

# COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

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1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Sor - rowing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,  
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
 4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!  
 5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood;  
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.  
 Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov' - reign grace;

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
 Here I raise my Eb - e - nee - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;  
 How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell,  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
 And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 Send Thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.