

METRE 3 Isaac Watts

NINETY-THIRD S.M.

Chapin

1. My Sa-vior and my King, Thy beau-ties are di-vine; Thy lips with bless-ings o-ver-flow, And eve-ry grace is thine.

2. Now make thy glo-ry known; Gird on thy dread-ful sword, And rise in ma-jes-ty to spread The con-quest of thy word.

3. Strike through thy stub-born foes, Or make their hearts o-bey, While jus-tice, meek-ness, grace and truth, At-tend thy glo-rious way.

4. Thy laws, O God, are right, Thy throne shall ev-er stand, And thy vic-to-rious gos-pel prove A scep-tre in thy hand.