

# HOLY SPIRIT

## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

111

vv. 1, 3

1. Come, Thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm  
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm con-strained to

1. grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est  
2. come; And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Sure-ly to ar-rive at  
3. be; Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my won-d'ring heart to

1. praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a  
2. home. Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of  
3. Thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel-it, Prone to leave the God I

1. bove. Praise the mount, O fix me on it. Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.  
2. God. He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
3. love. Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it from thy courts a-bove.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

Music: Nettleton, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813; harm. Carl Haywood (b. 1949), from *Songs of Praise*, Harm. Copyright © 1992.

vv. 1-2

1 O praise ye the Lord! Praise him in the height;  
 2 O praise ye the Lord! Praise him up - on earth;  
 \*3 O praise ye the Lord! All things that give sound;  
 4 O praise ye the Lord! Thanks - giv - ing and song

re - joice in his word, ye an - gels of light;  
 in tune - ful ac - cord, all ye of new birth;  
 each ju - bi - lant chord re - ech - o a - round;  
 to him be out - poured all a - ges a - long!

ye hea - vens, a - dore him by whom ye were made,  
 praise him who hath brought you his grace from a - bove,  
 loud or - gans, his glo - ry forth tell in deep tone,  
 For love in cre - a - tion, for hea - ven re - stored,

and wor - ship be - fore him, in bright - ness ar - rayed.  
 praise him who hath taught you to sing of his love.  
 and sweet harp, the sto - ry of what he hath done.  
 for grace of sal - va - tion, O praise ye the Lord!