

1. I'll speak the hon - ors of my King; His form di-vine - ly fair; None of the sons of mor - tal race May with the Lord compare.

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace Up-on thy lips is shed; Thy God with bless - ings in - fi - nite Hath crown'd thy sac - red head.

3. Gird on thy sword, vic - torious Prince! Ride with majes - tic sway; Thy ter - rors shall strike through thy foes, And make the world o - bey.

4. Thy throne, O God, for ev - er stands; Thy word of grace shall prove A peace - ful scep - tre in thy hands, To rule thy saints by love.

5. Jus - tice and truth at - tend thee still, But mer - cy is thy choice; And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill With most pe - cu - liar joys.