

18 Come Thou Fount of every blessing

Robert Robinson

John Wyeth

1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my
2. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly
3. Sor - row - ing I shall be in spirit, Till re -

heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a
leased from flesh and sin, Yet from what I do in -

ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to
her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin; Here I

some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I
raise my E - ben - e - zer; Here by Thy great help I've

bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up -
 love; Here's my heart, O take and
 come; And I hope, by Thy good

on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
 pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.