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.

Words: John Needham
Music: John Hatton