

Come Thou Fount

Words by

Music by
Robert Robinson
John Wyeth

C G⁷ C C/E G C C/E F C C/G G⁷ C G⁷



1. Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come; And I
3. O, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy

5 C C/E G C C/E F C C/G G⁷ C C/E Dm C Em F C



mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise: Teach me — some me - lo-dious
hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home: Je - sus — sought me when a
grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee: Prone to — wan - der, Lord, I

10 F/C C C/E Dm C Em F C G⁷



son - net, sung by — flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the
stran - ger, wan - d'ring — from the fold of God; He, to
feel — it, prone to — leave the God I love; Here's my

15 C C/E G C C/E F C C/G G⁷ C



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
heart, Lord, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Hither to Thy love has blest me
Thou hast bro't me to this place
And i know Thy hand will bring me
Safely home by Thy good grace
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God
[He, to rescue me from danger
Bought me with His precious blood]