Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
And speak some boundless thing, The mighty

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
works, or mightier name Of our e-

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
ternal King.

The other verses

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 He that can dash whole worlds to death
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
"Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

8 O, might I hear thine heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine;"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice
And think my heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

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