

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing UMH 400

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
tune my heart to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
sung by flaming tongues above.
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
mount of thy redeeming love.

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
hither by thy help I'm come;
and I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
wandering from the fold of God;
he, to rescue me from danger,
interposed his precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor
daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
prone to leave the God I love;
here's my heart, O take and seal it,
seal it for thy courts above.

Come, Ye Sinners Poor and Needy UMH 340

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, weak and wounded,
sick and sore; Jesus ready stands to save you, full of pity, love, and power.

2. Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome, God's free bounty glorify;
true belief and true repentance, ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3. Let not conscience make you linger, nor of fitness fondly dream;
all the fitness he requireth is to feel your need of him.

4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden, lost and ruined by the fall;
if you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all.

5. I will rise and go to Jesus! He will save me from my sin.
By the riches of his merit, there is joy and life in him.

All My Hope on God is Founded UMH 132

All my hope on God is founded:
He doth still my trust renew.
Me thro' change and chance He guideth,
Only good and only true.
God unknown, He alone
Calls my heart to be His own.

Pride of man and earthly glory,
Sword and crown betray his trust:
What with care and toil he buildeth,
Tower and temple fall to dust.
But God's power, hour by hour,
Is my temple and my tower.

God's great goodness aye endureth,
Deep His wisdom, passing thought:
Splendor, light and life attend Him,
springeth out of naught.
Evermore from His store
Newborn worlds rise and adore.

Daily doth th'almighty Giver
Bounteous gifts on us bestow.
His desire our soul delighteth,
Pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand at His hand;
Joy doth wait on His command.

Beauty