

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

(SATB)

Words by ROBERT ROBINSON (1735-1790)
Music: NETTLETON (American Folk Tune)

Arrangement by JOE JOHNSON

$\text{♩} = 80$

Sopr
Alto

1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to

Tenor
Bass

4
5
6
7

grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est
come; And I hope by thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at
be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to

8
9
10
11

praise. Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of
thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I

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This arrangement may be copied, performed, and recorded by any quartets or choruses.

Learning tracks for this arrangement may be downloaded at app.box.com/s/xe4o4jz4v3n0osw3je37qb3z9z885plv

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

rit.

bove; Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
 God; He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Tag *slower* *rit.*

Praise the mount! I am fixed up - on it! Mount of thy re - deem - ing love!