

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

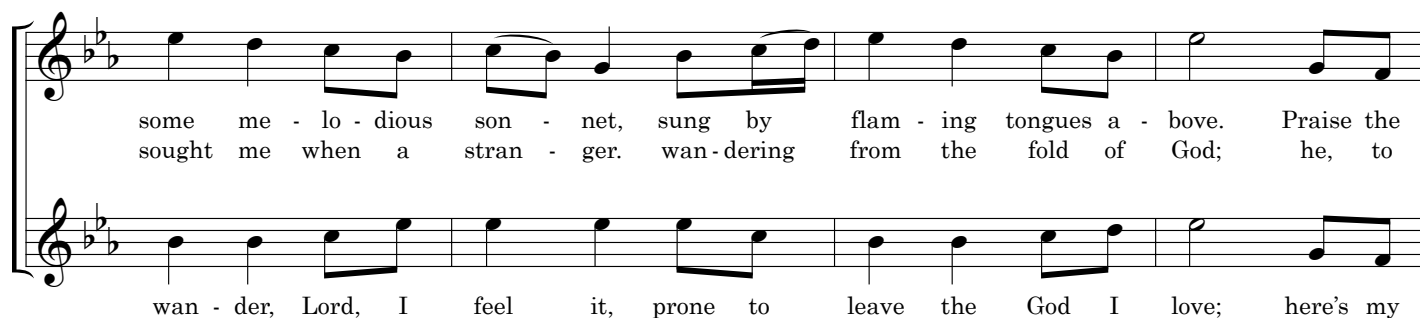
Soprano Descant



1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come; and I



3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let thy
mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus
good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to



some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the
sought me when a stran - ger. wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to
wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.