

O for the Tongue of an Angel

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1889

Music: Bertha Hyatt

O for the tongue of an angel,
To sing my Redeemer's praise;
Surely His tender compassion
Has followed me all my days.
Out of my bondage He brought me,
Astonished His love I trace;
Once I was led by the tempter,
But now I'm a child of grace.
O for the tongue of an angel,
To sing my Redeemer's praise;
Surely His tender compassion
Has followed me all my days.

O for a voice like a trumpet,
So loud that the world might hear;
Gladly I'd publish redemption,
Through Jesus my friend so dear.
Over the regions of darkness,
I'd sing of His love so free;
Ever repeating the story
Of what He has done for me.
O for a voice like a trumpet,
So loud that the world might hear;
Gladly I'd publish redemption,
Through Jesus my friend so dear.

Lost in the depths of His mercy,
And filled with His infinite love!
Upward my spirit is rising,
Away to its home above.
Glory to Jesus, all glory,
That when His dear face I see;
I'll thank and adore Him forever,
For what He has done for me.
Lost in the depths of His mercy,
And filled with His infinite love!
Upward my spirit is rising,
Away to its home above.