks to the God of gods give ye: his mer- cy fai- leth

ne- ver. [iii.]Thanks give the Lord of lords un- to: for mer- cy hath he e- ver, his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.

ne- ver. [iii.] Thanks give the Lord of lords un- to: [iv.] Who on- ly won- ders great can do: his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.  
ne- ver. [vii.] To him that made the great lights shine; [ix.] The sun to rule til day de- cline; his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.  
ne- ver. [xvi.] Who Pha- roah and his host did drown; [xvii.] But through the de- sert led his own; his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.  
ne- ver. [xxv.] Who doth all flesh with food re- lieve, [xxvi.] Thanks to the God of hea- ven give, his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.

ne- ver. [iv.] Who on- ly won- ders great can do: his mer- cy fai- leth ne- ver.



# Psalm CXXXVII

## CAMDEN

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *A Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony*, p.148b

1. [i.] When we, our wear-ied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Eu-phra-tes' stream, We  
2. [ii.] Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tune-ful parts to bear, With  
3. [iii.] O Sa-lem, our once hap-py seat, When I of thee for-get-ful prove, Let

We wept with dole-ful thoughts op-pressed, And  
With si-lent strings ne-glect-ed hung On  
Let then my trem-bling hand for-get The

wept with dole-ful thoughts op-pressed, And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme. And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.  
si-lent strings ne-glect-ed hung On wil-low-trees that with-ered there. On wil-low-trees that with-ered there.  
then my trem-bling hand for-get The speak-ing strings with art to move, The speak-ing strings with art to move!

thoughts op-pressed, And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme. And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.  
glect-ed hung On wil-low-trees that with-ered there. On wil-low-trees that with-ered there.  
hand for-get The speak-ing strings with art to move, The speak-ing strings with art to move!

Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.  
wil-low-trees that with-ered there.  
speak-ing strings with art to move,

# Psalm CXXXVIIb

## BABEL'S STREAMS

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Southern Harmony*, p.52

1. [i.] By Ba- bel's streams we sat and wept, when Si- on we thought on. [ii.] In midst there- of we

2. [iv.] O how the Lord's song shall we sing with- in a for- eign land? [v.] If thee, Je- rus' lem,

hang'd our harps the wil- low- trees u- pon. [iii.] For there a song re- qui- red they, who

I for- get, skill part from my right hand. [vi.] My tongue to my mouth's roof let cleave, if

did us cap- tive bring: Our spoi- lers call'd for mirth, and said, A song of Si- on sing.

I do thee for- get, Je- ru- sa- lem, and thee a- bove my chief joy do not set.

# Psalm CXXXVIIc

## BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY

Joel Barlow

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.266

1. [i.] A- long the banks where Ba- bel's cur- rent flows, Our cap- tive bands in deep des- pon- dence stray'd,  
2. [ii.] The tune- less harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise em- ploy'd and mirth in- spir'd the lay,

While Zi- on's  
In mourn- ful

1. [i.] A- long the banks where Ba- bel's cur- rent flows, Our cap- tive bands in deep des- pon- dence stray'd,  
2. [ii.] The tune- less harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise em- ploy'd and mirth in- spir'd the lay,

While Zi- on's  
In mourn- ful

While Zi- on's fall in sad re- mem- brance rose, Her friends, her child- ren, ming- led with the dead.  
In mourn- ful si- lence on the wil- lows hung; And grow- ing grief pro- long'd the te- dious day.

fall in sad re- mem- brance rose,  
si- lence on the wil- lows hung;

While Zi- on's fall in sad re- mem- brance rose, Her friends, her child- ren, ming- led with the dead.  
In mourn- ful si- lence on the wil- lows hung; And grow- ing grief pro- long'd the te- dious day.

fall in sad re- mem- brance rose,  
si- lence on the wil- lows hung;

# Psalm CXXXVIII

NEW BRITAIN

The Scottish Psalter

From *The Social Harp*, p.190b

1. [i.] To mag-ni-fy the Lord, my Soul Thy best af-fect-ions raise; An-  
2. [ii.] With-in thy Church thy con-stant Truth And Good-ness I'll pro-claim There  
3. [iii.] In my dis-tress to thee I cry'd And thou my Pray'r didst hear: Thou

4. [iv.] Kings shall thy prom-ised good-ness know, And take oc-ca-sion thence, To  
5. [v.] God from his high and glor-ious Throne The low-ly views and owns; But  
6. [vi.] Thy ne-ver-fail-ing Good-ness will Com-pleat what is be-gun; O

gels shall hear my songs, and be The part-ners of my praise.  
raise my won-der and ad-vance The Glor-ies of thy name.  
didst sup-port me with thy strength, And with thy Com-forts cheer.

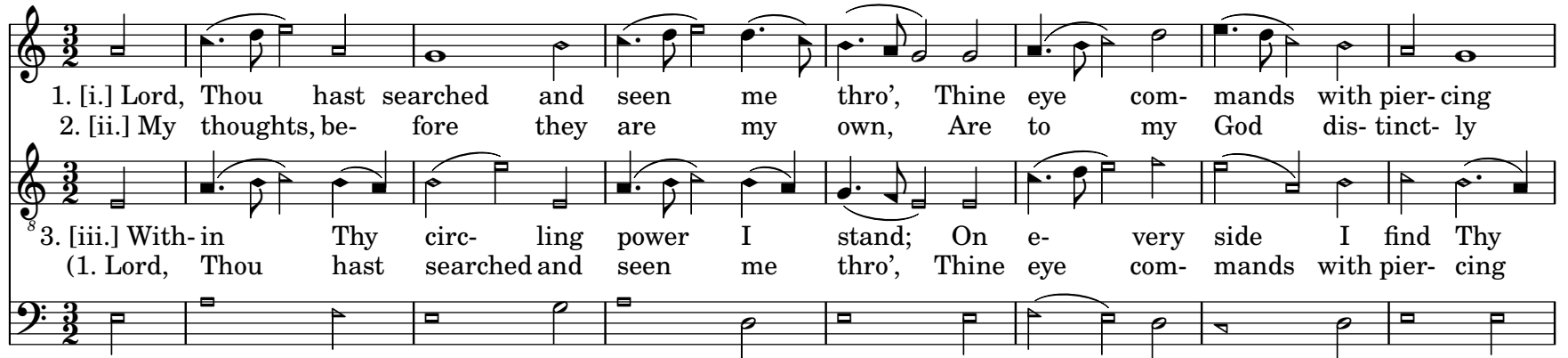
<sup>8</sup>praise thy Mer-cy and Ad-mire Thy ways of Pro-vi-dence  
scorns the proud, and on their height With In-dig-na-tion frowns.  
ne-ver suf-fer thine own Work Nor me to be un-done.

# Psalm CXXXIX

## KINGSBRIDGE

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.97b



1. [i.] Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro', Thine eye com-mands with pier-cing  
2. [ii.] My thoughts, be- fore they are my own, Are to my God dis- tinct- ly  
3. [iii.] With- in Thy circ- ling power I stand; On e- very side I find Thy  
(1. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro', Thine eye com- mands with pier- cing



view My ri- sing and my rest- ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.  
known; He knows the words I mean to speak Ere from my o- pening lips they break.  
hand; A- wake, a- sleep, at home, a- broad, I am sur- roun- ded still with God.  
view My ri- sing and my rest- ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.)

