

HYMN #408

There's a Sweet, Sweet Spirit

1 There's a sweet, sweet Spirit in this place,
and I know that it's the Spirit of the Lord;
there are sweet expressions on each face,
and I know they feel the presence of the Lord.

Refrain:

Sweet Holy Spirit, sweet heavenly Dove,
stay right here with us, filling us with your love;
and for these blessings we lift our hearts in praise;
without a doubt we'll know that we have been revived
when we shall leave this place.

2 There are blessings you cannot receive
till you know him in his fullness and believe;
you're the one to profit when you say,
"I am going to walk with Jesus all the way." (Refrain)

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HYMN #482

Baptized in Water

1 Baptized in water,
sealed by the Spirit,
cleansed by the blood of Christ our King;
heirs of salvation,
trusting the promise,
faithfully now God's praises we sing.

2 Baptized in water,
sealed by the Spirit,
dead in the tomb with Christ our King;

one with his rising,
freed and forgiven,
thankfully now God's praises we sing.

3 Baptized in water,
sealed by the Spirit,
marked with the sign of Christ our King;
born of the Spirit,
we are God's children;
joyfully now God's praises we sing.

Michael J. Saward, 1981 (Author); Gaelic melody (Composer); Text © 1982 The Jubilate Group (admin. Hope Publishing Company) Music Arr. © 1987 Faith Alive Christian Resources; OneLicense #A-734832

HYMN #475

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing;
tune my heart to sing thy grace;
streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
sung by flaming tongues above;
praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
hither by thy help I'm come;
and I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
wandering from the fold of God;
he, to rescue me from danger,
interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
prone to leave the God I love;
here's my heart; O take and seal it;
seal it for thy courts above.

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