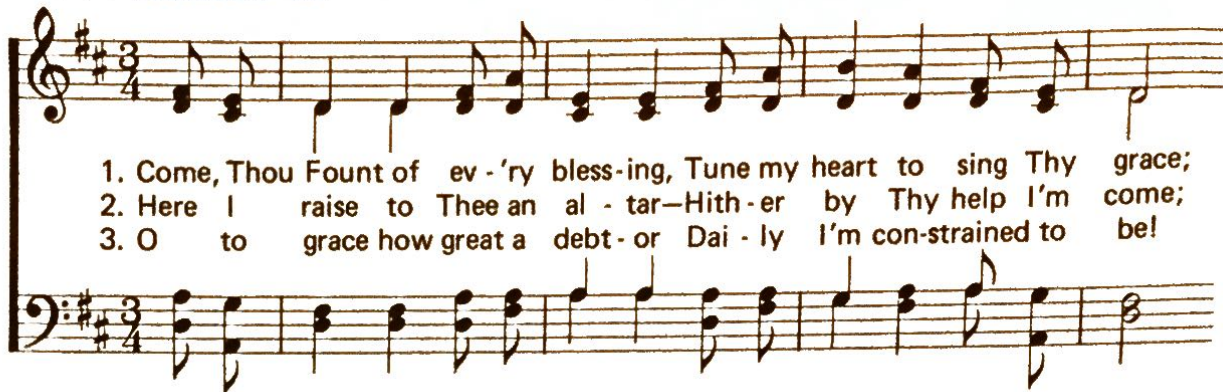


35 — Come, Thou Fount

ROBERT ROBINSON—alt.

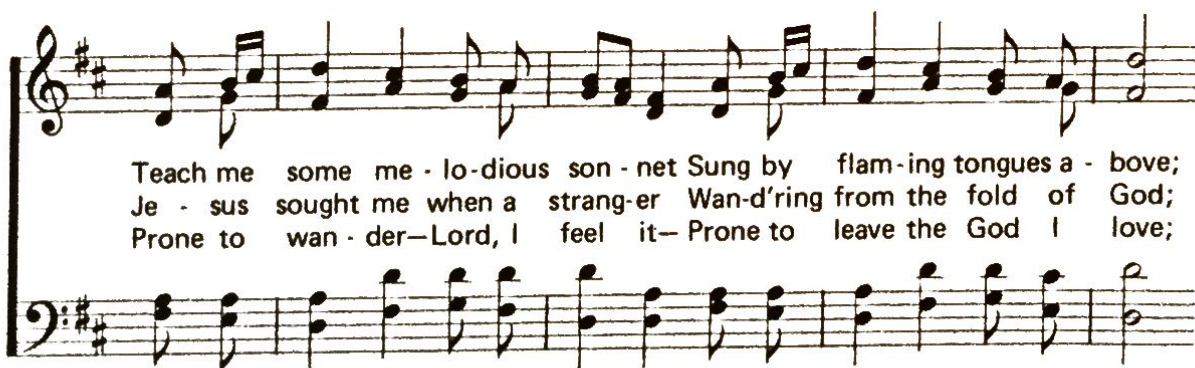
JOHN WYETH



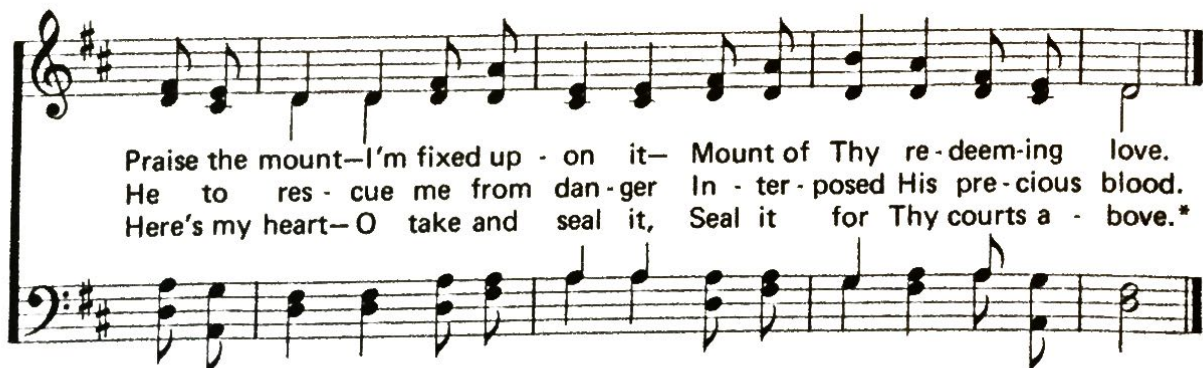
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise to Thee an al - tar—Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure 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 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;



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.*

Tune: NETTLETON
WORSHIP

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