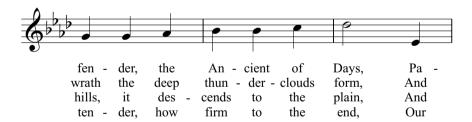
O Worship the King



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



gra-teful-ly sing His won-der-ful love; OurShield and Derobe is the light, whose ca - no-py space! His cha -riots of breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the Thee do we trust, nor find_Thee to fail: Thy mer - cies how





vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gir - ded with praise. dark is His path the wings of the storm. sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew_and the rain. Ma - ker, De - fen - der, Re dee - mer, and Friend.