

Begin, My Tongue, Some Heav'nly Theme
Isaac Watts, 1709.
From Rossini.

Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal king.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men";
His hand has writ the sacred Word
With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when He please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfils His great decrees.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
And heav'n was stretched abroad:
"Abram, I'll be thy God," He said,
And He was Abram's God.

O might I hear Thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art Mine!"
Those gentle words shall raise my song
To notes almost divine.

How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.