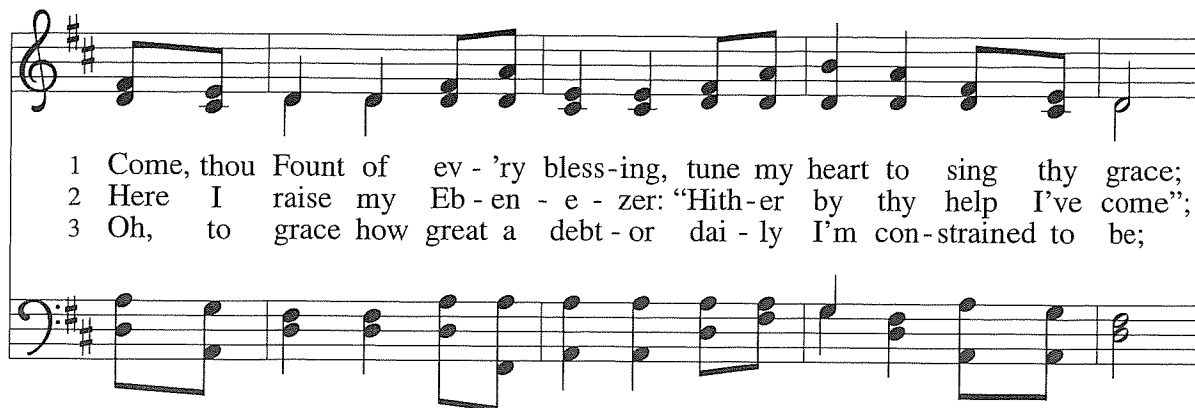
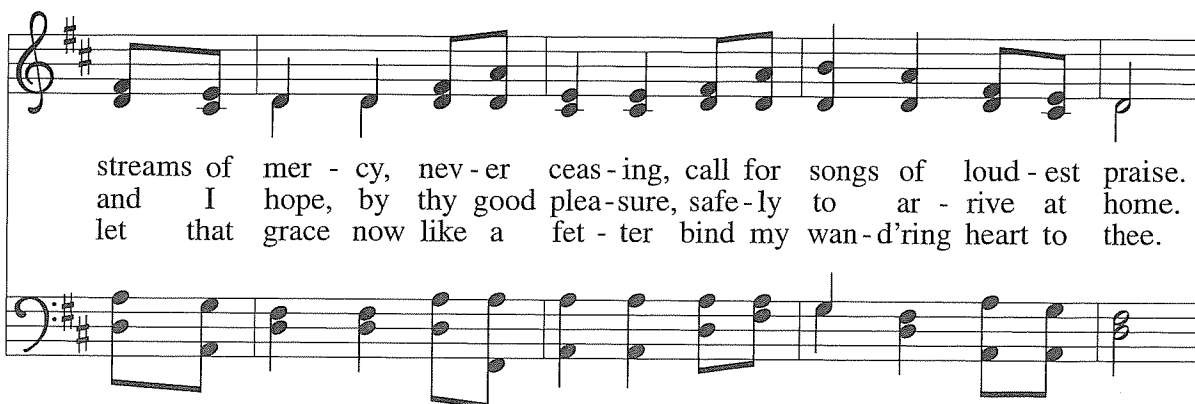


## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

807



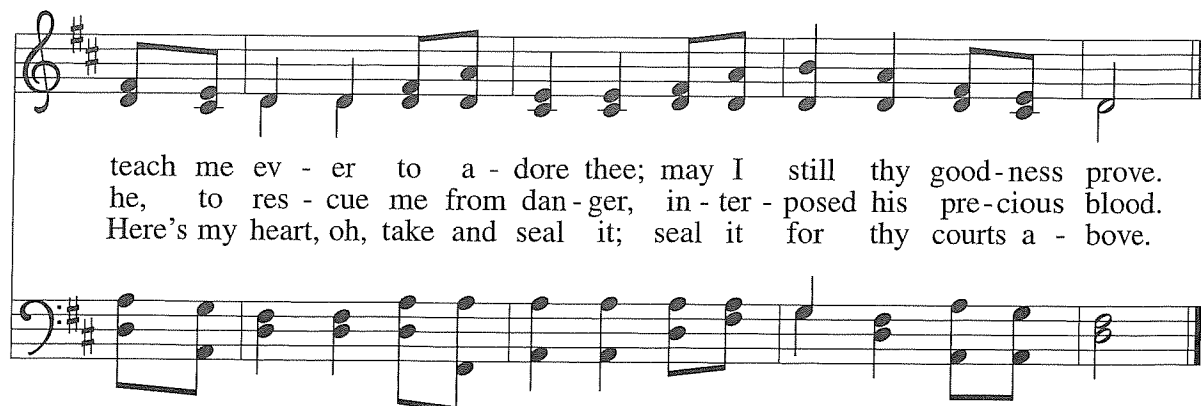
1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: "Hith-er by thy help I've come";  
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be;



