

# Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

Traditional American Melody

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tunemy heartto sing Thy grace;  
2. Hith - er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;  
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!

6

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceasing-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe - ly home by Thy good grace.  
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

11

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flamin - ing tongues a - bove;  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - dering from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Proneto leave the God I love;

16

Praise His name I'm fixed up - on it Name of God's re - deem - ing love.  
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Bought me with His pre - cious blood.  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.