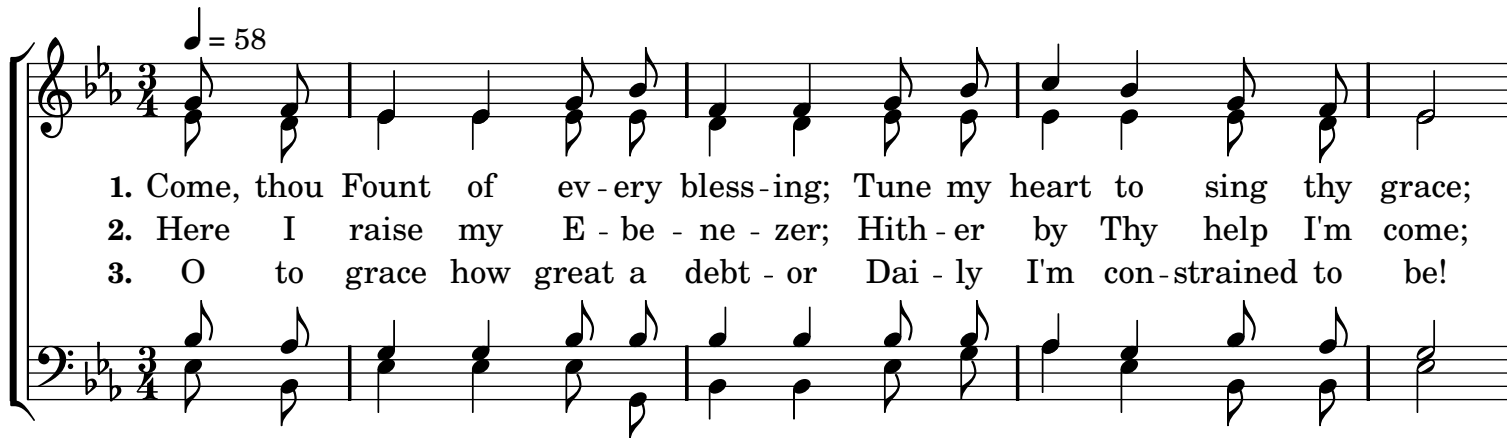


# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

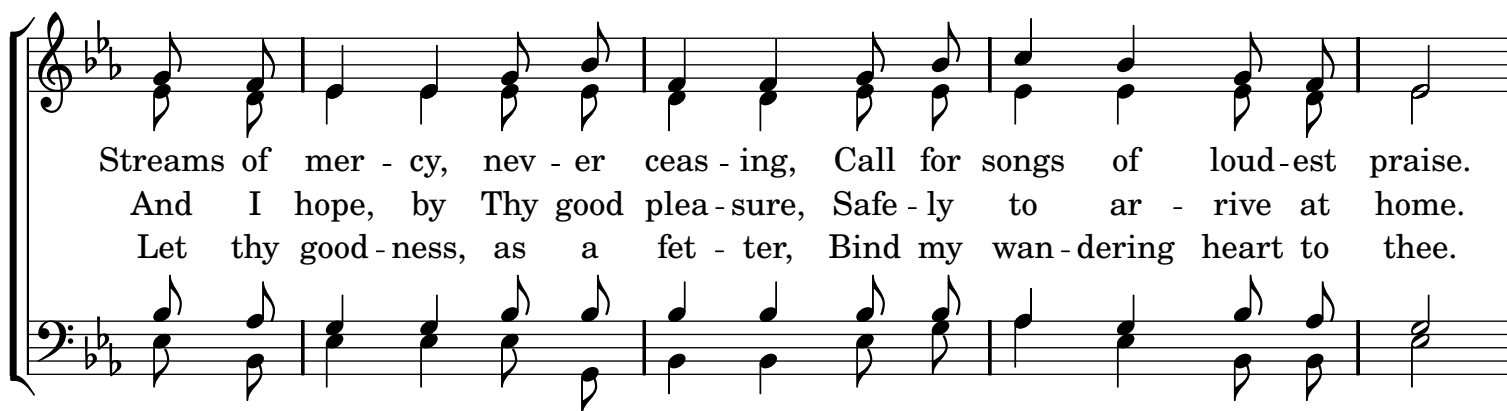
Robert Robinson

John Wyeth

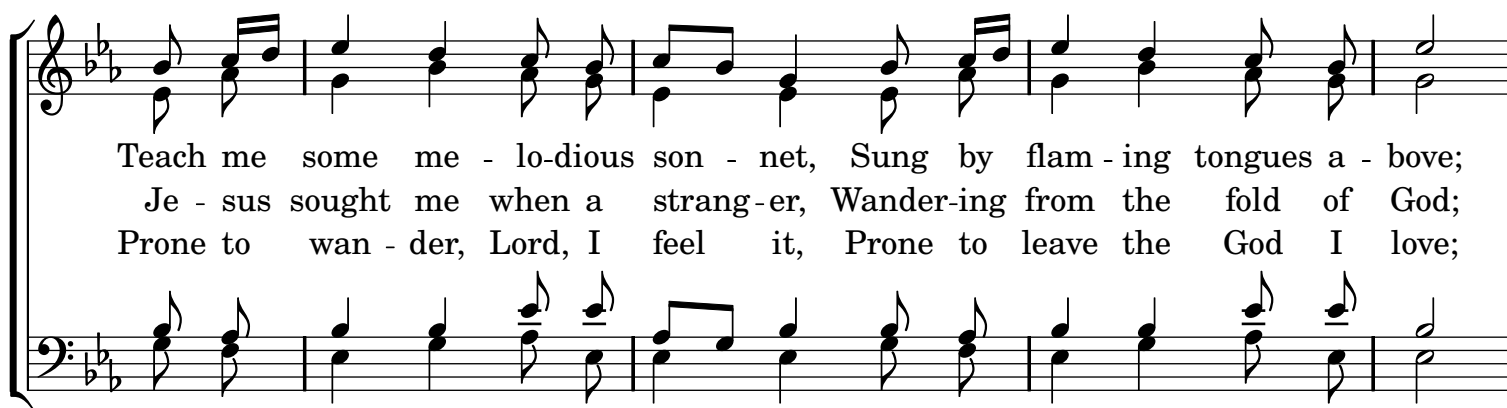
$\text{♩} = 58$



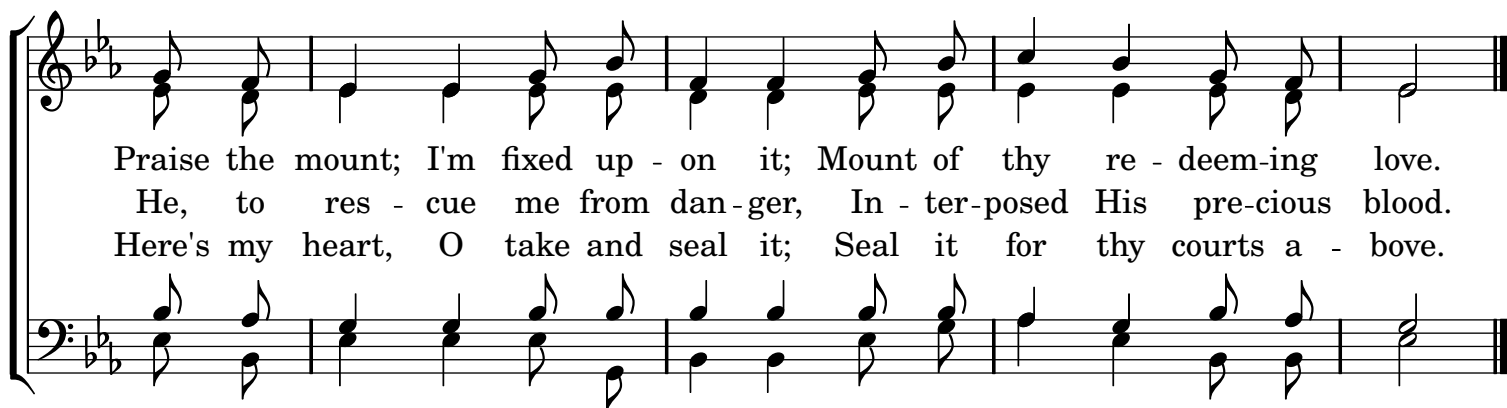
1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing; Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my E - be - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



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 good - ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wander - ing from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on 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, O take and seal it; Seal it for thy courts a - bove.