

407 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2. Here I pause a - long my jour - ney; by thy help thus far I've come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I am called to be!

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy great mer - cy, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let thy good - ness, 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 thy re - deem - ing love.
 came to res - cue me from dan - ger, gave his bod - y, shed his blood.
 here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

WORDS: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.

MUSIC: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813

NETTLETON
87.87D

Robinson, an English barber, became a Calvinistic Methodist preacher and, later, a Baptist minister. His text has been sung to this American folk tune since 1813.

God of Grace and God of Glory

1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, on your peo - ple
 2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us scorn your Christ, as -
 3. Cure your chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness; bend our pride to
 4. Save us from weak res - ig - na - tion to the e - vils

pour your power; now ful - fill your church - 's sto - ry; bring its bud to
 sail his ways! From the fears that long have bound us, free our hearts to
 your con - trol; shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, rich in things and
 we de - plore; let the search for your sal - va - tion be our glo - ry

glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 faith and praise. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,
 ev - er - more. Grant us wis - dom, grant us cour - age,

for the fac - ing of this hour, for the fac - ing of this hour.
 for the liv - ing of these days, for the liv - ing of these days.
 lest we miss your heav'n - ly goal, lest we miss your heav'n - ly goal.
 serv - ing you whom we a - dore, serv - ing you whom we a - dore.

WORDS: Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1930, alt.
 MUSIC: John Hughes, 1907

CWM RHONDDA
 87.87.877

'Positive thinker' Fosdick wrote this hymn for the dedication of
 Riverside Church, New York City, of which he was the minister.

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PILGRIMAGE AND PERSEVERANCE