

O Lord, Our Heav'nly King
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.
Music: Samuel Wesley, 1837.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

When to Thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
I see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

Lord, what is worthless man,
That Thou shouldst love him so?
Next to Thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

How rich Thy bounties are!
And wondrous are Thy ways;
Of dust and worms Thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings Thou canst draw
Surprising honors to Thy name
And strike the world with awe.

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