

## Blest Be the Tie That Binds

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment line on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system contains four lines of lyrics, and the second system contains three lines of lyrics. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with chords and moving lines.

1 Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Chris - tian love;  
2 Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne we pour our ar - dent prayers;  
3 We share our mu - tual woes, our mu - tual bur - dens bear,  
4 From sor - row, toil, and pain, and sin we shall be free;

the u - ni - ty of heart and mind is like to that a - bove.  
our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, our com - forts and our cares,  
and of - ten for each oth - er flows the sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
and per - fect love and friend - ship reign through all e - ter - ni - ty.

Text: John Fawcett, 1740–1817, alt.  
Music: DENNIS, Johann G. Nägeli, 1773–1836, adapt.

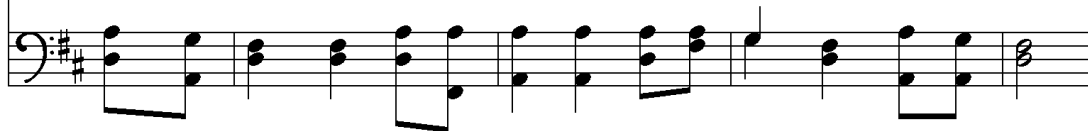
## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: "Hith-er by thy help I've come";  
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
let that grace now like a fet - ter bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.



While the hope of end - less glo - ry fills my heart with joy and love,  
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love.



teach me ev - er to a - dore thee; may I still thy good - ness prove.  
he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.



Text: Robert Robinson, 1735–1790, alt.

Music: NETTLETON, J. Wyeth, *Repository of Sacred Music*, Part II, 1813