Psalm 110
"The Lord most high"

Text by William Kethe
Harmonised by David Peebles

1. The Lord most high, unto my Lord thus spoke: Sit thou now down, and rest at my right hand,

2. The scepter of thy regal pow'r and might, From Zi-on shall the Lord send and dis-close:

3. Thy people shall come willingly to thee, What time thine host in holy beauty show:

Until that I, thine enemies do make, A stood to be, where on thy feet may stand.

Be thou therefore the ruler in the fight, And in the midst of all thy mortal foes.

The youth that of thy womb do spring shall be Compared like unto the morning dew.

Original tenor begins on A.
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