Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Johnson, 1735-1790
Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813
As Performed by Norton Hall Band

Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
(2) Hither to Thy love has blessed me, Thou has brought me to this place;
(3) O to grace how great a debt or daily I'm con-strained to be!
(4) Oh that day when freed from sinning I shall see Thy love-ly face;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loud-est praise:
and I know Thy hand will bring me safe-ly home by Thy good grace;
Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:
Full ar-rayed in blood-washed lin-en, How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues above;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-g-er wandering from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord, no lon-ger ta- rry, bring Thy pro-mi-ses to pass;

Praise the name! I'm fixed up-on it, name of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dang-er, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.
For I know Thy pow'rl will keep me till I'm home with Thee at last.

Elec. Guitar