

O Worship the King

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C
             C/E
                              Gsus
                                         G
O worship the King, all glorious above,
      G/B am7 C/E F
                           C/G G C
O gratefully sing His power and His love;
                                 am7 G7/B
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
         dm7 C/E
                       F
                            C/G
Pavilioned in
               splendor, and girded with praise.
C
           C/E
                              Gsus
                                         G
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
            G/B am7 C/E
                             F C/G G
Whose robe is the light, whose cano
                                    ру
                                            space;
                                  am7
                                           G7/B
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form.
         dm7 C/E
                              C/G G/B C
                         F
And dark is his path on the wings of
                                    the storm.
C
                C/E
                                             G
                                  Gsus
The earth with its store of wonders untold.
        G/B am7 C/E F C/G G C
Almighty, Thy power hath foun ded of old,
                                     am7
                                           G7/B
Hath stablished its fast by a changeless de
                                           cree,
                        F C/G G/B C
           dm7 C/E
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
C
            C/E
                                             G
                                  Gsus
Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
           G/B am7 C/E F
                                 C/G G
                                             C
It breathes in the air,
                     it
                           shines in the
                                             light;
                                   am7
                                          G7/B
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
                                          plain,
           dm7 C/E
                             C/G
                                             C
And sweetly dis
                 tills
                       in the dew and the
                                            rain.
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C C/E F Gsus G Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail, G/B am7 C/E F C/G G C In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; am7 G7/B Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end, dm7 C/E F C/G G/B C Our Maker, De fender, Redeemer, and Friend.

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