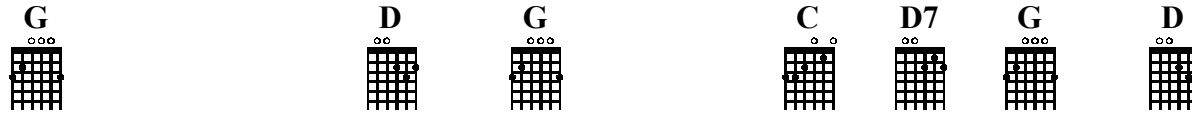



# O Worship the King

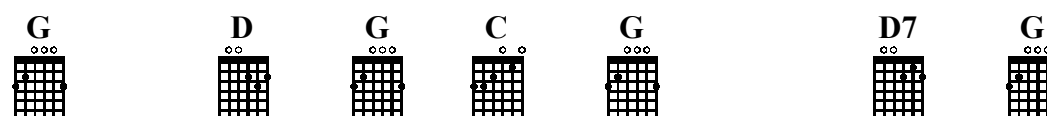
Robert Grant


Wm. Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies"






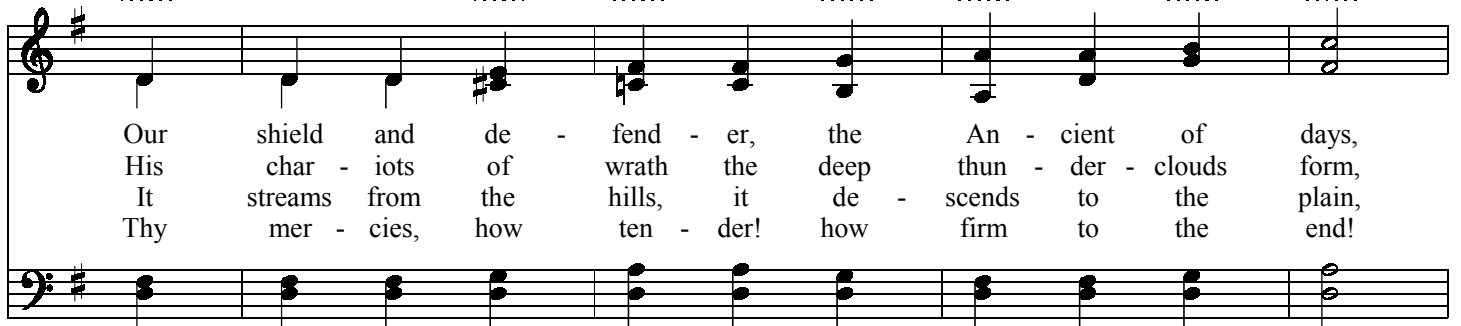
1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove,  
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite?  
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,





O grate - ful - ly sing His won - der - ful 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 thun - der - clouds form,  
 It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,  
 Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how firm to the end!

**G**                    **D**                    **G**                    **C**                    **G**                    **D7**                    **G**

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
 And dark is His path on the wings \_\_\_\_\_ of the storm.  
 And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew \_\_\_\_\_ and the rain.  
 Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!