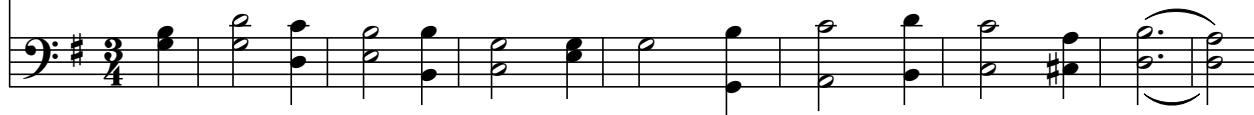




1. Crea - tures, now all your voi - ces raise, And join me in my song,
2. But O, this tongue so fit - ly made, To sound His Name a - broad,
3. The wind and tem - pest, moon and sun, The pow'rs of earth and sea,
4. They nev - er did their God off - end, Sin does our pow'rs de - stroy,
5. But should the dear Re - deem - er speak, And take our guilt a - way,



It is my Ma - ker's won - drous praise, Should now em - ploy my tongue.
 Is far less a - ble, with - out aid, Than birds to praise the Lord.
 Can bet - ter praise the Three - in - One Than a poor child like me.
 Man - kind is dumb be - cause of sin In ev - ery girl and boy.
 Our tongues, like an - gels, no more weak, Shall praise Him more than they.

