

God, the Lord, a King Remaineth

64

The LORD reigns, He is robed in majesty; the LORD is robed in majesty and is armed with strength. Ps. 93:1

Capo 1: ♮ (A) (A) ♮ (D) (A) (F♯m) (E⁷) (A)

1. God, the Lord, a King re-main-eth, robed in his own glo-rious light;
 2. In her ev - er - last - ing sta - tion earth is poised, to swerve no more:
 3. Lord, the wa - ter - floods have lift - ed, o - cean floods have lift their roar;
 4. With all tones of wa - ters blend - ing, glo-rious is the break - ing deep;
 5. Lord, the words thy lips are tell - ing are the per - fect ver - i - ty:

(A) (F♯m) (C♯m) (F♯m) (C♯m) (F♯m) (E) (B⁷) (E)

God hath robed him and he reign - eth; he hath gird - ed him with might.
 thou hast laid thy throne's foun - da - tion from all time where thought can soar.
 • now they pause where they have drift - ed, now they burst up - on the shore.
 glo - rious, beau - teous with - out end - ing, God who reigns on heav'n's high steep.
 of thine high e - ter - nal dwell - ing ho - li - ness shall in - mate be.

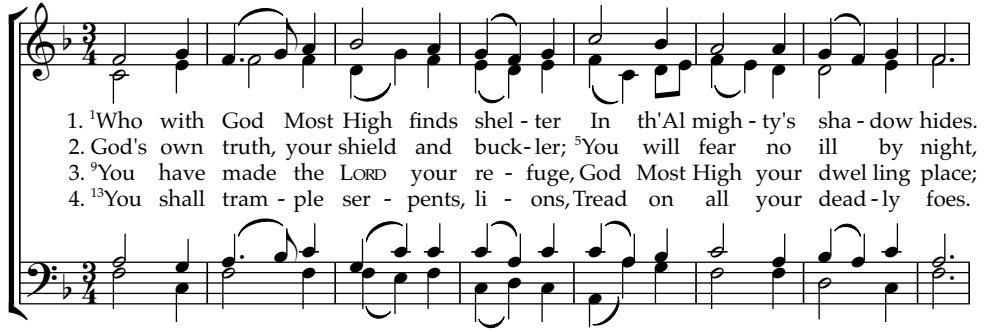
(E) (A⁷) (D) ♮ (Bm) (C♯m) (Bm) (F♯m) (E) (A) ♮

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, thou art for - ev - er - more.
 • Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! For the o - cean's sound - ing store.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Songs of o - cean nev - er sleep.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that lives with thee.

