


## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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1 Come, thou Fount of ev - '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;



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 - d'ring heart to thee.



While the hope of end - less glo - ry fills my heart with joy and love,  
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.



teach me ev - er to a - dore thee; may I still thy good - ness prove.  
he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

# When Peace like a River

## It Is Well with My Soul

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1 When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, when  
 2 Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, let  
 3 He lives—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought; my  
 4 Lord, has - ten the day when our faith shall be sight, the

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, what - ev - er my lot, thou hast  
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, that Christ hath re - gard - ed my  
 sin, not in part, but the whole, is nailed to his cross and I  
 clouds be rolled back as a scroll, the trum - pet shall sound and the

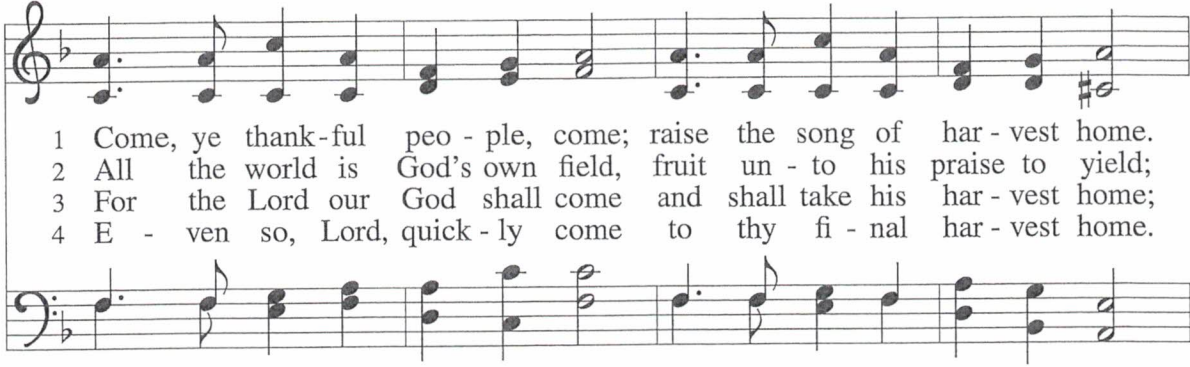
taught me to say, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 help - less es - tate, and hath shed his own blood for my soul.  
 bear it no more. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 Lord shall de - scend; e - ven so it is well with my soul.

*Refrain*

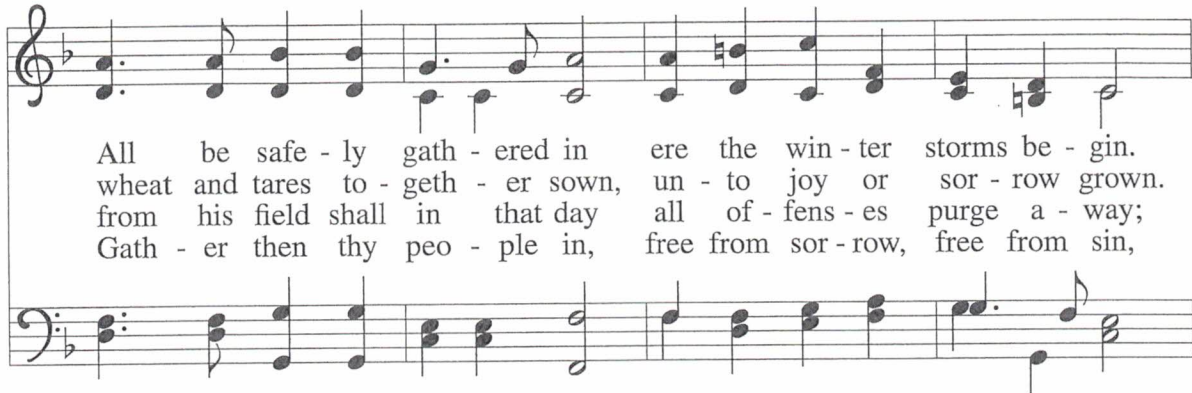
It is well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.  
 It is well with my soul,

