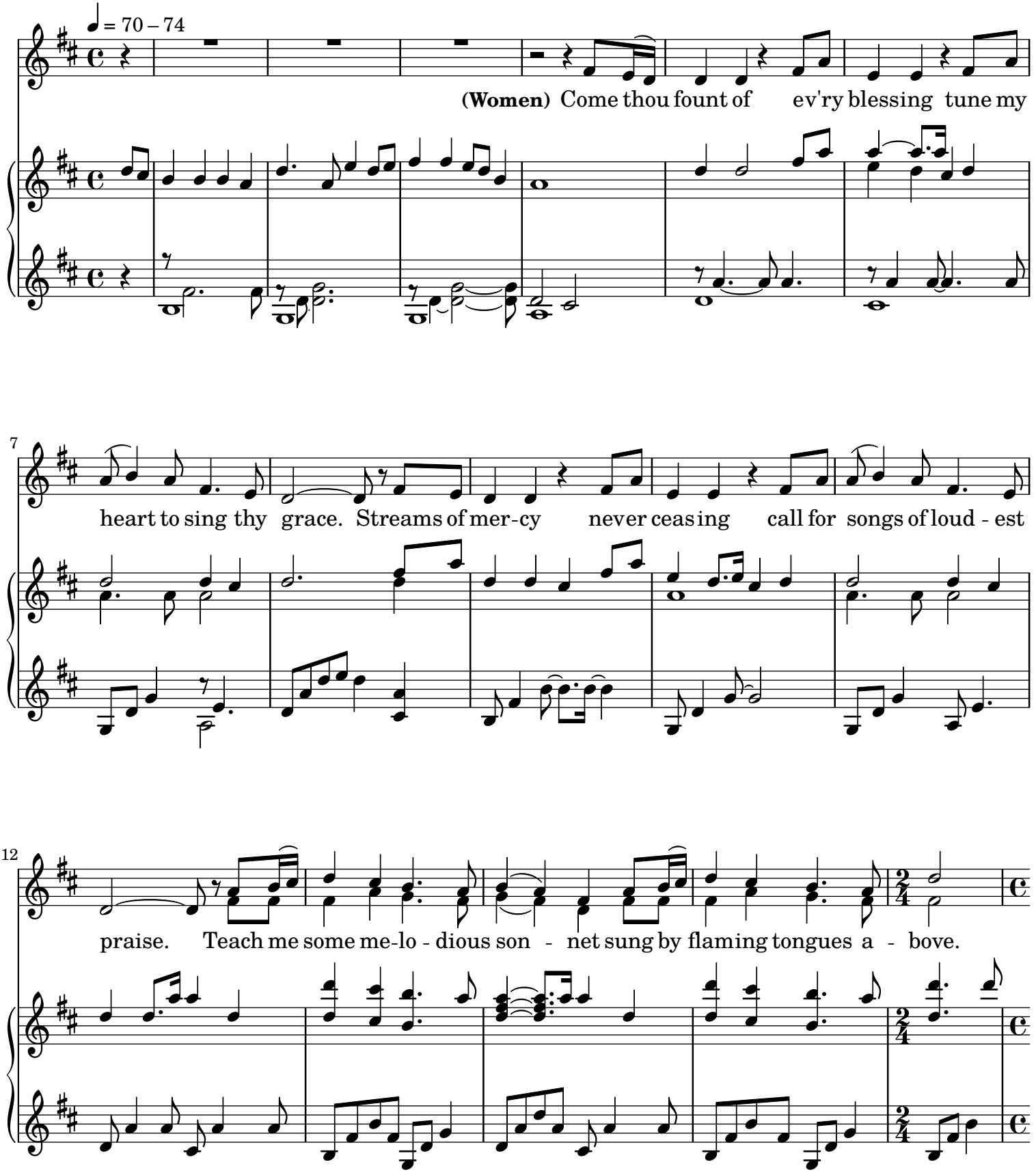
Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing / If You Could Hie to Kolob Medley

