1. O Worship the King, all glorious above!
2. O tell of his might! O sing of his grace!
3. The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
4. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?

O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
Almighty, thy power hath found ed of old,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;

Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
Hath ’stab lished it fast by a change less decree,
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,

Text: Robert Grant (1779-1838), 1833
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,
   The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
   With true adoration shall sing to thy praise.