

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

tenor solo

Robert Robinson

John Wyeth
arr by Linda Pratt

not too fast

8
Come thou fount of ev - ery bles - sing, tune my heart to sing thy

12
grace. Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing call for songs of loud - est

16

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net sung by flame - ing tongues a -

20

bove; Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it; Mount of thy re - deem - ing

24

love.

28

Here I raise my Eb - en - ee - zer, Hi - ther by thy help I'm

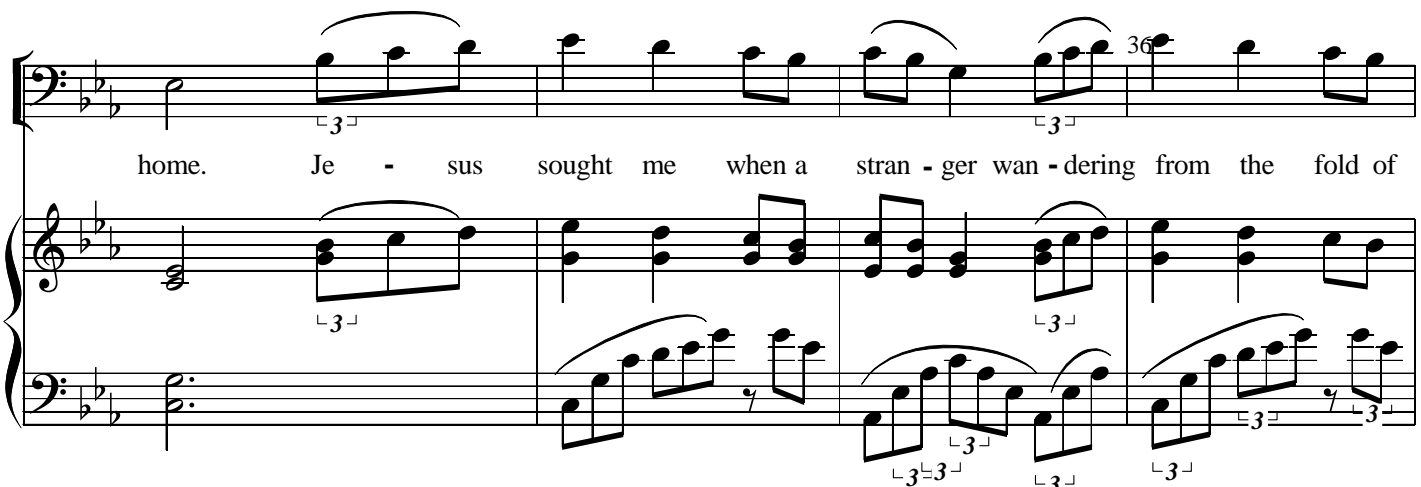
32

come. And I hope, by thy good plea - sure safe - ly to a - rive at



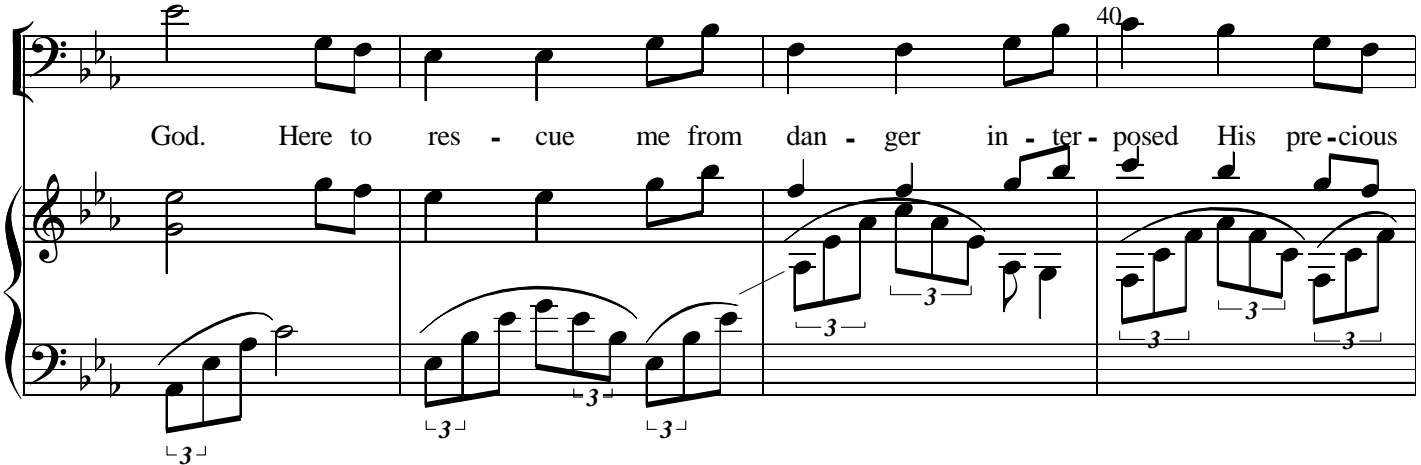
home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering from the fold of

36



God. Here to res - cue me from dan - ger in - ter - posed His pre - cious

40



blood.

44



48

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

accapella

52

good - ness, as a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord I

56

feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, Oh take and seal it; Seal it

60

much slower

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

64

4