

# Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

*for solo voice and piano*

Wyeth  
Arr. Amy Dalton

Voice

8

Come, thou fount of ev-ry

Piano

6

8

bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer cy, nev er ceas ing, call for

Pno.

12

8

12

songs of loud-est praise. Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by

Pno.

17  
8

flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of Thy re-deem-ing

Pno.

23  
8

love.

Pno.

29  
8

Here I raise my E-be - ne - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come; And I

Pno.

35  
8

hope, by thy good plea - ure, safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I

Pno.

40  
8

feel it, prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it

Pno.

46  
8

for thy courts a - bove.

Pno.

52  
8

Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, wand-'ring from the fold of

Pno.

58  
8

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

Pno.

64

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

Pno.

68

Let thy good - ness,

Pno.

72

like a fet - ter, bind my wand - - - ring

Pno.

76

heart to thee.

Pno.

82

Pno.

88

8

Come, my Lord, no long-er tar - ry, take my ran-somed soul a -

Pno.

93

8

way; Send thine an - gels now to car ry me to realms of end - -

Pno.

98

8

less day.

Pno.