

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 686

*Come thou fount of every blessing*

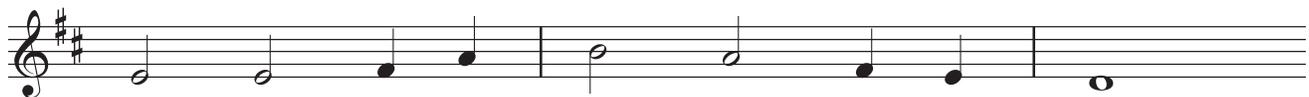
NETTLETON



1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my  
 2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,  
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



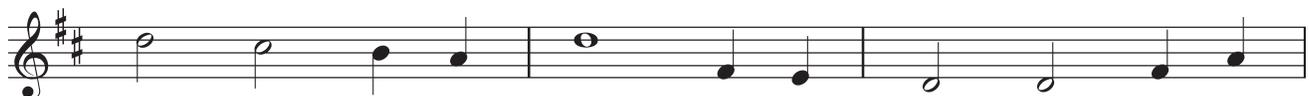
heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er  
 by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good  
 I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a



ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering  
 prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to



flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me  
 from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from  
 leave the God I love; here's my heart, oh, take and



on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
 dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
 seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.



1 O Love of God, how strong and true, e - ter - nal  
 2 O wide - em - brac - ing, won - drous Love, we read thee  
 3 We read thee best in him who came to bear for  
 4 We read thy power to bless and save e'en in the



and yet ev - er new; un - com - pre - hend - ed and un -  
 in the sky a - bove; we read thee in the earth be -  
 us the cross of shame, sent by the Fa - ther from on  
 dark - ness of the grave; still more in re - sur - rec - tion



bought, be - yond all know - ledge and all thought.  
 low, in seas that swell and streams that flow.  
 high, our life to live, our death to die.  
 light we read the full - ness of thy might.

Words: Horatius Bonar (1808-1889)

Music: *Dunedin*, Vernon Griffiths (b. 1894)

LM

1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee;  
 2 Should my tears for ev - er flow, should my zeal no lan - guor know,  
 3 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, when mine eye - lids close in death,

let the wa - ter and the blood from thy wound - ed side that flowed,  
 all for sin could not a - tone: thou must save, and thou a - lone;  
 when I rise to worlds un - known and be - hold thee on thy throne,

be of sin the dou - ble cure, cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 in my hand no price I bring, sim - ply to thy cross I cling.  
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, let me hide my - self in thee.

Words: Augustus Montague Toplady (1740-1778), alt. Music: *Toplady*, Thomas Hastings (1784-1872).

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, pil - grim through this  
 2 O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, whence the heal - ing  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, bid my anx - ious

bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art might - y;  
 stream doth flow; let the fire and cloud - y pil - lar  
 fears sub - side; death of death, and hell's de - struc - tion,

hold me with thy power - ful hand; bread of hea - ven,  
 lead me all my jour - ney through; strong de - liv - erer,  
 land me safe on Ca - naan's side; songs of prais - es,

bread of hea - ven, feed me now and ev - er -  
 strong de - liv - erer, be thou still my strength and  
 songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to

more, feed me now and ev - er - more.  
 shield, be thou still my strength and shield.  
 thee, I will ev - er give to thee.