# Psalm CXXXIXb

## CREATION

Isaac Watts

From *The Continental Harmony*, p.52

When I with plea-sing won-der stand, And all my frame sur-vey, Lord, 'tis thy work I

When I with plea-sing won-der stand, And all my frame sur-vey, Lord, 'tis thy work I

own thy hand Thus built my hum-ble clay. Lord, 'tis thy work I own thy hand Thus built my

own thy hand Thus built my hum-ble clay. Lord, 'tis thy work I own thy hand Thus built my

*Please note that the text that follows is not strictly biblical.*

hum-ble clay. Our life con-tains a thou-sand springs, And dies if one be gone;

Our life con-tains a thou-sand springs, And dies if one be gone;

hum-ble clay. Our life con-tains a thou-sand springs, And dies if one be gone;

Our life con-tains a thou-sand springs, And dies if one be gone;

Strange, that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune so long!

tune so long! Should keep in tune, Should Strange, that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune so long!

keep in tune so long! Should keep in tune so long! Should keep in tune so long! Strange, that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune, Should keep in tune so long!

harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long! So

Our life con- tains a thou- sand springs, And dies if one be

thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!

Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!

long! So long! Should

gone; Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so

Should

Strange, that a harp of thou- sand

keep in tune so long! Should keep in tune so long! Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!

long! Should keep in tune so long, so long! Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!

keep in tune so long! Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!

strings Should keep in tune, Should keep in tune so long! Strange, that a harp of thou- sand strings Should keep in tune so long!



# Psalm CXL

## CONNECTOR

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker

1. [i.] Pre-serve me, Lord, from crafty foes of treacherous intent; [ii.] And  
2. [iii.] Their slander- ring tongue the ser- pent's sting in sharp- ness does ex- ceed; Be-

3. [vi.] But thus en- vi- ron'd with dis- tress, thou art my God, I said; Lord,  
4. [xii.] God will as- sert the poor man's cause, and spee- dy suc- cor give; The  
(1. Pre-serve me, Lord, from crafty foes of trea- cher- ous in- tent; And

from the sons of vi- o- lence, on o- pen mis- chief bent.  
tween their lips the gall of asps and ad- ders' ve- nom breed.

hear my sup- pli- ca- ting voice, that calls to thee for aid.  
just shall ce- le- brate his praise, and in his pre- sence live.  
from the sons of vi- o- lence, on o- pen mis- chief bent.)

# Psalm CXLI

## DOWNPATRICK

The Scottish Psalter

From *Sacred Harmony* (Alex. Davidson, 1845), p.63t

1. [i.] O Lord, I un- to thee do cry, do thou make haste to me,  
2. [ii.] As in- cense let my pray- er be di- rect- ed in thine eyes;  
3. [iii.] Set, Lord, a watch be- fore my mouth, keep of my lips the door.

4. [vii.] A- bout the grave's de- vour- ing mouth our bones are scat- tered 'round,  
5. [viii.] But un- to thee, O God the Lord, mine eyes up- lift- ed be:  
6. [ix.] Lord, keep me safe- ly from the snares which they for me pre- pare;  
(1. O Lord, I un- to thee do cry, do thou make haste to me,

And give an ear un- to my voice, when I cry un- to thee.  
And the up- lift- ing of my hands as th'eve- ning sac- ri- fice.  
[iv.] My heart in- cline thou not un- to the ills I should ab- hor,

As wood which men do cut and cleave lies scat- tered on the ground.  
My soul do not leave des- ti- tute; my trust is set on thee.  
And from the sub- tle gins of them that wick- ed work- ers are.  
And give an ear un- to my voice, when I cry un- to thee.)

# Psalm CXLII

## IDUMEA

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.224b

1. [i.] To God, with mourn- ful voice, in deep dis- tress I prayed; [ii.] Made  
2. [iii.] Thou didst my steps di- rect, when my grie- ved soul de- spaired; For  
3. [iv.] I looked, but found no friend to own me in de- tress: All

4. [v.] To God at last I prayed; thou, Lord, my re- fuge art, My  
5. [vi.] Re- duced to great- est straits, to thee I re- make my moan: O  
6. [vii.] That I may praise thy name, my soul from pri- son bring; Whilst

him the um- pire of my cause, my wrongs be- fore him laid.  
where I thought to walk se- cure, they had their traps pre- pared.  
re- fuge failed, no man se- vouch- safed his pi- ty or re- dress.

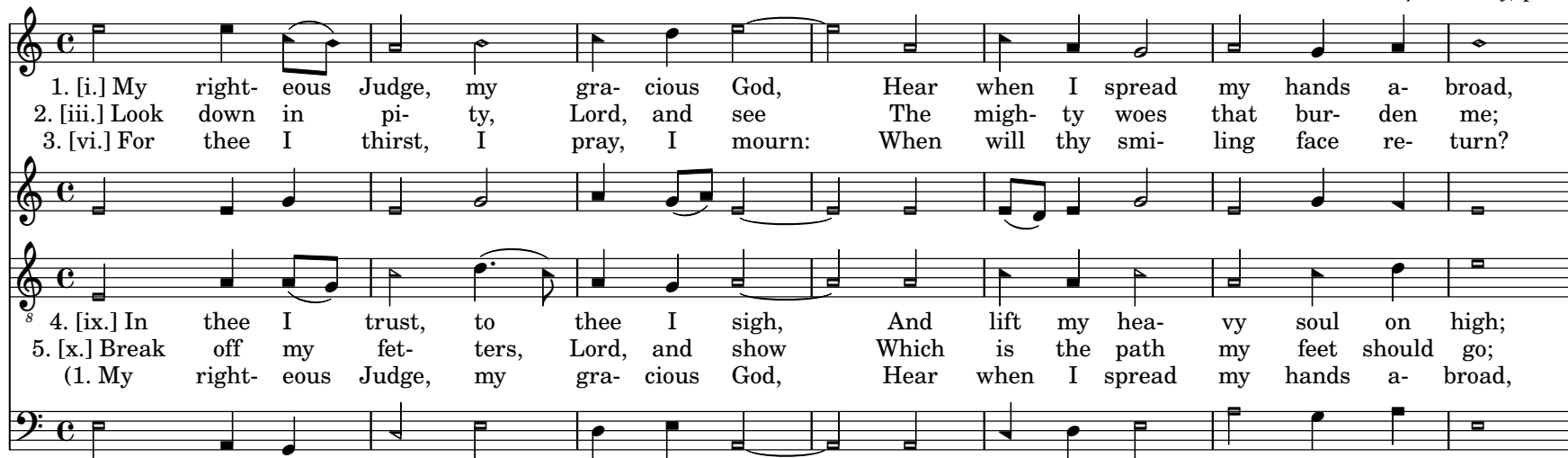
por- tion in the land of life, till life it- self de- part.  
save me from op- press- ing foes, for me too pow'r- ful shall grown.  
of thy kind re- gard to me as- sem- bled saints shall sing.

