

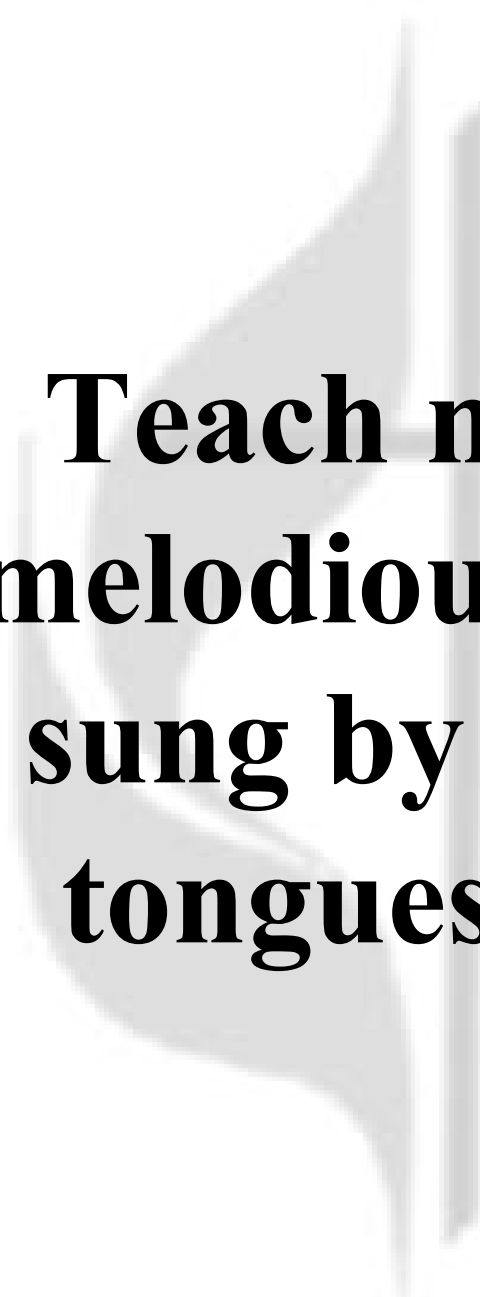
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

WORDS: Robert Robinson, 1758 (1 Sam. 7:12)

**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.**



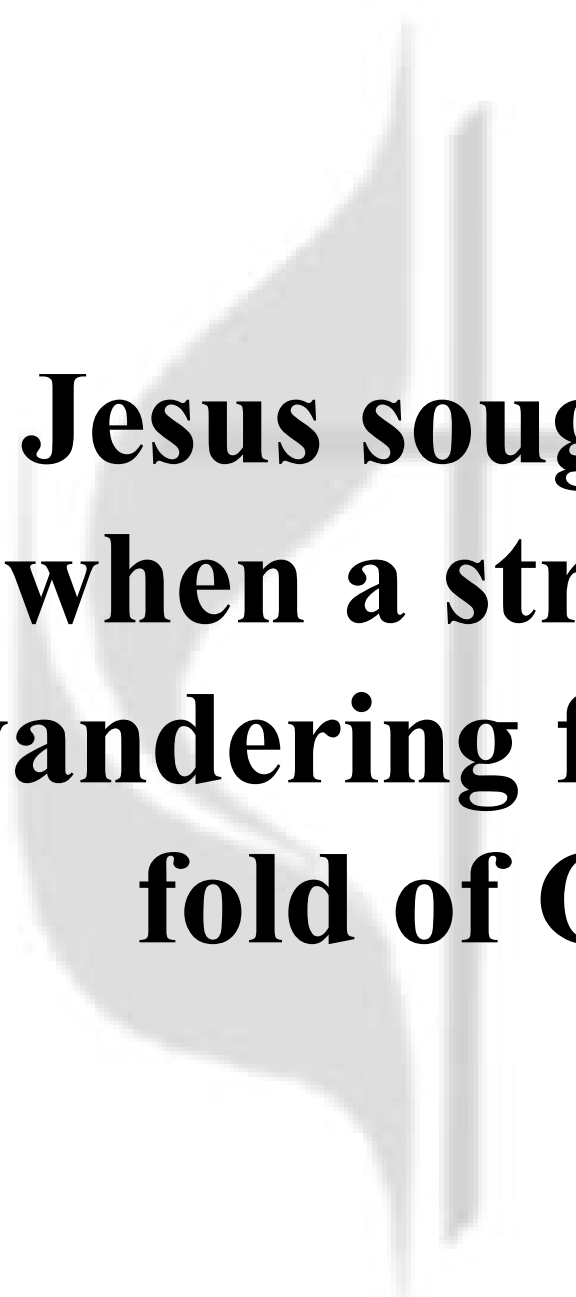
**Praise the mount!
I'm fixed upon it,
mount of thy
redeeming love.**



