

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
4. O that day when freed from sinn - ing, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



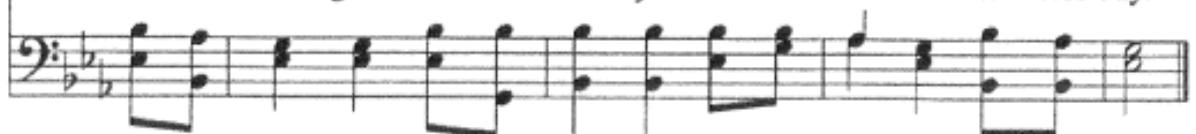
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:
And I hope by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:
Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace;



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - pon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
He to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.



Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790);

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second (1813), Public Domain