O Worship the King

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, 
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose
3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It
4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, in

gratefully sing his power and his love; our Shield and De-
robe is the light, whose canopy space. His chariots of
breathes in the air, it shines in the light; it streams from the
thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail; thy mercies how

fender, the Ancient of Days, passion
wrath the deep thunderclouds form, and
hills, it descends to the plain, and
ten - der, how firm to the end! Our

Our
vil-ioned in splen-dor and gir-ded with praise.
dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
Ma-ker, De-fen-der, Re-deem-er and Friend.