

Come, O Fount of Every Blessing

Ps. 36:7-9

Robert Robinson, 1758; alt.

1 Come, O Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing your grace;
 2 Here I pause in my so - jour-n-ing, giv-ing thanks for hav-ing come,
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I am drawn a - new!

streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of end-less praise.
 come to trust, at ev-ery turn - ing, God will guide me safe-ly home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to you.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove.
 Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, wan-dering from the fold of God,
 Prone to wan - der, I can feel it, wan-der from the love I've known:

Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - fail-ing love.
 Came to res - cue me from dan - ger, bless-ed bod - y, pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for your ver - y own.

Converted to Methodism at age twenty, Robert Robinson soon became a Calvinistic Methodist preacher and later gained great popularity. The melody, associated with this text since 1813, is an American folk tune.

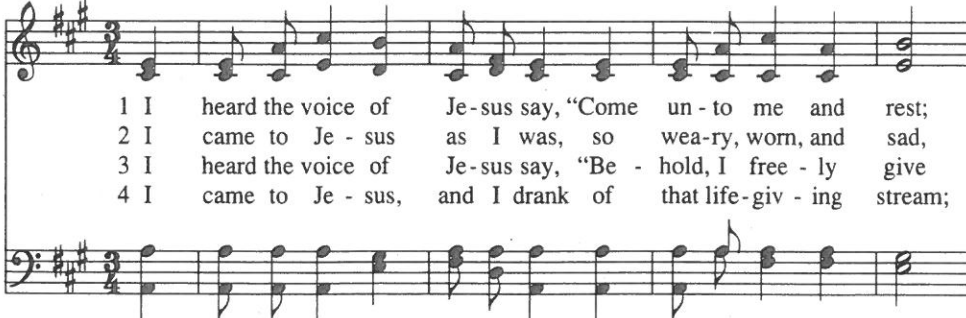
Tune: NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.
 John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

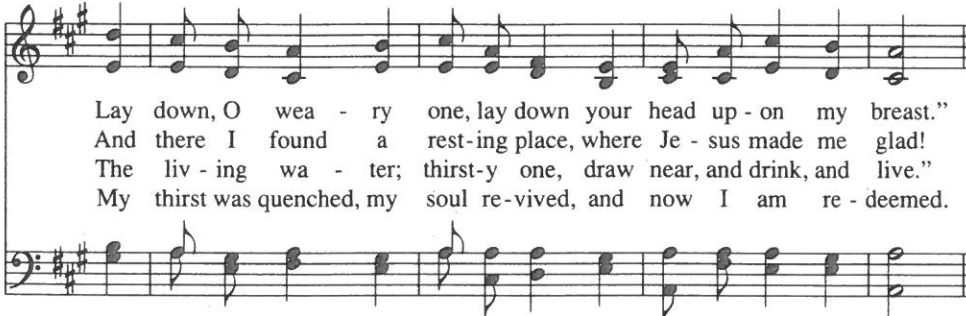
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Horatius Bonar, 1846; alt.

Matt. 11:28-30; John 4:7-15; 8:12



1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2 I came to Je - sus as I was, so wea - ry, worn, and sad,
3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4 I came to Je - sus, and I drank of that life - giv - ing stream;



Lay down, O wea - ry one, lay down your head up - on my breast."
And there I found a rest - ing place, where Je - sus made me glad!
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, draw near, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, and now I am re - deemed.

5 I heard the voice of Je - sus say,
"I am this lost world's Light,
Look un - to me; your morn shall rise,
and all your day be bright."

6 I looked to Je - sus, and I found
my guid - ing Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll go
till trav - eling days are done.

Horatius Bonar was one of the founders of the Free Church of Scotland. A man of wide scholarship and great devotion to his ministry, he wrote nearly one book a year, as well as some 600 hymns.

Tune: EVAN C.M.
William H. Havergal, 1847
Arr. Lowell Mason, 1850
Alternate tune: KINGSFOLD
(Pair stanzas 1-2, 3-4, 5-6)

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

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Joseph Scriven, 1855; alt.

Phil. 4:6-7

1 What a friend we have in Je - sus, all our sins and griefs to bear!
 2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3 Are we weak and heav - y lad - en, bur - dened with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged; take it to our God in prayer!
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge, take it to our God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, oh, what need - less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do your friends de - spise, for - sake you? Take it to our God in prayer!

All be - cause we do not car - ry ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
 Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness; take it to our God in prayer!
 Je - sus' arms will take and shield you; you will find a sol - ace there.

No stranger to sorrow himself, Joseph Scriven wrote this hymn to comfort his mother in Ireland. Scriven, who moved to Canada as a young man, attempted to follow literally the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

Tune: ERIE 8.7.8.7.D.
 Charles C. Converse, 1868