

41 O Worship the King, All Glorious Above!

1 O wor - ship the King, all glo - rious a - bove!
 2 O tell of God's might; O sing of God's grace,
 3 The earth with its store of won - ders un - told,
 4 Your boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite?
 5 Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail,

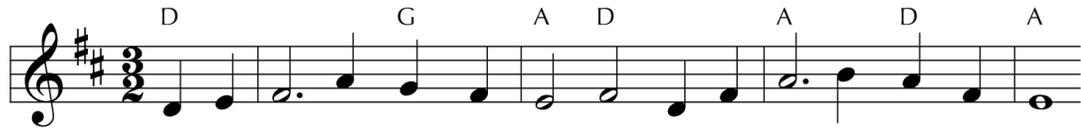
O grate - ful - ly sing God's power and God's love:
 whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space,
 Al - might - y, your power has found - ed of old;
 It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
 in you do we trust, nor find you to fail;

our shield and de - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
 whose char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds form;
 es - tab - lished it fast by a change - less de - cree,
 it streams from the hills; it de - scends to the plain,
 your mer - cies, how ten - der, how firm to the end,

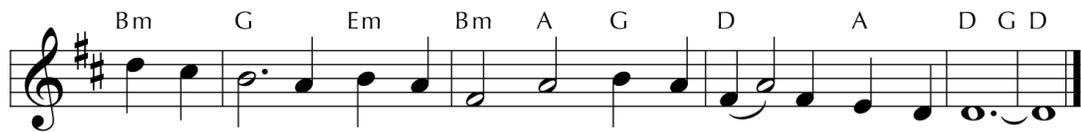
pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
 and bright is God's path on the wings of the storm.
 and round it has cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
 and sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
 our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

Addressing the first two stanzas to the singers of the hymn and the last three to God, this free paraphrase of Psalm 104 recasts the psalmist's imagery with baroque verve. Though it was first published in England, the tune has been more popular in North America than there.

Come to Me, O Weary Traveler 183



- 1 "Come to me, O wea - ry trav - eler; come to me with your dis - tress;
- 2 "Do not fear, my yoke is eas - y; do not fear, my bur - den's light;
- 3 "Take my yoke and leave your trou - bles; take my yoke and come with me.
- 4 "Rest in me, O wea - ry trav - eler; rest in me and do not fear.



come to me, you heav - y bur - dened; come to me and find your rest."
do not fear the path be - fore you; do not run from me in fright."
Take my yoke, I am be - side you; take and learn hu - mil - i - ty."
Rest in me, my heart is gen - tle; rest and cast a - way your care."

This paraphrase and expansion of Matthew 11:28–30 by a Canadian minister is structured so that the first three syllables of each stanza provide the hymn's skeleton and summary. The immediacy of the text is enhanced by the folksong-like setting later composed for it.

438 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.
 2 Not the la - bors of my hands can ful - fill thy law's de - mands.
 3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring; sim - ply to thy cross I cling;
 4 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when my eye - lids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood from thy wound - ed side which flowed
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 na - ked, come to thee for dress, help - less, look to thee for grace;
 when I soar to worlds un - known, see thee on thy judg - ment throne,

Though scholars discredit the story that this hymn was written when the author found shelter under a large rock during a thunderstorm, the popular appeal of that conjecture perhaps lies in the energy of this plea and the vividness of its imagery drawn from many biblical sources.

TEXT: Augustus M. Toplady, 1776, alt.
 MUSIC: Thomas Hastings, 1830, alt.

TOPLADY
 7.7.7.7.7

FORGIVENESS

be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse from guilt and make me pure.
 all for sin could not a - tone. Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
 foul, I to the foun - tain fly; wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.