

# 649 Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound

1 A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound, that  
 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and  
 3 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I  
 4 The Lord has prom - ised good to me; his  
 5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but  
 grace my fears re - lieved. How pre - cious did that  
 have al - read - y come. 'Tis grace has brought me  
 word my hope se - cures. He will my shield and  
 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

now am found, was blind, but now I see.  
 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!  
 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.  
 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.  
 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

# 625 O Lord My God How Great Thou Art

1 O Lord my God, when I in awe - some won - der con - sid - er  
 2 When through the woods and for - est glades I wan - der and hear the  
 3 And when I think that God, his Son not spar - ing, sent him to  
 4 When Christ shall come with shout of ac - cla - ma - tion and take me

all the \*worlds thy hands have made, I see the stars, I  
 birds sing sweet - ly in the trees, when I look down from  
 die, I scarce can take it in, that on the cross, my  
 home, what joy shall fill my heart! Then \*I shall bow in

hear the \*roll - ing thun - der, thy power through - out the  
 loft - y moun - tain gran - deur and hear the brook and  
 bur - den glad - ly bear - ing, he bled and died to  
 hum - ble ad - o - ra - tion, and there pro - claim, "My



Refrain



u - ni - verse dis - played:  
 feel the gen - tle breeze: Then sings my soul, my Sav - ior God, to  
 take a - way my sin:  
 God, how great thou art!"



thee: How great thou art! How great thou art! Then sings my soul, my



Sav - ior God, to thee: How great thou art! How great thou art!



# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



1 Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come;  
 3 O 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 - dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - dering 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 un - chang - ing love!  
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

