

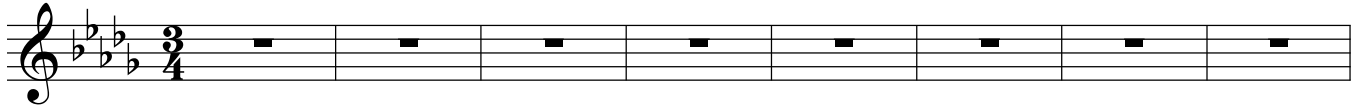
Soprano

# Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Traditional

K.D. Christensen

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



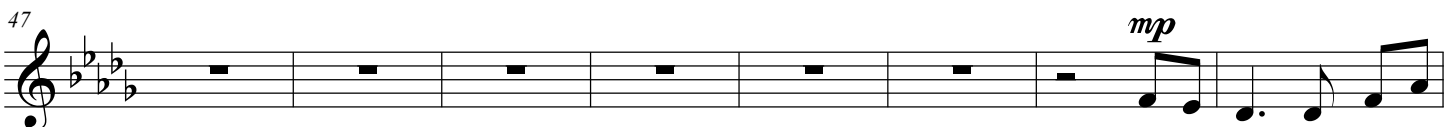
Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Here by thy great help I've come; And I



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

## Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

55

debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be! Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-dr'ing heart to

61

*mf* *rit.* *mp* *a tempo*

thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it. Prone to leave the God I love. Here's my heart, Oh, take and

67

*p*

seal it, Seal it for thy courts a bove. Seal it for thy courts a bove.

73

*molto rit.*

—