

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON

JOHN WYETH

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; And I
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy

mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
 hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,
 good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it,

Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount (I'm fixed upon it) Mount of Thy redeeming love.
 Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Interposed His precious blood.
 Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Happy Land

Hindoostan Air

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,
 2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand,
 3. Bright, in that hap - py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Fa - ther's hand,

Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wer - thy is our
 Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
 Love can - not die. Oh, then, to glo - ry run; Be a crown and