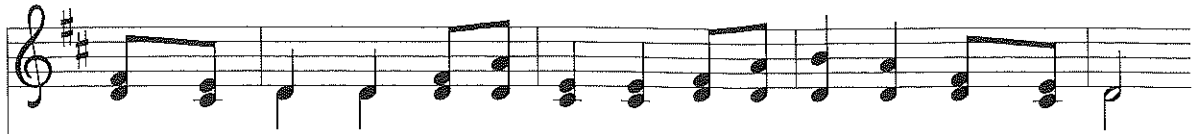
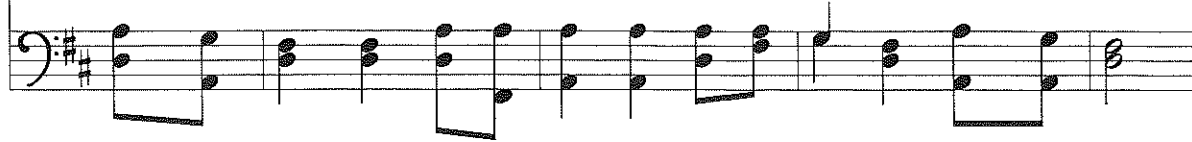


Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

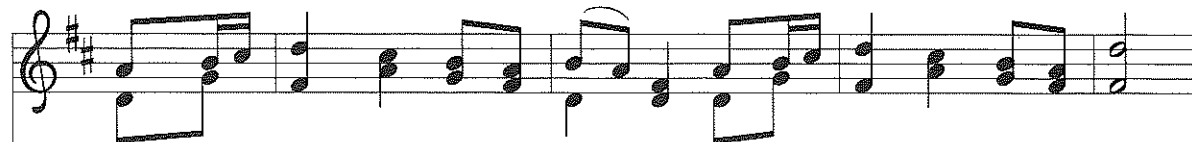
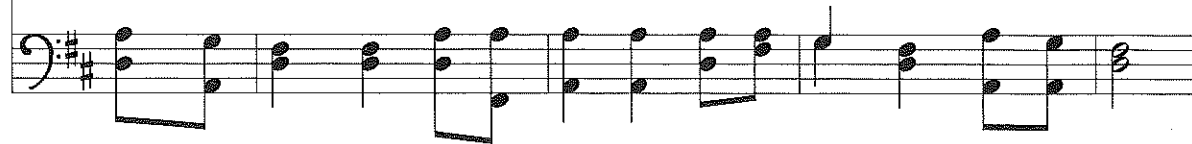
807



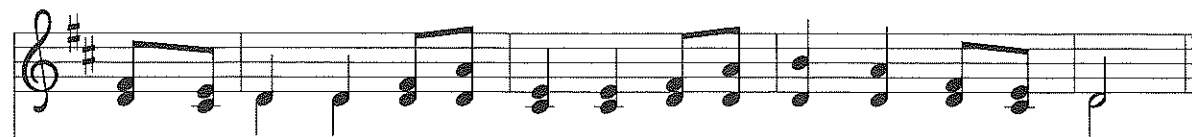
1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: "Hith-er by thy help I've come";
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be;



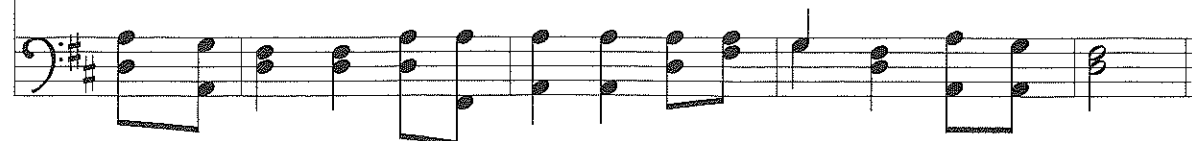
streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
 let that grace now like a fet - ter bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee.



While the hope of end-less glo - ry fills my heart with joy and love,
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.



teach me ev - er to a - dore thee; may I still thy good-ness prove.
 he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter - posed his pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.



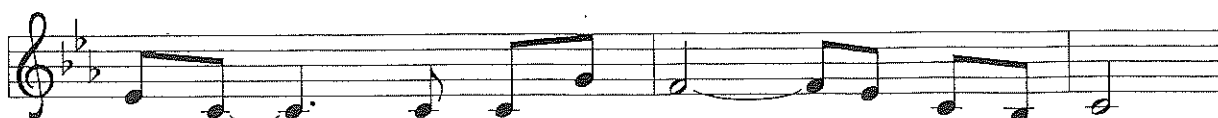
Sometimes Our Only Song Is Weeping 1050



1 Some-times our on - ly song is weep-ing; our on - ly
 2 Some-times we catch the faint-est hum - ming, a far - off



sound is gasp - ing breath. Some-times it seems that God is
 tune our hearts know well. Some-times we sense the Spir - it



sleep-ing while our brief lives are bound in death.
 com - ing. Our song re - turns; our voic - es swell.



Who hears the song our sor-rows swal-low and of - fers
 The Spir - it sings though we are shak-en, and Christ has



hope to calm our fears? When all our words seem frail and
 shared our heart-felt cries. Re - stored, our wea - ry souls a -



hol - low, God heeds the prayers with - in our tears.
 wak - en to join God's song that nev - er dies.

Holy God, We Praise Your Name

414

1 Ho - ly God, we praise your name; Lord of all, we
 2 Hark! The glad ce - les - tial hymn an - gel choirs a -
 3 Lo, the ap - os - tol - ic train join your sa - cred
 4 Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it,

bow be - fore you. All on earth your scep - ter claim,
 bow are rais - ing; cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim,
 name to hal - low; proph - ets swell the glad re - frain,
 three we name you, though in es - sence on - ly one;

all in heav'n a - bove a - dore you. In - fi - nite your
 in un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing, fill the heav'ns with
 and the white-robed mar - tyrs fol - low; and from morn'g to
 un - di - vid - ed God we claim you and, a - dor - ing,

vast do - main, ev - er - last - ing is your reign.
 sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"
 set of sun through the church the song goes on.
 bend the knee while we own the mys - ter - y.