

King of glory, King of peace

George Herbert (1593-1633) alt. The Editors
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1. King of glory, King of peace,
I adore you;
and with thanks that never cease,
bow before you.
You have shared my ev'ry breath,
you have heard me;
and from mortal fear of death,
you have spared me.

2. Therefore, with my highest art,
I will sing you,
and the best within my heart
I will bring you.
When my sins against me cried,
you forgave me,
and from guilt's relentless tide
you will save me.

3. Sev'n whole days, not one in sev'n,
I will praise you;
in my heart, though not in heav'n,
I can raise you.
Yet no span of mortal thought
can contain you;
all eternity's too short
to acclaim you.

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