# Psalm CXLIII

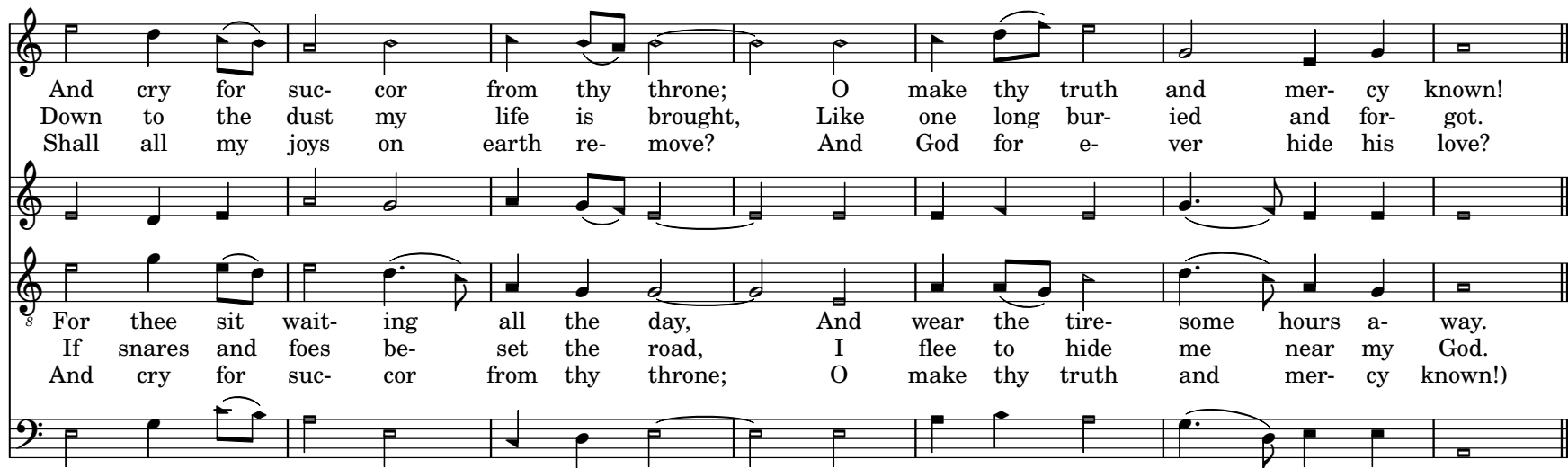
## BOURBON

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.49t



1. [i.] My right-eous Judge, my gra-cious God, Hear when I spread my hands a-broad,  
2. [iii.] Look down in pi-ty, Lord, and see The migh-ty woes that bur-den me;  
3. [vi.] For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn: When will thy smi-ling face re-turn?



4. [ix.] In thee I trust, to thee I sigh, And lift my hea-vy soul on high;  
5. [x.] Break off my fet-ters, Lord, and show Which is the path my feet should go;  
(1. My right-eous Judge, my gra-cious God, Hear when I spread my hands a-broad,  
And cry for suc-cor from thy throne; O make thy truth and mer-cy known!  
Down to the dust my life is brought, Like one long bur-ied and for-got.  
Shall all my joys on earth re-move? And God for e-ver hide his love?  
For thee sit wait-ing all the day, And wear the tire-some hours a-way.  
If snares and foes be-set the road, I flee to hide me near my God.  
And cry for suc-cor from thy throne; O make thy truth and mer-cy known!)

# Psalm CXLIV

COWPER

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Sacred Harp* (1860), p.168

1. [i.] For- e- ver blessed be God the Lord, who does his need- ful aid im- part,  
2. [v.] In sol- emn state, O God, de- scend, whilst heav'n its lof- ty head in- clines;

1. [i.] For- e- ver blessed be God the Lord, who does his need- ful aid im- part, At  
2. [v.] In sol- emn state, O God, de- scend, whilst heav'n its lof- ty head in- clines; The

At once both strength and  
The smo- king hills a-

At once both strength and skill af- ford, to wield my arms with  
The smo- king hills a- sun- der rend, of thy ap- proach the

At once both strength and skill af- ford,  
The smo- king hills a- sun- der rend,

once both strength and skill af- ford, At once both strength and skill af- ford,  
smo- king hills a- sun- der rend, of thy ap- proach the aw- ful signs.

skill af- ford, At once both strength and skill af- ford, to wield my arms with  
sun- der rend, The smo- king hills a- sun- der rend, of thy ap- proach the

war-like art. At once both strength and skill afford to wield my arms with war-like art.  
awful signs. The smoking hills asunder rend, of thy approach the awful signs.

At once both strength and skill afford to wield my arms with war-like art.  
The smoking hills asunder rend, of thy approach the awful signs.

war-like art.  
awful signs,

# Psalm CXLV

## LONDON NEW

Isaac Watts

From *The Hesperian Harp*, p.82t

1. [i.] Let every tongue Thy goodness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all; Thy  
2. [ii.] When sorrow bows the spirit down, Or virtue lies distressed Be  
3. [iii.] The Lord supports our tottering days, And guides our giddy youth; Ho-  
4. [vii.] My lips shall dwell upon His praise, And spread His fame abroad; Let

strength- ening hands up- hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.  
neath some proud op- pres- sor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn- ers rest.  
ly and just are all His ways, And all His words are truth.  
all the sons of A- dam rise The hon- ors of their God.

# Psalm CXLVb

## MIDDLETON

Isaac Watts

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.69b

1. [i.] Sweet is the mem-ory but of Thy grace, My God, my heaven-ly  
2. [ii.] God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His good-ness to the

3. [iv.] How kind are Thy com-pas-sions, Lord! How slow Thine an-ger  
4. [v.] Crea-tures with all their end-less race, Thy power and praise pro-

King! Let age to age Thy right-eous-ness In sounds of glo-ry sing.  
skies; Through the whole earth His boun-ty shines, And e-very want sup-plies.

moves! But soon He sends His pard'-ning word, To cheer the souls He loves.  
claim; But saints, who taste Thy rich-er grace, De-light to bless Thy Name.



# Psalm CXLVI

## HALLELUJAH

Charles Wesley; chorus anon.

From *The Christian Harmony*, p.157

1. [i.] My soul, in- spired with sa- cred love, To God the Lord sing praise; And I'll sing ha- le-  
His gifts I will for him im- prove, To him de- vote my days;

2. [ii.] And when my voice is lost in death, My soul shall keep the theme;  
The gra- cious theme, for- e- ver new, Of wret- ched- ness re- deemed.

3. [v. pt. ii.] He frees the mourn- ful pri- son- ers, To blind, re- stor- ing sight; And I'll sing ha- le-  
[vi.] Thy God, O Zi- on, reigns su- preme In me- rcy and in might.

4. [vi. pt. ii.] The end- less theme of heav- en- ly song, When death shall be no more:  
Still all e- ter- ni- ty shall prove Too short to sing his love.

lu- jah, and you'll sing ha- le- lu- jah, And we'll all sing ha- le- lu- jah when we ar- rive at home.

lu- jah, and you'll sing ha- le- lu- jah, And we'll all sing ha- le- lu- jah when we ar- rive at home.

