O Worship the King

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, O
   gratefully sing his power and his love; our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, parent;

2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose
   robe is the light, whose canopy space. His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, and our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It
   breathes in the air, it shines in the light; it streams from the tender, how firm to the end! O

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, in
   do we trust, nor find thee to fail; thy mercies how sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

   and the rain.