

# Psalm 45:1-9

To the chief musician, set to the Lilies

A contemplation of the sons of Korah, a song of loves

1. My heart is stirred by a no - ble theme. I speak my verse a - bout the king. My  
3. Now gird your sword up - on your thigh, O Might-y One, and clothe your - self with  
And your right hand shall teach you ter - ri - fy - ing things. 5. Sharp are your ar - rows -  
The scep - ter of your king - dom is a right - eous one. 7. You have loved right - eous -  
8. Your robes with myrrh, al - oes and cas - sia are per - fumed. From iv - 'ry pal - a -

tongue's a skill - ful wri - ter's pen. 2. You are more beau - ti - ful than all the sons of  
splen - dor and with maj - es - ty, 4. and in your maj - es - ty ride forth vic - tor - ious -  
peo - ples fall be - neath your feet - sharp are they in the heart of the king's en - e -  
- ness and ha - ted wic - ked - ness, since God, e - ven your God, with oil of glad - ness  
- ces mu - sic has made you glad. 9. Kings' daugh - ters are a - mong your no - ble wo - men,

man. Grace on your lips is poured, since God has made you blest.  
- ly be - cause of truth, hu - mil - i - ty and right - eous - ness.  
- mies. 6. For - ev - er and for - ev - er is your throne, O God.  
has a - noin - ted you a - bove all your ac - quain - tan - ces.  
and at your right hand, in gold of O - phir, stands the queen.