

# 415 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

*All or Leader*

1 Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, weak and wound-ed,  
 2 Come, ye thirst-y, come, and wel - come; God's free boun - ty  
 3 Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, lost and ru - ined  
 4 Let not con - science make you lin - ger, nor of fit - ness

sick and sore; Je - sus read - y stands to save you,  
 glo - ri - fy, true be - lief and true re - pen - tance,  
 by the fall; if you tar - ry till you're bet - ter,  
 fond - ly dream; all the fit - ness he re - quir - eth

*Refrain*  
*All*

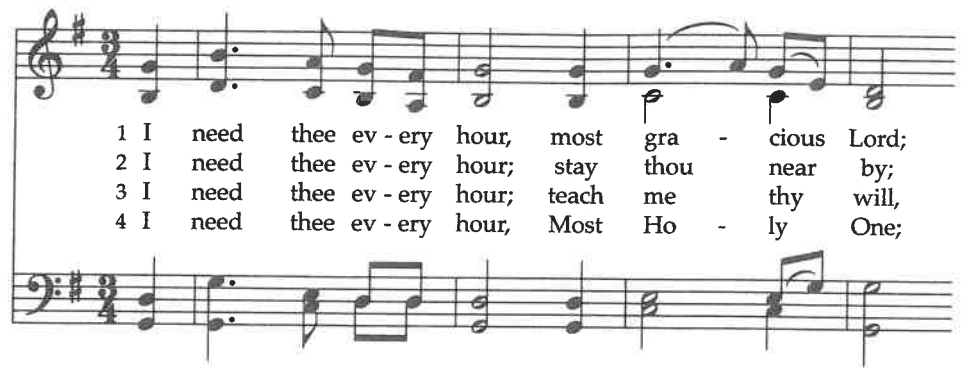
full of pit - y, love, and power.  
 ev - ery grace that brings you nigh. I will a - rise and  
 you will nev - er come at all.  
 is to feel your need of him.

go to Je - sus; he will em-brace me in his arms. In the

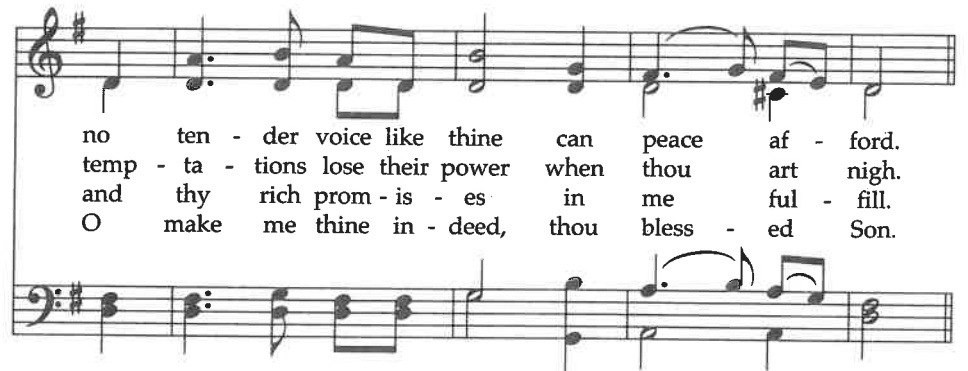
arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

The differing voices of this text indicate that its parts were not created together. The stanzas are cast in the voice of a preacher or exhorter, but the refrain (added later) takes the voice of a penitent heeding that call in language like that of the Prodigal Son (Luke 15:18).


## 735 I Need Thee Every Hour



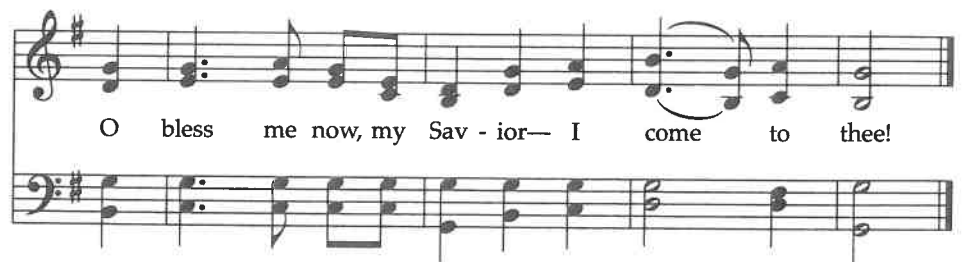
1 I need thee ev - ery hour, most gra - cious Lord;  
 2 I need thee ev - ery hour; stay thou near by;  
 3 I need thee ev - ery hour; teach me thy will,  
 4 I need thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One;