*Please note that the text of the chorus is not directly drawn from the Psalm.*

# Psalm CXLVIb

LIVONIA

Isaac Watts

From *The Missouri Harmony*, p.108

1. [i.] I'll praise my Ma-ker while I've breath; and when my voice is lost in death, praise shall em-ploy my

1. [i.] I'll praise my Ma-ker while I've breath; and when my voice is lost in death, praise shall em-ploy my  
2. [ii.] How hap-py they whose hopes re-ly on Is-rael's God, who made the sky and earth and seas with

1. [i.] I'll praise my Ma-ker while I've breath; and when my voice is lost in death, praise shall em-ploy my  
2. [ii.] How hap-py they whose hopes re-ly on Is-rael's God, who made the sky and earth and seas with

no- bler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past while

no- bler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past while life and thought and  
all their train; whose truth for- e- ver stands se- cure, who saves th'op- pressed and

no- bler powers. My days of praise shall ne'er be past while  
all their train; whose truth for- e- ver stands se- cure, who

life and thought and being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. My days of praise shall  
 being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. My days of praise shall  
 feeds the poor, and none shall find God's pro-mise vain. whose truth for-e-ver  
 life and thought and being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures. My days of praise shall  
 saves th'op-pressed and feeds the poor, and none shall find God's pro-mise vain. whose truth for-e-ver

ne'er be past while life and thought and being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.  
 ne'er be past while life and thought and being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.  
 stands se-secure, who saves th'op-pressed and feeds the poor, and none shall find God's pro-mise vain.  
 ne'er be past while life and thought and being last, or im-mor-ta-li-ty en-dures.  
 stands se-secure, who saves th'op-pressed and feeds the poor, and none shall find God's pro-mise vain.

# Psalm CXLVII

## CORONATION

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p. 53

1. [i.] O praise the Lord with hymns of joy, and ce- le- brate his  
2. [ii.] His ho- ly ci- ty God will build, though ce- le- veled with the

3. [iii,iv.] He kind- ly heals the bro- ken of hearts, and with all their wounds doth  
4. [vii.] To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise with grate- ful voi- ces

fame; For plea- sant, good, and come- ly 'tis to praise his  
ground; Bring back his peo- ple, though dis- persed through all the

close; their and se- veral  
sing; sing; and strike each

He tells the num- ber of the stars,  
To songs of tri- umph tune the harp,

ho- ly Name. For plea- sant, good, and come- ly 'tis to praise his ho- ly Name.  
na- tions round. Bring back his peo- ple, though dis- persed through all the na- tions round.

names he knows. He tells the num- ber of the stars, their se- veral names he knows.  
war- bling string. To songs of tri- umph tune the harp, and strike each war- bling string.

# Psalm CXLVIII

LENOX

Tate & Brady's New Version

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.101b

1. [i,ii.] Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex- alt your Ma- ker's name, His praise your song em- ploy A- bove the star- ry frame;  
2. [iii,iv.] Thou moon, that rul'st the night, And sun, that guid'st the day; Ye glit- t'ring stars of light, To him your hom- age pay;

Your  
His

Your voi- ces raise, Ye che- ru- bim And se- ra- phim, To sing his praise.  
His praise de- clare, Ye heav'ns a- bove And clouds that move In li- quid air.

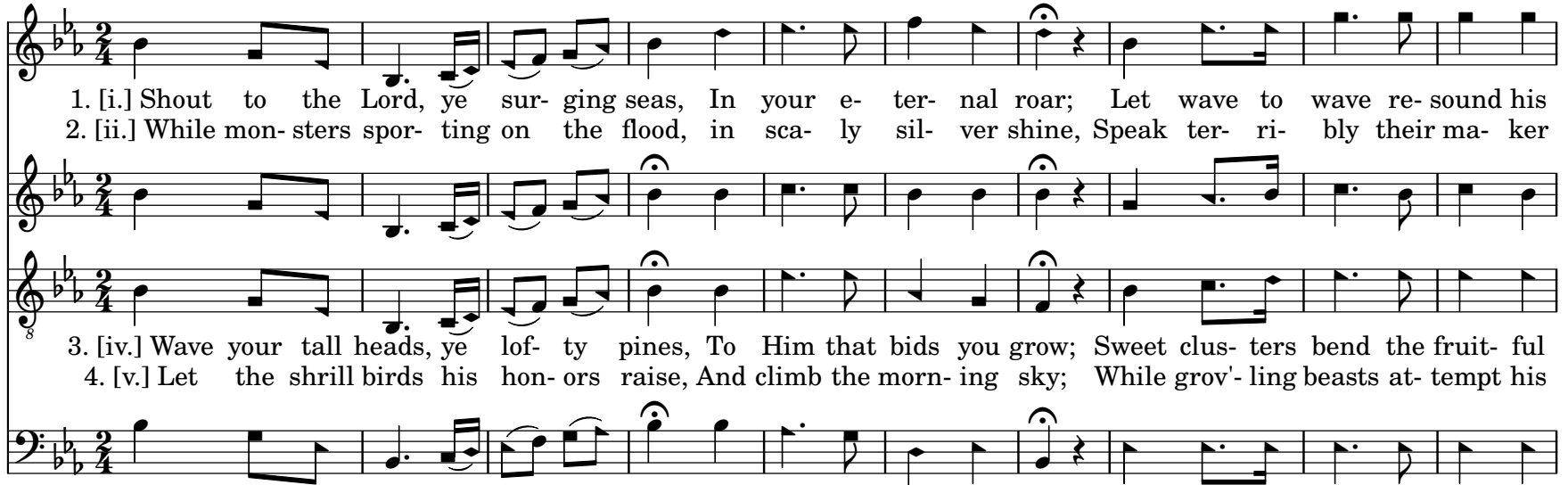
voi- ces raise, Ye che- ru- bim Your voi- ces raise, Ye che- ru- bim And se- ra- phim, To sing his praise.  
praise de- clare, Ye heav'ns a- bove His praise de- clare, Ye heav'ns a- bove And clouds that move In li- quid air.

# Psalm CXLXVIIb

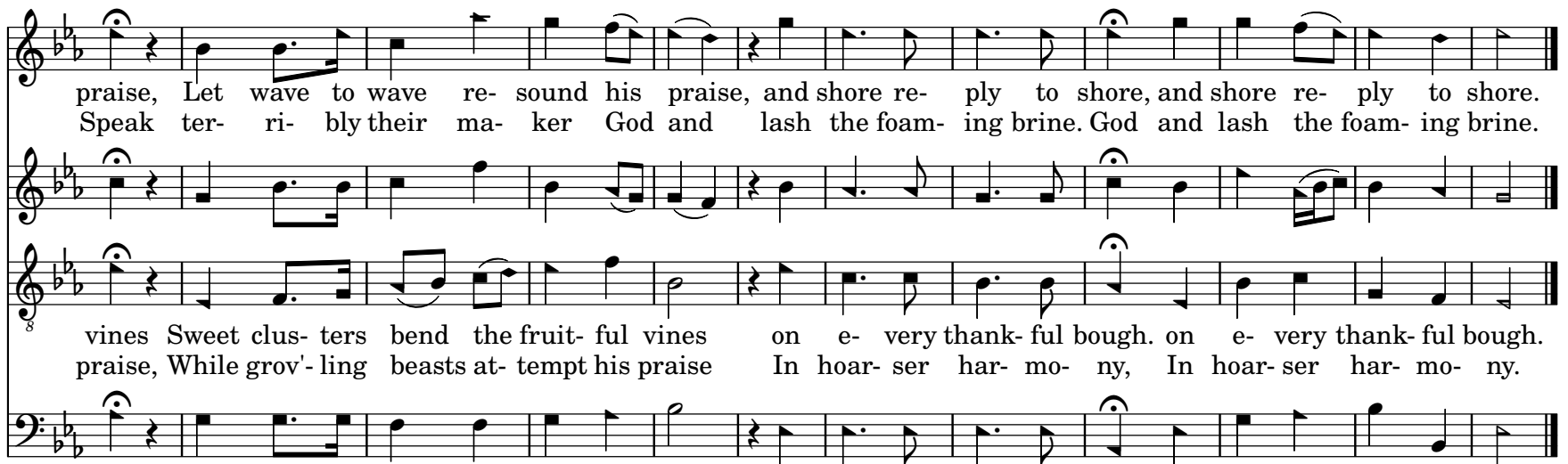
## TEMPEST

Isaac Watts

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.28



1. [i.] Shout to the Lord, ye sur- ging seas, In your e- ter- nal roar; Let wave to wave re- sound his  
2. [ii.] While mon- sters spor- ting on the flood, in sca- ly sil- ver shine, Speak ter- ri- bly their ma- ker



