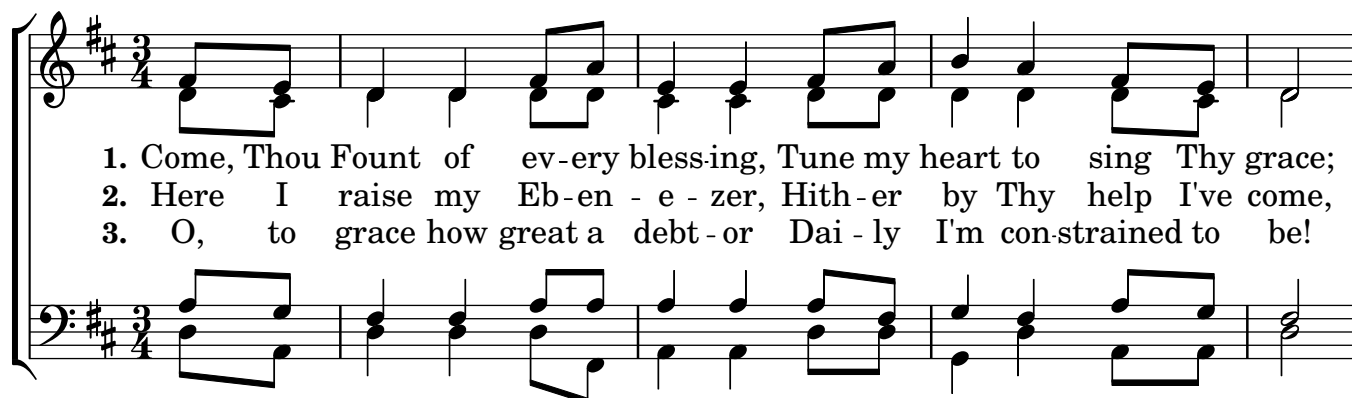


# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson (1758)

SATB

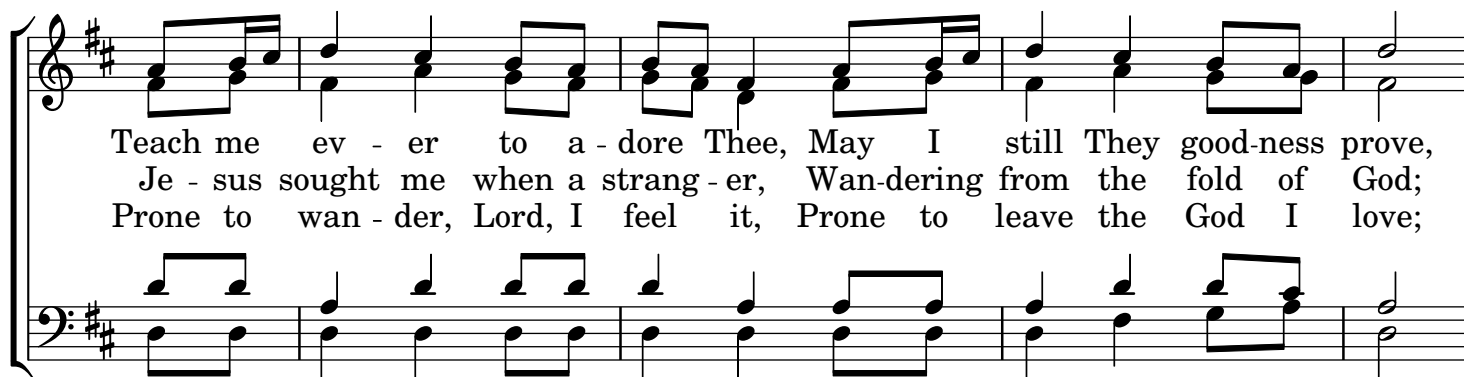
John Wyeth's Repository (1813)



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.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the two staves. The music is in 4/4 time, and the piece concludes with a double bar line.