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 come;
   and I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely be!

2. Here I find my greatest treasure; hither by thy help I've grace;
   songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious to arrive at home.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debt or daily I'm constrained to songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious to arrive at home.
   songs of loudest praise. Teach me some melodious to arrive at home.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.
Tune: J. Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music,
Part II, 1813
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

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.