O for a thousand tongues to sing

Charles Hutcheson, 1832 Stracathro C.M.





O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!

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 speaks, and, listening to His voice, New life the dead receive, The mournful, 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.

My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad The honors of Thy name.

Charles Wesley

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