

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

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Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy
Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er by thy help I've
Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to

3
grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for
come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly
be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my

6
songs of lou - dest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious
to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a
wan - dering heart to thee: prone to wan - der, Lord, I

9
son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the
strang - er, wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my

12
mount— I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with his pre - cious blood.
heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.