Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Solo

Text by Robert Robinson
Melody from John Wyeth's
"Repository of Sacred Music," Part Second
Arranged by Sally DeFord

Gently, about ♩ = 70

Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bles-sing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove. Praise the

rit.

mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

Here I raise my Eb en - e - zer; Here by thy great help I've

come; And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus

sought me when a stran - ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from

dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.

Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let thy

tacet

Lyrics under the music:

good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to_ wan - der, Lord, I

feel_ it, Prone to_ leave the God I love. Here's my heart, Oh, take and seal it, Seal it

for thy courts a - bove._____ Seal it for thy courts a - bove.