Bristol C. M.

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

2. Tell of His wondrous faithfulness, And sound His pow'r abroad,
   Sing the sweet promise of His grace, And the performing God.

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. Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue But whisper "Thou art mine!"
   Those gentle words would raise my song To notes almost divine. Amen.