

680 • O Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Missing verse reintroduced from archives.

1. O Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
 4. Oh, that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.
 Then a - dorned in blood - washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov - reign grace!

Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee; May I still Thy good - ness prove,
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
 Nev - er let me wan - der from Thee, Nev - er leave the God I love.
 Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry; Take my ran - somed soul a - way;

While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and love.
 He to res - cue me from dan - ger In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
 Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.

Hymn: 8.7.8.7.D • Robert Robinson (1758), alt. Campbell's *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*
 Tune: NETTLETON • Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music* (1815)

E♭ - 3 - M†

Pilgrim Song • 681

1. All the way my Sav - ior leads me, Cheers each wind - ing path I tread,
 2. Not for - ev - er by still wa - ters Would I i - dly, qui - et stay,
 3. Man - y friends were gath - ered round me In the bright days of the past,
 4. While I walk the pil - grim path - way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;

Gives me grace for eve - ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread,
 But would smite the liv - ing foun - tains From the rocks a - long the way.
 But the grave has closed a - bove them, And I lin - ger here the last.
 But when trav - 'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.

Wheth - er good or ill be - tide me, Wheth - er skies be dark or clear,
 Though my wea - ry steps may fal - ter And my soul a - thirst may be,
 Loved ones gone to be with Je - sus, In their robes of white ar - rayed,
 When my jour - ney is com - plet - ed, If to God I have been true,

Je - sus stays so close be - side me, That I know and feel Him near.
 Gush - ing from the rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
 Now are wait - ing for my com - ing Where the ros - es nev - er fade.
 Fair and bright the home in glo - ry My en - rap - tured soul will view.

Hymn: 8.7.8.7.D • various authors
 Tune: BEACH SPRING • Benjamin Franklin White (1844), composite arr.

G - 3 - DO†

Dagger footnotes; in this case, indicating words of "Pilgrim Song" can be sung to NETTLETON, which is music on facing page.