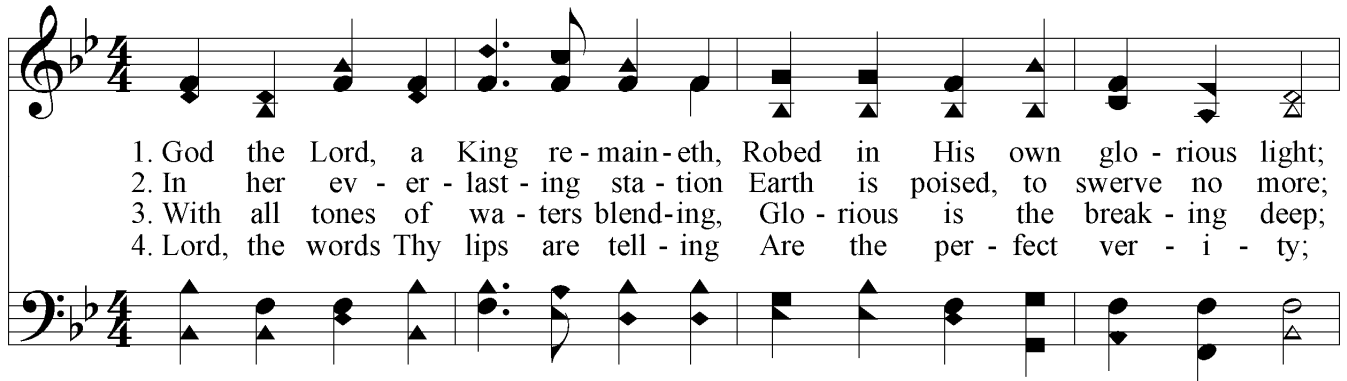
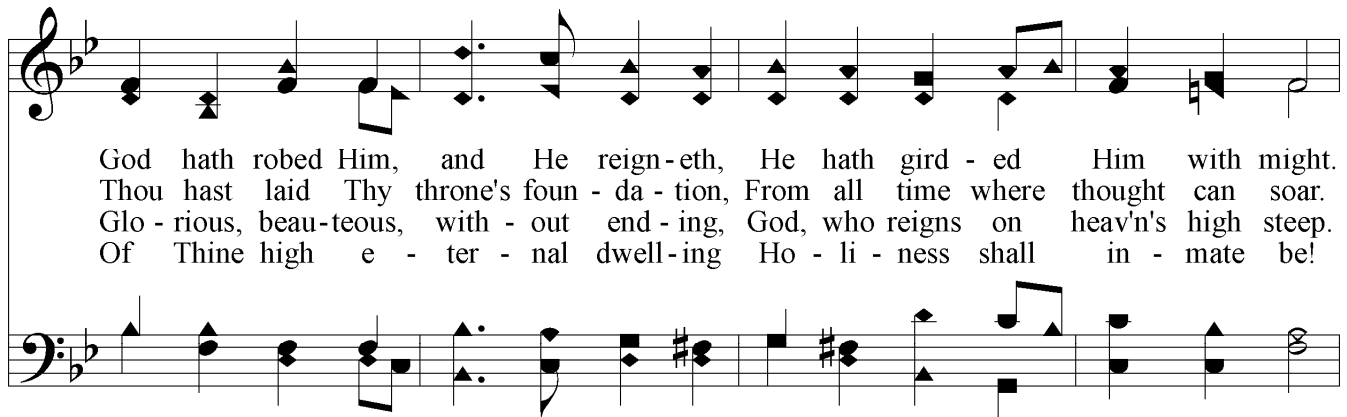


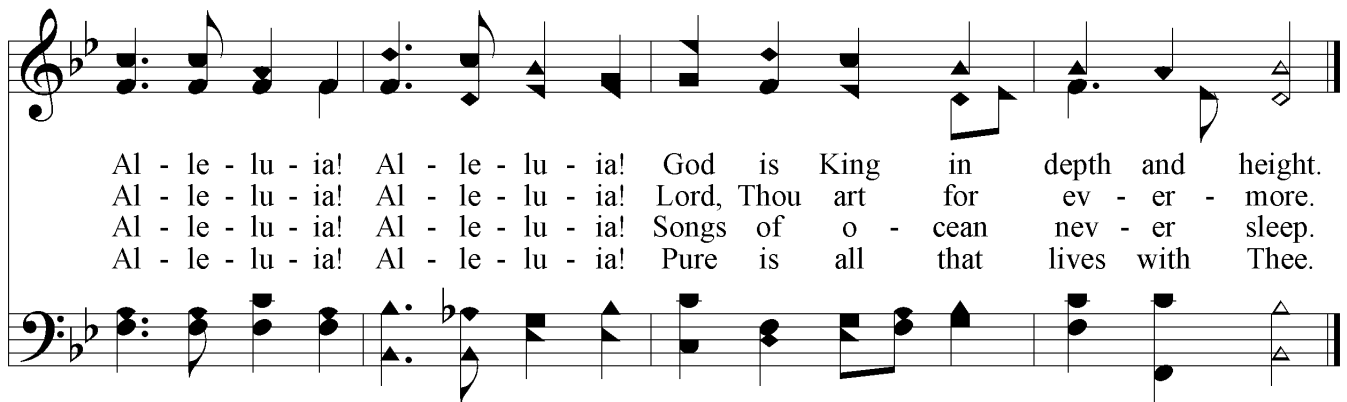
# God The Lord, A King Remaineth



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.