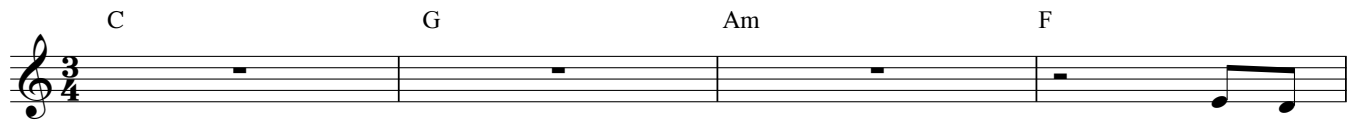


Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

arr. David Tubbs



Come, Thou
Je - sus
O to
O that



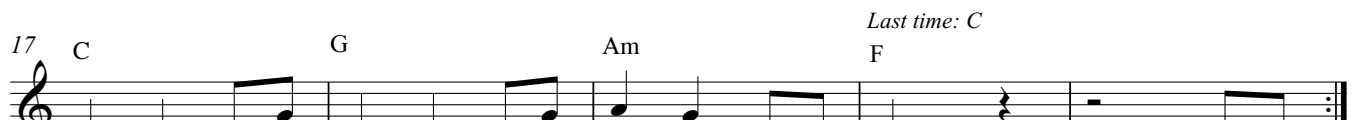
Fount of ever - y bles - sing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
sought me when a stran - ger, wander-ing from the fold of God; He, to
grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy
day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face; Full Ar -



mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed His prec - ious blood; how His
good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wander - ing heart to Thee. Prone to
rayed in blood washed lin - en how I'll sing thy sov - ereign grace; Come, my



some me - lod - ious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the
kind - ness yet pur - sues me mort - al tongue can ne - ver tell, clothed in
wand - er, Lord I feel it, prone to leave the God I love; Here's my
Lord, no lon - ger tar - ry Bring Thy pro - mi - ses to pass For I



name! I'm fixed up - on it, Name of Thy re - deem-ing love. v2: Je-sus
flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well. v3: O to
heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts a - bove. v4: O that
know Thy pow'r will keep me Till I'm home with Thee at last.

Words: Robert Robinson (1758). Fourth verse alternate words: Bob Kauflin.

Music by Asahel Nettleton (1825).

Arrangement: © 2011 David Tubbs