

Come Thou Fount

Original Hymn by
John Wyeth & Robert Robinson

Arr. Timothy Max

All women:

p Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; Tune my heart to sing thy

12 grace; Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing Call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me

17 some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by-flam-ing tongues a-bove; Praise the

21 mount; I'm fixed up-on it Mount of thy re-deem-ing love. 2

All men: A little faster

mf Here I raise my eb-e-ne-zer Hi-ther by thy help I'm come; And I hope by thy good

33 plea-sure Safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to

38

leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O, take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

44

10 3 *All women: Peacefully*

p Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger Wan-dering from the fold of

All men:

10 3

61

God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious

65

blood. O to - grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to

mf

69

be! Let thy good - ness like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to

73

thee. *f* Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I

77

Love; Here's my heart, O, take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a -

molto rit.

81

bove. *mp* *p* Here's my heart, O, take and seal it; Seal it

87

for thy courts a - bove.