

# To Christ the Lord Let Every Tongue

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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!