

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bles - sing, tune my heart to  
 2. Here I raise mine E - be - ne - zer; hi - ther by thy  
 3. O to grace how great a deb - tor dai - ly I'm con -

sing thy grace; streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing,  
 help I'm come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure,  
 strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter,

call for songs of lou - dest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
 safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
 bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I

son - net, sung by fla - ming tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! I'm  
 stran - ger, wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to re - scue  
 feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart, O

fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem - ing love.  
 me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
 take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758  
 Tune: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*,  
*Part Second*, 1813



87 87D  
 NETTLETON  
[www.hymnary.org/text/come\\_thou\\_fount\\_of\\_every\\_blessing](http://www.hymnary.org/text/come_thou_fount_of_every_blessing)