

PRAISE THE LORD

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

I Then Shall Live 604

Your kingdom come, Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Matthew 6:10

1. I then shall live as one who's been for-giv-en; I'll walk with joy to
 2. I then shall live as one who's learned com-pas-sion; I've been so loved that
 3. Your king-dom come a-round and thro' and in me, Your pow'r and glo-ry-

know my debts are paid. I know my name is clear be-fore my Fa-ther;
 I'll risk lov-ing, too. I know how fear builds walls in-stead of brid-ges;
 let them shine thro' me. Your Hal-lowed Name, O may I bear with hon-or,

I am His child, and I am not a - fraid. So great-ly par-doned,
 I dare to see an - oth - er's point of view. And when re - la - tion-
 And may Your liv - ing King-dom come in me. The Bread of Life, O

I'll for-give my broth-er; The law of love I glad-ly will o - bey.
 ships de-mand com-mit-ment, Then I'll be there to care and fol-low through.
 may I share with hon-or, And may You feed a hun-gry world thro' me.

TEXT: Gloria Gaither

MUSIC: Jean Sibelius

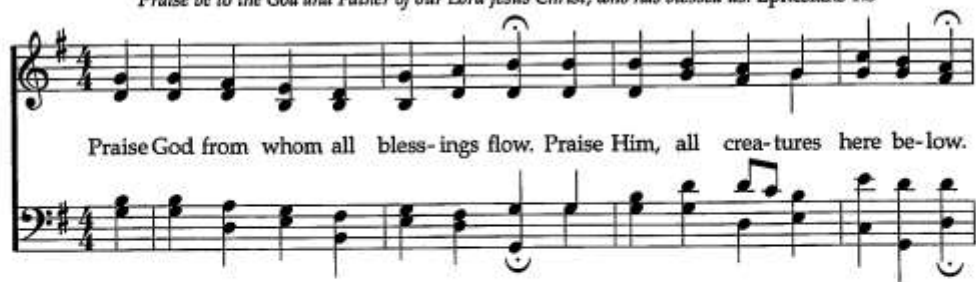
A higher setting may be found at No. 712

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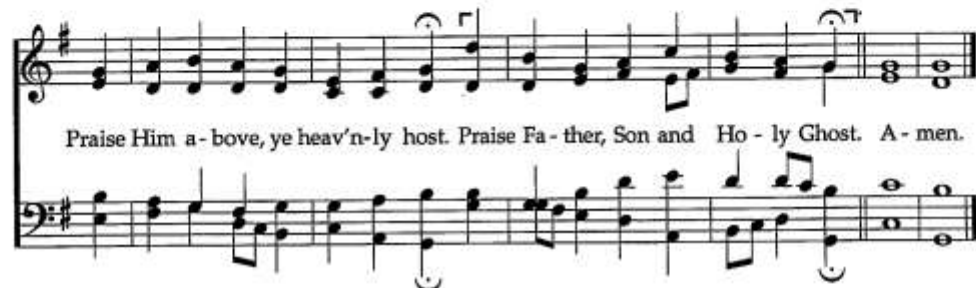
FINLANDIA
 11.10.11.10.11.10.

815 Doxology

Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us. Ephesians 1:3



Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow. Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low.



Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host. Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

589 Here I Am, Lord

"Whom shall I send?" I said, "Here am I. Send me." Isaiah 6:8

Unison

1. I, the Lord of sea and sky, I have heard My peo-ple cry.
 2. I, the Lord of snow and rain, I have borne My peo-ple's pain.
 3. I, the Lord of wind and flame, I will tend the poor and lame.

All who dwell in deep - est sin My hand will save.
 I have wept for love of them, They turn a - way.
 I will set a feast for them, My hand will save.

I who made the stars of night, I will make their dark-ness bright.
 I will break their hearts of stone, Give them hearts for love a - lone.
 Fin-est bread I will pro-vide Till their hearts be sat - is - fied.

Who will bear My light to them? Whom shall I send?
 I will speak My word to them. Whom shall I send?
 I will give My life to them. Whom shall I send?

TEXT: Daniel L. Schutte; based on Isaiah 6:8

MUSIC: Daniel L. Schutte

HERE I AM, LORD
 7.7.7.4.D. with Refrain

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Refrain *Harmony optional*

Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord? I have heard You

call-ing in the night. I will go, Lord, If You

lead me. I will hold Your peo - ple in my heart.

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing 237

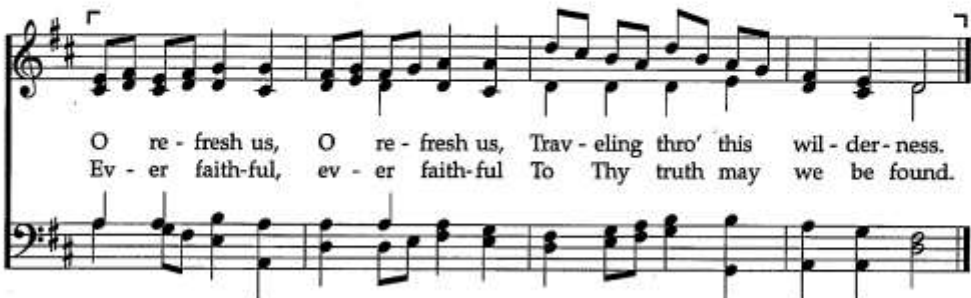
May Your blessing be on Your people. Psalm 3:8



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.