

O Lord, You Are My God and King 270

(Psalm 145)



1 O Lord, you are my God and King, and I will
 2 How rich in grace are you, O Lord, full of com-
 3 Your works will give you thanks, O Lord; your saints your



ev - er bless your name; I will ex - tol you ev - ery day, and
 pas - sion, mer - ci - ful, your an - ger al - ways slow to rise; your
 might - y acts will show, till all the peo - ples of the earth your



ev - er - more your praise pro - claim. You, Lord, are great - ly
 stead - fast love you show to all, for you are good in
 king - dom, pow - er, glo - ry know. E - ter - nal is your



to be praised; your great-ness is be - yond our thought; all
 all your ways; your crea - tures know your con - stant care. To
 king - dom, Lord, for - ev - er strong, for - ev - er sure; while



gen - er - a - tions shall tell forth the might - y won - ders you have wrought.
 all your works your love ex - tends; all souls your ten - der mer - cies share.
 gen - er - a - tions rise and die, your high do - min - ion will en - dure.

Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.

Although this paraphrase of Psalm 145 is abbreviated (the original psalm has a verse for each letter of the Hebrew alphabet), it maintains the tone of praise that characterizes the final six psalms. In fact, the whole book takes its Hebrew name, *Tehillim* (praises), from them.

260 Alleluia! Sing to Jesus



1 Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus; his the scep - ter, his the
 2 Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans are we left in sor - row
 3 Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, here on earth our food, our
 4 Al - le - lu - ia! King e - ter - nal, Lord om - nip - o - tent we



throne; Al - le - lu - ia! his the tri - umph, his the vic - to -
 now; Al - le - lu - ia! he is near us; faith be - lieves nor
 stay; Al - le - lu - ia! here the sin - ful flee to you from
 own; Al - le - lu - ia! born of Mar - y, earth your foot - stool,



ry a - lone! Hark! The songs of peace - ful Zi - on
 ques - tions how. Though the cloud from sight re - ceived him,
 day to day. In - ter - ces - sor, friend of sin - ners,
 heaven your throne. As with - in the veil you en - tered,

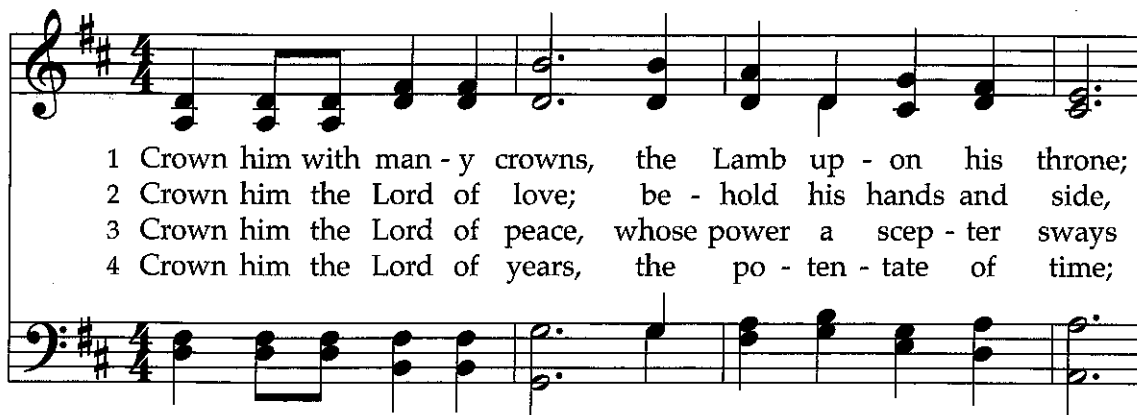


The author regarded this text as a communion hymn, a theme that seems eclipsed by the attention to Christ's exaltation, but a helpful reminder that such hymns are not always quiet and meek. This text is sung to various tunes, but this rousing Welsh one is a favorite choice.

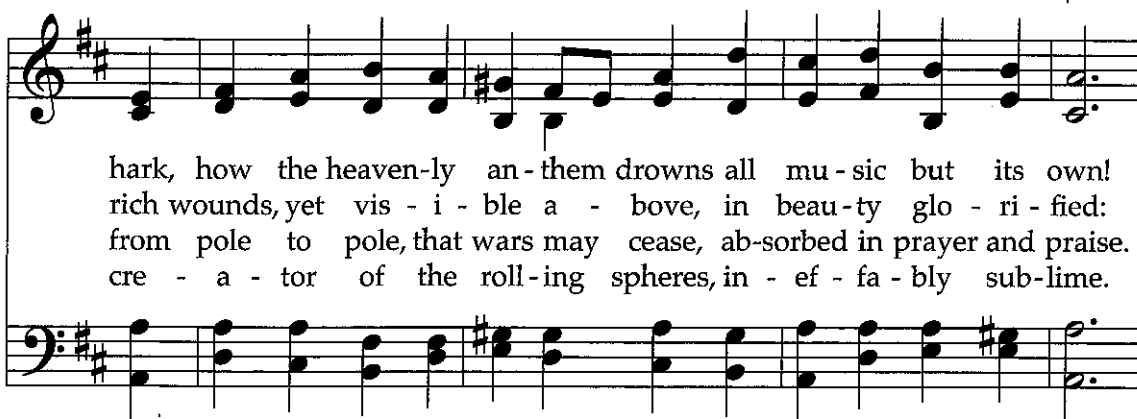
thun - der like a might - y flood: "Je - sus out of
 when the for - ty days were o'er, shall our hearts for -
 earth's re - deem - er, hear our plea where the songs of
 robed in flesh, our great high priest; here on earth both

ev - ery na - tion has re - deemed us by his blood."
 get his prom - ise: "I am with you ev - er - more"?
 all the sin - less sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.
 priest and vic - tim in the eu - cha - ris - tic feast.

