

O for a thousand tongues to sing

Charles Wesley (1707-88)

Paradice, anon., (1811)
Edited by Francis Roads

As sung by the Indians of the Upper Canada Mission

[♩=100]

Soprano [Air]

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Keyboard

Symphony

The tune *Paradice* [sic] was first published anonymously in *Walker's Companion to Dr. Rippon's Tune Book* in London in 1811, with the text *Arise my soul, my joyful powers, And triumph in my God*, a hymn by Isaac Watts. The present edition is from a version published (n. d.) in Baltimore by George Willig Jun., and kindly supplied to the editor by John C. Miles.

Circled numbers correspond with lines of text;
Original a tone higher.

O for a thousand tongues to sing

9

S
O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise!

A
O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise!

T
8
O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise!

B
O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise!

Kbd.

16

S
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs

A
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs

T
8
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs

B
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs

Kbd.

O for a thousand tongues to sing

21

S of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

A of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

T of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

B of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

Kbd.

26

S Symphony

A

T

B

Kbd.

2. My gracious master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
Tis music in the sinner's ears,
Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5. He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6. Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.