

October 18, 2020, 10:00AM

BVBC 87.9FM IT'S DIVINE



Please stay in your car in order to follow social distancing guidelines.

a Call to
PRAYER

Bella Vista Baptist Church



October 4
Churches & Gospel Flourishing

October 11
Our Local Community

October 18
Our State

October 25
Our Nation

November 1
Our Elections

bvbbaptist.com

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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 Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise mine 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,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to recuse me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wond'ring heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord,
take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan;
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee,
I will ever give to Thee.

In the Garden

I come to the garden alone;
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

*And He walks with me,
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known.*

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.

I'd stay in the garden with Him
Though the night around me be falling;
But He bids me go;
through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.