

# My Heart Has Found a Ready Theme

Psalm 45

MEIN HERZ DICHTET EIN LIED MIT FLEIß (8 7. 8 7. 4 4 4 4 7. 8 7. 6 6)

Douglas Wilson, 2002

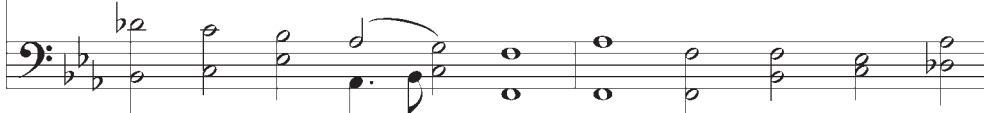
Heinrich Schütz, 1661



1. My heart has found a read - y theme, A song  
2. So gird Your sword up - on Your thigh, O great  
3. Your throne, O God, al - might - y God, Your throne  
4. The spic - es came from pal - ac - es Of i -  
5. Your beau - ty shall the King de - sire, He is  
6. And she is ush - ered to the King In bright



of sweet com - pos - ing; My tongue a pen to  
Lord and ma - jes - tic! Ride forth in glo - ry  
is ev - er - last - ing. The scep - ter of Your  
very worked and fash - ioned, And that a - ro - ma  
your Lord and hus - band, And you shall serve Him  
and glo - rious rai - ment And all her brides - maids

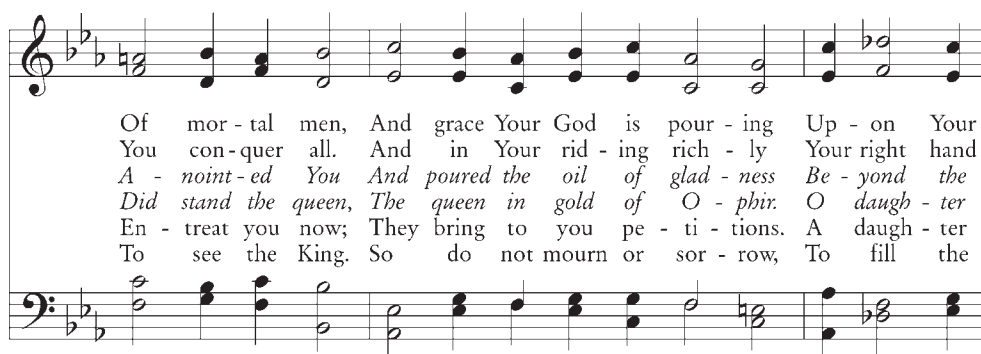


praise the King With prais - es nev - er end - ing.  
and in strength. And in Your glo - ry rid - ing,  
right - eous hand Sus - tains Your right - eous king - dom.  
made You glad To greet the roy - al wed - ding.  
all your days, With glad - ness you shall wor - ship.  
fol - low her With glad - ness and re - joic - ing.

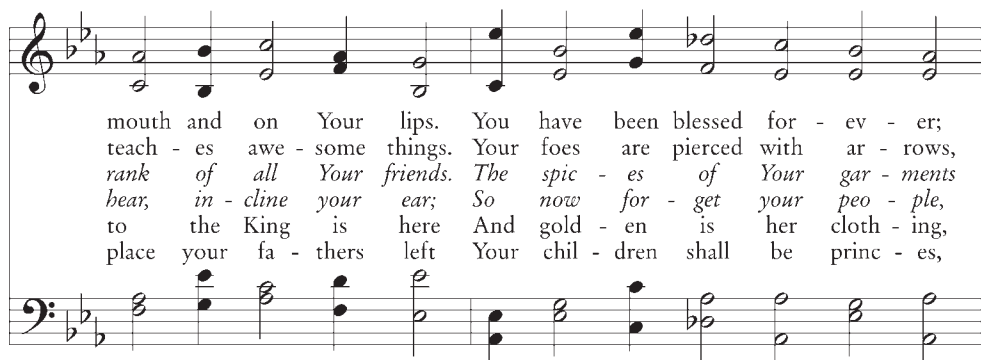




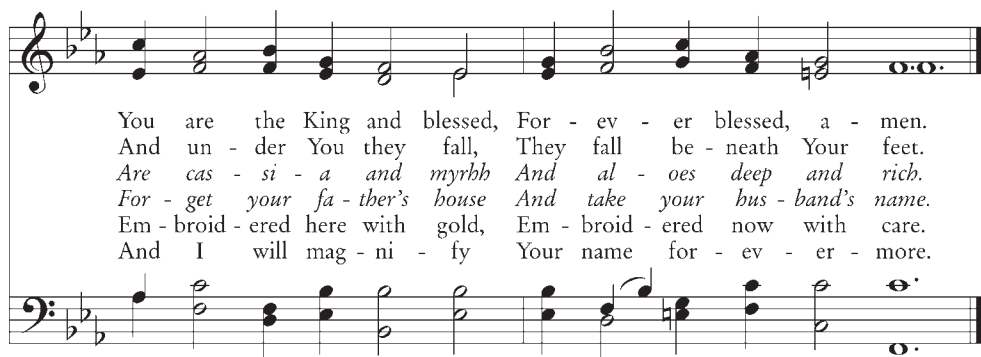
And You, the King, Are far more fair Than all the sons  
Be - cause of truth, Hu - mil - i - ty, And right - eous - ness  
You love the right And hate all sin— So God, Your God  
King's daugh - ters were A - mong the maids. At Your right hand  
A gift from Tyre Her daugh - ter brings, And so the rich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



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



mouth and on Your lips. You have been blessed for - ev - er;  
teach - es awe - some things. Your foes are pierced with ar - rows,  
rank of all Your friends. The spic - es of Your gar - ments  
bear, in - cline your ear; So now for - get your peo - ple,  
to the King is here And gold - en is her cloth - ing,  
place your fa - thers left Your chil - dren shall be princ - es,



You are the King and blessed, 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 bus - band's name.  
Em - broid - ered here with gold, Em - broid - ered now with care.  
And I will mag - ni - fy Your name for - ev - er - more.