From Psalm 93
 John Keble, 1839

REGENT SQUARE 8.7.8.7.8.7.
 Henry Smart, 1867

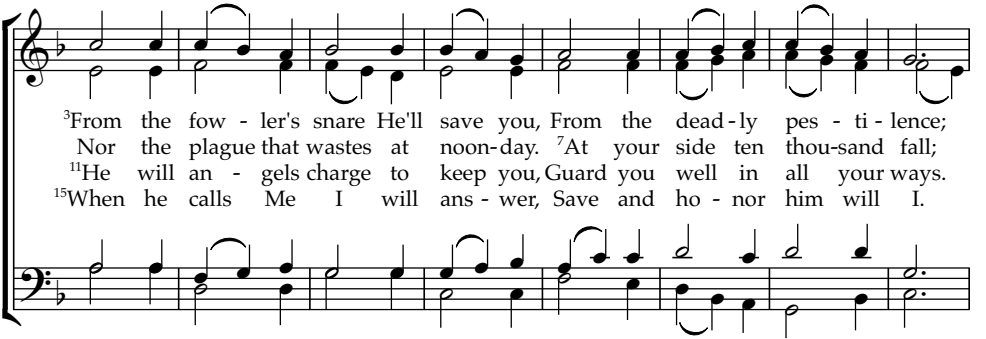
Psalm 91



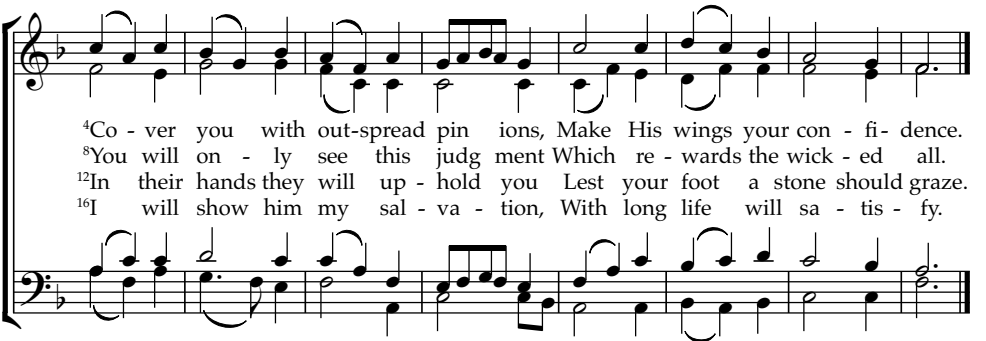
1. ¹Who with God Most High finds shel - ter In th'Al migh - ty's sha - dow hides.
2. God's own truth, your shield and buck - ler; ⁵You will fear no ill by night,
3. ⁹You have made the LORD your re - fuge, God Most High your dwel ling place;
4. ¹³You shall tram - ple ser - pents, li - ons, Tread on all your dead - ly foes.



²To the LORD I'll say, "My Re - fuge!" In my God my trust a - bides.
Nor the shafts in day - light fly - ing, ⁶Nor dis - ease that shuns the light,
¹⁰Noth - ing e - vil shall be - fall you; In your tent no scourge you'll face.
¹⁴For his love to Me I'll save him, Keep him, for My name he knows;



³From the fow - ler's snare He'll save you, From the dead - ly pes - ti - lence;
Nor the plague that wastes at noon - day. ⁷At your side ten thou - sand fall;
¹¹He will an - gels charge to keep you, Guard you well in all your ways.
¹⁵When he calls Me I will ans - wer, Save and ho - nor him will I.



⁴Co - ver you with out - spread pin ions, Make His wings your con - fi - dence.
⁸You will on - ly see this judg ment Which re - wards the wick - ed all.
¹²In their hands they will up - hold you Lest your foot a stone should graze.
¹⁶I will show him my sal - va - tion, With long life will sa - tis - fy.

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Like a River Glorious

I will extend peace to her like a river. Is. 66:12

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious is God's per - fect peace, o - ver
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low of his bless - ed hand, nev - er
 3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al fall - eth from a - bove, traced up -



all vic - to - rious in its bright in - crease; per - fect, yet it
 foe can fol - low, nev - er trai - tor stand; not a surge of
 on our di - al by the Sun of Love. We may trust him



flow - eth full - er ev - 'ry day, per - fect, yet it grow - eth deep - er
 wor - ry, not a shade of care, not a blast of hur - ry, touch the
 ful - ly all for us to do; they who trust him whol - ly find him



♩ REFRAIN



all the way.
 spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, hearts are ful - ly blest,
 whol - ly true.



PEACE AND JOY

7

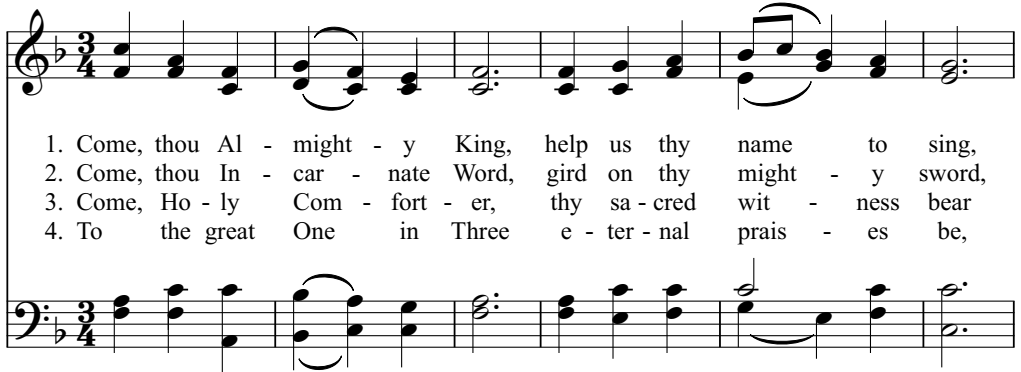
find - ing, as he prom - ised, per - fect peace and rest.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "find - ing, as he prom - ised, per - fect peace and rest." The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

