

For Sandra Fizzell

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words by Robert Robinson, 1758 (1 Sam. 7:23) Music from Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music* 1813

arranged by Bruce Trinkley

Andante con moto ♩ = 96

Voice *mf*

Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy

Piano *f dim.* *mp*

6

grace; streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me—

11

some me-lo-dious son-net, sung by— flam-ing tongues a-bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-

16

on it, mount of thy re - deem-ing love.

cresc.

20

mp

Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come; and I

f *pp*

25

mf

hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus—

29

f *poco rit.*

sought me when a stran - ger, wan - der - ing from the fold of God; he, to

poco rit.

mp *mf*

33 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.

38 *a tempo* *poco rit.* *a tempo* *f*

O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly

42 *mf*

I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my

46

wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to — wan - der, Lord, I feel — it, prone to —

50 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

leave the God I love; here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it

poco rit. *a tempo*

54

for thy courts a - bove. Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it

mp

58

for thy courts a - bove.

sonore

62 *rallentando al fine*

p