

O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love:
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O 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.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty Thy power
Has founded of old;
Has stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it has cast
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 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!

5 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Robert Grant, 1779-1838