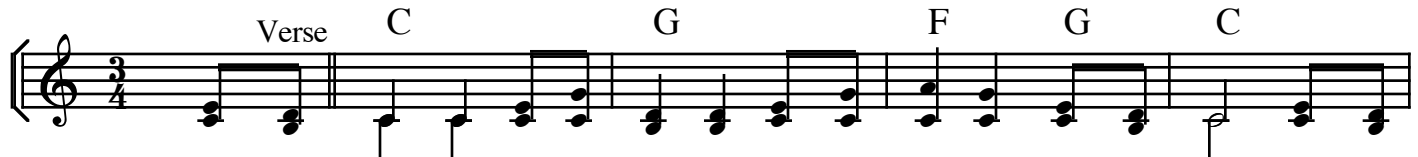


Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Text: Robert Robinson

Melody: Traditional Irish



1. Comethou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace. Streams of
2. O to grace how great a debt - or, dai - ly I'm con - strained to be. Let thy
3. Here I raise my eb - en - ez - er, hith - er by thy help I come. And I
4. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wand - ring from the fold of God. He to



mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
good - ness, as a fet - ter, bind my wand - ring heart to thee. Prone to
hope by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. (Teach. . .)
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood. (Prone. . .)



some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the
wan - der, Lord, I feel it; prone to leave the God I love. Here's my



mount; I'm fixed up - on it: mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.