

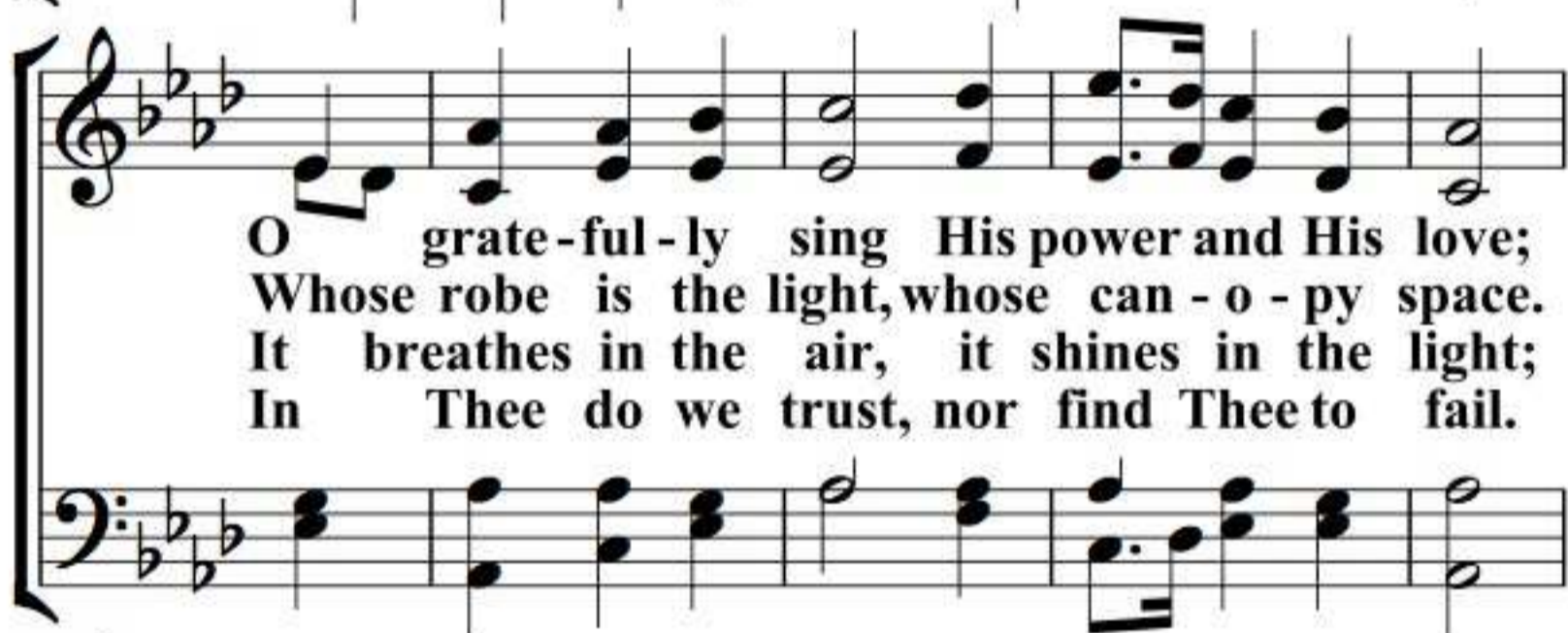
# O Worship The King, All-Glorious Above

Robert Grant, 1833

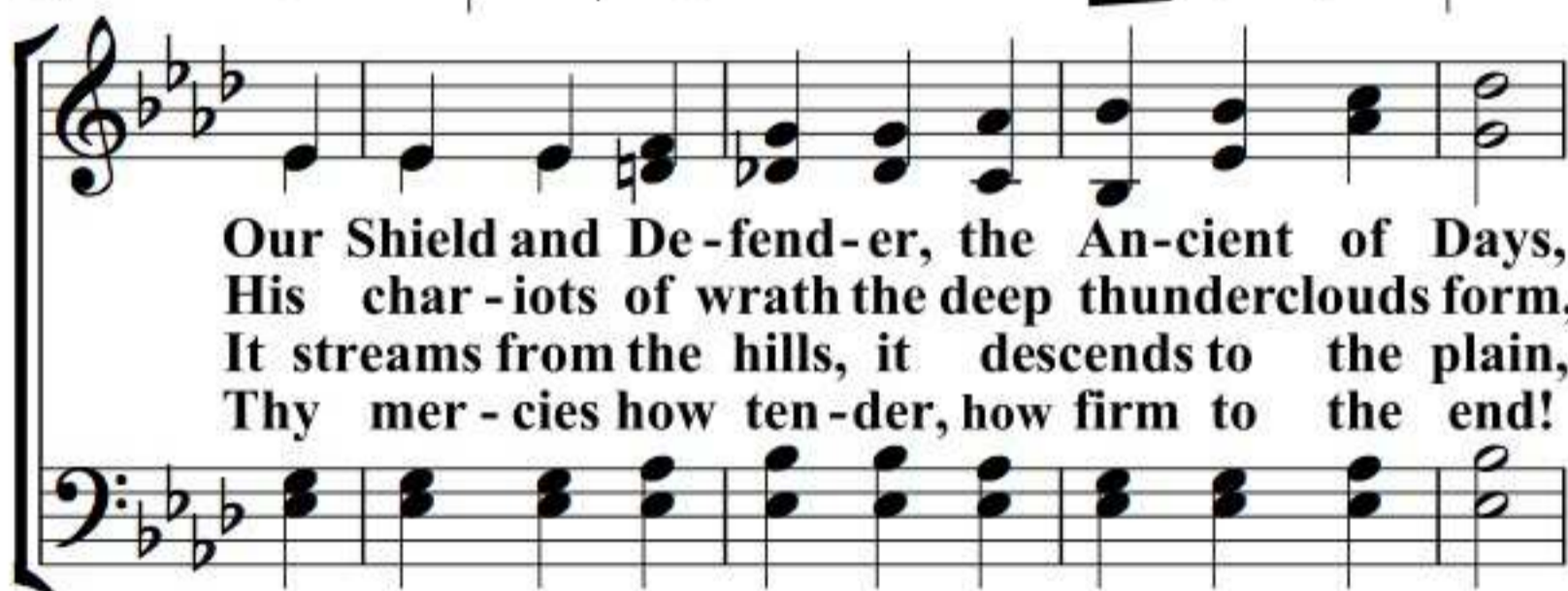
J. Michael Haydn, 1770



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



O grate - ful - ly sing His power 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 thunderclouds form,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end!



Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
And sweet - ly di - stils in the dew and the rain.  
Our ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!