Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Text: Robert Robinson
Melody: John Wyeth "Nettleton"
Arranged by: Bruce Merrill

Sop. Alto

Ten. Bass

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Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

raise my Eb e ne zer; Hither by Thy help I'm come; And I

hope, by Thy good pleas ure, Safely 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
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

S. A.

grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let that

grace now 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.

T. B.

33

37 cresc.

41 cresc. rit. p subito p slower

45 short rall. pp