My Heart Has Found a Ready Theme
Psalm 45

MEIN HERZ DICHTET EIN LIED MIT FLEIS (8 7. 8 7. 4 4 4 7. 8 7. 6 6)
Heinrich Schütz, 1661

1. My heart has found a ready theme, A song of sweet compo - sing; My tongue a pen to praise the King.
2. So gird Your sword up - on Your thigh, O great Lord and ma - jestic! Ride forth in glo - ry and in strength. And in Your glo - ry rid - ing,
3. Your throne, O God, al - might - y God, Your throne vory worked and fash - ioned, And that a - ro - ma made You glad. To greet the roy - al wed - ding.
4. The spic - es came from pal - ac - es Of i - your Lord and hus - band, And you shall serve Him all your days, With glad - ness you shall wor - ship.
5. Your beau - ty shall the King de - sire, He is fol - low her. With glad - ness and re - joic - ing.
6. And she is ush - ered to the King In bright and gro - ous rai - ment And all her brides - maids

Douglas Wilson, 2002
And You, the King, Are far more fair
Than all the sons
Because of truth, Humility, And righteousness
You love the right And hate all sin— So God, Your God
King’s daughters were Among the maids. At Your right hand
A gift from Tyre Her daughter brings, And so the rich
And they shall come With in the gates, The palace gates,

Of mortal men, And grace Your God is pouring
Up on Your You conquer all. And in Your riding richly Your right hand
Anointed You And poured the oil of gladness Beyond the
Did stand the queen, The queen in gold of Ophir. O daughter
Entreat you now; They bring to you petitions. A daughter
To see the King. So do not mourn or sorrow, To fill the

moot and on Your lips. You have been blessed for ever;
teaches awesome things. Your foes are pierced with arrows,
rank of all Your friends. The spices of Your garments
bear, incline your ear; So now forget your people,
to the King is here And golden is her clothing,
place your fathers left Your children shall be princes,

You are the King and blessed, For ever blessed, amen.
And under You they fall, They fall beneath Your feet.
Are cassia and myrrh And aloes deep and rich.
Forget your father’s house And take your husband’s name.
Embroidered here with gold, Embroidered now with care.
And I will magnify Your name for ever more.