

My Sa-viour and my King, Thy beau-ties are di - vine; Thy lips with bless-ings

o - ver - flow, And ev' - ry grace is thine, And ev' - ry\_ grace is thine.

(2)

Now make thy glory known,  
Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
And ride in majesty to spread  
The conquests of thy word.

(4)

Thy laws, O God, are right;  
Thy throne shall ever stand;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A sceptre in thy hand.

(3)

Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t'obey,  
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
Attend thy glorious ways.

(8)

O let thy God and King  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;  
Thy children shall his honours sing  
In palaces of joy.