

A Goodly Theme Is Mine  
From Psalm 45.  
Peter La Trobe(1795-1863)

A goodly theme is mine,  
And eagerly I sing;  
For bounteous words flow from my lips  
As I salute the King.  
Supremely fair He is,  
In beauty peerless He;  
For Him the favor of the Lord  
Doth grace eternally.

Gird on Thy sword, O King,  
Put on Thy majesty;  
Ride out in full regalia,  
And richest panoply.  
Triumph in very truth,  
In meekness and in right,  
Let fly the arrows of revenge,  
And vanquish in Thy might.

Thy throne is ever sure,  
Established of God;  
Its scepter is of righteousness,  
Of equity its rod.  
Thou lovest perfect right,  
Hatest iniquity;  
Therefore with oil of festive joy  
The Lord anointed Thee.

Thy garments breathe of myrrh,  
Of spices rich and rare;  
Glad strains of joyous music ring  
Throughout Thy palace fair.  
Amid Thy glorious train  
King's daughters waiting stand,  
And on Thy right the queen adorned  
In gold from Ophir land.

O royal bride, give heed,  
This King is now thy Lord;  
Forsake thy former loyalties,  
Full fealty accord.  
Thy beauty and thy grace  
Will then delight the King;  
And they to thee, since thou art His,  
Their precious gifts will bring.

Enthroned in royal state  
And glorious thou shalt dwell,  
With garments fair, inwrought with gold,  
His bride He loveth well.  
And they who honor thee  
Shall in thy train attend,  
And to the palace of the King  
Shall joyfully ascend.

Then in Thy Father's place  
The sons of royal birth  
Thou wilt endow with regal gifts  
As princes of the earth.

Thy name shall be proclaimed  
Through all succeeding days,  
And all the peoples everywhere  
Shall give Thee endless praise.