

Oh Worship the King

Robert Grant

Hanover

Oh, worship the King, All glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing, His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, The Ancient of Days
Pavilioned in splendor, And girded with praise!

Oh, tell of His might, Oh, sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath, The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path On the wings of the storm.

Your 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.

Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In You do we trust, Nor find You to fail.
Your mercies, how tender, How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

Bible Verse: Bless the LORD, O my soul! O LORD my God,
You are very great! You are clothed with splendor and majesty.
Psalm 104:1 ESV