**2. Here I raise
mine Ebenezer;
hither by thy
help I'm come;**



**and I hope, by
thy good pleasure,
safely to
arrive at home.**



**Jesus sought me
when a stranger,
wandering from the
fold of God;**



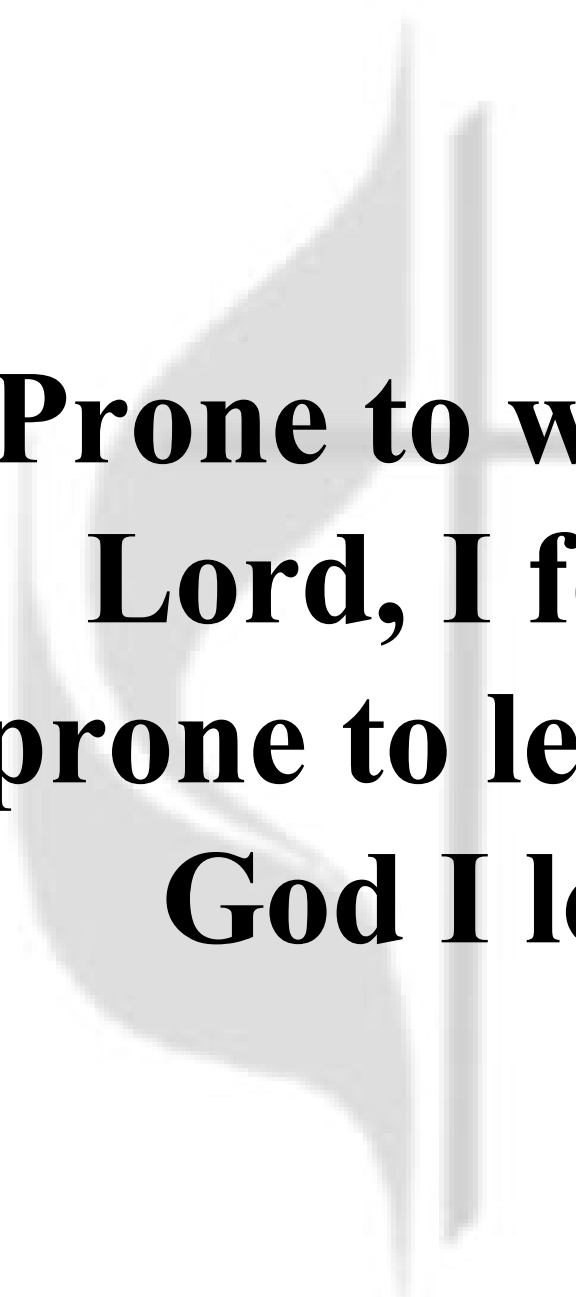
**he, to rescue
me from danger,
interposed his
precious blood.**



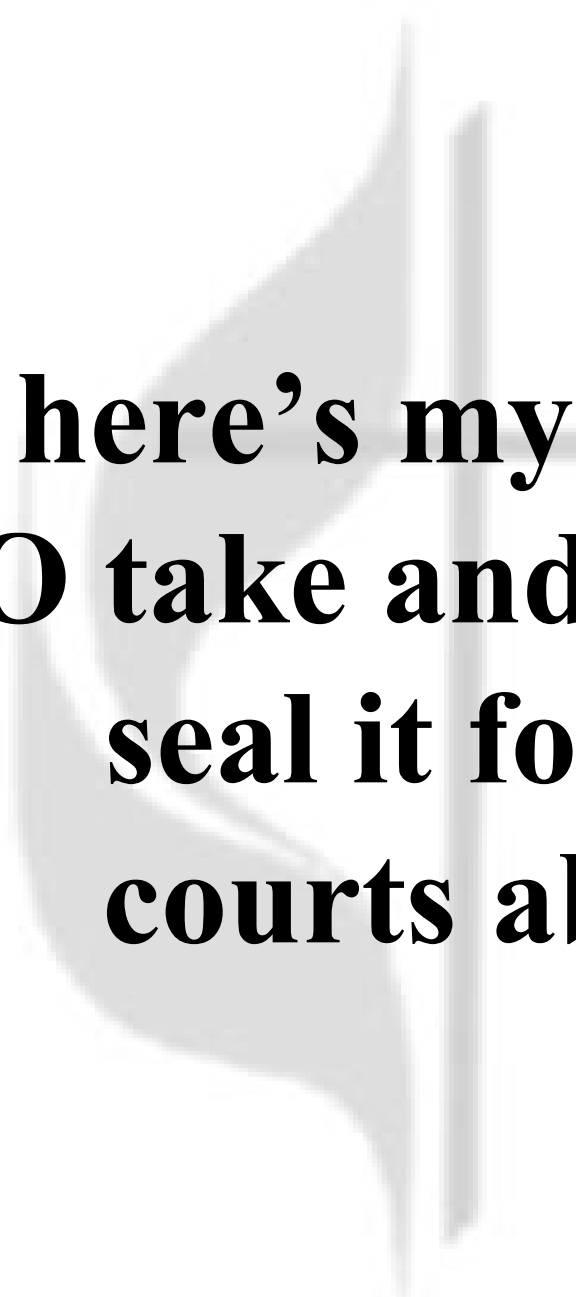
**3. O to grace
how great a debtor
daily I'm
constrained to be!**



**Let thy goodness,
like a fetter,
bind my wandering
heart to thee.**



**Prone to wander,
Lord, I feel it,
prone to leave the
God I love;**



**here's my heart,
O take and seal it,
seal it for thy
courts above.**