

OLIVERS. 6, 6, 8, 4.

Thomas Olivers

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1. The God who reigns on high, The great arch - an - gels sing, And "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," cry, "Al - migh - ty King!

2. Be - fore the Sav - ior's face The ran - sored na - tions bow; O'er - whelmed at His al - migh - ty grace, For - ev - er new.

3. The whole tri - um - phant host Give thanks to God on high; "Hail Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!" They ev - er cry:

Who was and is the same, And ev - er - more shall be; Je - ho - vah, Fa - ther, great I AM, We wor - ship Thee."

He shows His prints of love, They kin - dle to a flame! And sound thro' all the worlds a - bove, The slaugh - tered Lamb.

Hail Abr' - ham's God and mine, I join the heav'n - ly lays, All might and maj - es - ty are Thine, And end - less praise.