

Come, Thou Fount

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John Wyeth

C G C F C
 1. Come, Thou Fount of e - 'ry bless - ing, Tunemy heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Ev - en - e - zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a deb - tor Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

5 C G C F C
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I know, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly I'll ar - rive at Home.
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee;

10 C Dm C Em F C Dm C Em F C
 Teach me some mel - o - 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;
 Proneto wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Proneto leave the God I love;

15 C G C F C
 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.