3. [iv.] Wave your tall heads, ye lof- ty pines, To Him that bids you grow; Sweet clus- ters bend the fruit- ful  
4. [v.] Let the shrill birds his hon- ors raise, And climb the morn- ing sky; While grov'- ling beasts at- tempt his  
praise, Let wave to wave re- sound his praise, and shore re- ply to shore, and shore re- ply to shore.  
Speak ter- ri- bly their ma- ker God and lash the foam- ing brine. God and lash the foam- ing brine.  
vines Sweet clus- ters bend the fruit- ful vines on e- very thank- ful bough. on e- very thank- ful bough.  
praise, While grov'- ling beasts at- tempt his praise In hoar- ser har- mo- ny, In hoar- ser har- mo- ny.

# Psalm CXLIX

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

Based on an early Am. fife tune, from *The Hesperian Harp*, p.300; Alt. MS

1. [i.] O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great Assembly to  
2. [ii.] Let them His great Name Extol in their songs, With hearts well attuned His praises

3. [iii.] With glory adorned, His people shall sing To God, Who their heads With safety doth  
1. [i.] O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great Assembly to

sing; In their great Creator Let Israel rejoice; And children of Zion Be glad in their  
ex-press; Who always takes pleasure To hear their glad tongues, And waits with salvation The humble

shield; Such honor and triumph His favor shall bring; O therefore for ever All praise to Him  
sing; In their great Creator Let Israel rejoice; And children of Zion Be glad in their

King. [Chorus:] O praise ye the Lord, O Praise ye the Lord, O sing ha- le- lu- jah, Praise ye the Lord.  
to bless.

yield! [Chorus:] O praise ye the Lord, O Praise ye the Lord, O sing ha- le- lu- jah, Praise ye the Lord.  
King.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "King. [Chorus:] O praise ye the Lord, O Praise ye the Lord, O sing ha- le- lu- jah, Praise ye the Lord. to bless." The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics: "yield! [Chorus:] O praise ye the Lord, O Praise ye the Lord, O sing ha- le- lu- jah, Praise ye the Lord. King." The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.



# Psalm CL

## O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS

Biblical

From *The New Harp of Columbia*, p.216

O praise God in his ho- li- ness Praise him in the fir- ma- ment, in the fir- ma- ment of his power. Praise him in his

no- ble acts, praise him in his no- ble acts; Praise him ac- cord- ing to his ex- cel- lent great- ness. Praise him in the sound of the

Praise him u- pon the lute and harp.  
trum- pet, in the sound of the trum- pet. Praise him u- pon the lute, u- pon the lute and harp. Praise him in the cym- bals, in the  
Praise him u- pon the lute and harp.

cym-bals and dan-ces; Praise him on strings, on strings and pipes; Let ev'ry thing that hath breath, Let  
 Let e-v'ry thing that hath breath, Let e-v'ry thing that hath breath, Let

Let e-v'ry thing that hath breath, praise &c  
 e-v'ry thing that hath breath, That hath breath praise the Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.  
 e' vry thing that hath breath,

# Psalm CLb

Cyprus

Biblical

From *Die Union Choral Harmonie*, p.52

O praise God in his ho-li-ness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment, in the fir-ma-ment of his pow'r, Praise him in his  
Lobt den Herr-en im Hei-lig-thum, Lobt ihn in dem Fir-ma-ment, in dem Fir-ma-ment sei-ner Kraft, Lo-bet sei-ne

O praise God in his ho-li-ness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment, in the fir-ma-ment of his pow'r, Praise him in his  
Lobt den Herr-en im Hei-lig-thum, Lobt ihn in dem Fir-ma-ment, in dem Fir-ma-ment sei-ner Kraft, Lo-bet sei-ne

O praise God in his ho-li-ness, Praise him in the fir-ma-ment, in the fir-ma-ment of his pow'r,  
Lobt den Herr-en im Hei-lig-thum, Lobt ihn in dem Fir-ma-ment, in dem Fir-ma-ment sei-ner Kraft,

no-ble acts, Praise him in his no-ble acts, Praise him ac-cord-ing to his ex-cel-lent great-ness. Praise him in the sound of the  
gro-sse That, Lo-bet sei-ne gro-sse That, Lobt Gott, den Schöp-fer, des-sen Gü-te währ-t e-wig, Bringt ihm al-le Dank und An-

no-ble acts, Praise him in his no-ble acts, Praise him ac-cord-ing to his ex-cel-lent great-ness. Praise him in the sound of the  
gro-sse That, Lo-bet sei-ne gro-sse That, Lobt Gott, den Schöp-fer, des-sen Gü-te währ-t e-wig, Bringt ihm al-le Dank und An-

Praise him ac-cord-ing to his ex-cel-lent great-ness. Praise him in the sound of the  
Lo-bet sei-ne gro-sse That, Lobt Gott, den Schöp-fer, des-sen Gü-te währ-t e-wig,

trum- pet, in the sound of the trum- pet. Praise him in the cym- bals, in the  
 be- tung, al- le Dank und An- be- tung, Er- he- bet al- le un- sern Gott

trum- pet, in the sound of the trum- pet. Praise him u- pon the lute, u- pon the lute and harp. Praise him in the cym- bals, in the  
 be- tung, al- le Dank und An- be- tung, Er- he- bet al- le un- sern Gott mit Ju- bel Chor, Lob den Herrn mit Cym- beln, mit den

trum- pet, in the sound of the trum- pet. Praise him u- pon the lute and harp. Praise him in the cym- bals, in the  
 Bringt ihm al- le Dank und An- be- tung, Er- he- bet al- le un- sern Gott, Lob den Herrn mit Cym- beln, mit den

cym- bals and voi- ces, Let ev' ry thing that hath breath, praise the  
 mit Ju- bel Chor, Lass al- les was da le- bet, was da le-

cym- bals and voi- ces, Let ev' ry thing that hath breath, that hath breath, praise the  
 Cym- beln und Har- fen. Lass al- les was da le- bet, was da le- be, was

cym- bals and voi- ces, Let ev' ry thing that hath breath,  
 Cym- beln und Har- fen. Lass al- les was da le- bet,

Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.  
 be, was da le- bet, lo- ben den Herrn, lo- ben den Herrn, lo- ben den Herrn.

Lord, that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.  
 da le- bet, lo- ben den Herrn, lo- ben den Herrn, lo- ben den Herrn.

