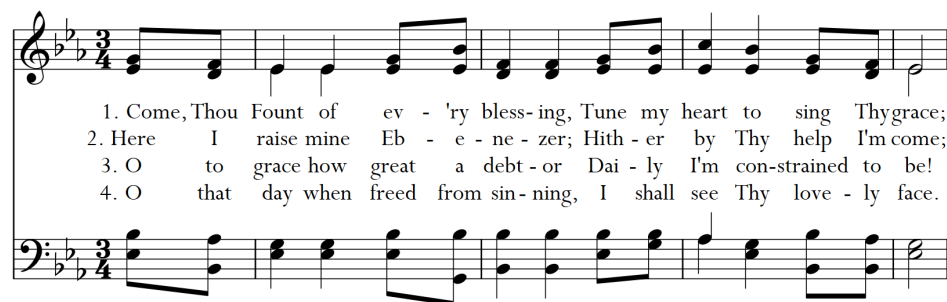
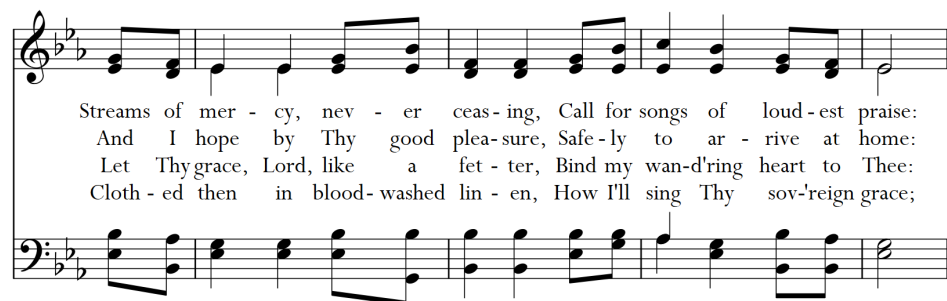


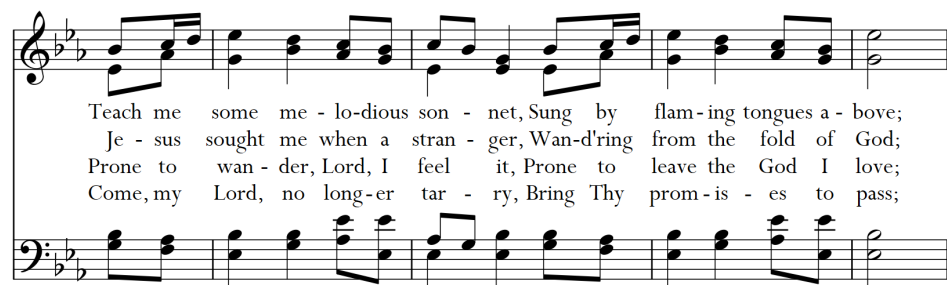
# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



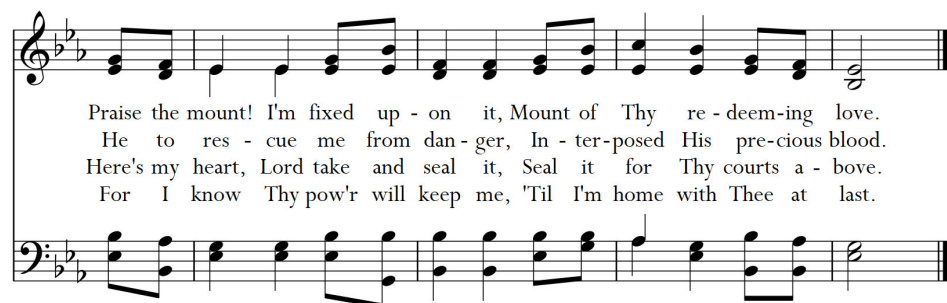
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!  
 4. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face.



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:  
 And I hope by Thy good plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home:  
 Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:  
 Cloth - ed then in blood-washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov'-reign grace;



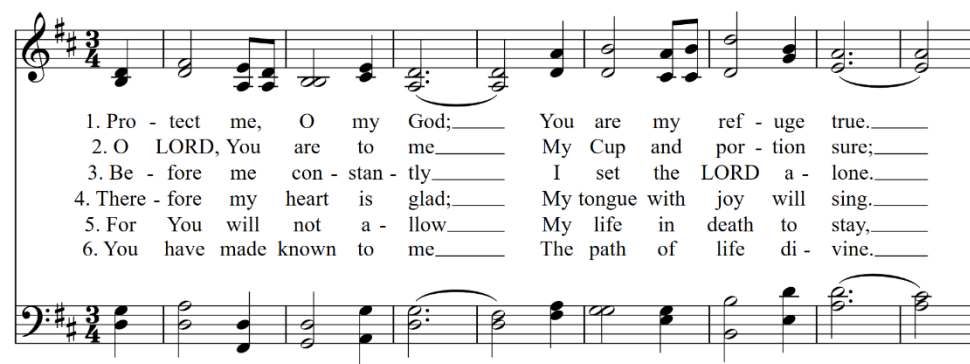
Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Come, my Lord, no long-er tar - ry, Bring Thy prom-is - es to pass;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.  
 He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, Lord take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 For I know Thy pow'r will keep me, 'Til I'm home with Thee at last.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), Last 2 lines of verse 4 alt. words by Bob Kauflin;

