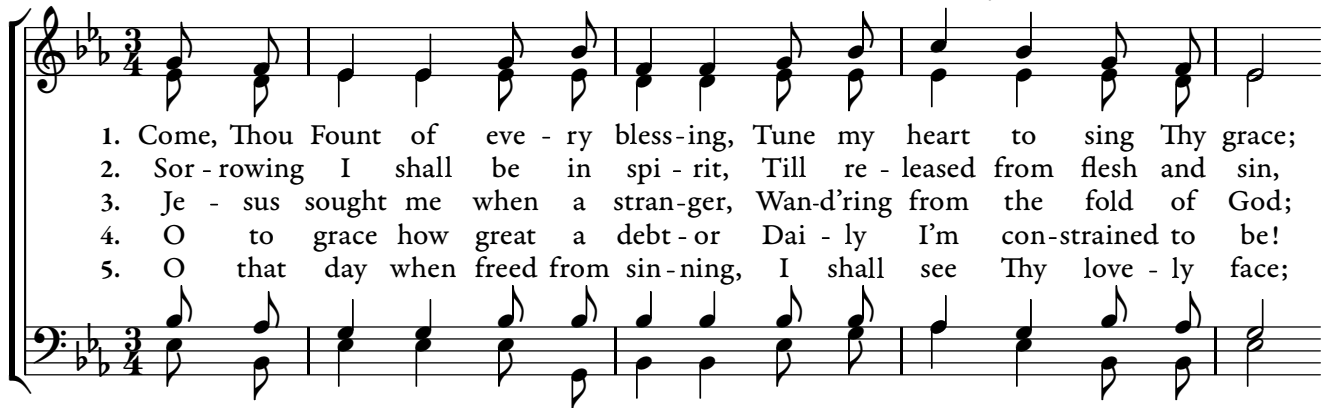
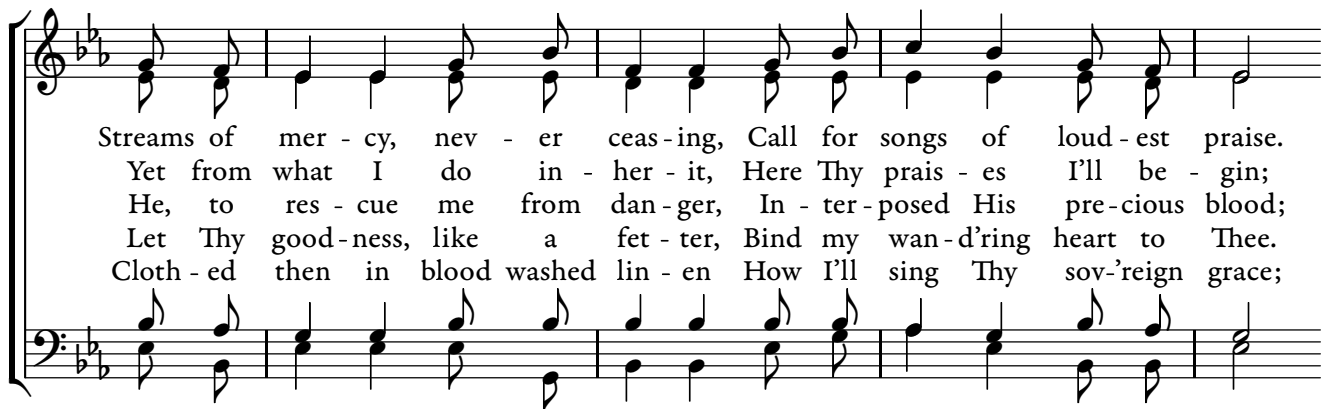


COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

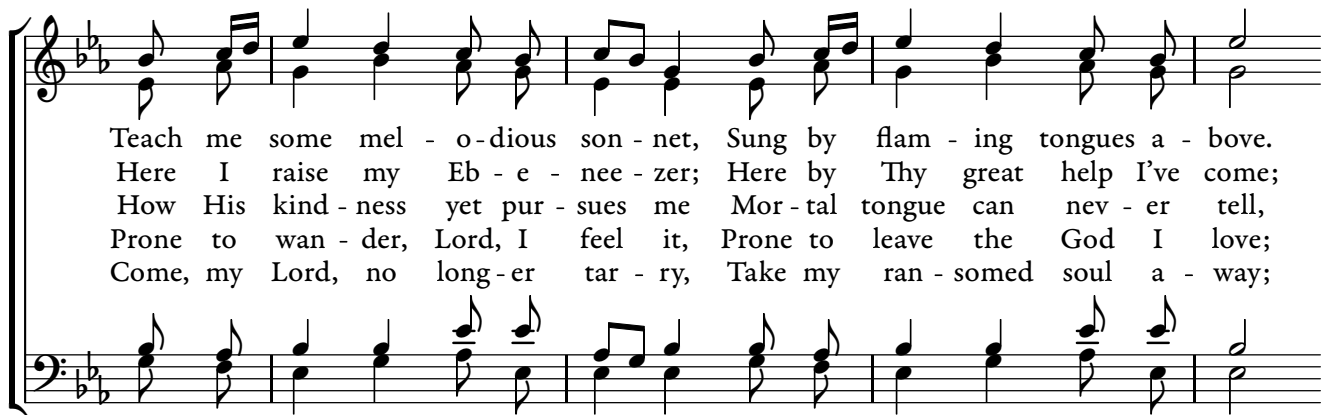
Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

from *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813


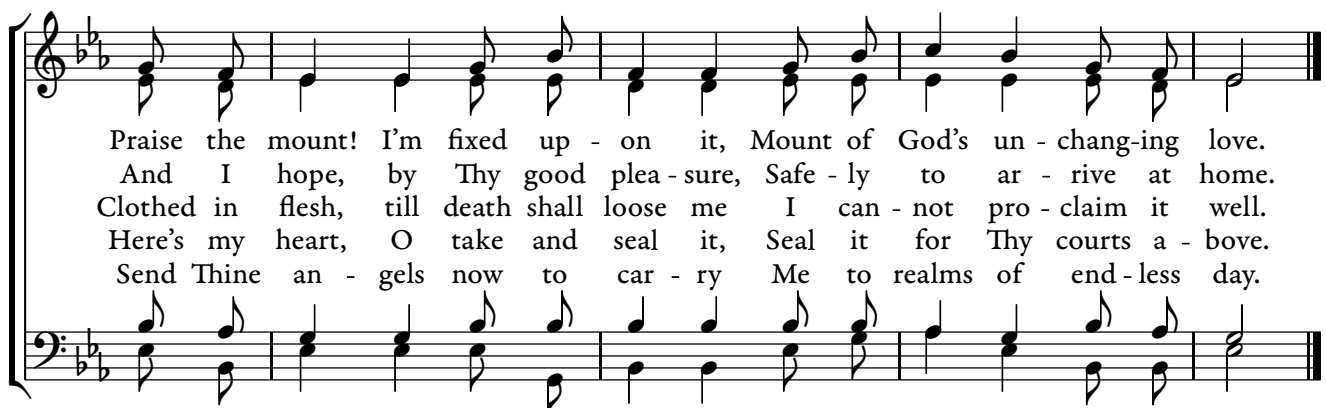
1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
 4. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
 5. O that day when freed from sin-ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;
 He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood;
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee.
 Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov'-reign grace;



Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
 Here I raise my Eb - e - nee - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;
 How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell,
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
 Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



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