

# Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790) 1758

Music: Early American Melody (in Wyeth, 1813)

D A G D A

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy  
2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to

D A G D A

grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est  
come; And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at  
be! Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d' ringheart to

D A G D A G

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

D A G D A D

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