

Come, Thou Fount

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758

Music: John Wyeth, 1813

1. Come Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dail - 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 Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

*Chords below staff are for playing melody on autoharp.