

To Christ the Lord Let Every Tongue



1. To Christ the Lord let ev-'ry tongue Its nobl-est trib-ute bring;
 2. Ma-jes-tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up-on His aw-ful brow;
 3. No mor-tal *can with Him com-pare; A-mong the sons of men;*
 4. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, He flew to my re-lief;
 5. Since from His boun-ty I re-ceive Such proofs of love di-vine,



When He's the sub-ject of the song, Who can re-fuse to sing?
 His head with ra-diant glo-ries crowned; His lips with praise o'er-flow.
Fair-er He is than all the fair That fill the Heav'n-ly train.
 For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
 Had I a thou-sand tongues to give, Lord, they would all be Thine.

