

O WORSHIP THE KING

HANOVER, 10. 10. 11. 11.; WILLIAM CROFT (1678-1727), 1708.
TEXT: ROBERT GRANT (1779-1838), 1833

1. O Wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove!
2. O tell of his might! O sing of his grace!
3. The earth, with its store of won - ders un - told,
4. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite?

O grate - ful - ly sing his power and his love!
Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space.
Al - might - y, thy power hath found - ed of old,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;

Our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of days,
His cha - riots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
Hath 'stab - lished it fast by a change - less de - cree,
It streams from the hills; it de - scends to the plain,

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
And sweet - ly di - stils in the dew and the rain.

5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6. O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.