Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of mercy, never ceasing,
call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious
call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious

2. Here I raise mine Ebenzer; hither by thy help I'm come; and I hope, by thy good pleasure,
safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a bound my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I
safely to arrive at home. Jesus sought me when a bound my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I

3. O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm conscious, bound my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I
O to grace how great a debtor daily I'm conscious, bound my wandering heart to thee. Prone to wander, Lord, I

4. Here fixed on it, mount of thy redeeming love. take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.
Here fixed on it, mount of thy redeeming love. take and seal it, seal it for thy courts above.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758
Tune: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

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