# Psalm CLc

## SOUTH CAROLINA

Tate & Brady's *New Version*

M. Stecker

1. O Praise the Lord in that blest place, from whence his grace and mercy flows; Praise him in  
2. Praise him for all the mighty acts which he in our behalf hath done; His kindness

5. Let them, who joyful hymns compose, to cymbals set their songs of praise, Cymbals of  
6. Let all that vital breath enjoy, the breath God does to them afford, in just re-  
heav- en, where his face un-veil'd in perfect glo-ry shows.  
this re- turn ex-acts, with which our praise should e-qual run.  
com- mon use, and those that loud-ly sound on sol- emn days. [Chorus:] I want to  
turns of praise em- ploy: let ev' ry crea- ture praise the Lord.

I want to go, I want to go, Oh, I want to go to glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!

I want to go, I want to go, I want to go to glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!

go, I want to go, Oh, I want to go to glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!

I want to go, I want to go, I want to go to glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!

The image shows a musical score for four voices, likely SATB. The score is written in a single system with four staves. The top staff is the Soprano part, the second is the Alto part, the third is the Tenor part, and the bottom is the Bass part. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "I want to go, I want to go, Oh, I want to go to glo- ry, hal- le- lu- jah!". The lyrics are placed below each staff, with some words like "go," and "Oh," appearing on multiple lines. The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and slurs. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

# Doxology - Common Meter

## DOXOLOGY

Isaac Watts

From *The Methodist Harmonist*, p.49

*Treble and alto parts may be sung an octave lower if desired*

To save a  
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, who sweet-ly all a-gree To save a world of sin-ners lost, To  
To save a world of  
To save a world of sin-ners lost, To  
world of sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.  
save a world of sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.  
sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.  
save a world of sin-ners lost, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, E-ter-nal glo-ry be.

# Doxology - Common Meter

## LOBLOLLY

Sternhold & Hopkins

M. Stecker

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost im-mor-tal glo-ry be; As was, and is,  
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost im-mor-tal glo-ry be; As was, and is,  
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost im-mor-tal glo-ry be; As was, and is,  
To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost im-mor-tal glo-ry be; As was, and is,

and shall be still, to all e-ter-ni-ty.  
and shall be still, to all e-ter-ni-ty.  
and shall be still, to all e-ter-ni-ty.  
and shall be still, to all e-ter-ni-ty.



# Doxology - Short Meter

## MAGNOLIA

James Montgomery

M. Stecker

Glo- ry, O Fa- ther, be To Thee, and to Thy Son, And  
Glo- ry, O Fa- ther, be To Thee, and to Thy Son, And  
Glo- ry, O Fa- ther, be To Thee, and to Thy Son, And

to the Ho- ly Spi- rit: three in name, in God- head One.  
to the Ho- ly Spi- rit: three in name, in God- head One.  
to the Ho- ly Spi- rit: three in name, in God- head One.

# Doxology - Long Meter

LONGLEAF

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Ken

M. Stecker

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him a-

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him a-

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him a-

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him a-

bove, ye heavn- ly host; Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

bove, ye heavn- ly host; Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

bove, ye heavn- ly host; Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

bove, ye heavn- ly host; Praise Fa- ther, Son, and Ho- ly Ghost.

# The Lord's Prayer

KITTERY

Isaac Watts

From *The Beauties of Harmony*, p.96

1. Our Fa-ther who in hea-ven art, All hal-low'd be thy name, Thy  
 2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, Our tres-pass-es for-give, As  
 3. In-to temp-ta-tion lead us not, From e-vil us de-fend, For

1. Our Fa-ther who in hea-ven art, All hal-low'd be thy name, Thy king-dom come, thy  
 2. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, Our tres-pass-es for-give, As we for-give our  
 3. In-to temp-ta-tion lead us not, From e-vil us de-fend, For Thine's the king-dom

Thy king-dom come, thy will be done, Through-  
 As we for-give our fel-low-men For  
 For Thine's the king-dom and the pow'r, And  
 king-dom come, thy will be done, Through-out this earth-ly frame; Our Fa-ther who in hea-ven  
 we for-give our fel-low-men For in-jur-ies re-ceived. Give us this day our dai-ly  
 Thine's the king-dom and the pow'r, And glo-ry with-out end. 3. In-to temp-ta-tion lead us

Thy king-dom come, thy will be done, Through-out this earth-ly  
 As we for-give our fel-low-men For in-jur-ies re-  
 For Thine's the king-dom and the pow'r, And glo-ry with-out

will be done, Through-out this earth-ly frame; Thy king-dom come, thy will be done, Through-  
 fel-low-men For in-jur-ies re-ceived. As we for-give our fel-low-men For  
 and the pow'r, And glo-ry with-out end. For Thine's the king-dom and the pow'r, And

out this earth-ly frame; Our Fa-ther who in hea-ven art, All  
 in-jur-ies re-ceived. Give us this day our dai-ly bread, Our  
 glo-ry with-out end. 3. In-to temp-ta-tion lead us not, From

art, All hal- low'd be thy name, Thy king- dom come, thy will be done, Through- out this earth- ly frame.  
bread, Our tres- pass- es for- give, As we for- give our fel- low- men For in- jur- ies re- ceived.  
not, From e- vil us de- fend, For Thine's the king- dom and the pow'r, And glo- ry with- out end.

frame;  
ceived.  
end.

out this earth- ly frame. Thy king- dom come, thy will be done, Through- out this earth- ly frame.  
in- jur- ies re- ceived. As we for- give our fel- low- men For in- jur- ies re- ceived.  
glo- ry with- out end. For Thine's the king- dom and the pow'r, And glo- ry with- out end.

hal- low'd be thy name,  
tres- pass- es for- give,  
e- vil us de- fend,

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### *THE BRETHREN HYMNAL: A COLLECTION OF PSALMS, HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS..*

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### *THE CHRISTIAN HARMONY: CONTAINING A CHOICE SELECTION OF HYMN AND PSALM TUNES, ODES AND ANTHEMS.,*

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*THE COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY OF SACRED HARMONY,*  
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*THE HESPERIAN HARP...*  
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*DIE NEUE CHORAL HARMONIE...*

COMPILED BY S.M. MUSSELMANN, LOWER SALFORD,  
MONTGOMERY CO., PA, PRINTED IN HARRISBURG, PA, 1844

131 PENNSYLVANIA P.15T  
150C CYPRUS P.52

*THE NEW HARP OF COLUMBIA...*

ML. SWAN; PUBLISHED BY SMITH AND LAMAR FOR THE  
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*PRINTED IN SEVEN-SHAPE NOTATION*

19 NASHVILLE P.41B  
41 ORTONVILLE P.128B  
58 MONTGOMERY P.158  
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84 BALLSTOWN P.161  
89B WHITESTOWN P.180  
145B MIDDLETON P.69B  
150B O PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS P.216

*THE NORRISTOWN NEW AND MUCH IMPROVED  
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PRINTED BY D. SOWER, JR.: NORRISTOWN, PA, 1832  
*PRINTED IN SEVEN-SHAPE NOTATION*

132 PASSOVER P.72B

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ALEXANDER AULD; PRINTED BY J. A. & U. P. JAMES: CINCINNATI, 1847  
*PRINTED IN SEVEN-SHAPE NOTATION.*

80 OH! FATHER, LEAVE ME NOT P.145

*A SELECTION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES FROM THE  
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JOHN RIPON: LONDON, CA. 1795.  
*PRINTED IN ROUND NOTES.*

64 BANGOR P.231B

*SACRED HARMONY: CONSISTING OF A VARIETY OF TUNES ADAPTED TO  
THE DIFFERENT METRES IN THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST HYMN BOOK...*

ALEXANDER DAVIDSON; PUBLISHED BY ANSON GREEN:  
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119 MEM BEAUMONT P.20  
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*SACRED HARMONY: A COLLECTION OF MUSIC ADAPTED TO  
THE GREATEST VARIETY OF METERS NOW IN USE..*

SAMUEL JACKSON; PUBLISHED BY G. LANE AND C. TIPPETT:  
NEW YORK, 1848

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B.F. WHITE AND E.J. KING; PRINTED BY S.C. COLLINS:  
PHILADELPHIA, PA, 1860.