no ten - der voice like thine can peace af - ford.  
 temp - ta - tions lose their power when thou art nigh.  
 and thy rich prom - is - es in me ful - fill.  
 O make me thine in - deed, thou bless - ed Son.

*Refrain*


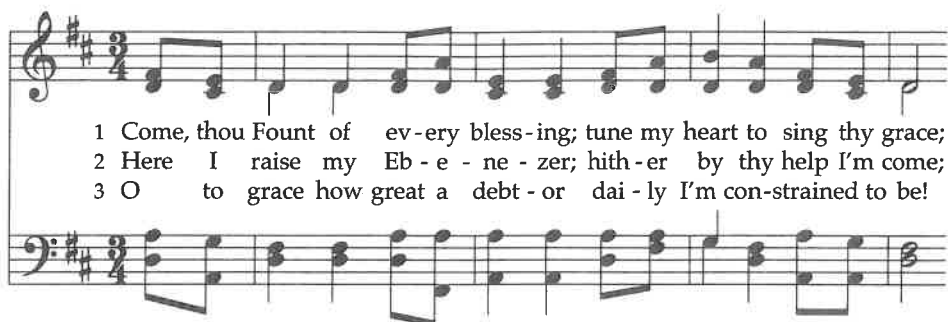
I need thee, O I need thee, ev - ery hour I need thee!



O bless me now, my Sav - ior— I come to thee!

Encouraged by her pastor in Brooklyn, New York, the author of this text wrote over four hundred hymn texts. This is the only one to receive wide use, but it has been translated into many languages. Her pastor composed this tune and, with her consent, added the text of the refrain.

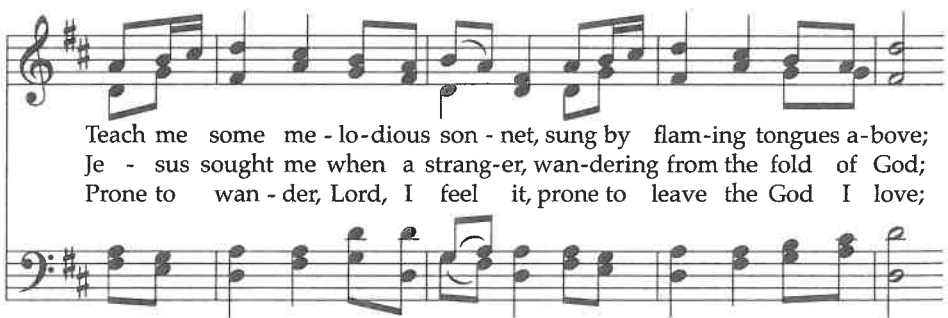
## 475 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



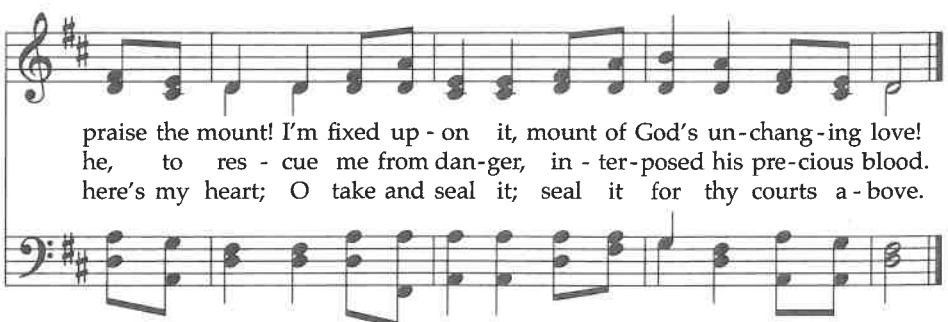
1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;  
 3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



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 strang-er, 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.