SATB

Text by Robert Robinson, William W. Phelps

Music by John Wyeth, English melody

arr. by Elenyi, Sarah Young, Steven Tomer



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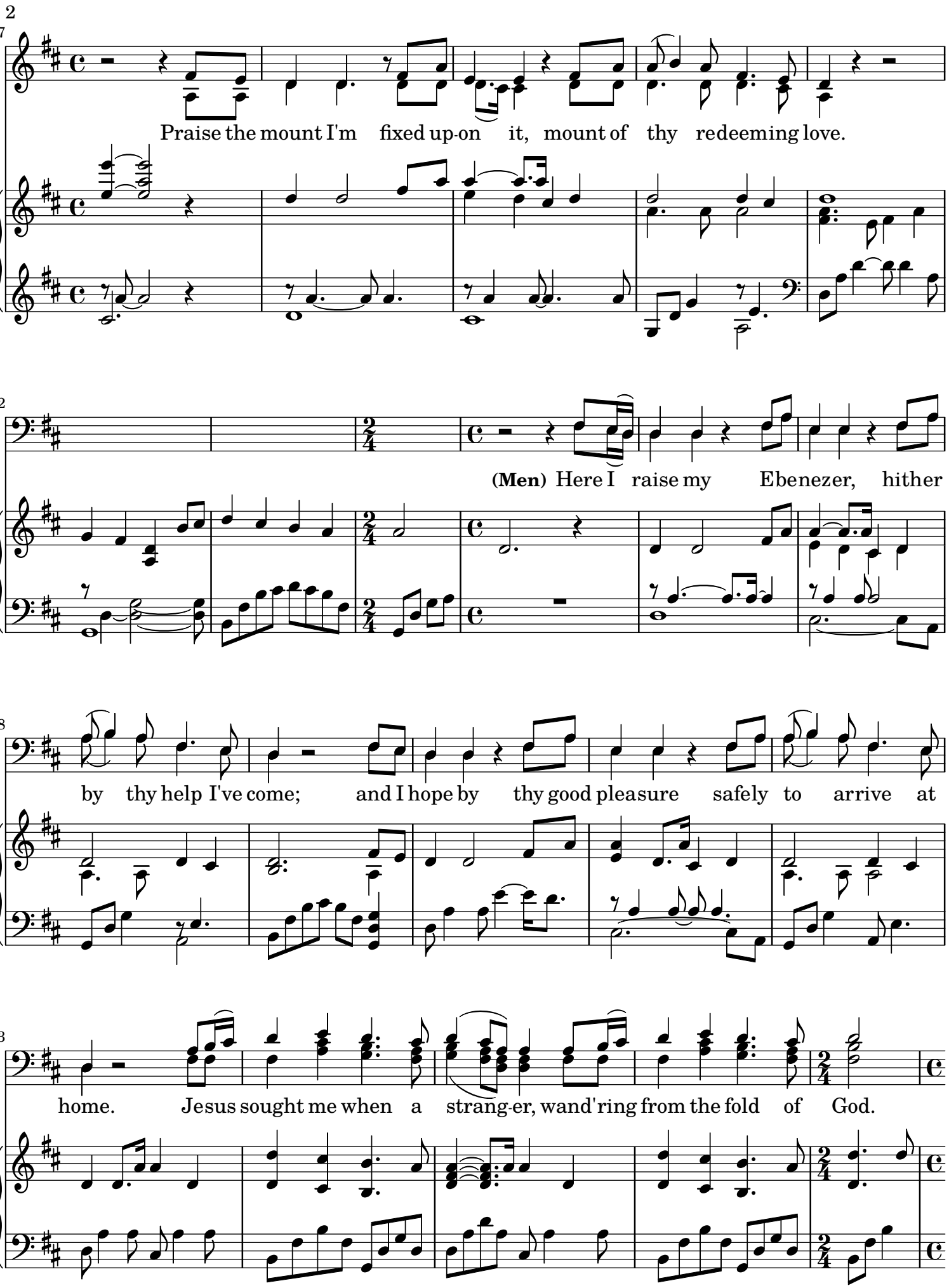