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*THE SACRED HARP..*

*FIFTH EDITION ENTIRELY REMODELED AND IMPROVED.*

J.L. WHITE: ATLANTA, 1909

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96B REVERENTIAL ANTHEM P.234

*THE ORIGINAL SACRED HARP,*

*REVISED, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED..*

JOSEPH S. JAMES, PUBLISHED BY THE SACRED HARP

PUBLISHING COMPANY: CULLMAN, AL, 1911

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*THE SINGING MASTER'S ASSISTANT..*

WILLIAM BILLINGS; PRINTED BY DRAFER AND FOLSOM:  
BOSTON, 1778.

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80B BOSTON P.2

*THE SOCIAL HARP..*

JOHN G. MCCURRY; PUBLISHED BY T.K. COLLINS:  
PHILADELPHIA, 1855

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JAMES P. CARRELL, PRINTED BY A. DAVISSON:  
HARRISONBURG, VA, 1821

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*THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN POCKET HARMONIST,*  
*INTENDED AS AN APPENDIX TO THE SOUTHERN HARMONY...*  
 WILLIAM WALKER; PUBLISHED BY C. DESILVER & G.G. EVANS:  
 PHILADELPHIA, 1860

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*THE SOUTHERN HARMONY...*  
 WILLIAM WALKER: SPARTANBURG, SC, 1835

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 WILLIAM WALKER; THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,  
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*THOROUGHLY REVISED AND MUCH ENLARGED.*

WILLIAM WALKER; E.W. MILLER, PHILADELPHIA, 1854

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*A SUPPLEMENT TO THE KENTUCKY HARMONY,*  
 ANANIAS DAVISSON: HARRISONBURG, VA, 1825 (3<sup>RD</sup> ED.)

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*DIE UNION CHORAL HARMONIE/*  
*THE UNION CHORAL HARMONY...*

HENRY C. EYER, SELINGSGROVE, UNION CO., PA; PRINTED BY  
 FRANCIS WYETH: HARRISBURG, PA, 1836, 2<sup>ND</sup> ED.

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*UNION HARMONY, OR MUSIC MADE EASY...*  
 JOHN COLE, PUBLISHED BY WM & JOS. NEAL AND J. COLE:  
 BALTIMORE, 1829

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*THE VIRGINIA HARMONY...*  
 DAVID L. CLAYTON AND JAMES P. CARRELL; PRINTED BY  
 SAMUEL DAVIS: WINCHESTER, VA, 1831

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COMPILED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF  
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101 PENNSVILLE

### *THE PSALMS HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT... BEING THE NEW-ENGLAND PSALM-BOOK, REVISED AND IMPROVED.*

THOMAS PRINCE, PRINTED BY  
THOMAS AND JOHN FLEET: BOSTON,  
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*THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS  
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BY THOMAS STERNHOLD, JOHN HOPKINS,  
ET AL., FIRST PUBLISHED 1562

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MY SPIRIT LOOKS TO GOD ALONE	62	RUSSIA
MY TROUBLE AND AFFLICTION, LORD/CONSIDER AND BEHOLD	119 RESH	SAVANNAH HIGHWAY
MY TRUST IS IN MY HEAV'NLY FRIEND, MY HOPE IN THEE MY GOD	7	MORPHEUS
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NOT TO OUR NAMES, THOU ONLY JUST AND TRUE,	115	WALWORTH

NOW ISRAEL MAY SAY, AND THAT IN TRUTH	124	PALATKA
NOW SHALL MY HEAD BE LIFTED HIGH	27	VICTORY
○ COME, LOUD ANTHEMS LET US SING	95	NINETY FIFTH
○ GOD WE HAVE HEARD AND OUR FATHERS HAVE TAUGHT	44	WALTER
○ GOD, MY REFUGE, HEAR MY CRIES	55	ECSTASY
○ GOD, THOU ART MY RIGHTEOUSNESS/LORD, HEAR ME WHEN I CALL	4	RESIGNATION
○ GOD, WHO ART MY PART AND LOT,/MY COMFORT AND MY STAY	119 HETH	PATMOS
○ LORD, I AM NOT PROUD OF HEART	131	PENNSYLVANIA
○ LORD, I UNTO THEE DO CRY/DO THOU MAKE HASTE TO ME	141	DOWNPATRICK
○ LORD, LET MY COMPLAINT AND CRY/BEFORE THY FACE APPEAR	119 TAU	CHAPEL
○ LORD, THOU HAST REJECTED US, AND SCATTERED US ABOARD	60	DIVES & LAZARUS
○ PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS	150	○ PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS
○ PRAISE GOD IN HIS HOLINESS	150B	CYPRUS
○ PRAISE THE LORD IN THAT BLEST PLACE	150C	SOUTH CAROLINA
○ PRAISE THE LORD WITH HYMNS OF JOY/AND CELEBRATE HIS FAME	147	CORONATION
○ PRAISE THE LORD, FOR HE IS GOOD; HIS GRACE IS EVER SURE.	118	ACOSTA
○ PRAISE YE THE LORD, PREPARE YOUR GLAD VOICE	149	THE LORD WILL PROVIDE
○ RENDER THANKS TO GOD ABOVE	106	OHIO
○ THAT THE RACE OF MEN WOULD RAISE/THEIR VOICES TO THEIR HEAVENLY KING	107	SEABURY
○ THOU THAT IN THE HEAVNS DOST DWELL,/I LIFT MY EYES TO THEE	123	MEDIATOR
○ THOU WHOSE JUSTICE REIGNS ON HIGH,/AND MAKES TH' OPPRESSOR CEASE,	56	TRIBULATION
○ WORSHIP THE KING, ALL GLORIOUS ABOVE	104	HANOVER
OF MERCY AND OF JUDGMENT/O LORD, I'LL SING TO THEE	101	PENNSVILLE
OUR FATHER WHO IN HEAVEN ART	OUR FATHER	KITTERY
PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW	LM DOX.	LONGLEAF
PRAISE YE THE LORD! 'TIS GOOD TO RAISE	92	HUDSON, OR. DERBY
PRESERVE ME, LORD, FROM CRAFTY FOES/OF TREACHEROUS INTENT	140	CONNECTOR

