

Text by
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Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Traditional American Melody

1
Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
Hith - er to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place; And I
O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy

5
mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
know Thy hand will bring me safe - ly home by Thy good grace. Je - sus
good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to Thee: Prone to

9
some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by__ flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise His
sought me when a stran - ger, wan-der-ing from the fold of God; He, to
wan - der, Lord, I feel__ it, prone to__ leave the God I love; Here's my

13
name— I'm fixed up - on it— name of God's re - deem-ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with His pre - cious blood.
heart, O take and steal it; seal it for Thy courts a - bove.