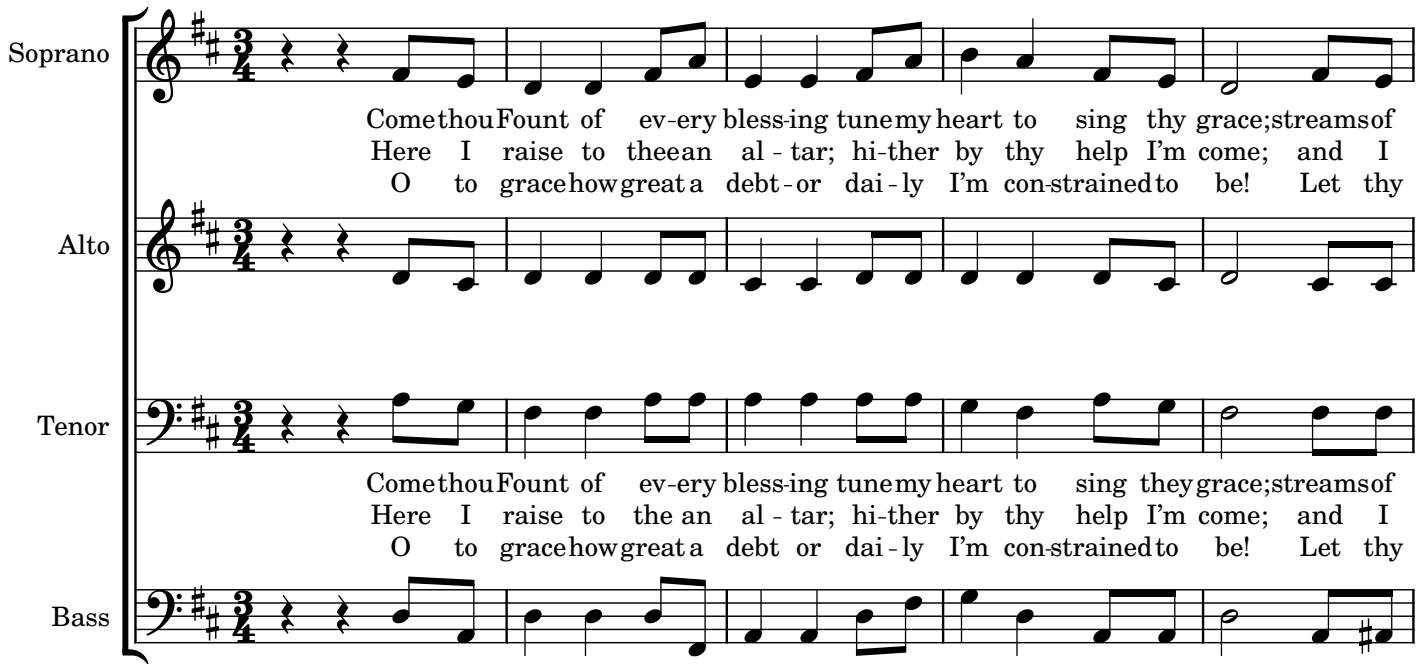
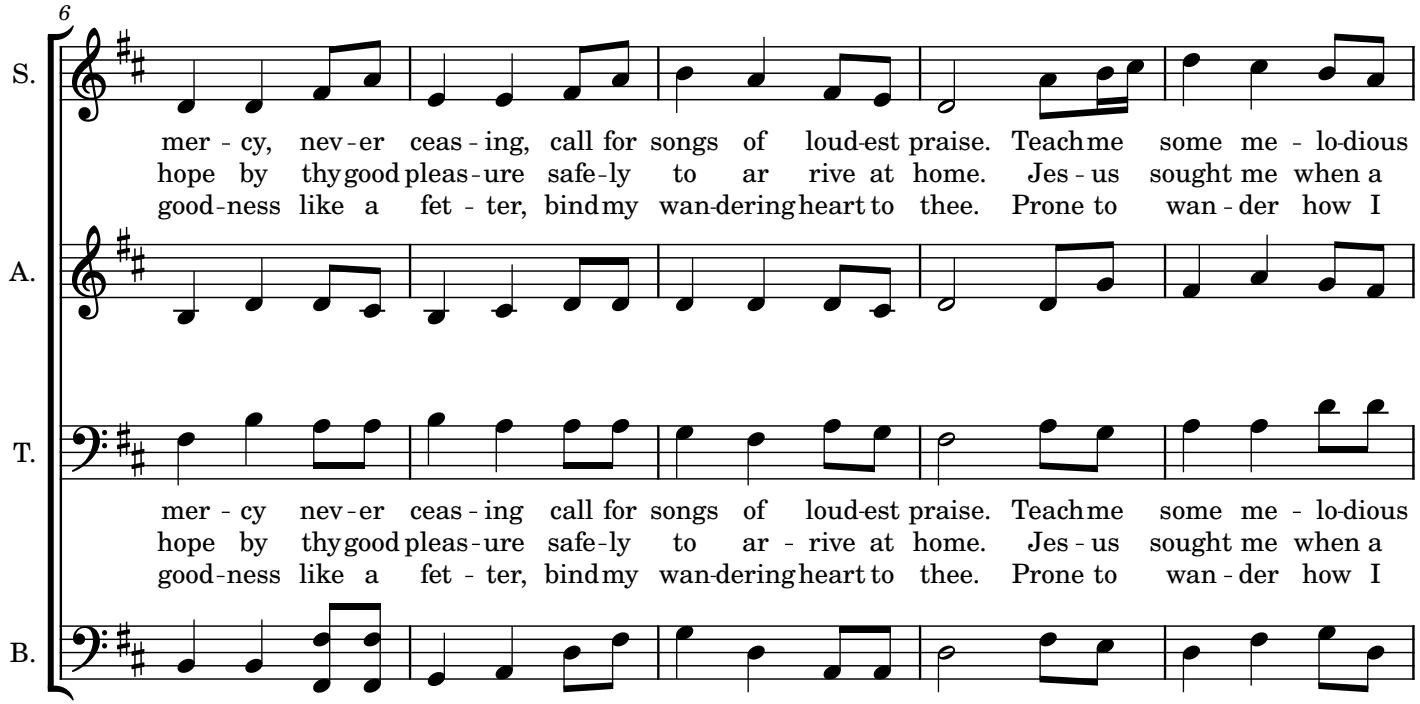
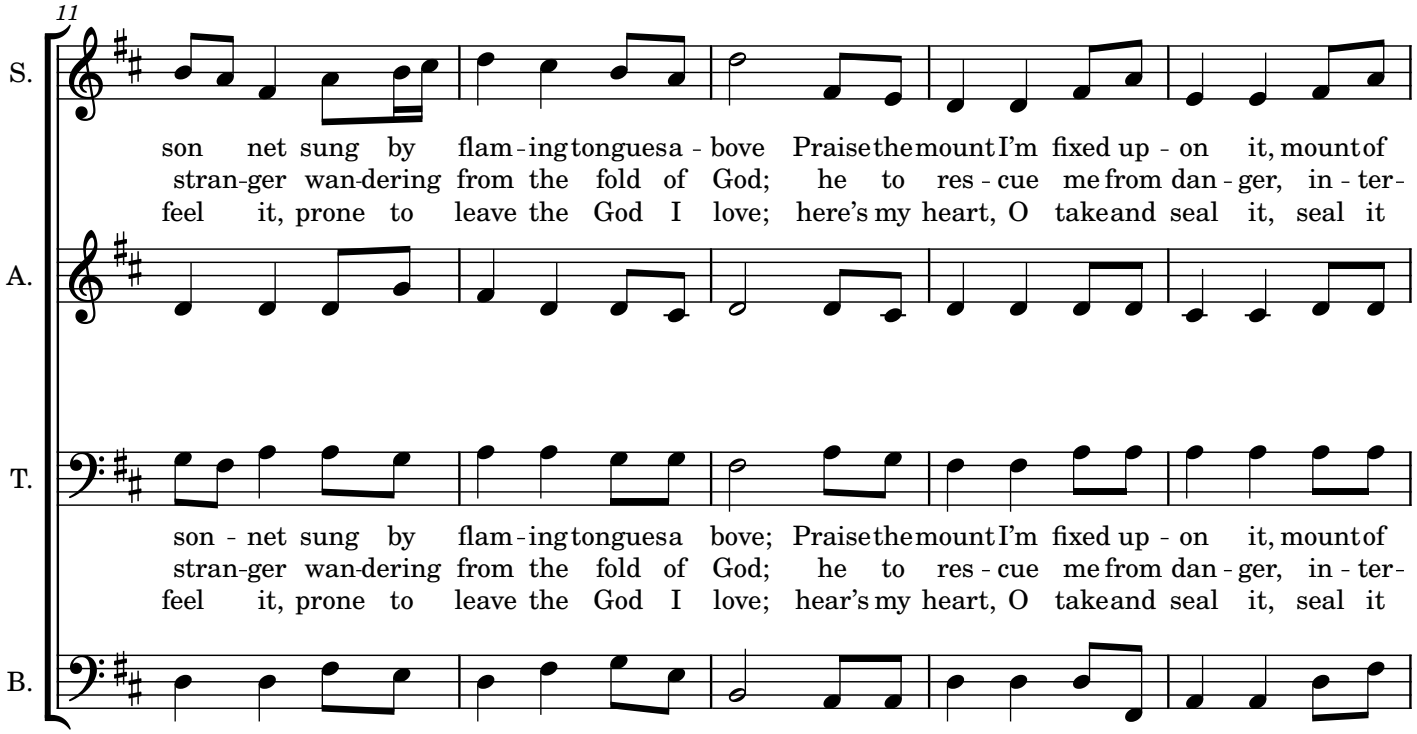
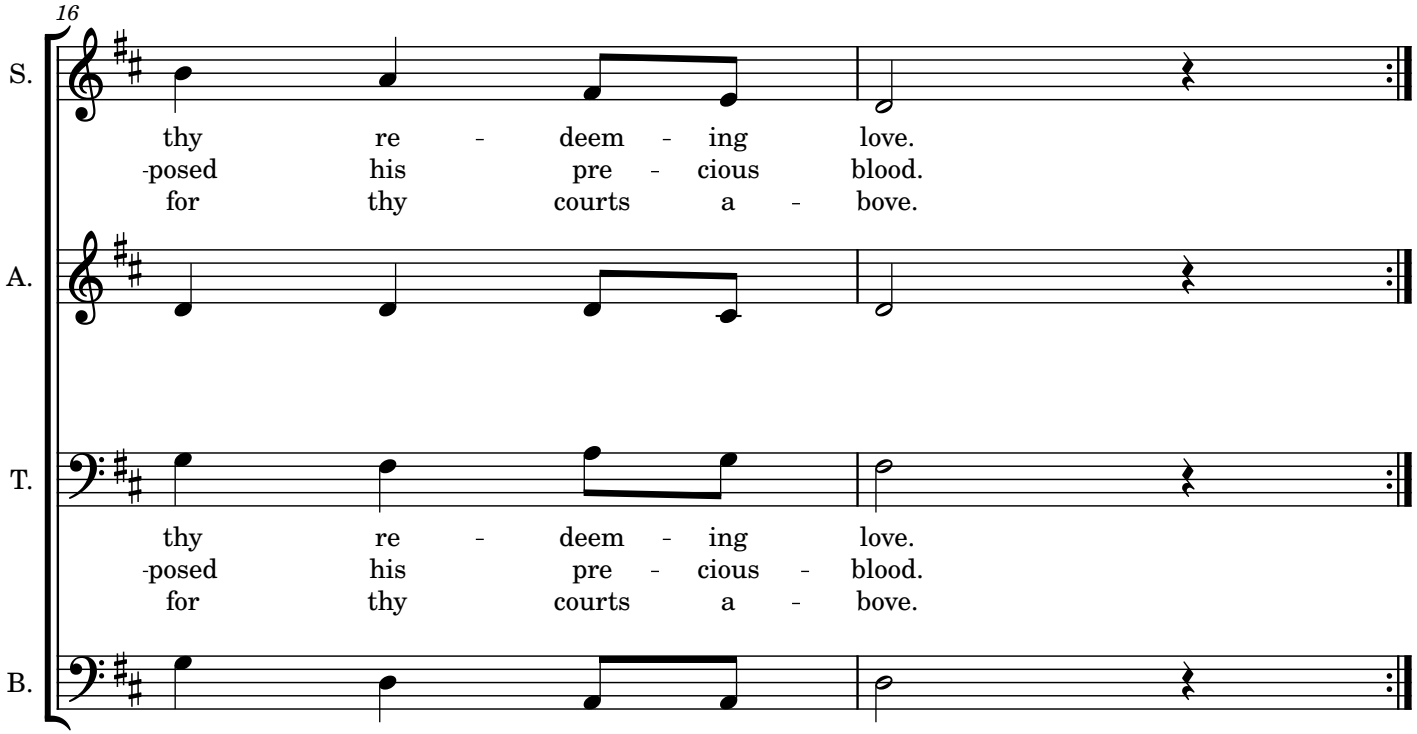
Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing






11
S.
son net sung by flam-ing tongue a-bove Praise the mount I'm fixed up-on it, mount of
stran-ger wan-dering from the fold of God; he to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it
A.
T.
son-net sung by flam-ing tongue a bove; Praise the mount I'm fixed up-on it, mount of
stran-ger wan-dering from the fold of God; he to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; hear's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it
B.


16
S.
thy re-deem-ing love.
-posed his pre-cious blood.
for thy courts a-bove.
A.
T.
thy re-deem-ing love.
-posed his pre-cious-blood.
for thy courts a-bove.
B.