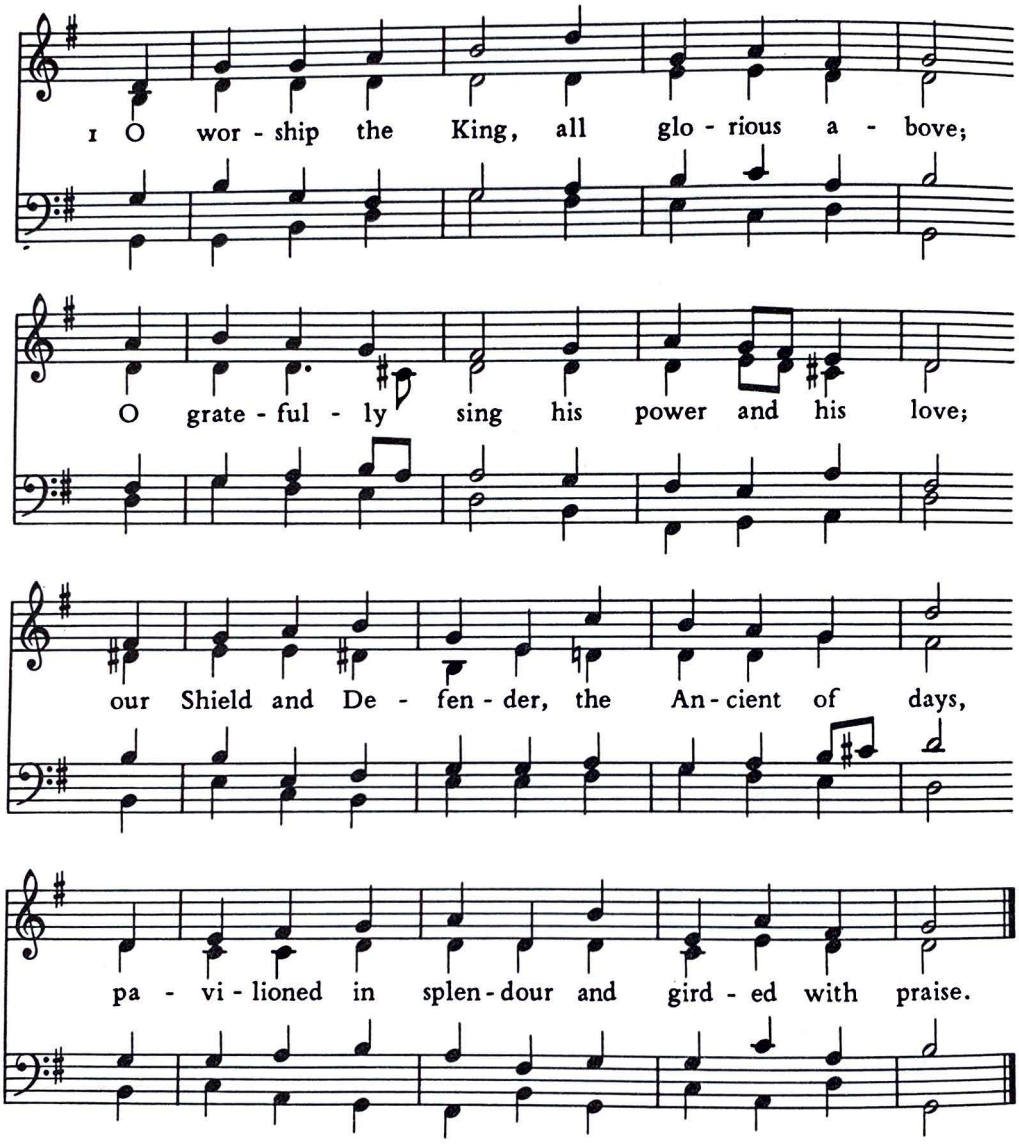
27

O WORSHIP THE KING

HANOVER 10 10 11 11

probably by William Croft 1678–1727



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 hath founded of old,
hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
and round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
it streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
and sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 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.

6 O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
while angels delight to hymn thee above,
the humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
with true adoration shall sing to thy praise.

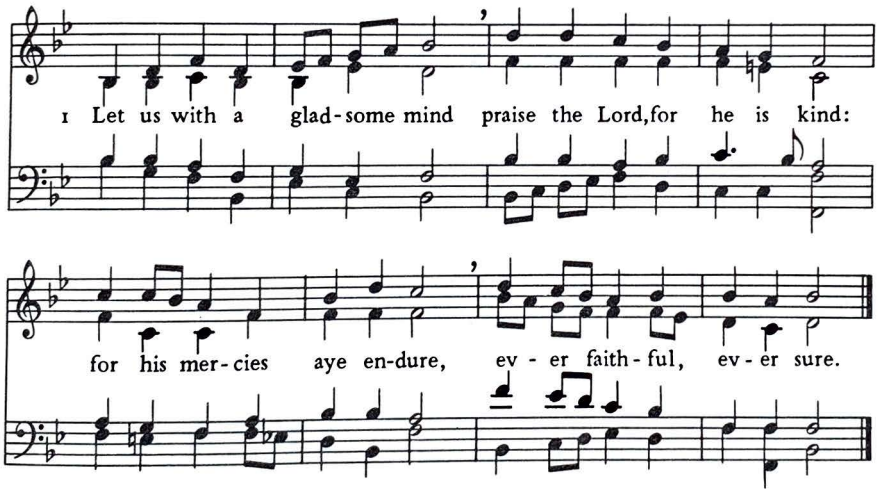
Robert Grant 1779–1838
based on paraphrase of Psalm 104
by William Kethe c1530–1593

28

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND

MONKLAND 7777

Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen 1670–1739
arranged by John Bernard Wilkes 1785–1869



2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
for of gods he is the God:
for his mercies aye endure,
ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He with all-commanding might
filled the new-made world with light:
for his mercies aye endure,
ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath with a piteous eye
looked upon our misery:
for his mercies aye endure,
ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living he doth feed,
his full hand supplies their need:
for his mercies aye endure,
ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind
praise the Lord, for he is kind:
for his mercies aye endure,
ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton 1608–1674
based on Psalm 136

109

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

ROCKINGHAM 8 8 8 8

adapted by Edward Miller 1731–1807

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
on which the Prince of glo - ry died,
my rich - est gain I count but loss,
and pour con - tempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
save in the death of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small:
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts 1674–1748
based on Galatians 6:14