

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Lyrics: Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

Music: from *Wyeth's Compositions of Sacred Music*, 1813

Arrangement: Gwyn Arch

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1  
2

Descant Recorder

Piano

7

heart to sing thy grace; streams of mer-cy ev-er-flow-ing call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me... some me-lo-dious  
by thy help I'm come; and I hope, thro' thy gra-ti-ty, to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me when a

14

son - net sung, and flam-ing tongues a - bove, Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy re-deem-ing love.  
stran-ger, wan-d'ring in the fold of God, he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter - posed his pre-cious blood.