

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robertson

John Wyeth

Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing; Tune my heart to sing thy
Here I raise my song of glad - ness; Hith - er by Thy help I'm
Oh, to grace how great a deb - tor, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to

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grace; Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est
come; And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at
be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to

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praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
home. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wand - 'ring from the fold of
Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I

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bove; Praise the mount; I'm fixed up - on it: Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
God; He, to res - cue me from dang - er, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
love; Here's my heart, Oh take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.