Bright King of Glory, Dreadful God

Doh is G · 4/4 Tune: OLD HUNDREDTH

| d - - - d - t, - | l, - s, - d - r - |
Bright King of Glory, dreadful

| m - - - m - - - | m - m - r - d - |
God! Our spirits bow be-

| f - m - r - - - | d - - - r - m - |
fore thy seat, To thee we

| r - d - l, - t, - | d - - - s - - - |
lift an humble thought, And

| m - d - r - f - | m - r - d - - - |
worship at thine awful feet.

The other verses

2 Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different names
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

Tune OLD HUNDREDTH by Louis Bourgeois (1510–1560); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.