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.

# 719 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the  
 2 In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad - owed  
 3 From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from hu - man  
 4 The cup of wa - ter giv'n for you still holds the

cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of  
 thresh-olds dark with fears, from paths where hide the  
 grief and bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from  
 fresh - ness of your grace; yet long these mul - ti -

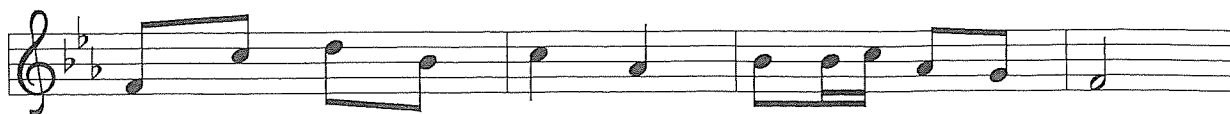
self - ish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of Man.  
 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.  
 sor - row's stress, your heart has nev - er known re - coil.  
 tudes to view the strong com - pas - sion in your face.

5 O Master, from the mountainside  
 make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
 among these restless throngs abide;  
 oh, tread the city's streets again;

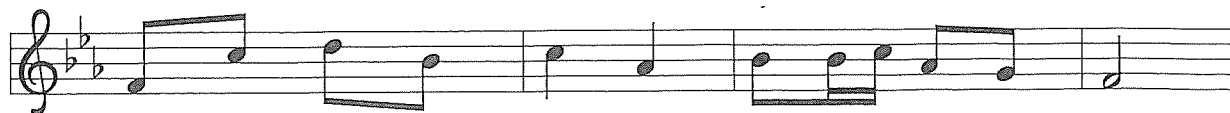
6 Till all the world shall learn your love,  
 and follow where your feet have trod;  
 till glorious from your heav'n above  
 shall come the city of our God.

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# Build a Longer Table



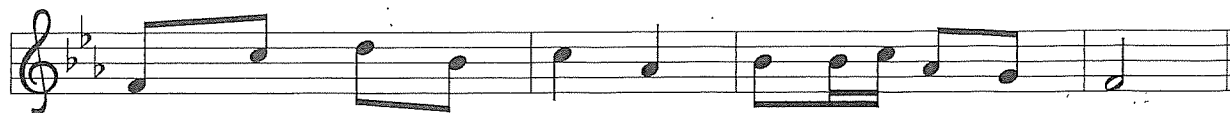
1 Build a long - er ta - ble, not a high - er wall,  
 2 Build a saf - er ref - uge, not a larg - er jail;  
 3 Build a broad - er door - way, not a long - er fence.  
 4 When we lived as ex - iles, ref - u - gees a - broad,



feed - ing those who hun - ger, mak - ing room for all.  
 where the weak find shel - ter, mer - cy will not fail.  
 Love pro - tects all peo - ple, spar - ing no ex - pense.  
 Christ be - came our door - way to the reign of God.



Feast - ing to - geth - er, strang - er turns to friend,  
 For an - y place where jus - tice is de - nied,  
 When we em - brace com - pas - sion more than fear,  
 So must our ta - bles wel - come those who roam.



Christ breaks walls to piec - es; false di - vi - sions end.  
 Christ will breach the jail wall, free - ing all in - side.  
 Christ tears down our fenc - es; all are wel - come here.  
 None can be ex - clud - ed; all must find a home.