

O Worship the King

O worship the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing his pow'r and his love;
our shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
whose robe is the light and canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, your pow'r has founded of old;
has 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Your bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;
your mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn you above,
the humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall lisp to your praise.