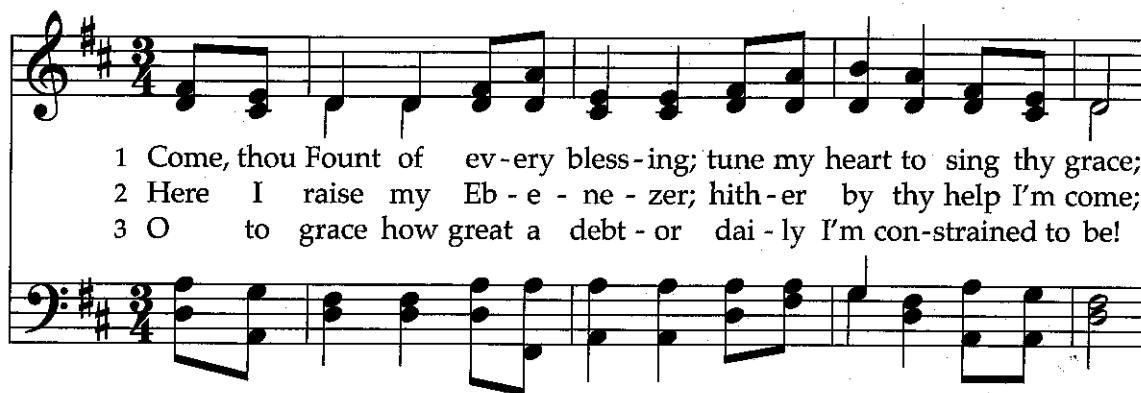
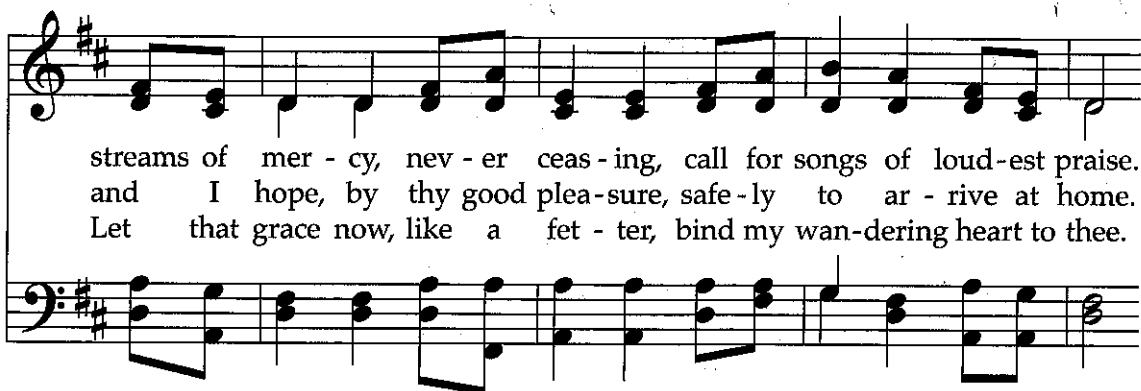


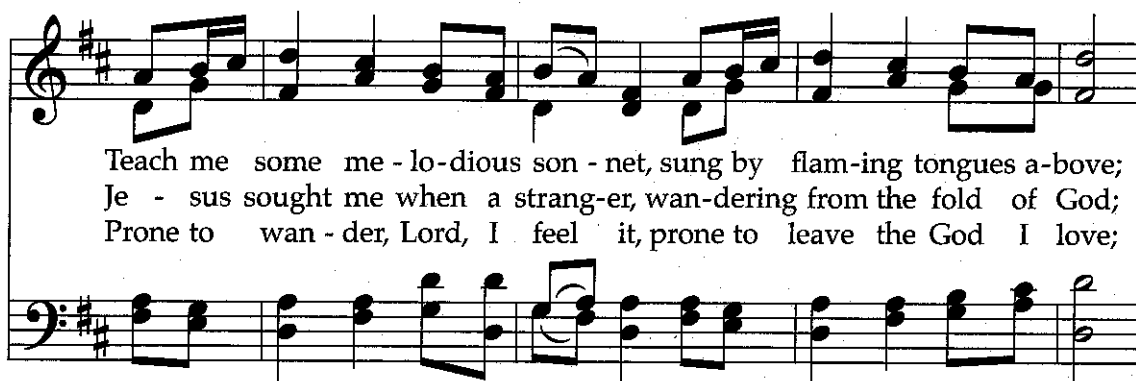
## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



