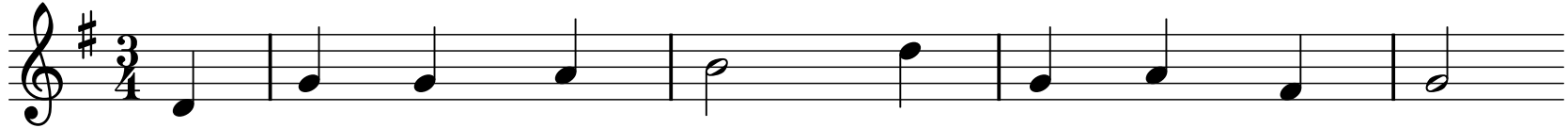


17 Oh, Worship the King

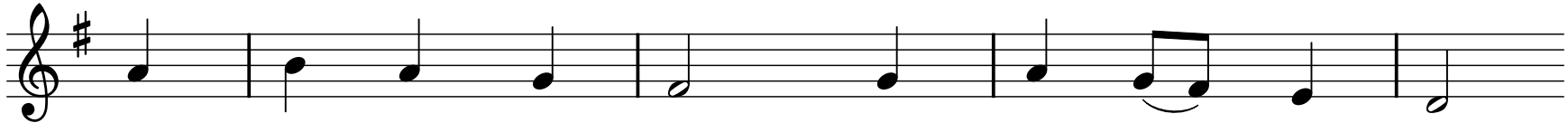
HANOVER

55 55 65 65



1 Oh, wor - ship the King, All glo - rious a - bove;

2 Oh, tell of His might; Oh, sing of His grace,



Oh, grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love;
Whose robe is the light, Whose can - o - py space!



Our Shield and De - fend - er, The An - cient of Days,
His char - iots of wrath The deep thun - der - clouds form,



Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor And gird - ed with praise!
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm. A - men.

- 3 This earth with its store Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy pow'r, Hath founded of old,
Established it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care What tongues can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail.
Thy 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 Thee above,
Thy humbler creation, Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration Shall sing to Thy praise.

Hymn #17: Oh, Worship the King

Text: Robert Grant, 1779-1838

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The Lutheran Hymnal

Tune: William Croft, 1678-1727

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