

# THE HEAVENS ARE THINE, O KING OF KINGS

The heav'ns are Thine, Thou King of kings, their glo-ry shines for Thee a-lone.

Thy life goes forth in love, and brings all heaven to wor-ship at Thy throne.

Of all the bless-ings Thou dost give with lav-ish hands to crown my days,

most pre-cious is this gift: to live with grate-ful heart, Thy name to praise.

Evelyn E. Plummer, altered

W. B. Bradbury