1. Begin, my tongue, some heav'n-ly theme, And speak some bound-less thing:
2. Tell of His won-drous faith-ful-ness, And sound His pow'r a-broad,
3. His ver-y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
4. Oh, might I hear Thy heav'n-ly tongue But whis-per "Thou art mine!"

The might-y works or might-i er name, Of our e-ter-nal King.
Sing the sweet prom- ise of His grace, And the per-form-ing God.
The voice that rolls the stars a-long Speaks all the prom-is-es.
Those gen-tle words would raise my song To notes al-most di-vine. A-men.