

AWAKE, MY TONGUE, THY TRIBUTE BRING

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring
 2. How vast His knowl - edge! how pro - found!
 3. Thru each bright world a - - - bove, be - hold
 4. But in re - demp - tion, O what grace!

To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
 A deep where all our tho'ts are drowned;
 Ten thou - sand thou - sand charms un - fold;
 Its won - ders, O what tho't can trace!

Praise Him who is all praise a - - - bove,
 The stars He num - bers and their names
 Earth, air, and might - y seas com - bine
 Here wis - dom shines for - ev - er bright:

The source of wis - - - dom and of love.
 He gives to all those heav'n - ly flames.
 To speak His wis - - - dom all di - - - vine.
 Praise Him, my soul, with sweet de - - - light.