

# O Worship the King

Sir Robert Grant, 1833

F.J. Hadyn

Oh, wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove, And  
Oh, tell of His might! oh, sing of His grace! Whose  
Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It  
Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In  
O meas - ure - less Might! in ef - fa - ble Love! While

grate - ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love: Our  
robe is the light, whose can - o - py, space: His  
breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It  
Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail: Thy  
an - gels de - light to hymn Thee a - bove, The

Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of days, Pa -  
char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der clouds form, And  
streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain, And  
Mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end, Our  
hum - bler cre - a - tion with in - spired lays, And

vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.  
Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!  
true ad - o - ra - tion shall speak forth Thy praise.