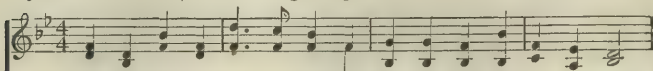


194 God, the Lord, a King Remaineth.

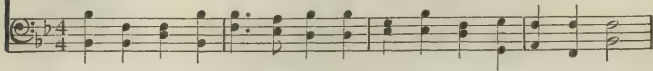
John Keble.

Regent Square.

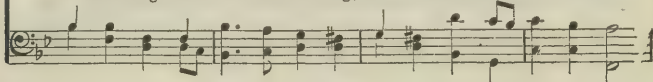
Henry Smart.



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. With all tones of wa - ters blend - ing, Glo - rious is the break - ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are tell - ing Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;



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.
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;



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! Songs of o - cean nev - er sleep.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that lives with Thee. A-MEN.