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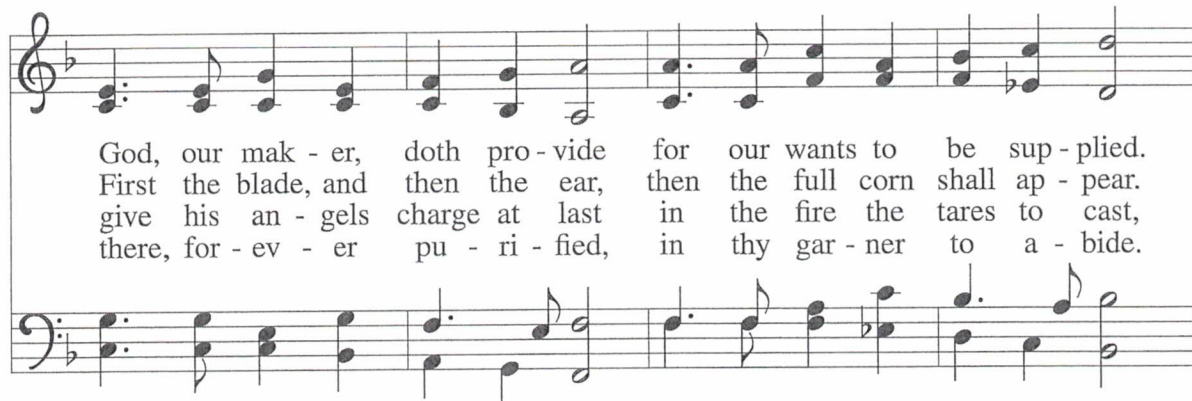
## Come, Ye Thankful People, Come



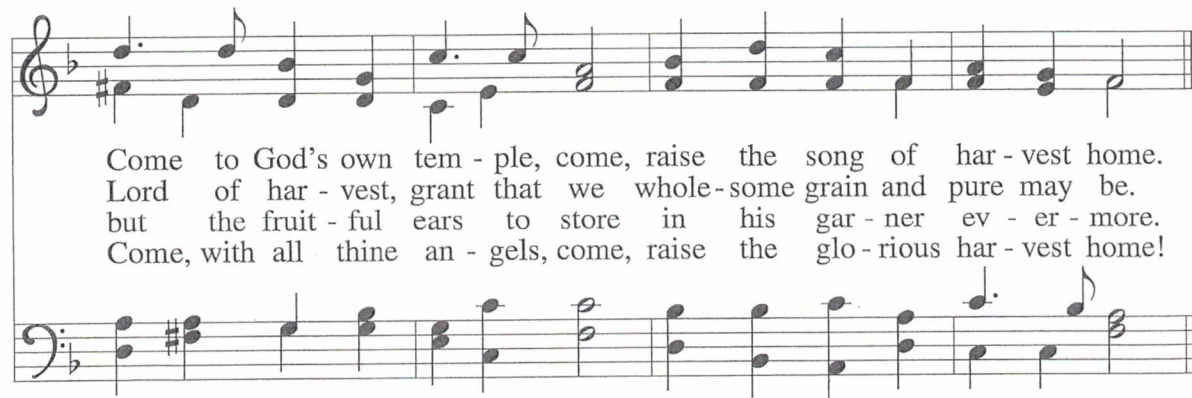
1 Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; raise the song of har - vest home.  
 2 All the world is God's own field, fruit un - to his praise to yield;  
 3 For the Lord our God shall come and shall take his har - vest home;  
 4 E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come to thy fi - nal har - vest home.



All be safe - ly gath - ered in ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, un - to joy or sor - row grown.  
 from his field shall in that day all of - fens - es purge a - way;  
 Gath - er then thy peo - ple in, free from sor - row, free from sin,



God, our mak - er, doth pro - vide for our wants to be sup - plied.  
 First the blade, and then the ear, then the full corn shall ap - pear.  
 give his an - gels charge at last in the fire the tares to cast,  
 there, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, in thy gar - ner to a - bide.



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, raise the song of har - vest home.  
 Lord of har - vest, grant that we whole - some grain and pure may be.  
 but the fruit - ful ears to store in his gar - ner ev - er - more.  
 Come, with all thine an - gels, come, raise the glo - rious har - vest home!