

## My Heart Has Found a Ready Theme

From Psalm 45

1. <sup>1</sup>My heart has found a read - y theme, A song of sweet com - pos - ing;  
 2. <sup>3</sup>So gird Your sword up - on Your thigh, O great Lord and ma - jes - tic!  
 3. <sup>6</sup>Your throne, O God, al - might - y God, Your throne is ev - er - last - ing.  
 4. <sup>4</sup>The spic - es came from pal - ac - es Of i - vory worked and fash - ioned,  
 5. <sup>11</sup>Your beau - ty shall the King de - sire, He is your Lord and hus - band,  
 6. <sup>14</sup>And she is ush - ered to the King In bright and glo - rious rai - ment

My tongue a pen to praise the King With prais - es nev - er end - ing.  
<sup>4</sup>Ride forth in glo - ry and in strength. And in Your glo - ry rid - ing,  
 The scep - ter of Your right - eous hand Sus - tains Your right - eous king - dom.  
 And that a - ro - ma made You glad To greet the roy - al wed - ding.  
 And you shall serve Him all your days, With glad - ness you shall wor - ship.  
 And all her brides - maids fol - low her <sup>15</sup>With glad - ness and re - joic - ing.

<sup>2</sup>And You, the King, Are far more fair Than all the sons  
 Be - cause of truth, Hu - mil - i - ty, And right - eous - ness  
<sup>7</sup>You love the right And hate all sin - So God, Your God  
<sup>9</sup>King's daugh - ters were A - mong the maids. At Your right hand  
<sup>12</sup>A gift from Tyre Her daugh - ter brings, And so the rich  
 And they shall come With - in the gates, The pa - lace gates,

Of mor - tal men, And grace Your God is pour - ing  
 You con - quer all. And in Your rid - ing rich - ly  
 A - noint - ed You And poured the oil of glad - ness  
 Did stand the queen, The queen in gold of O - phir.  
 En - treat you now; They bring to you pe - ti - tions.  
 To see the King. So do not mourn or sor - row,

<sup>10</sup>Up - on Your mouth and on Your lips. You have been blest for - ev - er;  
 Your right hand teach - es awe - some things. <sup>3</sup>Your foes are pierced with ar - rows,  
 Be - yond the rank of all Your friends. <sup>8</sup>The spic - es of Your gar - ments  
<sup>10</sup>O daugh - ter hear, in - cline your ear; So now for - get your peo - ple,  
<sup>13</sup>A daugh - ter to the King is here And gold - en is her cloth - ing,  
<sup>16</sup>To fill the place your fa - thers left Your chil - dren shall be princ - es,

You are the King and blest, For - ev - er blessed, a - men.  
 And un - der You they fall, They fall be - neath Your feet.  
 Are cas - si - a and myrrh And al - oes deep and rich.  
 For - get your fa - ther's house And take your hus - band's name.  
 Em - broid - ered here with gold, Em - broid - ered now with care.  
<sup>17</sup>And I will mag - ni - fy Your name for - ev - er - more.