

# O for a thousand tongues to sing

CHARLES WESLEY (1739)

O for a thousand tongues to sing  
my dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God and King,  
the triumphs of his grace.

My gracious Master, and my God,  
assist me to proclaim,  
to spread through all the earth abroad  
the honors of thy name.

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 breaks the power of canceled sin;  
he sets the prisoner free;  
his blood can make the foulest clean—  
his blood availed for me.

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!