

# Come, Thou, Fount

Hymn #1001

Words - Robert Robinson

Music - John Wyeth (arranged by BPP)

♩ = 85



8

Come, Thou Fount of eve-ry bles-sing, tune my heart to sing Thy



14

grace. Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious



20

son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove. Praise His name, I'm fixed up-on it, name of God's re-deem-ing



28

love.

Hi-ther to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast brought me to this



34

place. And I know Thy hand will bring me safe-ly home by Thy good grace. Je-sus sought me when a



40

stran-ger, wan-der-ing from the fold of God. He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, bought me with His precious



48

blood.

Oh, to grace, how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to



54

be! Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wande-ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I



58

feel it, prone to leave the God I love. Here's my heart, oh take and



seal it; seal it for They courts a-bove.