

HYMNS

O Worship the King

804



1 O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove.
2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
3 This earth, with its store of won - ders un - told,
4 Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite?

O grate - ful - ly sing His pow'r and His love;
Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space;
Al - might - y, Thy pow'r hath found - ed of old,
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,

Our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form,
Es - tab - lished it fast by a change - less de - cree,
It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,

Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
And sweet - ly dis - tills 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.

O God, O Lord of Heaven and Earth

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1 O God, O Lord of heav'n and earth, Thy liv - ing
 2 Our fa - tal will to e - qual Thee, Our reb - el
 3 Thou cam - est to our hall of death, O Christ, to
 Δ 4 O Spir - it, who didst once re - store Thy Church that

fin - ger nev - er wrote That life should be an aim -
 will wrought death and night. We seized and used in pride -
 breathe our poi - soned air, To drink for us the dark
 it might be a - gain The bring - er of good news

less mote, A death - ward drift from fu - tile birth.
 ful spite Thy won - drous gift of lib - er - ty.
 de - spair That stran - gled our re - luc - tant breath.
 to men, Breathe on Thy clo - ven Church once more,

Thy Word meant life tri - um - phant hurled In splen - dor through
 We housed us in this house of doom, Where death had roy -
 How beau - ti - ful the feet that trod The road that leads
 That in these gray and lat - ter days There may be those

Thy bro - ken world. Since light a - woke and life be - gan,
 al scope and room, Un - til Thy ser - vant, Prince of Peace,
 us back to God! How beau - ti - ful the feet that ran
 whose life is praise, Each life a high dox - ol - o - gy

Thou hast de - sired Thy life for man.
 Breached all its walls for our re - lease.
 To bring the great good news to man!
 To Fa - ther, Son, and un - to Thee.

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Almighty God, Your Word Is Cast

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1 Al - might - y God, Your Word is cast Like
 2 Let not the sly sa - tan - ic foe This
 3 Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares The
 4 So when the pre - cious seed is sown, Life -



seed in - to the ground; Now let the dew of
 ho - ly seed re - move, But give it root in
 ris - ing plant de - stroy, But let it yield a
 giv - ing grace be - stow That all whose souls the



heav'n de - scend And righ - teous fruits a - bound.
 ev - 'ry heart To bring forth fruits of love.
 hun - dred - fold The fruits of peace and joy.
 truth re - ceive Its sav - ing pow'r may know.

*Text: John Cawood, 1775–1852, alt.
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