

The King of Saints (Psalm 45)

Isaac Watts

The King of right saints, how fair His
 At His forms her hand beau - our eyes be -
 So shall the King the - ties like His
 O hap - py hour when thou more re -
 Let end - less hon - ours crown His

- face, A - dorned with maj - es - ty and
 - hold The queen ar - rayed in pur - est
 - joice He calls and seats her near His
 rise To His the fair pal - ace in the
 head; Let ev - ery age His prais - es

G Am C F

grace! He comes with bless - ings from a -
gold; The world ad - mires her heaven - ly
throne: Fair stran - ger, let thine heart for -
choice; Let Him be thy loved sons and yet a -
skies, And all thy with cheer - ful num - erous
spread; While we with cheer - ful songs ap -

Em F C G G7

- bove, And wins the na - tions to His
dress, Her robe of joy and right - eous -
- get The i - dols of thy na - tive
- dored, For He's thy Mak - er and thy
(train) Each like a de - scen - sions glo - ry
- prove The con - de - scen - sions of His

C

love.
- ness.
state.
Lord.
reign!
love.