

Walpole

Isaac Watts

John Crompton, Southwold

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

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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.