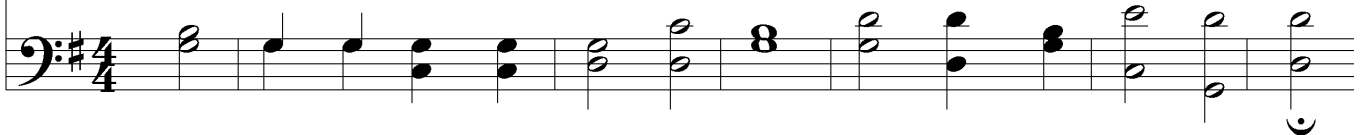


Begin, My Soul, Some Heavenly Theme

PETERBOROUGH C. M.



1. Be - gin, my soul, some heav'n - ly theme; A - wake, my voice and sing
2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
3. Pro - claim sal - va - tion from the Lord, For wretch - ed dy - ing men:
4. En - graved as in e - ter - nal brass, The might - y prom - ise shines;
5. His ev - 'ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
6. Now shall my faint - ing heart re - joice, To know Thy fa - vor sure:



The might - y works, and might - ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom - ise of His grace, And the per - form - ing God.
His hand hath writ the sa - cred word With an im - mor - tal pen.
Nor can the pow'rs of dark - ness raze Those ev - er - last - ing lines.
The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.
I trust the all - cre - at - ing voice, And faith de - sires no more.

