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O Worship the King

All you have made will praise you, O LORD; your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

1. O wor-ship the King all-glo-rious a-bove, O grate-ful-ly
 2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose robe is the
 3. The earth with its store of won-ders un-told, Al-might-y, your
 4. Your boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the

ing his pow'r and his love; our shield and De-fend-er, the
 light, whose can-o-py space. His char-iots of wrath the deep
 pow'r has found-ed of old; has 'stab-lished it fast by a
 air; it shines in the light; it streams from the hills; it de-

An-cient of Days, pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.
 thun-der-clouds form, and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 change-less de-cree, and round it has cast, like a man-tle, the sea.
 scends to the plain; and sweet-ly dis-tils in the dew and the rain.

5. 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!

6. 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.