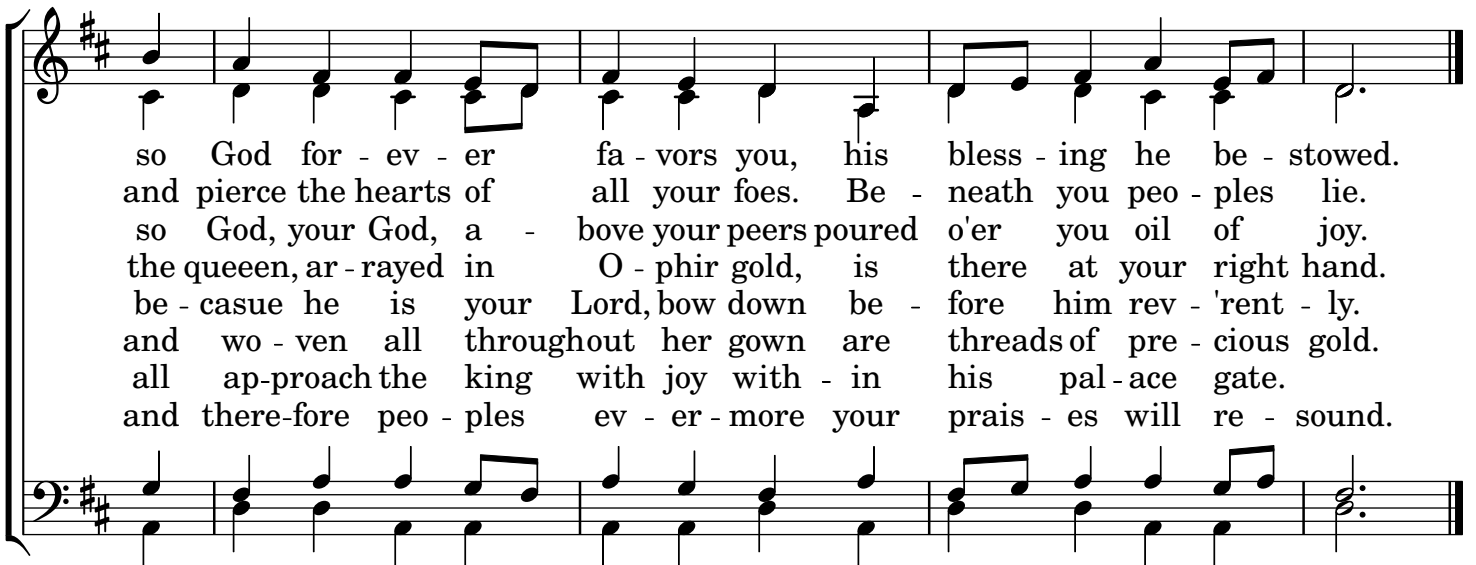


My Heart is Greatly Stirred

1. My heart is great - ly stirred, a no - ble theme I sing;
 2. O war - rior, take your sword in splen - did ma - je - sty!
 3. O God, your throne will last un - to for - ev - er - more.
 4. Your gar - ments are per - fumed with cas - sia, al - oes, myrhh;
 5. O daugh - ter, lend your ear and lis - ten to my call:
 6. Tyre's daugh - ter comes to you, a cost - ly gift has brought;
 7. In her em - broi - dered gown she's taken to the king; her
 8. Then in your fa - ther's place your chil - dren all will stand,

my tongue's a skill - ful wri - ter's pen to mag - ni - fy the king.
 For meekness, truth, and righteous - ness, ride on in vic - to - ry.
 The scep - ter of your king - dom is a scep - ter just and pure.
 from pal - ac - es of i - vor - y stringed mu - sic brings you joy.
 put out of mind your fa - ther's house, for - get your peo - ple all.
 the wealth - y peo - ple of the land your fa - vor now have sought.
 maid - en friends are brought to you, com - pan - ions fol - low - ing. With
 and you will make them prin - ces then to rule throughout the land.

Most beau - ti - ful of men, your lips with grace o'er - flow,
 Your right hand shows great deeds. The king's sharp ar - rows fly
 For right - eous - ness you love and wick - ed - ness you scorn;
 King's daugh - ters take their place where no - ble wo - men stand;
 Your beau - ty then the king with great de - light will see;
 The roy - al prin - cess waits, most glo - rious to be - hold,
 glad - ness they are led, as peo - ple cel - e - brate; they
 I'll cause in ev - 'ry age your name to be re - nowned,



so God for - ev - er fa - vors you, his bless - ing he be - stowed.
 and pierce the hearts of all your foes. Be - neath you peo - ples lie.
 so God, your God, a - bove your peers poured o'er you oil of joy.
 the queen, ar - rayed in O - phir gold, is there at your right hand.
 be - casue he is your Lord, bow down be - fore him rev - 'rent - ly.
 and wo - ven all throughout her gown are threads of pre - cious gold.
 all ap - proach the king with joy with - in his pal - ace gate.
 and there - fore peo - ples ev - er - more your prais - es will re - sound.

WORDS: Psalm 45, *The Book of Psalms for Worship*, alt. R.W. Roberson

MUSIC: Franklin L. Sheppard

TERRA PATRIS

S.M.D