Begin, My Soul, Some Heavenly Theme

PETERBOROUGH C. M.

1. Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme; Awake, my voice and sing
2. Tell of His wondrous faithfulness, And sound His power abroad;
3. Proclaim salvation from the Lord, For wretched dying men;
4. Engraved as in eternal brass, The mighty promise shines;
5. His every word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
6. Now shall my fainting heart rejoice, To know Thy favor sure:

The mighty works, and mightier name, Of our eternal King.
Sing the sweet promise of His grace, And the performing God.
His hand hath writ the sacred word With an immortal pen.
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze Those everlasting lines.
The voice that rolls the stars along Speaks all the promises.
I trust the all-creating voice, And faith desires no more.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Rev. Ralph Harrison

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