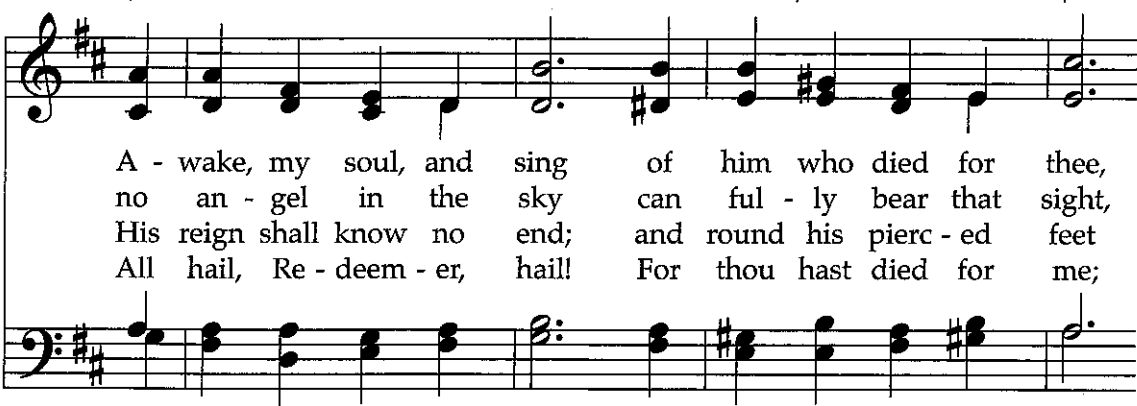
Crown Him with Many Crowns 268



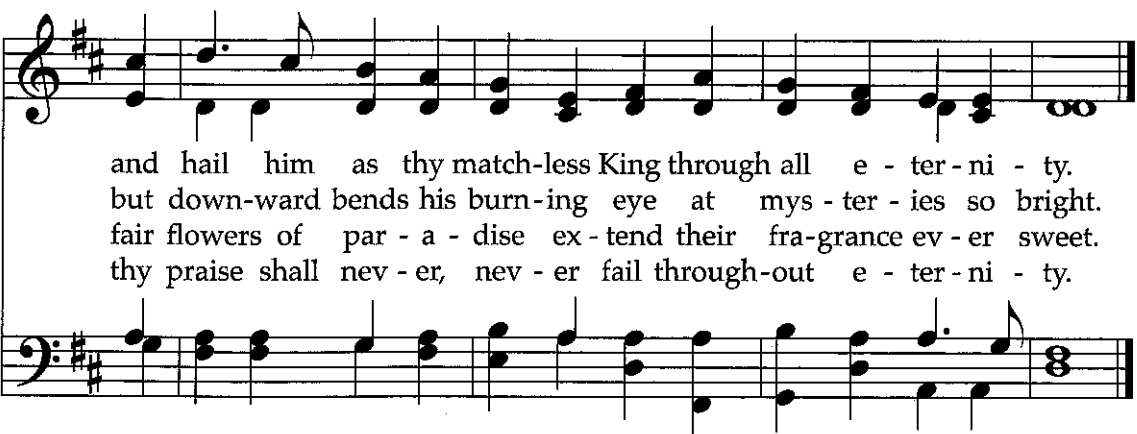
1 Crown him with man - y crowns, the Lamb up - on his throne;
 2 Crown him the Lord of love; be - hold his hands and side,
 3 Crown him the Lord of peace, whose power a scep - ter sways
 4 Crown him the Lord of years, the po - ten - tate of time;



hark, how the heaven-ly an - them drowns all mu - sic but its own!
 rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, in beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 from pole to pole, that wars may cease, ab - sorbed in prayer and praise.
 cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, in - ef - fa - bly sub - lime.



A - wake, my soul, and sing of him who died for thee,
 no an - gel in the sky can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end; and round his pier - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For thou hast died for me;



and hail him as thy match - less King through all e - ter - ni - ty.
 but down - ward bends his burn - ing eye at mys - ter - ies so bright.
 fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend their fra - grance ev - er sweet.
 thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail through - out e - ter - ni - ty.

This text is so familiar that it is easy to miss all its paradox, mystery, suffering, and beauty; it rewards careful reading and meditation outside corporate worship. The tune's composer, chapel organist at Windsor Castle, had much experience in creating a royal sound.