

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758

Music: Early American melody (In J. Wyeth, 1813)

Verse 1:

D A G D A D
Come, Thou Fount of every bless-ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace.

A G D A D
Streams of mercy, never ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.

A G D A G D
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.

A G D A D
Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

Verse 2:

Here I raise my Eb-e-ne-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.

Verse 3:

O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee.
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts a-bove.