

Lyrics for April 18, 2021

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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Come thou Fount of every blessing tune my heart to sing Thy grace.
Streams of mercy never ceasing call for songs of loudest praise.
While the hope of endless mercy. Fills my flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer: Hither by thy help I've come.
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God.
He, to rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood.

Oh to grace how great a debtor daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now like a fetter bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.

All God's Children Have a Place in the Choir

Camp Song

CHORUS: All God's creatures have a place in the choir. Some sing low
and some sing higher. Some sing out loud on a telephone wire
and some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now.

Listen to the top where the little birds sings, on the melodies
with the high notes ringing and the hoot owl cries over everything
and the black bird disagrees.

Singin' in the nighttime, singn' in the day. And the little duck quacks and he's

on his way. And the otter hasn't got much to say and the porcupine talks to himself.

CHORUS: All God's Creatures have.....

Dogs and the cats they take up the middle, While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles. The donkey brays and the pony neighs and the old grey badger sighs.

Listen to the bass it's the one on the bottom where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus, Moans and groans with a big to do and the old cow just goes moo.

CHORUS: All God's children have a