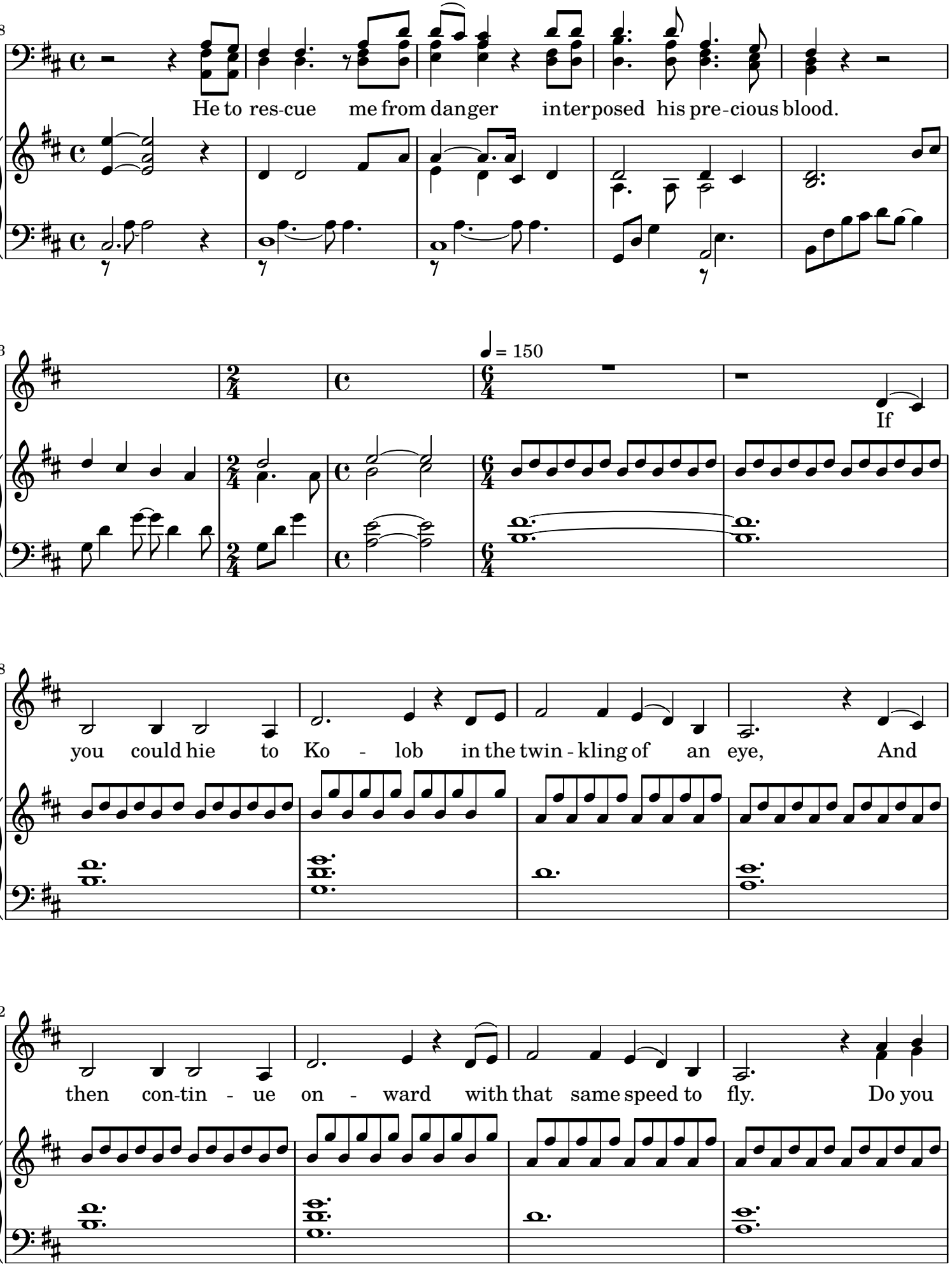
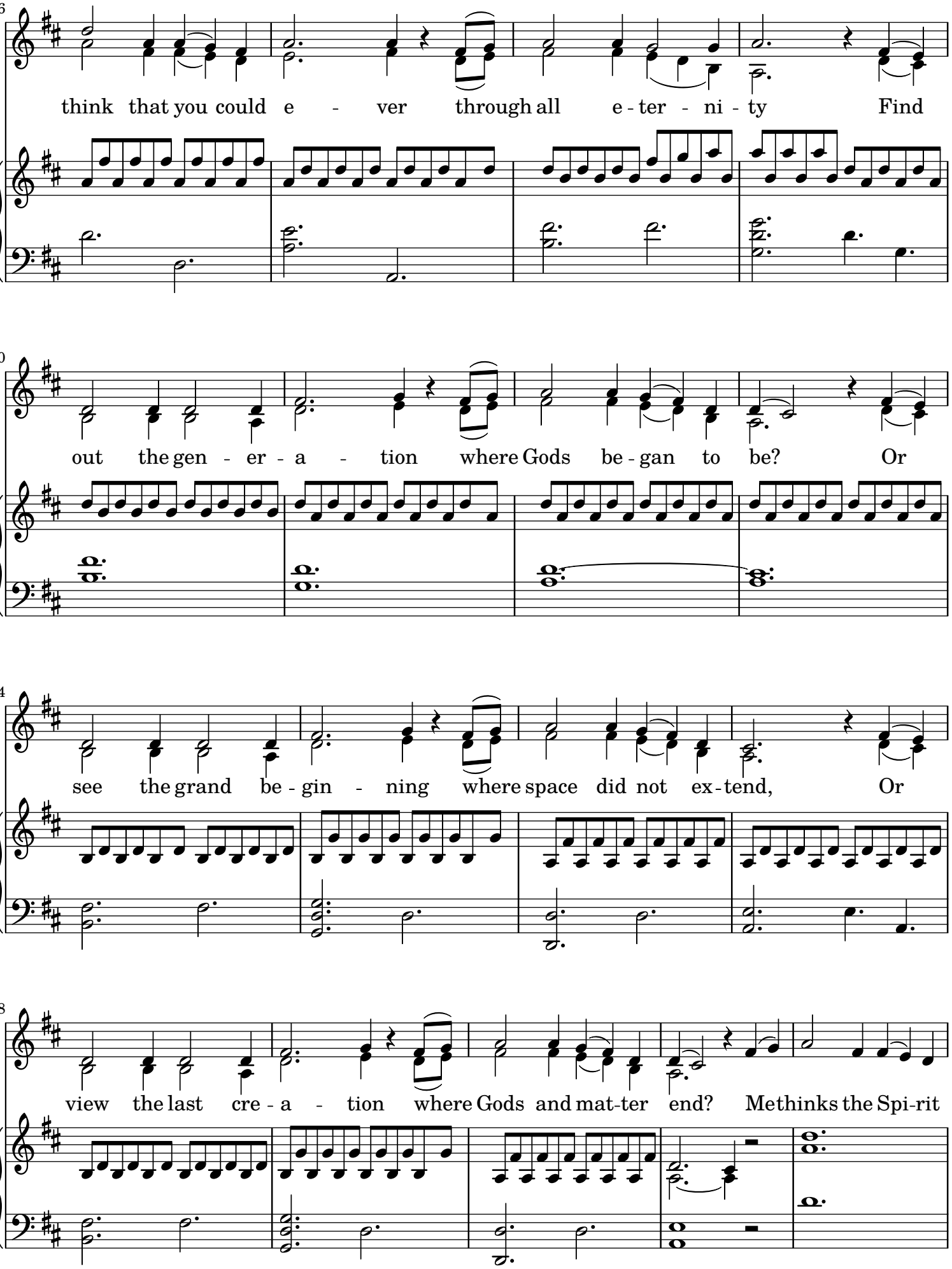
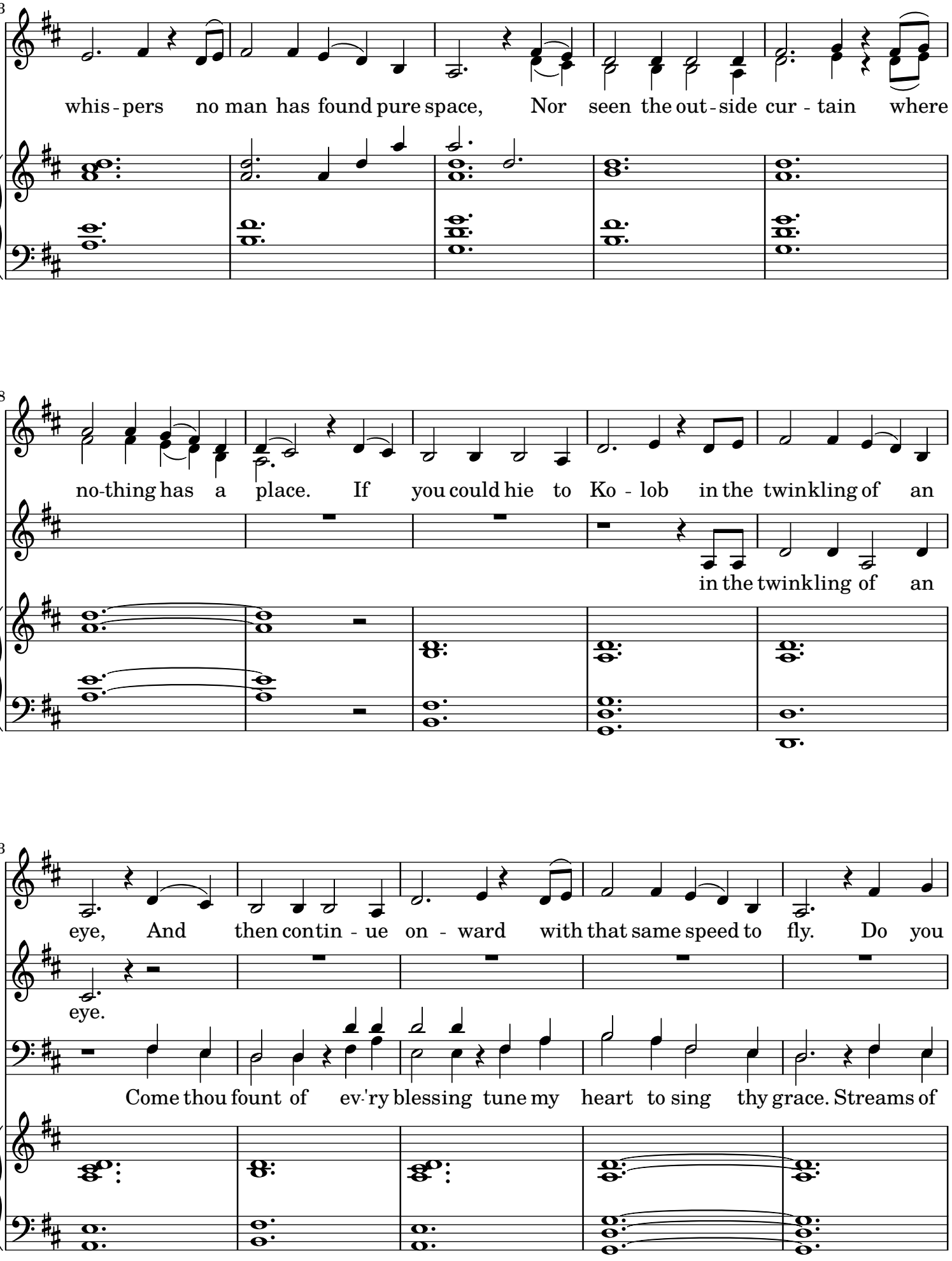

