

## 163 O worship the King, all-glorious above

G D G C D<sup>7</sup> G D

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,

G D G C G D<sup>7</sup> G

O grate - ful - ly sing his power and his 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.

D A<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G D G D<sup>7</sup>

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 D<sup>7</sup> G

pa - vil - ioned in splen - dour, and gird - ed with praise.  
and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.  
and sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.  
Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

Text: Robert Grant, 1833

Tune: William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies*, 1815; attr. Haydn

10 10 11 11

LYONS

Alternative tune: HANOVER, 229