

# 11 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

*The blessing of the Lord brings wealth. Proverbs 10:22*

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Hith-er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;  
 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 know Thy hand will bring me Safe-ly home by Thy good grace.  
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring 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-d'ring from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise His name- I'm fixed up-on it- Name of God's re-deem-ing love.  
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Bo't me with His pre-cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson  
 MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813  
 Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Carl Seal

NETTLETON  
 8.7.8.7.D

# 572 Blessed Assurance

Let us draw near to God with a sincere heart in full assurance of faith. Hebrews 10:22

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light! Vi-sions of rap-ture now  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion- all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,  
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing bring from a-bove  
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

*Optional descant*

This is my sto-ry,  
*Refrain*  
 Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,  
 Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my  
 this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.  
 sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

# Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing 237

*May Your blessing be on Your people. Psalm 3:8*

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace.  
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;

Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.  
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound.

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav - eling thro' this wil - der - ness.  
Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful To Thy truth may we be found.

TEXT: John Fawcett, altered  
MUSIC: Tattersall's *Psalmody*, 1794

SICILIAN MARINERS  
8.7.8.7.8.7.