

29 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

My tongue will tell of Your righteous acts all day long. Psalm 71:24



1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'n-ly theme And speak some bound-less thing;
2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - ness And sound His pow'r a - broad;
3. His ver - y word of grace is strong As that which built the skies;
4. O might I hear Thy heav'n - ly tongue But whis - per, "Thou art mine!"



The might - y works or might - ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom - ise of His grace, The love and truth of God.
The voice that rolls the stars a - long Speaks all the prom - is - es.
Those gen - tle words shall raise my song To notes al - most di - vine.



TEXT: Isaac Watts
MUSIC: William Croft

ST. ANNE
C.M.

562 Be Thou My Vision

Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss for the sake of Christ. Philippians 3:7

Unison

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be Thou my Wis - dom and Thou my true Word;
 3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art -
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 May I reach heav - en's joys, bright heav - en's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true son,
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.
 High King of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.
 Still be my Vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

737 Like a River Glorious

Your peace would have been like a river. Isaiah 48:18

1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic - to - rious
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can fol - low,
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al

In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - ery day;
 Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a shade of care,
 By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him ful - ly All for us to do;

Refrain

Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 Not a blast of hur - ry - Touch the Spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
 They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true.

Hearts are ful - ly blest - Find - ing, as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

TEXT: Frances R. Havergal

MUSIC: James Mountain; Choral ending by Ken Barker

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WYE VALLEY

6.5.6.5.D. with Refrain