

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.

Music: William Henry Havergal (1793–1870)
 Text: Samuel Stennett (1727–1795)

EBEN
 8 6. 8 6.