

# Come, O Fount of Every Blessing

559

D A D G D A7 D

1 Come, O Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing your grace;  
 2 Here I pause in my so - journ - ing, giv - ing thanks for hav - ing come,  
 3 O, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I am drawn a - new!

D A D G D A7 D

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing call for songs of end - less praise.  
 come to trust, at ev - ery turn - ing, God will guide me safe - ly home.  
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to you.

D G D G D G D G D F#m G A7 D

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, I can feel it, wan - der from the love I've known:

D A D G D A7 D

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - fail - ing love.  
 came to res - cue me from dan - ger, pre - cious pres - ence, pre - cious blood.  
 here's my heart, O, take and seal it, seal it for your ver - y own.

Words: Robert Robinson 1758, alt.

Music: John Wyeth, Repository of Sacred Music, Part II 1813

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NETTLETON

8 7 8 7 D

## Dream a Dream

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♩ = 100 F B<sup>b</sup> C (Dm C) F B<sup>b</sup> C F

1 Dream a dream, a hope - ful dream, as chil - dren  
 2 Dream a time, this Christ - mas time, when no one's  
 3 Dream a peace, our plan - et's peace, the green - ing  
 4 Dream a gift, the Christ - mas gift that chang - es

B<sup>b</sup> Dm B<sup>b</sup> C F B<sup>b</sup> C (Dm C) F B<sup>b</sup>

do on Christ - mas Eve, i - mag - in - ings, sur - pris - ing  
 hun - gry or a - fraid; that weap - ons go and har - vests  
 of the earth at play, the ho - ly ground where life is  
 ev - ery thing we see: the shim - mer - ing of an - gel

C Am B<sup>b</sup> C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup> F B<sup>b</sup> F

things to hold and to be - lieve. (to be - lieve.)  
 grow, that friends are met and made. (met and made.)  
 found, where God has touched the clay. (touched the clay.)  
 wing, the Child, the Mys - ter - y. (Mys - ter - y.)

Words: Shirley Erena Murray, 1996

Music: Ron Klusmeier, 2005

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