

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson (1758)

Alto

John Wyeth's Repository (1813)

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I've 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, like a fet - ter, Bind me clos - er still to Thee.

Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee, May I still Thy good-ness prove,  
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wan-dering from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

While the hope of end - les glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and 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.