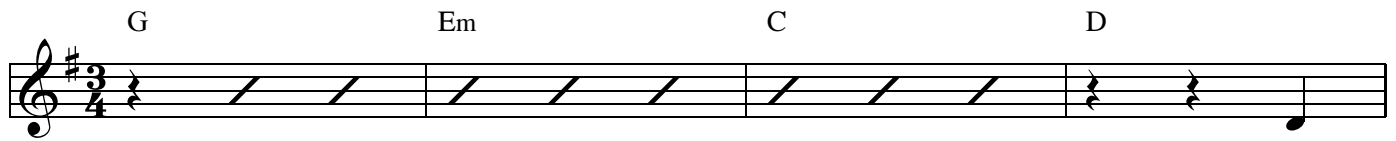


O Worship the King

Robert Grant, 1833

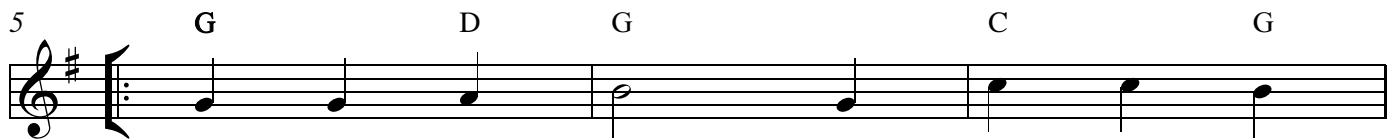
Johann Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

INTRO



O
O
Your
Frail

VERSE



wor - ship the King, all glor - ious a -
tell of his might, O sing of his
boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re -
child - ren of dust, and fee - ble as



bove, and grate - ful - ly sing his pow'r_ and his
grace, whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py
cite? It breathes in the air; it shines_ in the
frail, in you do we trust, nor find_ you to



love; our shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of
space. His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der clouds
light; it streams from the hills; it de - scends to the
fail; your mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the



Days, pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with
form, and dark is his path on the wings_ of the
plain; and sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew_ and the
end, our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and

20 G Em C D G

Back to Verse (bar 5) Last Time

praise.
storm.
rain.
Friend!

O
Your
Frail