O Worship the King

Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806)  Robert Grant, 1833

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1. O worship the King, all glorious above,
   O gratefully sing His power and His love;
   Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
   Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

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 dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. The earth with its store of wonders untold,
   Almighty, Thy power hath found ed of old;
   And changeless decrees to the plain,
   And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
   It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
   Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.
   Firm to the end, Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

5. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
   In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies how tender,
   How like a father, how tenderly He leads,
   And like a Shepherd, with tender heart, He feeds.

6. O measureless might! In effable love!
   While angelic lays, With true adoration shall all sing Thy praise.
   Feeble their lays, With true adoration shall all sing Thy praise.
   While angels do we sing His power and His love;

   The humbler creation, though changeless decrees,
   And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
   And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

   An ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
   And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
   And like a Shepherd, with tender heart, He feeds.
   Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.