To Christ the Lord Let Every Tongue

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

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

3. He saw me plunged in deep distress
   He fled to my relief
For me He bore the shameful cross
And carried all my grief
His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head
His presence gilds my darkest hours
And guards my sleeping bed
4. To Him I owe my life and breath
   And all the joys I have
   He makes me triumph over death
   And saves me from the grave
   To Heaven the place of His abode
   He brings my weary feet
   Shows me the glories of my God
   And makes my joy complete

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