

# Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

Jermiah Clarke, 1673-1707

St. Magnus  
C.M.

G Emin Amin D7 G Amin7 D G C#dim D

G D Emin Bmin7 C Amin D7 G C9 G D7 G

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

Tell of His wonderful faithfulness  
And sound His power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
The love and truth of God.

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

He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"  
And heav'n was stretched abroad:  
"Abram, I'll be thy God," He said,  
And He was Abram's God.

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

How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heav'n secure!  
I trust the all creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.

Isaac Watts