17
Praise the mount I'm fixed up-on it, mount of thy redeeming love.
22
(Men) Here I raise my Ebenezer, hither
28
by thy help I've come; and I hope by thy good pleasure safely to arrive at
33
home. Jesus sought me when a strang-er, wand'ring from the fold of God.


38
He to res-cue me from danger interposed his pre-cious blood.
43
♩ = 150
If
48
you could hie to Ko - lob in the twin - kling of an eye, And
52
then con-tin - ue on - ward with that same speed to fly. Do you


56
think that you could e - ver through all e - ter - ni - ty Find
60
out the gen - er - a - tion where Gods be - gan to be? Or
64
see the grand be - gin - ning where space did not ex - tend, Or
68
view the last cre - a - tion where Gods and mat-ter end? Methinks the Spi-rit


73
whis - pers no man has found pure space, Nor seen the out - side cur - tain where
78
no-thing has a place. If you could hie to Ko - lob in the twinkling of an
in the twinkling of an
83
eye, And then contin - ue on - ward with that same speed to fly. Do you
eye.
Come thou fount of ev·'ry blessing tune my heart to sing thy grace. Streams of

88

think that you could e - ver through all e - ter - ni - ty Come thou fount of ev'ry

Find out the gen - er -

mer - cy nev-er ceasing call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious

93

bless - ing tune my heart to sing thy grace. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up -

a - tion where Gods be - gan to be. If you could hie to

son - net sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount I'm fixed up -

97

on it mount of thy redeem - ing love. Oh to grace how great a debt - or dai-ly

Ko - lob in the twinkling of an eye. Oh to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly

on it, mount of thy redeem - ing love. Oh to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly

102

I'm constrained to be. Let thy goodness like a fet - ter bind my wand'ring heart to

I'm constrained to be. Let thy goodness like a fet - ter bind my wand'ring heart to

I'm constrained to be.

