

## O For A Thousand Tongues to Sing

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Re-deemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace!

2. My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 and spread through all the earth abroad  
 The honors of Thy name.

**A E B E**  
**Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing**  
**A E B**  
**My great Re-deemer's praise,**  
**A E Cdim C#m**  
**The glories of my God and King,**  
**A B E**  
**The triumphs of His grace!**

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

4. He breaks the power of reign-ing s  
 He sets the prisoner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean  
 His blood a-vailed for me. **Refrain**

5. He speaks, and, listening to His vo  
 New life the dead re-ceive,  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor be-lieve.

**E B C#m B A**  
 6. Hear him, ye deaf; ye voice-less on  
**E A B**  
 Your loosened tongues em-ploy;  
**E E7/G# A**  
 Ye blind, be-hold your Savior comes,  
**E B E**  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy. **Refrain**

## O Worship the King (E major)

Words: Robert Grant, Psalm 104; Music: Johann Haydn

1. O worship the King, all glorious a-bove,  
 O gratefully sing His power and His love;  
 Our Shield and De-fender, the Ancient of Days,  
 Pa-vilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
 Whose robe is the light, Whose cano-py space,  
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,  
 And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;  
 It streams from the hills, it des-cends to the plain,  
 And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;  
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,  
 Our Maker, De-fender, Re-deemer, and Friend.

# Wendell Kimbrough | Calvin Symposium on Worship 2017 | B12: Bringing Hymns to Life on Guitar

## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God (G, capo 3)

Public Domain. Words and music: Martin Luther, 1529.

G D C G  
1. A mighty fortress is our God,  
Em G C D G  
A bulwark never failing;  
G D C G  
Our helper He, amid the flood  
Em G C D G  
Of mortal ills prevailing;  
Em Asus A D  
For still our ancient foe  
G C D Em  
doth seek to work us woe;  
Em Asus A D  
His craft and power are great,  
Em Am B  
and, armed with cruel hate,  
Em G C D G  
On earth is not his equal.

G D C G  
2. Did we in our own strength confide,  
Em G C D G  
Our striving would be losing  
G D C G  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
Em G C D G  
The Man of God's own choosing:  
Em Asus A D  
Dost ask who that may be?  
G C D Em  
Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Em Asus A D  
Lord Sabbaoth, His name,  
Em Am B  
from age to age the same,  
Em G C D G  
And He must win the battle.

G D C G  
3. And though this world, with devils filled,  
Em G C D G  
Should threaten to undo us,  
G D C G  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
Em G C D G  
His truth to triumph through us:  
Em Asus A D  
The Prince of Darkness grim,  
G C D Em  
We tremble not for him;  
Em Asus A D  
His rage we can endure,  
Em Am B  
for lo, his doom is sure,  
Em G C D G  
One little word shall fell him.

G D C G  
4. That word above all earthly powers,  
Em G C D G  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
G D C G  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Em G C D G  
Through Him Who with us sideth;  
Em Asus A D  
Let goods and kindred go,  
G C D Em  
this mortal life also;  
Em Asus A D  
The body they may kill:  
Em Am B  
God's truth abideth still,  
Em G C D G  
His kingdom is forever.

## Man of Sorrows! What a Name (capo 3, G)

TAG: G, Bm, G, Bm

G Bm Em B7  
1. Man of Sorrows! what a name  
C G A7 D - D7  
For the Son of God, who came  
G Bm Em C G  
Ruined sinners to reclaim.  
G D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

G Bm Em B7  
2. Bearing shame and scoffing rude,  
C G A7 D - D7  
In my place condemned He stood;  
G Bm Em C G  
Sealed my pardon with His blood.  
G D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

G Bm Em B7  
3. Guilty, vile, and helpless we;  
C G A7 D - D7  
Spotless Lamb of God was He;  
G Bm Em C G  
"Full atonement!" can it be?  
G D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

G Bm Em B7  
4. Lifted up was He to die;  
C G A7 D - D7  
"It is finished!" was His cry;  
G Bm Em C G  
Now in Heav'n exalted high.  
G D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

G Bm Em B7  
5. When He comes, our glorious King,  
C G A7 D - D7  
All His ransomed home to bring,  
G Bm Em C G  
Then anew His song we'll sing:  
G D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!  
Em D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!  
Em D/F# C G  
Hallelu - jah! What a Sav - ior!

