Psalm 45:1-10
Set to the tune of “Not What My Hands Have Done” (BH, 1991, #339)

1. My heart does overflow, a goodly theme is mine;
   my eager tongue with joyful song does praise the King divine.
2. Now gird you with your sword, O strong and mighty One,
   in splendid majesty arrayed, more glorious than the sun.
3. Your strength shall overcome all those that hate the King,
   and under your dominion strong the nations you shall bring.
4. Since you were sinless found, the Lord, by you confessed,
   anointed you with perfect joy—you are supremely blessed.

Supremely fair you are, your lips with grace overflow;
Triumphantly ride forth for meekness, truth, and right;
Your royal throne, O God, for evermore shall stand;
Your garments breathe of myrrh and spices sweet and rare;

his richest blessings evermore does God on you bestow,
your arm shall gain the victory in wondrous deeds of might.
Eternal truth and justice wield the scepter in your hand.
glad strains of heav’nly music ring throughout your palace fair.