

312 Come, Thou fount of every blessing

Robert Robinson (1730-1790)

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813

$\text{♩} = 66$

1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my
2. Here I raise to Thee an al - tar, hith - er
3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly

heart to sing Thy grace. Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
by Thy help I've come; and I hope, by Thy good
I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a

ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
pleas - ure, to ar - rive there safe - ly, home. Je - sus
fet - ter, blind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to

some me - lo - dious mea - sure sung by flam - ing
sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the
wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the

tongues a - bove; praise His name— I'm fixed up -
fold of God; He, to res - cue me from
God I love; here's my heart, O take and

on it— name of God's re - deem - ing love.
dan - ger, bought me with His pre - cious blood.
seal it; seal it for Thy courts a - bove.