

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'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai-ly I'm constrained 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 thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.
 Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In-ter-posed his precious blood.
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a-bove. A-men.

*Rock of Help

We hon - or and a-dore you, Our great and might-y Lord.
And make a joy-ful du - ty Our sac-ri-fice of praise. A-men.

Text: Michael Perry, 1982. ©1982, The Jubilate Group
(admin. Hope Publishing Company).

Tune: from Gustav Holst, 1918

THAXTED
7.6.7.6.7.6 D

345

PRAISE TO GOD: IN HIMSELF

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams When heat-ed in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirst-y soul doth pine;
3. Why rest-less, why cast down, my soul? Hope still, and thou shalt sing
4. To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,

So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
O when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Maj - es - ty di - vine?
The praise of him who is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.
Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

A - men.

Text: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, 1696; based on Psalm 42
Tune: Hugh Wilson, ca. 1800; arr. Robert Smith, 1825, alt.

**MARTYRDOM
(AVON)
CM**



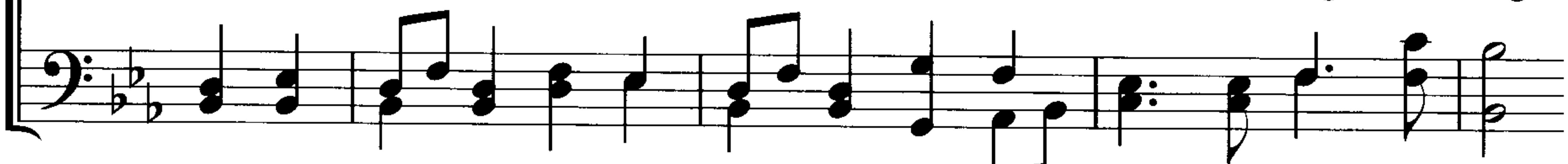
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
 4. Blest in - hab - i - tants of Zi - on, Washed in the Re-deem-er's blood!



He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for his own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move.
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near.
 Je - sus, whom their souls re - ly on, Makes them kings and priests to God.



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint when such a riv - er Ev - er will their thirst as - suage?
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,
 'Tis his love his peo - ple rais - es, O - ver self to reign, as kings,



With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which he gives them when they pray.
 And as priests, his sol - emn prais - es Each for a thank - of - f'ring brings.

