

# Come, thou fount

Text: Robert Robinson, 1759

Music: American folk melody, 1813

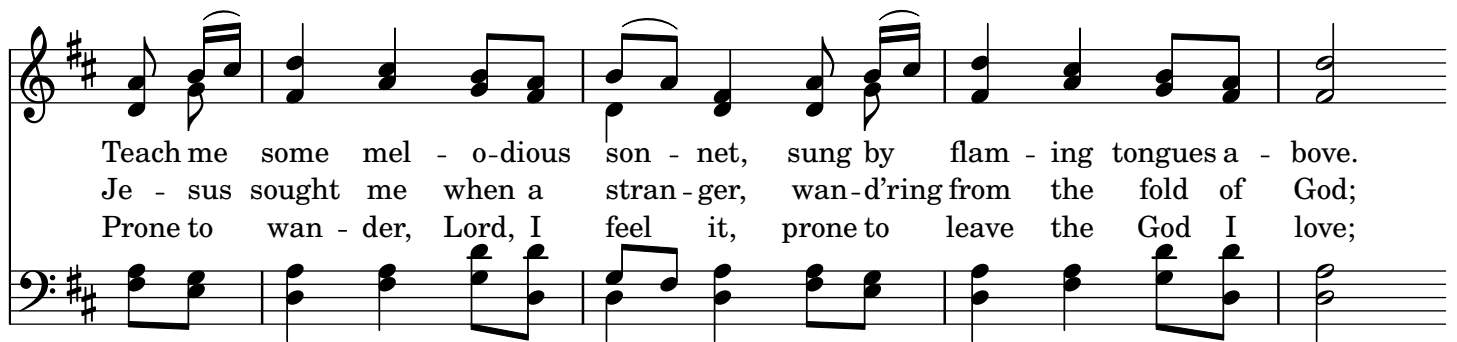
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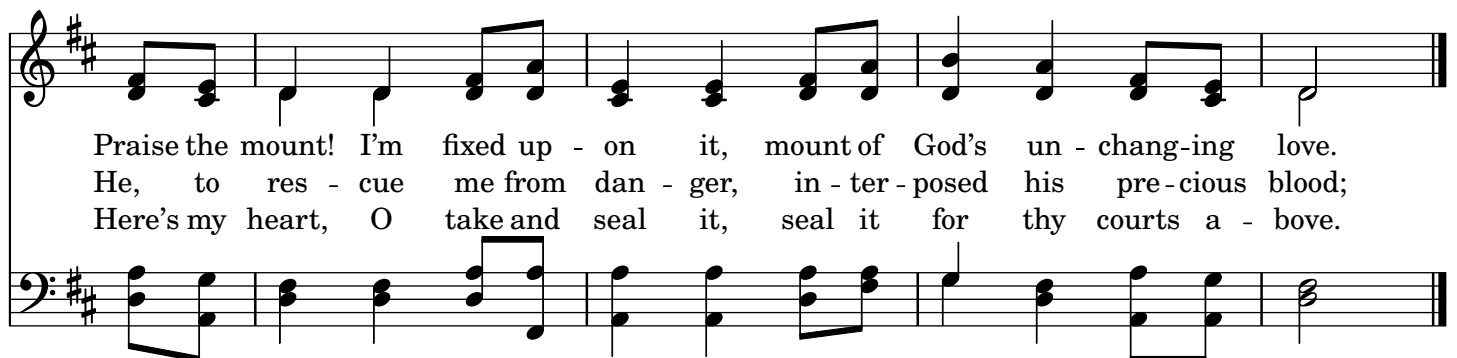
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev - ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; here by Thy great help I've come;  
3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
And I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.