O WORSHIP THE KING

Key Ab 3/4

With dignity

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727

Sı	d : d : r	m :-: s	$d : r : t_1$	d : - : r	m : r : d
m_l	S_l : S_l : S_l	S_l : - : S_l	$l_l: l_l: s_l$	S_l : -: S_l	$s_1: s_1: s_1.fe_1$
1.0	worship the	King, all	glorious a –	bove, 0	grate-ful - ly
2.0	tell of his	Might, O	sing of his	grace, Whose	robe is the
3.The	earth with its	store of	wonders un-	told, Al -	might -ty, thy
d	$m:d:t_1$	d : - : r	m : f : r	$m : -: t_1$	d : r : m.r
d_{l}	$d_l : m_l : s_l$	$d : - : t_l$	$l_1 : f_1 : s_1$	d_1 : -: s_1	$d : t_l : l_l$

$t_1 : - : d$	$r : \underline{d.t_l} : l_l$	$s_1 : - : t_1$	d : r : m	d : l ₁ : f
S_l : - : S_l	$s_1 : \underline{l_1 \cdot s_1} : fe_1$	s_1 : - : se_1	$l_1 : l_1 : se_1$	$l_1 : m_1 : s_1$
sing his	won - der - ful	love; Our	shield and de-	fen-der, the
light, whose	ca - no - py	space; His	cha-riots of	wrath the deep
power hath	foun-ded of	old; Hath	sta -blished it	fast by a
r : - : m	r : m : r	$t_1 : - : m$	$m : l_l : t_l$	d : d : r
$s_1 : - : m_1$	$t_1:d:r$	l_1 : -: m_1	l_1 : f_1 : m_1	$l_1 : l_1 : t_1$

m : r : d	S : - : S _l	$l_1 : t_1 : d$	$r : s_l : m$	l_1 : r : t_1
$s_l : s_l : d$	$t_1 : - : s_1$	$s_l : f_l : s_l$	$s_l : m_l : s_l$	$f_1 : l_1 : s_1$
An - cient of	Days, Pa –	vi – lioned in	splendor and	gir-ded with
thun-der clouds	form, And	dark is his	path on the	wings of the
change-less de-	cree, And	round it hath	cast, like a	man - tle, the
d : t1 : m.fe	s : - : d	d : r : m	$r : t_1 : d$	d : f : r
$d : t_1 : l_1$	s_1 : -: m_1	$f_l : r_l : d_l$	$t_2: m_1: d_1$	$f_1 : r_1 : s_1$

d : - :

s₁ : - :

praise

storm

sea.

m : - :

d₁ : - :

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,Thy humbler creation, though feeble their laysWith true adoration shall sing to thy praise

Transcription

METAMBOUG N.

Guy Arnold

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