

vv. 1-2

1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old was strong to heal and save;
 2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health, gave hear - ing, strength, and sight;
 3 Be thou our great de - liv - erer still, thou Lord of life and death;

it tri - umphed o'er dis - ease and death o'er dark - ness and the grave.
 and youth re - newed and fren - zy calmed owned thee, the Lord of light:
 re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless, with thine al - mighty - y breath:

To thee they went, the blind, the deaf, the pal - sied, and the lame,
 and now, O Lord, be near to bless, al - mighty - y as of yore,
 to hands that work and eyes that see, give wis - dom's heav - en - ly lore,

the lep - er set a - part and shunned, the sick with fe - vered frame.
 in crowd - ed street, by rest - less couch, as by Gen - nes - aret's shore.
 that whole and sick, and weak and strong, may praise thee ev - er - more.

HOLY SPIRIT

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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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.