Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme





Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works, or mightier Name Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness And sound His power abroad; Sing the sweet promise of His grace, And the performing God. His very word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars along Speaks all the promises.

O might I hear Thine heav'nly tongue But whisper, "Thou art Mine!" Those gentle words shall raise my song To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts

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