O Worship the King

All you have made will praise you, O Lord; your saints will extol you. Ps. 145:10

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, O gratefully
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, whose robe is the
3. The earth with its store of wonders untold, Almighty, your
4. Your bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the

sing his pow'r and his love, our shield and Defender, the
light, whose canopy space. His chariots of wrath the deep
pow'r has founded of old; has established it fast by a
air, it shines in the light, it streams from the hills, it de-

Ancient of Days, pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.
thunderclouds form, and dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
changeless decree, and round it has cast, like a mantle, the sea.
scends to the plain; and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5. 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!

6. O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn you above,
the humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall lisp to your praise.
How Firm a Foundation

Do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand. Is. 41:10

1. How firm a founda- tion, you saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in his ex- cel- lent Word! What more can he say than to God, and will still give you aid; I'll strength- en you, help you, and sor- row shall not o- ver- flow; for I will be with you, your fi- cient, shall be your sup- ply: the flame shall not hurt you; I

5. "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove my sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; and when hoary hairs shall their temples adom, like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6. "The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; that soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

Rippon's Selection of Hymns, 1787; alt. Mod.
J. Funk's A Compilation of Genuine Church Music, 1832
I Need Thee, Precious Jesus

Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life. John 6:58

1. I need thee, precious Jesus, for I am full of sin;
   my soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within.

2. I need thee, precious Jesus, for I am very poor;
   a stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store.

3. I need thee, precious Jesus, and hope to see thee soon;
   en-circled with the rainbow and seated on thy throne.

I need the cleansing fountain where I can always flee,
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way,

There, with thy blood-bought children, my joy shall ever be,
the blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.

to guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

to sing my Jesus' praises, to gaze. O Lord, on thee.

Frederick Whitfield, 1655

Welsh hymn melody
William Lloyd, 1840: alt. 1950