Oh, For A Thousand Tongues To Sing
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1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
   The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.
   My gracious Master, and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
   To spread thru all the earth abroad The honors of Thy name.

2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease;
   'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
   He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free;
   His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood avails me.

3. He speaks, and list'ning to His voice, New life the dead receive;
   The mornful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
   Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ;
   Ye blind, behold your Savior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

4. Look unto Him, ye nations; Own Your God, ye fallen race!
   Look, and be saved thru faith alone; Be justified by grace.
   See all your sins on Jesus laid: The Lamb of God was slain:
   His soul was once an offering made For every soul of man.