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music (1813), Public Domain



1. Pro - tect me, O my God; You are my ref - uge true.\_\_\_\_  
 2. O LORD, You are to me; My Cup and por - tion sure;\_\_\_\_  
 3. Be - fore me con - stan - tly; I set the LORD a - lone.\_\_\_\_  
 4. There - fore my heart is glad; My tongue with joy will sing.\_\_\_\_  
 5. For You will not a - llow My life in death to stay.\_\_\_\_  
 6. You have made known to me The path of life di - vine.\_\_\_\_



I said, "You are my Lord: I have no good a - part from You."\_\_\_\_  
 The share that is as-signed to me You guard and keep se - cure.\_\_\_\_  
 Be-cause he is at my right hand I'll not be o - ver - thrown.\_\_\_\_  
 My bo - dy too will rest se - cure In hope un - wa - ver - ing.\_\_\_\_  
 Nor will You leave Your Ho - ly One To see the tomb's de - cay.\_\_\_\_  
 Bliss shall I know at Your right hand; Joy from Your face will shine.\_\_\_\_

Words: Psalm 16; Music: Ananias Davissan (1780-1857), arr. David Iliff (1939-present)

## O How Lovely, Lord, Is Your Dwelling Place

1. O how love - ly, Lord, is Your dwell - ling place,  
 2. Here, Your Spi - rit fills us with life and strength,  
 3. We will run the race, with one prize our aim,  
 4. Ev' - ry bat - tle fought, ev' - ry vic - t'ry won,  
 5. Yet the rich - est fruit of a faith - ful life,  
 6. For a thou - sand of pur - est earth - ly praise,

For our home, Your heav - en - ly courts, we faint,  
 In our Ba - ka's Vale\* is Your pre - scence sweet,  
 To the world, the gos - pel of Christ pro - claim,  
 Ev' - ry truth de - clared, ev' - ry act of love,  
 Clo - sest fel - low - ship when our hearts u - nite,  
 Ne - ver can out - shine one of hea - ven's days,"

And the ne - ver - end - ing joy that waits, in You, the liv - ing God.  
 Thro' Your ho - ly Word we dail - y meet, with You, the liv - ing God.  
 That Your Bride, the Church, might bear the name, of You, the liv - ing God.  
 On - ly serve as works that we have done, through You, the liv - ing God.  
 On - ly fore - tastes of the full de - light of You, the liv - ing God.  
 How we long to see You face to face, You, our glor - i - ous liv - ing God!"

## There Is A Happy Land

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,  
 2. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev' - ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,  
 3. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will you doubting stand?"

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our  
 Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and  
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and

Sav - ior King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
 king - dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, Reign ev - er - more.  
 sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev - er - more."

# I Must Tell Jesus

## Evening Message – Psalm 133

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these  
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou-bles; He is a kind, com -  
 3. Tempt-ed and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my  
 4. O how the world to e - vil al- lures me! O how my heart is

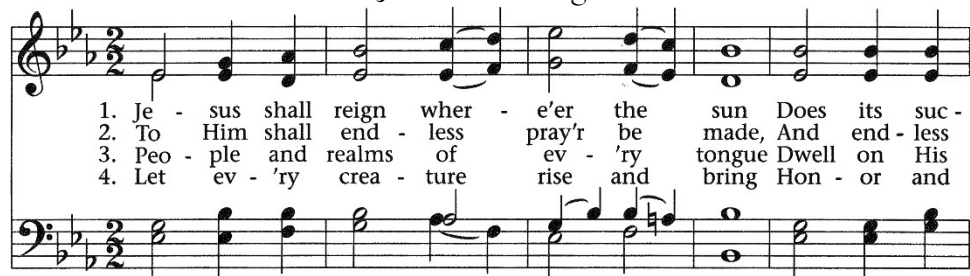
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis- tress He kind - ly will help me;  
 pas - sion - ate friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,  
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;  
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.  
 Make of my trou - bles sure - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!  
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.  
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

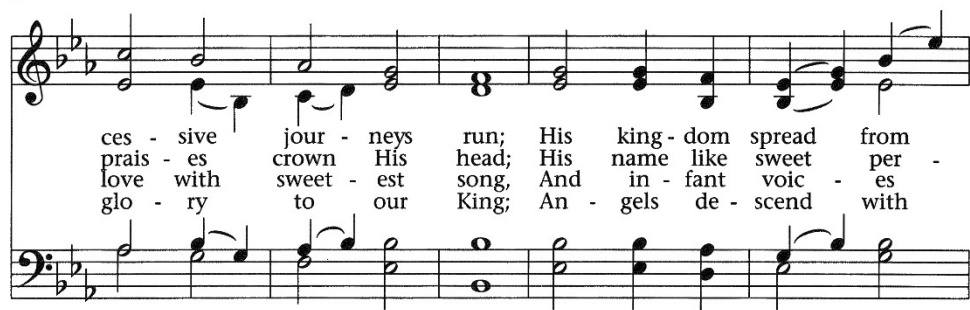
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

## Jesus Shall Reign



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does its suc -  
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And end - less  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His  
 4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Hon - or and



ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from  
 prais - es crown His head; His name like sweet per -  
 love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - es  
 glo - ry to our King; An - gels de - scend with



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.  
 songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud "A - men"!

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); Music: John Hatton (c. 1710-1793), Public Domain

**Silence for Reflection and Preparation:** After the benediction, we will spend the next few moments silently reflecting on our time together. The piano will resume to mark the conclusion of the service.