Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Soprano Descant

Come, thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home. Jesus goodness, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee. Prone to some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above. Praise the sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God; he, to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my mount! I'm fixed upon it, mount of thy redeeming love. rescue me from danger, interposed his precious blood. heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

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