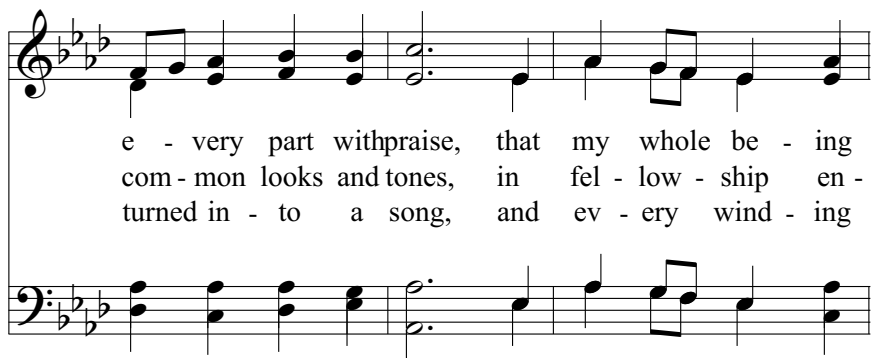


Fill Thou My Life, O Lord, My God



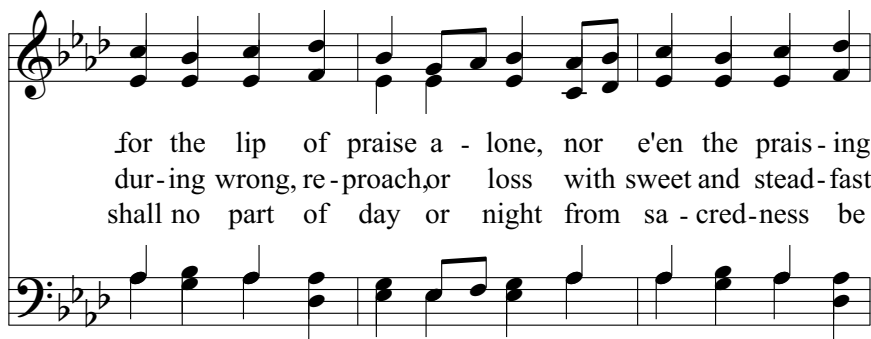
1 Fill thou my life, O Lord, my God, in
2 Praise in the com - mon words I speak, life's
3 So shall each - fear, each fret, each care be



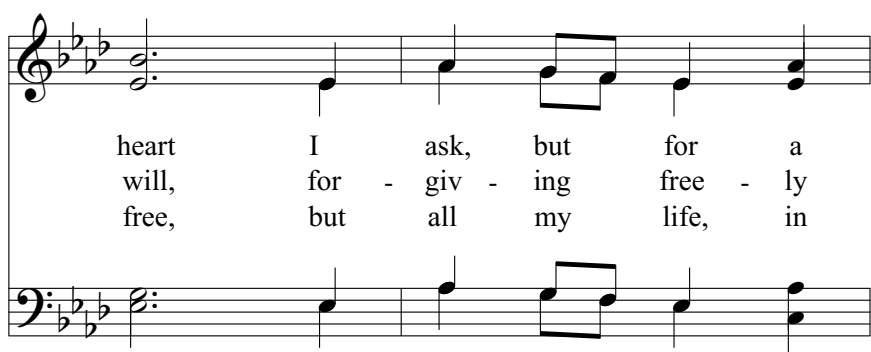
e - very part with praise, that my whole be - ing
com - mon looks and tones, in fel - low - ship en -
turned in - to a song, and ev - ery wind - ing



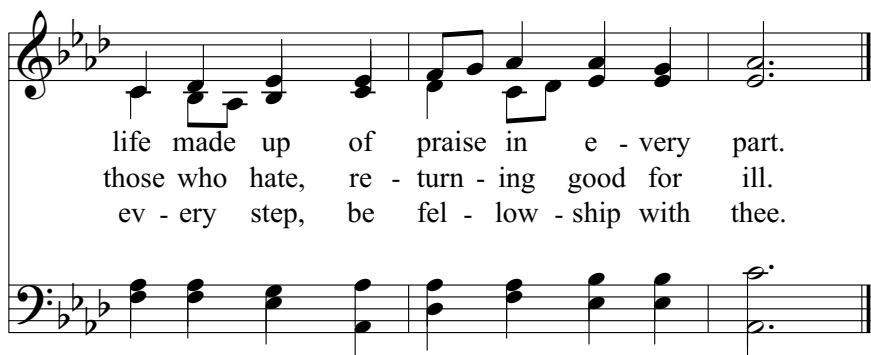
may pro - claim thy be - ing and thy ways. Not
joyed at home with my be - lov - ed ones, en -
of the way the ech - o shall pro - long. So



for the lip of praise a - lone, nor e'en the prais - ing
dur - ing wrong, re - proach, or loss with sweet and stead - fast
shall no part of day or night from sa - cred - ness be



heart I ask, but for a
will, for - giv - ing free - ly
free, but all my life, in



life made up of praise in e - very part.
those who hate, re - turn - ing good for ill.
ev - ery step, be fel - low - ship with thee.