

# O Lord, how joyful is the King (Ps 21)

William Cobbold

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Notes : Original clefs : G2, C2, C4, F3

Editorial accidentals above the staff

Original note values have been halved

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

O Lord, how joy - ful is the King, in thy strenght and thy power,

6

S

A

T

B

how ve - he - ment - ly doth he re - joice, in thee his Sa - vi - our,

11

S

A

T

B

for thou hast gi - ven un - to him, his god - ly heart's de - sire,

O Lord, how joyful is the King

2  
16

S  
to him noth - ing hast thou de - nied, of that he did re - quire.

A  
to him noth - ing hast thou de - nied, of that he did re - quire.

T  
to him noth - ing hast thou de - nied, of that he did re - quire.

B  
to him noth - ing hast thou de - nied, of that he did re - quire.

- 2) Thou didst prevent him withthy gifts, and blessings manifold:  
And thou hast set upon his head, a Crowne of perfect gold.
- 3) And when hee asked lyfe of thee, thereof thou madest himsure:  
To have long lyfe, yea such a lyfe, as ever should endure.
- 4) Great is his glory by they help, thy bebefits and ayde:  
Great worship and great honour both, thou hast him layd.
- 5) Thou wilt give him felicitie, that never shall decay:  
And with thy cheerefull countenance, wilt comfort him alway.
- 6) For why the king doth strongly trust in God for to prevaile:  
Therefore his goodnesse and his grace, will not that thee shall quayle.
- 7) But let thine enemies feele thy force, and those that thee withstand:  
Find out thy foes and let them feele, the power of thy hand.
- 8) And like an oven burne them, Lord in fieri flame and fume:  
Thine anger shall destroy them all, and fire shall them consume.
- 9) And thou wik root out of the earth their fruit that shoud encrease,  
And from the number of thy flock, their seede shall ende and cease.
- 10) For why much mischief did they muse against thy holy name:  
Yet did they faile and had no power, for to perform the same.
- 11) But as a mark thou shalt them set, in a more open place:  
And charge thy bowstrings readely, against thine enemies face.
- 12) Be thou exalted, Lord, therefore, in thy strenght every houre:  
So shall wee sing right olemnly, praying thy might and power.