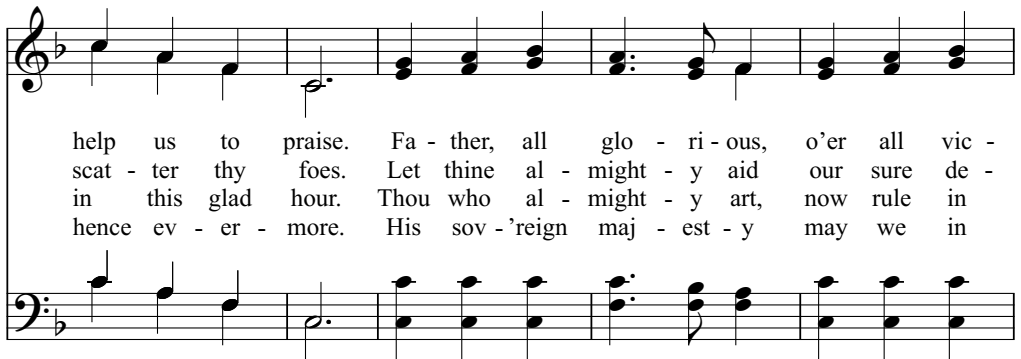
Frances R. Havergal, 1874

WYE VALLEY 6.5.6.5.D.ref.
James Mountain, 1876

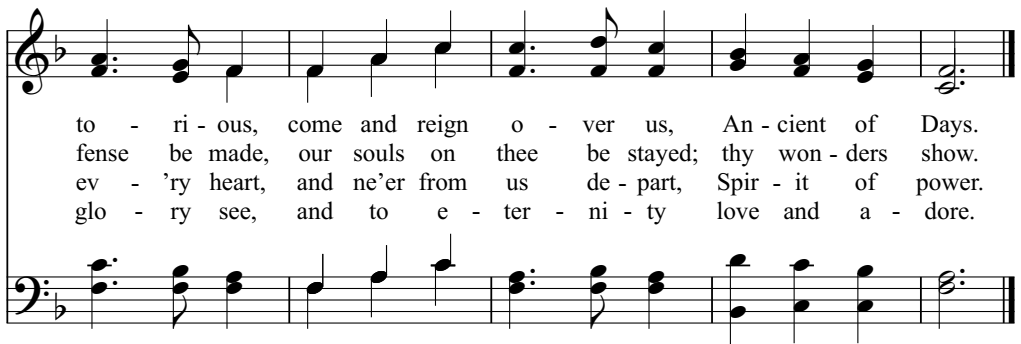
Come, Thou Almighty King



1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, help us thy name to sing,
 2. Come, thou In - car - nate Word, gird on thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three e - ter - nal prais - es be,



help us to praise. Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, o'er all vic -
 scat - ter thy foes. Let thine al - might - y aid our sure de -
 in this glad hour. Thou who al - might - y art, now rule in
 hence ev - er - more. His sov - 'reign maj - est - y may we in



to - ri - ous, come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 fense be made, our souls on thee be stayed; thy won - ders show.
 ev - 'ry heart, and ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power.
 glo - ry see, and to e - ter - ni - ty love and a - dore.

