

# COME THOU FOUNT. 8, 7.

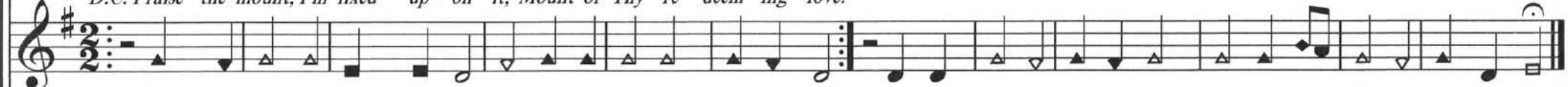
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*D.C.*

*Fine.*



1. Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Sing me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
*D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.*



2. Oh! that day, when freed from sin - nin', I shall see Thy love - ly face,  
Rich - ly clothed in blood - washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov' - reign grace; Come, dear Lord, no lon - ger tar - ry, Take my rap - tured soul a - way;  
*D.C. Send Thine an - gels down to car - ry, Me to realms of end - less day.*

