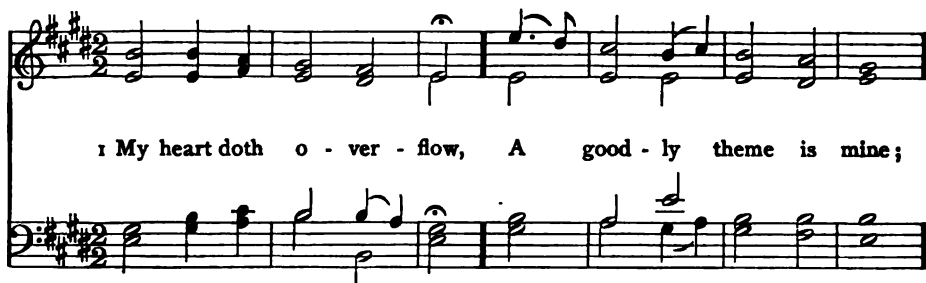


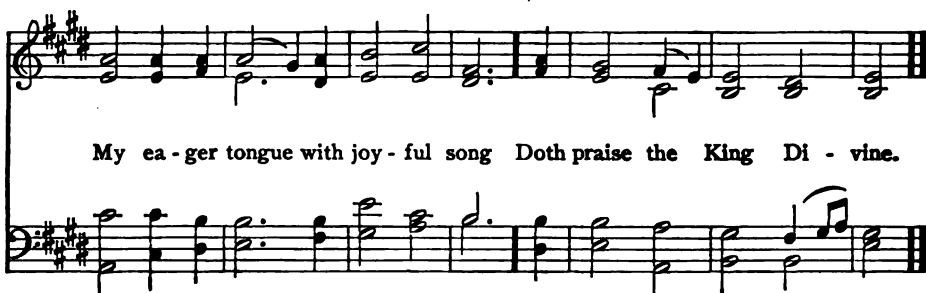
PSALM 45 S. M.

MORNINGTON

Earl of Mornington



1 My heart doth o - ver - flow, A good - ly theme is mine;



My ea - ger tongue with joy - ful song Doth praise the King Di - vine.

2 Supremely fair Thou art,
Thy lips with grace o'erflow;
His richest blessings evermore
Doth God on Thee bestow.

3 Now gird Thee with Thy sword,
O strong and mighty One,
In splendid majesty arrayed,
More glorious than the sun.

4 Triumphantly ride forth
For meekness, truth, and right;
Thy arm shall gain the victory
In wondrous deeds of might.

5 Thy strength shall overcome
All those that hate the King,
And under Thy dominion strong
The nations Thou shalt bring.

6 Thy royal throne, O God,
For evermore shall stand;
Eternal truth and justice wield
The sceptre in Thy hand.

7 Since Thou art sinless found,
The Lord, Thy God confessed,
Anointeth Thee with perfect joy,
Thou art supremely blest.

8 Thy garments breathe of myrrh
And spices sweet and rare;
Glad strains of heavenly music ring
Throughout Thy palace fair.

9 Amid Thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand,
And fairest gems bedeck Thy bride,
The queen at Thy right hand.