

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

John Wyeth, 1813

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy
 2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spir - it, Till re - leased from flesh and
 3. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wan - dering from the fold of
 4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to
 5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly

grace; Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est
 sin, Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be -
 God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - te - rposed His pre - cious
 be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to
 face; Cloth - èd then in blood washed li - nen How I'll sing Thy sov - ereign

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
 - gin; Here I raise my E - be - ne - zer; Here by Thy great help I've
 blood; How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mort - al tongue can ne - ver
 Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I
 grace; Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a -

- bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 come; And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 tell, Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.
 love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
 - way; Send thine an - gels now to ca - rry Me to realms of end - less day.