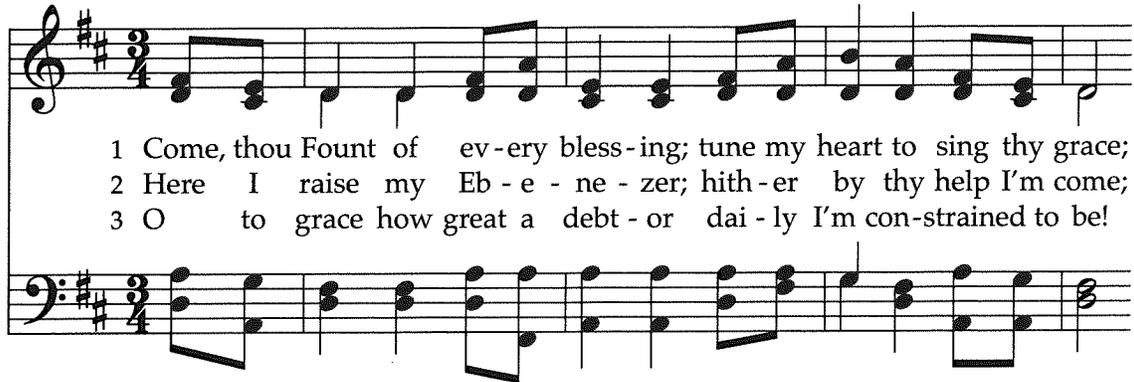
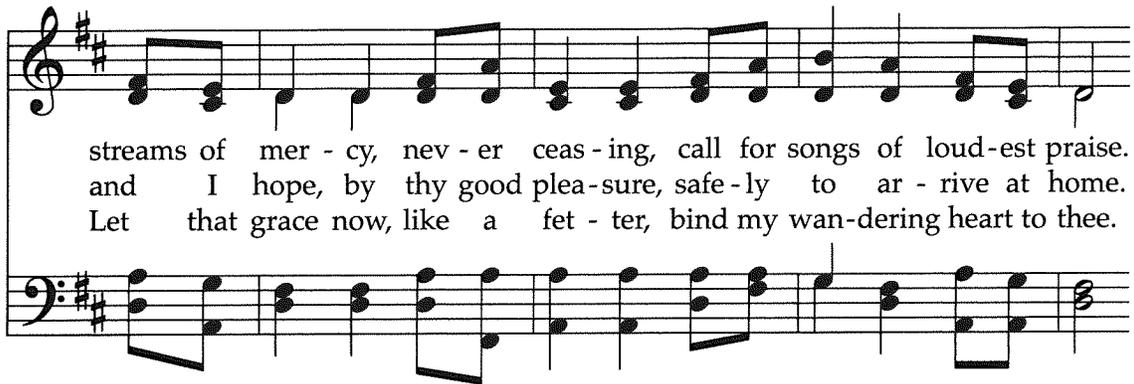


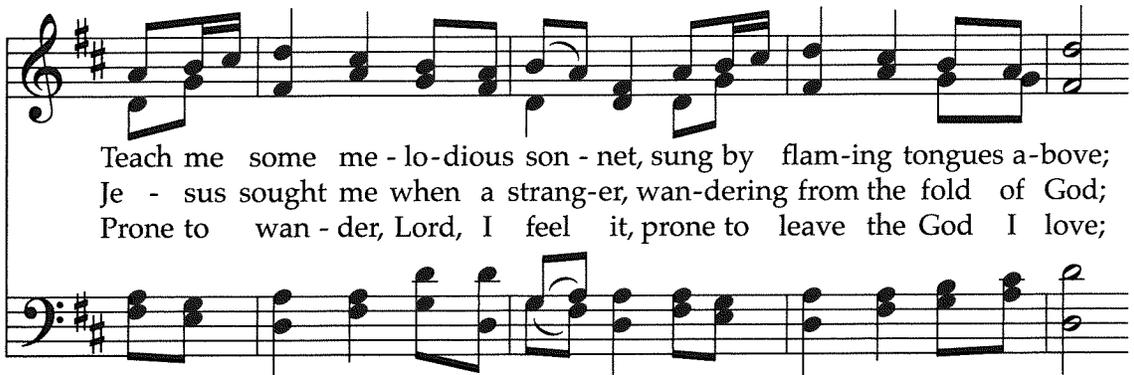
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



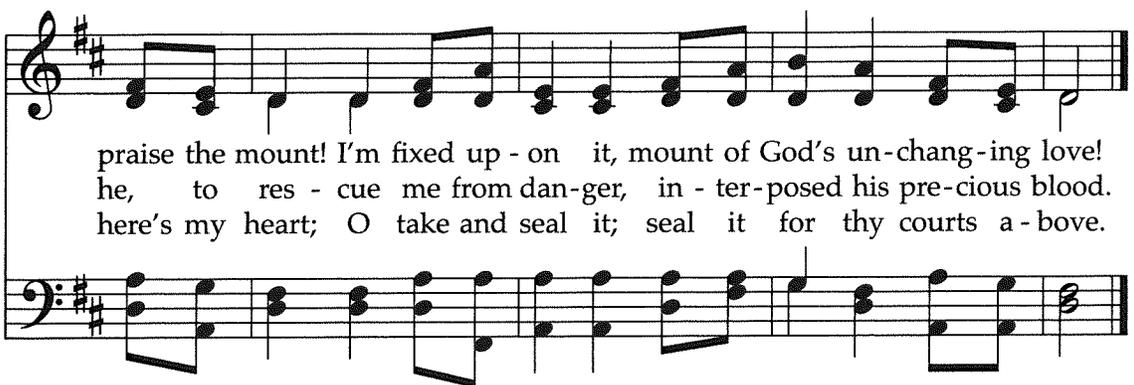
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



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 - dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love!
 he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

840 When Peace like a River

It Is Well with My Soul

1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let
 3 He lives: O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought. My
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to the cross and I
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the

taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

Refrain

It is well with my soul;
 It is well with my soul;

This text is a remarkable expression of faith born of grief. The author, an active Presbyterian layman who had just lost four daughters in a tragic shipwreck, wrote it while sailing to Paris to meet his wife, who had survived. The tune was named for the ship that sank.

313 Lord, Make Us More Holy

1 Lord, make us more ho - ly; Lord, make us more ho - ly;
 2 Lord, make us more lov - ing; Lord, make us more lov - ing;
 3 Lord, make us more pa - tient; Lord, make us more pa - tient;
 4 Lord, make us more faith - ful; Lord, make us more faith - ful;

Lord, make us more ho - ly, un - til we meet a - gain:
 Lord, make us more lov - ing, un - til we meet a - gain:
 Lord, make us more pa - tient, un - til we meet a - gain:
 Lord, make us more faith - ful, un - til we meet a - gain:

ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, un - til we meet a - gain.
 lov - ing, lov - ing, lov - ing, un - til we meet a - gain.
 pa - tient, pa - tient, pa - tient, un - til we meet a - gain.
 faith - ful, faith - ful, faith - ful, un - til we meet a - gain.

Like many African American spirituals, this one creates a framework for almost endless expansion beyond the four stanzas given here. This sung prayer is notable as an affirmation of God's active care for the once-gathered community while dispersed and of hope to be reunited.