PRINCES HAVE PERSECUTED ME/WITHOUT A CAUSE; BUT SAW	119 SHIN	PILGRIM
REMEMBER DAVID'S TROUBLES, LORD/HOW UNTO THEE HE SWORE	132	PASSOVER
REMEMBER, LORD, OUR MORTAL STATE	89B	WHITESTOWN
RIGHTEOUS JUDGE, FROM FOES DEFEND ME/WHO COMBINED FALSE CHARGES LAY	43	NEW HARMONY
SAVE ME O GOD! THE SWELLING FLOODS BREAK IN UPON MY SOUL	69	SUTTON
SAVE ME, O GOD, THY GLORIOUS NAME	54	FORBES
SAVE ME, O LORD, FROM EV'RY FOE	16	MESSIAH
SHOUT TO THE LORD, YE SURGING SEAS	148B	TEMPEST
SHOW PITY, LORD, O LORD, FORGIVE	51	CUSSETTA
SING A NEW SONG TO JEHOVAH/FOR THE WONDERS HE HATH WROUGHT	98	DE PAUL
SING TO THE LORD YE DISTANT LANDS	96	SWEETGUM
SPARE US O LORD ALOUD WE PRAY	102B	COMPLAINT (FIRST)
SURE WICKED FOOLS MUST NEEDS SUPPOSE/THAT GOD IS NOTHING BUT A NAME	14	MARYSVILLE
SWEET IS THE MEM'RY OF THY GRACE	145B	MIDDLETON
TEACH ME THE MEASURE OF MY DAYS	39	SUFFIELD
THE KING OF SAINTS, HOW FAIR HIS FACE	45B	MOUNT OLIVE
THE KING, O LORD, WITH SONGS OF PRAISE, SHALL IN THY STRENGTH REJOICE	21	WESLEY
THE LORD DID SAY UNTO MY LORD	110B	NEW ORLEANS
THE LORD DOTH REIGN, FOR WHICH THE EARTH/MAY SING WITH PLEASANT VOICE	97	FLORENCE
THE LORD HATH SWORN AND WILL NOT REPENT/THOU ART A PRIEST FOR EVER	110	ANTHEM ON THE 110TH PSALM
THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS, I SHALL BE WELL SUPPLY'D	23	LAMBERTON
THE LORD TO THY REQUEST ATTEND, AND HEAR THEE IN DISTRESS	20	GARRETT
THE LORD, THE JUDGE, BEFORE HIS THRONE	50	JUDGMENT
THE MAN IS BLEST WHO FEARS THE LORD --	128	ST SEBASTIAN
THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH	19B	MORNING HYMN
THEE WILL I LOVE, O LORD, MY STRENGTH	18	DUNDEE



THEE WILL I PRAISE WITH ALL MY HEART, I WILL SING PRAISE TO THEE	138	NEW BRITAIN
TH'ETERNAL LORD DOTH REIGN AS KING,/LET ALL THE PEOPLE QUAKE	99	VOLUNTEERS
THINK, MIGHTY GOD, ON FEEBLE MAN	89	89TH PSALM
THIS SPACIOUS EARTH IS ALL THE LORD'S	24	HARTFORD
THOU SHEPHERD THAT DOST ISRAEL [KEEP]/GIVE EAR [IN TIME OF NEED]	80B	BOSTON
THROUGH ALL THE CHANGING SCENES OF LIFE	34	THIRTY-FOURTH PSALM
THROUGH EVERY AGE, ETERNAL GOD	90	HIGHBRIDGE
THY COVENANTS ARE WONDERFUL/AND FULL OF THINGS PROFOUND	119 PE	GAINES
THY HANDS HAVE MADE AND FASHIONED ME, THY CREATURE, LORD, AM I	119 YODH	GARLAND
THY MERCIES GREAT AND MANIFOLD/LET ME OBTAIN O LORD	119 VAV	CONSOLATION
THY MERCY, LORD, TO ME EXTEND/ON THY PROTECTION I DEPEND	57	O SAVE
THY PROMISE WHICH THOU MAD'ST TO ME/REMEMBER LORD, I PRAY	119 ZAYN	BEREAVEMENT
TIS BY THY STRENGTH THE MOUNTAINS STAND	65	RAINBOW
TO FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST/IMMORTAL GLORY BE	CM DOX.	LOBLOLLY
TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,/WHO SWEETLY ALL AGREE	CM DOX.	DOXOLOGY
TO GOD I CRIED WITH MOURNFUL VOICE/I SOUGHT HIS GRACIOUS EAR	77	LEANDER
TO GOD OUR STRENGTH SING LOUD, [AND CLEAR,]	81	PISGAH
TO GOD THE LORD, TO WHOM ALONE/ALL VENGEANCE DOTH BELONG	94	SOLITUDE IN THE GROVE
TO GOD, WITH MOURNFUL VOICE/IN DEEP DISTRESS I PRAYED	142	IDUMEA
TO THEE I'LL CRY, O LORD, MY ROCK;	28	BUCKMAN
TO THEE, MY GOD AND SAVIOR, I/BY DAY AND NIGHT ADDRESS MY CRY	88	JONES
TO THEE, O GOD, WE RENDER THANKS,/WE RENDER THANKS TO THEE	75	THE CONVERTED THIEF
UNLESS THE LORD THE HOUSE SHALL BUILD	127	RUSSELL
UNSHAKEN AS THE SACRED HILL,/AND FIRM AS MOUNTAINS BE,	125	BAIRD
UNTO THINE HAND, O GOD OF TRUTH	31	SMITH
WHAT GREAT DESIRE AND FERVENT LOVE/UNTO THY LAW I BEAR!	119 MEM	BEAUMONT

WHEN I WITH PLEASING WONDER STAND	139B	CREATION
WHEN THAT THE LORD AGAIN HIS ZION HAD FORTH BROUGHT/	126	CYPRESS
WHEN THE BLEST SEED OF TERAH'S FAITHFULL SON	114	CHANSON
WHEN WE OUR WEARIED LIMBS TO REST	137	CAMDEN
WHEN, OVER WHELM'D WITH GRIEF, MY HEART WITHIN ME DIES	61	CHEROKEE
WHEREFORE IS IT THAT THOU, O LORD, DOST STAND FROM US AFAR?	10	FELLOWSHIP
WHO, O LORD, WITH THEE ABIDING	15	DADE CITY
WHY DOST THOU BOAST, O MIGHTY MAN/OF MISCHIEF AND OF ILL	52	THE PRODIGAL
WHY DOTH THE MAN OF RICHES GROW	49	BRUNSWIC
WHY HAS MY GOD MY SOUL FORSOOK, NOR WILL A SMILE AFFORD?	22	SEPARATION
WHY SHOULD I VEX MY SOUL AND FRET/TO SEE THE WICKED RISE	37	DERRICK
WILL GOD FOR EVER CAST US OFF?	74	MEAR
WITH FERVENT HEART I CALLED AND CRIED/NOW ANSWER ME O LORD	119 QOPH	PRIMROSE
WITH GLORY CLAD, WITH STRENGTH ARRAYED	93	THE YOUNG CONVERT
WITH HEART I DO ACCORD/TO PRAISE AND LAUD THE LORD	111	WAREH
WITH JOY THE PEOPLE STAND ON ZION'S CHOSEN HILL	48	GOLDEN HILL
WITH ONE CONSENT LET ALL THE EARTH	100	OLD HUNDRED
WITH RESTLESS AND UNGOVERN'D RAGE/WHY DO THE HEATHEN STORM?	2	SUFFIELD
WITH REV'RENCE LET THE SAINTS APPEAR	89C	FAIRFIELD
YE PRINCES THAT IN MIGHT EXCEL, YOUR GRATEFUL SACRIFICE PREPARE;	29	KEDRON
YE THAT DELIGHT TO SERVE THE LORD	113	RAVENSCROFT
YE TRIBES OF ADAM, JOIN/WITH HEAV'N AND EARTH AND SEAS	148	LENOX