

BEGIN my tongue a heavenly theme,
Of boundless wonders sing:
The mighty works and holy name
Of our eternal King!

- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His love abroad;
Sing of the promises of grace,
And the fulfilling Lord!
- 3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 4 He Who can dash the stars to death,
And make them as He please;
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils His great decrees.
- 5 O, might I hear His heavenly tongue
But whisper, 'Thou art mine!'
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my Heaven secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.