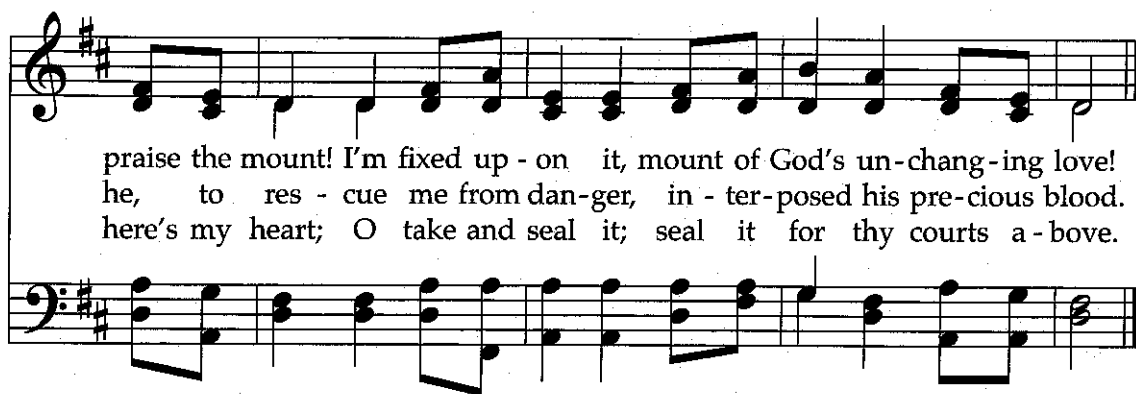
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;  
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.  
 and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, wan-dering from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing 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.

Written for Pentecost by a British Baptist pastor, this text is full of biblical terms like "Ebenezer" (1 Samuel 7:12), Hebrew for "a stone of help" set up to give thanks for God's assistance. The tune name honors hymnal compiler Asahel Nettleton, who probably did not compose it.

## God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending 716

Capo 3: (D) (Bm) (G)  
F Dm B $\flat$

1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and  
2 Skills and time are ours for press - ing toward the goals of  
3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your

(D) (Bm)  
F Dm

end - less store, na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly  
Christ, your Son: all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es  
grace con - ferred: ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to

(G) (D) (A)  
B $\flat$  F C

cross, grave's shat - tered door: gift - ed by you, we turn  
joined, the church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly  
spread the gos - pel word. O - pen wide our hands in

(Bm) (F $\sharp$ m) (Bm) (G) (A) (D)  
Dm Am Dm B $\flat$  C F

to you, of - fer - ing up our - selves in praise; thank - ful song shall  
la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone. Born with tal - ents,  
shar - ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call, heal - ing, teach - ing,

(Bm) (G) (D)  
Dm B $\flat$  F

rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.  
make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.  
and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

This text on stewardship was one of about 450 submissions in a search for such hymns conducted by the Hymn Society of America in 1961. These words are well grounded by their musical setting, an early American shape note tune named for a Baptist church in Harris County, Georgia.

## There Is a Balm in Gilead 792

*Refrain*

There is a balm in Gil-e-ad to make the wound-ed whole;

there is a balm in Gil-e-ad to heal the sin-sick soul.

*Fine*

1 Some-times I feel dis-cour-aged, and think my work's in vain, but  
2 Don't ev-er feel dis-cour-aged, for Je-sus is your friend, and  
3 If you can-not preach like Pe-ter, if you can-not pray like Paul, you can

then the Ho-ly Spir-it re-vives my soul a-gain. There is a  
if you lack for knowl-edge, he'll not re-fuse to lend. There is a  
tell the love of Je-sus and say, "He died for all." There is a

*to Refrain*

This African American spiritual offers a long-delayed answer to the prophet Jeremiah's question, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" (Jeremiah 8:22). No earthly remedy can compare with the healing that comes from a sense of God's presence; nothing else can heal "the sin-sick soul."