Anon., ca. 1757

TRINITY (Italian Hymn) 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
 Felice de Giardini, 1769

Psalm 124

1. ¹Now Is - ra - el may say, and that in truth, if that the
 2. Yea, when their wrath a - gainst us fierce - ly rose, ⁴the swell - ing
 3. ⁶Blest be the Lord, who made us not their prey; ⁷as from the

Lord had not our right main - tained, ²if that the Lord had
 tide had o'er us spread its wave, the rag - ing stream had
 snare a bird es - cap - eth free, their net is rent and

not with us re - mained, when cru - el men a - gainst us
 then be - come our grave, ⁵the surg - ing flood, in proud - ly
 so es - caped are we; ⁸our on - ly help is in Je -

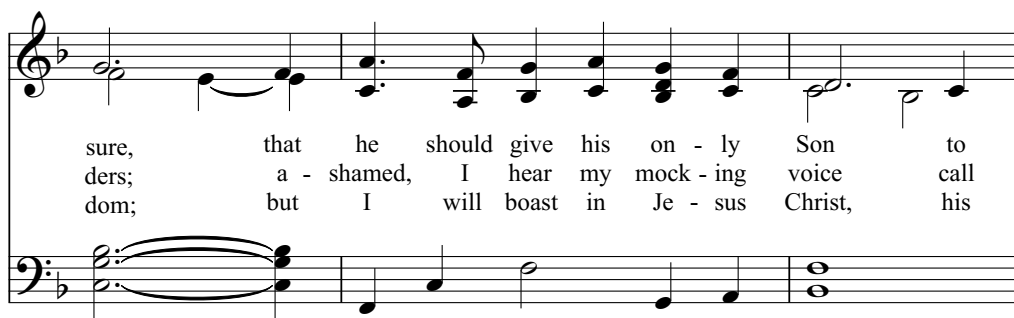
rose to strive, ³we sure - ly had been swal - lowed up a - live.
 swell - ing roll, most sure - ly then had o - ver - whelmed our soul.
 ho - vah's name, who made the earth and all the heav'n - ly frame.

How Deep the Father's Love for Us

Unison



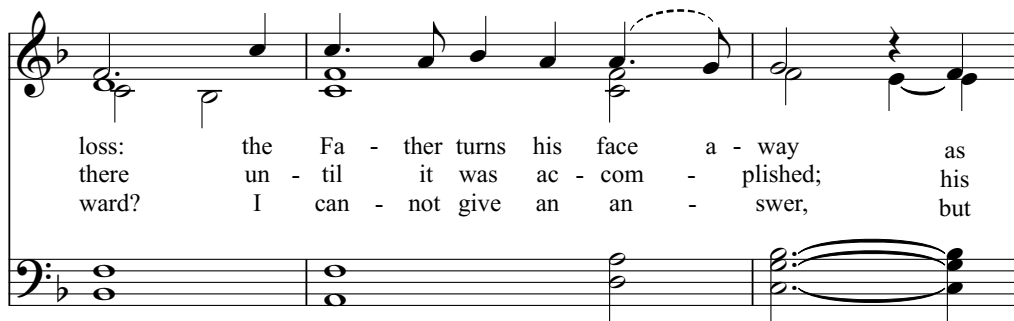
1. How deep the Fa - ther's love for us, how vast be - yond all mea -
 2. Be - hold the man up - on a cross, my sin up - on his shoul -
 3. I will not boast in an - y - thing, no gifts, no pow'r, no wis -



sure, that he should give his on - ly Son to
 ders; a - shamed, I hear my mock - ing voice call
 dom; but I will boast in Je - sus Christ, his



make a wretch his trea - sure. How great the pain of sear - ing
 out a - mong the scof - fers. It was my sin that held him
 death and res - ur - rec - tion. Why should I gain from his re -



loss: the Fa - ther turns his face a - way as
 there un - til it was ac - com - plished; his
 ward? I can - not give an an - swer, but

wounds which mar the Cho - sen One bring man - y sons to glo - ry.
dy - ing breath has brought me life— I know that it is fin - ished.
this I know with all my heart: his wounds have paid my ran - som.

Stuart Townend

TOWNEND 8.7.8.7.D.

Stuart Townend

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