

Awake, My Tongue

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*Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God . . .
the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. Hebrews 13:15*

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring To Him who gave
 2. How vast His know - ledge! how pro - found! A deep where all
 3. Thru each bright world a - bove, be - hold, Ten thou - sand thou -
 4. But in re - demp - tion, O what grace! Its won - ders, O

thee pow'r to sing; Praise Him who is all praise
 our tho'ts are drowned; The stars He num - bers and
 sand charms un - fold; Earth, air, and might - y seas
 what tho't can trace! Here wis - dom shines - for - ev -

a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.
 their names He gives to all those heav'n - ly flames.
 com - bine To speak His wis - dom all di - vine.
 er bright: Praise Him, my soul, with sweet de - light.

John Needham, 1768

John Hatton, 1790