

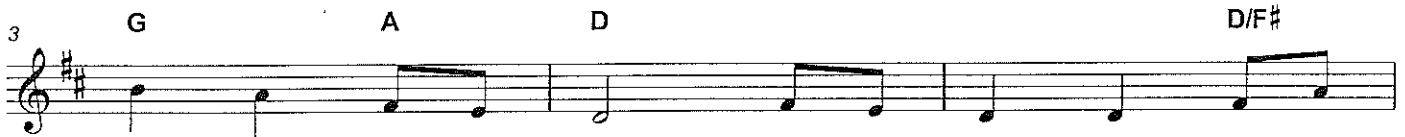
Come Thou Fount

Words and Music by
Robert Robinson, Margaret Clarkson
and David Crowder, *Traditional American Melody*

♩ = 74



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my
(2. Here I) raise my E - be - nez - er, hith - er
(3. O to) grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



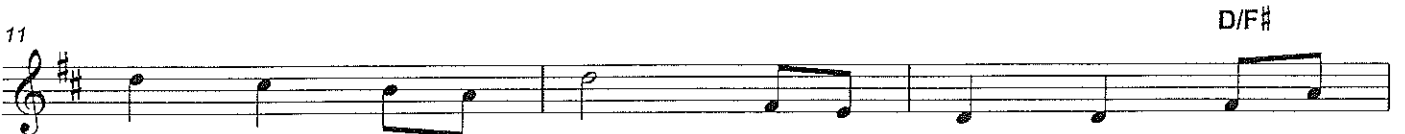
heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
to Thy help I'm come. And I hope by Thy good
I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a



ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me ___
pleas - ure safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus ___
fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee: Prone to ___



some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by ___
sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring ___
wan - der, Lord, I feel ___ it, prone to ___



flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount; I'm fixed up -
from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from
leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and

Come Thou Fount - 2

14 A D/F# G A D

on it; Mount of God's re - deem - ing love.
dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

17 D D/F# A D/F# G A D_{1,2} D₃

2. Here |
3. O to