## Praise My Soul the King of Heaven (C)

C Dm C/E F C  
 1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea-ven;  
 F C Am G  
 To his feet thy tribute bring;  
 E E/G# Am D<sub>sus</sub> D  
 Ransomed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en,  
 Em D/F# G C D G  
 E - ver - more His prais - es sing:  
 C F C F  
 Alle - luia! Alle - luia!  
 C/E F G<sub>sus</sub> G C  
 Praise the ever - last - ing King.

C Dm C/E F C  
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fav - or  
 F C Am G  
 To His people in dis - tress.  
 E E/G# Am D<sub>sus</sub> D  
 Praise Him still the same as ev - er,  
 Em D/F# G C D G  
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
 C F C F  
 Alle - luia! Alle - luia!  
 C/E F G<sub>sus</sub> G C  
 Glorious in His faith - ful - ness.

C Dm C/E F C  
 3 Father-like he tends and spares us;  
 F C Am G  
 well our feeble frame he knows;  
 E E/G# Am D<sub>sus</sub> D  
 in his hand he gently bears us,  
 Em D/F# G C D G  
 res - cues us from all our foes.  
 C F C F  
 Alle - luia! Alle - luia!  
 C/E F G<sub>sus</sub> G C  
 Widely yet his mer - cy flows.

C Dm C/E F C  
 4. Angels, help us to a-dore Him;  
 F C Am G  
 You be - hold Him face to face;  
 E E/G# Am D<sub>sus</sub> D  
 Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him,  
 Em D/F# G C D G  
 Dwel - lers all in time and space.  
 C F C F  
 Alle - luia! Alle - luia!  
 C/E F G<sub>sus</sub> G C  
 Praise with us the God of grace.

## And Can It Be That I Should Gain (D major, capo2)

D G A D  
 1. And can it be that I should gain  
 G A D A E<sub>7</sub> A  
 An interest in the Savior's blood?  
 A D A  
 Died He for me, who caused His pain—  
 G D/F# D A D  
 For me, who Him to death pursued?  
 D A D D<sub>7</sub>/F# G E<sub>7</sub>/G# A  
 Amazing love! How can it be,  
 D G A D  
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

D A A<sub>7</sub> D  
**Amazing love! How can it be,**  
 G D G D A D  
**That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?**

D G A D  
 2.'Tis mystery all: th'Immortal dies:  
 G A D A E<sub>7</sub> A  
 Who can explore His strange design?  
 A D A  
 In vain the firstborn seraph tries  
 G D/F# D A D  
 To sound the depths of love divine.  
 D A D D<sub>7</sub>/F# G E<sub>7</sub>/G# A  
 'Tis mercy all! Let earth a-----dore,  
 D G A D  
 Let angel minds inquire no more.

D G A D  
 3. He left His Father's throne above  
 G A D A E<sub>7</sub> A  
 So free, so infinite His grace—

A D A  
 Emptied Himself of all but love,  
 G D/F# D A D  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race:  
 D A D D<sub>7</sub>/F# G E<sub>7</sub>/G# A  
 'Tis mercy all, im----mense and free,  
 D G A D  
 For O my God, it found out me!

D G A D  
 4. Long my imprisoned spirit lay,  
 G A D A E<sub>7</sub> A  
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
 A D A  
 Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—  
 G D/F# D A D  
 I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
 D A D D<sub>7</sub>/F# G E<sub>7</sub>/G# A  
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
 D G A D  
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

D G A D  
 5. No condemnation now I dread;  
 G A D A E<sub>7</sub> A  
 Jesus, and all in Him, is mine;  
 A D A  
 Alive in Him, my living Head,  
 G D/F# D A D  
 And clothed in righteousness divine,  
 D A D D<sub>7</sub>/F# G E<sub>7</sub>/G# A  
 Bold I approach the eter---nal throne,  
 D G A D  
 And claim the crown, through Christ my own.