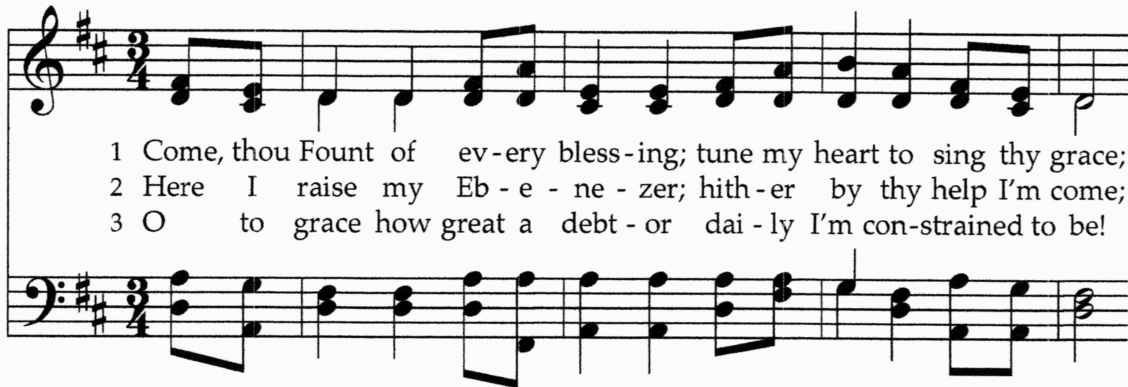
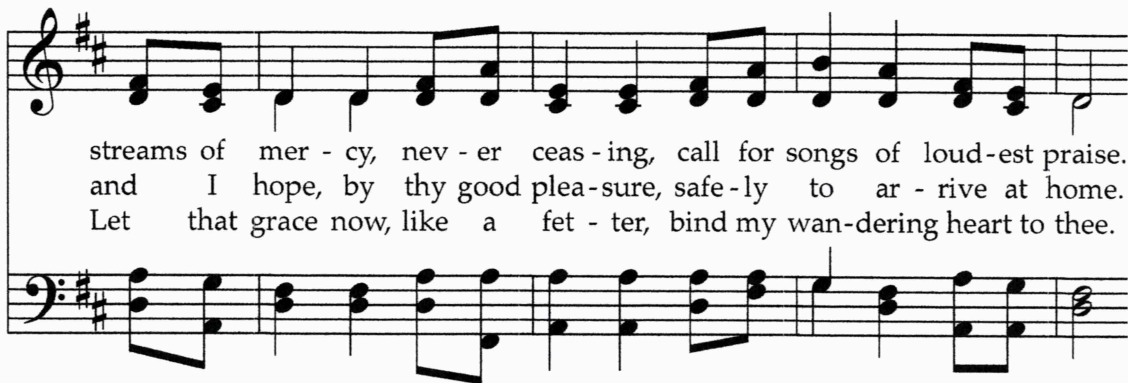


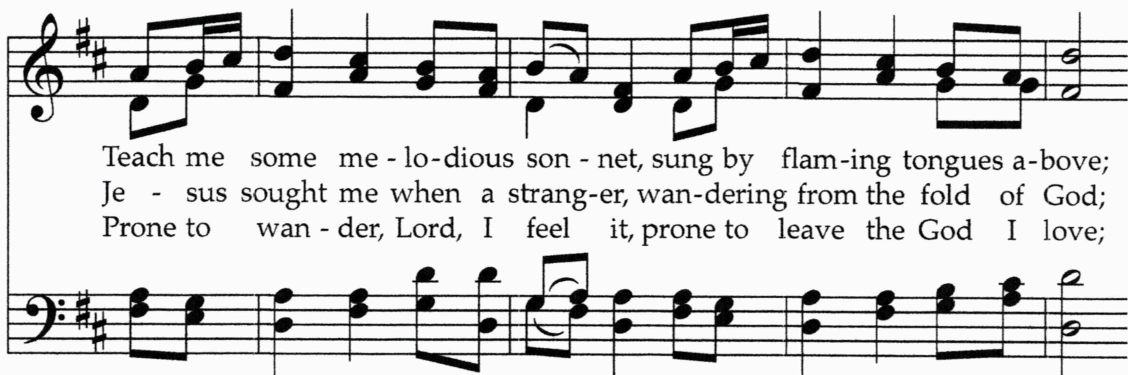
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



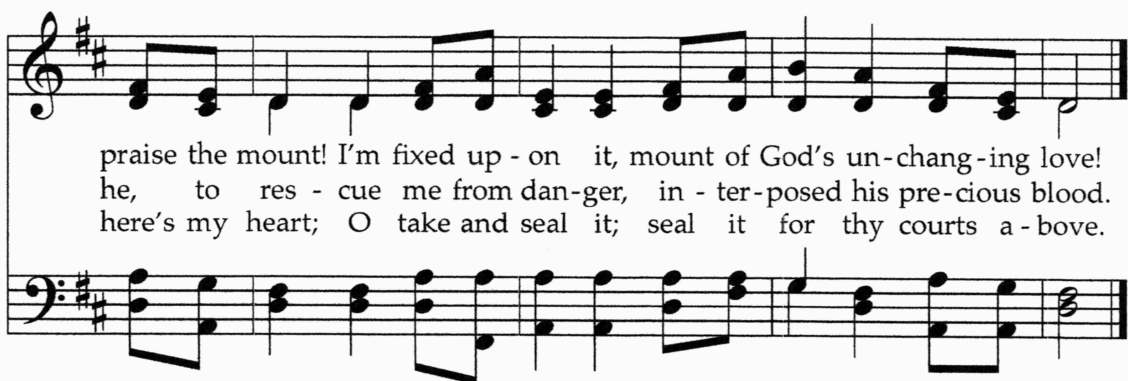
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



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 strang-er, 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.

465 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

죄 짐 맡은 우리구주



1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
 2 Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble an - y-where?
 3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, cum-bered with a load of care?



What a priv-i-lege to car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis-cour-aged; take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge; take it to the Lord in prayer!



O what peace we of - ten for - feit; O what need-less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer!



all be - cause we do not car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak-ness; take it to the Lord in prayer!
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee; thou wilt find a so-lace there.



This text was written by an Irish-born immigrant to Canada to comfort his mother in Ireland when she was going through a time of special sorrow. The role of prayer as a source of strength and consolation is underscored by its repeated use as a rhyme word in all three stanzas.

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.