

I sing of the King



Song 4 I Sing of the King

Psalms 45 (My heart overflows with a pleasing theme; I address my verses to the king; my tongue is like the pen of a ready scribe. You are the most handsome of the sons of men; grace is poured upon your lips.)

I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
My heart overflows, my heart overflows
My heart overflows, my heart overflows

O King, O King, Your poetry fills my soul with rhyme
O King, O King, Your music makes my heart chime
O King, O King, Your beauty becomes my song divine
Among all men, You are the greatest beauty rare
From Your lips grace pours, beyond compare
In every way, You are the fairest light
In Your majesty, victory takes flight

O King, O King, Your poetry fills my soul with rhyme
O King, O King, Your music makes my heart chime
O King, O King, Your beauty becomes my song divine

I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
My heart overflows, my heart overflows
My heart overflows, my heart overflows

For truth's sake and Your peace so deep and wide
Your throne endures forever, in majesty it abides
You love righteousness, abhor the wrong so vile
Your scepter of uprightness rules with royal style

O King, O King, Your poetry fills my soul with rhyme
O King, O King, Your music makes my heart chime
O King, O King, Your beauty becomes my song divine

I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
I sing of the King, I tell the tale so fine
With my tongue I write, my heart overflows in line
My heart overflows, my heart overflows
My heart overflows, my heart overflows

KJC-DNN

