

# Psalm 45

*The Wittenberg Psalter*

Chorale-Tone VIII  
after *Veni Creator Spiritus*

L: My heart is stirred by a no-ble theme as I recite my ver-ses for the King.

You are the most ex-cel-lent of men, and your lips have been a-noint-ed with grace.

C: Gird your sword upon your side, O Might-y One;

clothe your - self with splendor and ma - jes - ty.

In your majesty ride forth vic-to - ri-ous-ly; let your right hand dis-play awe-some deeds.

L: Your throne, O God, will last for ever and ev - er;

a scepter of justice will be the scepter of your king - dom.

You love righteousness and hate wick-ed-ness;

there-fore God has anointed you with the oil of joy.

