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O worship the King

LYONS 10 10. 11 11

1 O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove,
 2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
 3 Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite?
 4 Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

O grate - ful - ly sing his pow - er and his love;
 whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space.
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 in thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;

our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
 His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
 it streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
 thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end,

pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 and sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

Text: based on psalm 104, Robert H. Grant, Christian Psalmody, 1833
 Music: Sacred Melodies, Vol. 2, 1815