To Christ the Lord Let Every Tongue
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(second half of verse 5). Music: Laura Taylor.

   E                        B
1. To Christ the Lord let every tongue
   A                     B
Its noblest tribute bring
   E                        B
When He’s the subject of the song
   A                       B
Who can refuse to sing?
   C#m     B            A        E
Survey the beauties of His face
   C#m   B         A
And on His glories dwell
   A        B          A
Think of the wonder of His grace
   B                   E
And all His triumphs tell

2. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
   A                         B
Upon His awful brow
   C#m                     B
His head with radiant glories crowned
   A                         B
His lips with grace overflow
   A                         B
No mortal can with Him compare
   A                         B
Among the sons of men
   A                         B
Fairer He is than all the fair
   B                   E
That fill the Heavenly train

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress
   A                         B
He fled to my relief
   A                         B
For me He bore the shameful cross
   A                         B
And carried all my grief
   A                         B
His hand a thousand blessings pours
   A                         B
Upon my guilty head
   A                         B
His presence gilds my darkest hours
   A                         B
And guards my sleeping bed

4. To Him I owe my life and breath
   A                         B
And all the joys I have
   A                         B
He makes me triumph over death
   A                         B
And saves me from the grave
   A                         B
To Heaven the place of His abode
   A                         B
He brings my weary feet
   A                         B
Shows me the glories of my God
   A                         B
And makes my joy complete

5. Since from His bounty I receive
   A                         B
Such proofs of love divine
   A                         B
Had I a thousand hearts to give
   A                         B
Lord, they should all be Thine
   A                         B
A thousand men could not compose
   A                         B
A worthy song to bring
   A                         B
Yet Your love is a melody
   A                         B
Our hearts can’t help but sing!