Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Soprano Descant

1. Come, thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace.

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer: "Hither by thy help I've come;"

3. O to grace how great a debt I owe! I'm constrained to praise.

While the hope of endless blessing fills my heart with joy and love, teach me ever to adore thee;

Descant © 1996, 2000, 2007 Jeff Whitmill
Whitmill's Forte • 2081 Wellens Street • Chaska, MN 55318
www.composeronline.com