

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



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.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1735–1790, alt.

Music: NETTLETON, J. Wyeth, *Repository of Sacred Music*, Part II, 1813

We Raise Our Hands to You, O Lord

- 1 We raise our hands to you, O Lord,
like empty vessels.
Oh, come to us and give us life
from springs where living waters flow.
- 2 What good and blessing you bestow
are freely given.
Your pow'r will make the weakest strong
and barren branches start to bud.
- 3 Oh, make our barren trees to grow,
our hands to blossom,
and let our lives bring forth such fruit
that heals our neighbor's grief and pain.
- 4 As summer follows springtime's rain,
grace follows sorrow,
and grief and joy shall bear much fruit,
though hidden from our human eyes.
- 5 Through grace your new creation lies
in hands held open.
O Giver of all goodness, come,
dwell with us in our earthly home.

Text: Svein Ellingsen, b. 1929; tr. Hedwig T. Durnbaugh, b. 1929

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