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 sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hi'ther by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home:
   Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
   He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!
   Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
   Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
   Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1735-1790
Tune: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.