

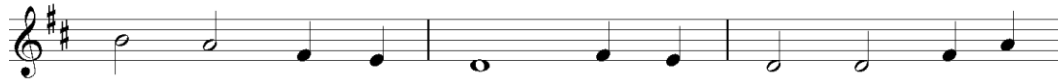
# Episcopal Church of the Ascension

The Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost: 8 October, 2017 - 5:00 p.m.

## Come, thou fount of every blessing



1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my  
2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,  
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



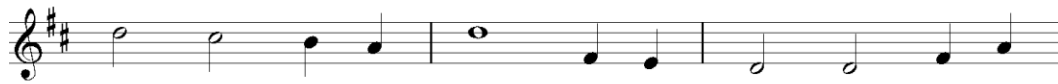
heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er  
by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good  
I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a



ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering  
prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to



flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me  
from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from  
leave the God I love; here's my heart, oh, take and



on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt. Music: *Nettleton*, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813; harm. Gerre Hancock (1934-2012). Public Domain.

# We Cannot Measure How You Heal

1. We can - not meas - ure how you heal Or  
 2. The pain that will not go a - way, The  
 3. So some have come who need your help And

an - swer ev - 'ry suf - f'rer's prayer, Yet  
 guilt that clings from things long past, The  
 some have come to make a - mends, As

we be - lieve your grace re - sponds Where faith and  
 fear of what the fu - ture holds, Are pres - ent  
 hands which shaped and saved the world Are pres - ent

doubt u - nite to care. Your hands, though blood - ied  
 as if meant to last. But pres - ent too is  
 in the touch of friends. Lord, let your Spir - it

on the cross, Sur - vive to hold and heal and  
 love which tends The hurt we nev - er hoped to  
 meet us here To mend the bod - y, mind, and

warn, To car - ry all through death to  
 find, The pri - vate ag - o - nies in -  
 soul, To dis - en - tan - gle peace from

life And cra - dle chil - dren yet un - born.  
 side, The mem - o - ries that haunt the mind.  
 pain, And make your bro - ken peo - ple whole.

Words: John L. Bell (1949-). Music: Ye Banks and Braes, Scottish Traditional; arr. By John L. Bell. © 1989, Iona Community, GIA Publications, Inc., agent. Reprinted under OneLicense.net A-715039.

# It is Well With My Soul

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my  
 2. Though sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should  
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be

1. way, When sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll;  
 2. come, Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol,  
 3. thought— My sin— not in part, but the whole—  
 4. sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

1. What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to  
 2. That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -  
 3. Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no de -  
 4. The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -

1. say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 2. tate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
 3. more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!  
 4. scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

It is well with my soul,  
 It is well with my

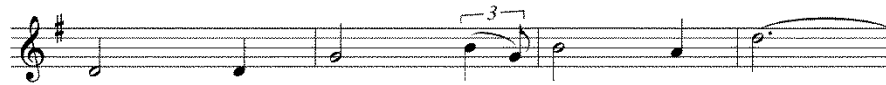
— It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 soul,

Words: Horatio Spafford (1828-1888). Music: Philip P. Bliss (1838-1876). Public Domain.

# Amazing Grace



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to  
 3. The Lord has prom - ised good to  
 4. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and  
 5. When we've been there ten - thou - sand



sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;  
 me, His word my hope se - cures;  
 snares, I have al - read - y come;  
 years, Bright shin - ing as the sun,



I once was lost, but now am  
 How pre - cious did that grace ap -  
 He will my shield and por - tion  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus  
 We've no less days to sing God's



found, Was blind, but now I see.  
 pear The hour I first be - lieved!  
 be As long as life en - dures.  
 far, And grace will lead me home.  
 praise Than when we'd first be - gun.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt.; st. 5, from *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790; compiled by Richard Broaddus and Andrew Broaddus. Public Domain. Music: *New Britain*, from *Virginia Harmony*, 1831; adapt. att. Edwin Othello Excell (1851-1921); harm. Austin Cole Lovelace (1919-2010). Harmonization copyright © 1974 by Abingdon Press. Reprinted under OneLicense.net A-715039.