

# O Fill My Cup

1,4. O fill my cup let it ov - er - flow.  
 2. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound!  
 3. When we've been there ten thou - sand years,

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O fill my cup let it ov - er - flow.  
 That save a wretch like me!  
 Bright shin - ing as the sun,

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O fill my cup let it ov - er - flow,  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 We've no less days to sing God's praise

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let it ov - er - flow with love.  
 Was blind but now I see.  
 Than when we've first be - gun.

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