

## Begin, My Tongue, the Heavenly Theme

1. Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my heart, and sing  
 2. Pro - claim, "Sal - va - tion from the Lord, To wretch - ed, dy - ing men;"  
 3. Yes, ev - 'ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;

The word, un-change-ab - ly the same, Of our e - ter - nal King.  
 His hand hath writ the sac - red word With an im - mor - tal pen.  
 The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the pro - mi - ses.

Tell of his won-drous faith - ful - ness, And sound his pow'r a - broad;  
 En - graved as in e - ter - nal brass, The might - y pro - mise shines;  
 O, might I hear that heav'n - ly tongue But whis - per, "Thou art mine!"

Sing the sweet pro - mise of his grace, And the per - form - ing God.  
 Nor can the pow'rs of dark - ness raise Those ev - er - last - ing lines.  
 That gra - cious word should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine.

*Text:* Unknown, 1840

*Music:* Scottish Traditional

*Tune Name:* Auld Lang Syne

*Poetic Meter:* 8 6 8 6 D (CMD)