

# Oh, Worship the King

*Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.  
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain. Psa. 104:1-2*

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, Oh, grate - ful - ly sing  
2. Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light,  
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air,  
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust,

His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,  
whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der-clouds form,  
it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,  
nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end,

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!

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