107

Thee. Here's my

Thee. Here's my

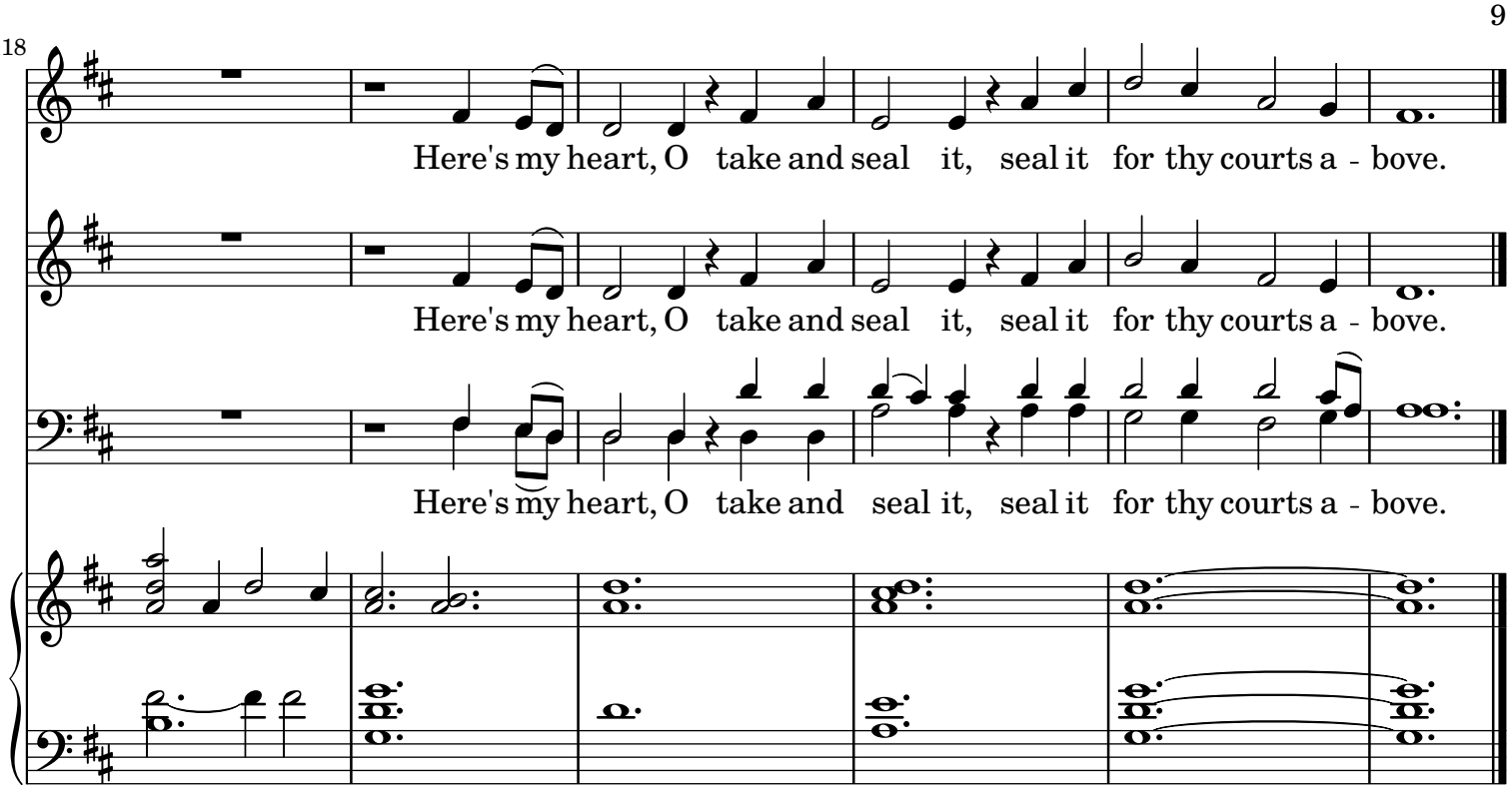
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love. Here's my

112

heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.

heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.

heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.


118
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.