O that I had a thousand voices







O that I had a thousand voices, A thousand ways to praise my God! In Him my inmost heart rejoices Until I long to tell abroad In songs of thankful ecstasy How much my God hath done for me.

Who overwhelmeth me with blessing? Who but Thyself, O God of love! Who guardeth me from fears oppressing? 'Tis Thou, Lord God of hosts, above. Thou bearest all my guilt abhorred, With ever patient mercy, Lord. Thy goodness, Lord, my life completeth; O let Thy praise my tongue employ, And bring Thee, while my heart yet beateth, The glad thanksgiving of my joy: When ebbing strength all speech denies, Then may I breathe thy praise in sighs.

My God, receive these earthly praises So poor and weak, with gracious love; A better tribute heaven raises From all Thy angel choirs above: There alleluias will I bring A thousand-fold to Thee, my King.

J. Mentzer