Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Lyrics: Robert Robinson, 1757
(Original Lyrics)
Arr. Reed H. Larsen

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{j} = 90}} \)

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev’ry blessing,
   Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
   Raising Ebenezer; here by flaming tongues above.

2. Sor’wing, I shall be in spirit,
   Reassuring me from sin;
   Yet from what I do in danger,
   Comforting me in mortal danger.

3. Sus’ning, I sought me when a stranger,
   Wandering, David constricted to grace;
   Let my kindness yet pursue,
   Let my heart be Prone to leave the God I love;

4. O to grace how great a debtor,
   Sinning, I shall see Thy love;
   Goodness, like a linen gown,
   Feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

5. O that day when freed from debt or
doing,
   Sing Thy sovereign praise.
   Here’s my ransom’sd soul a-way;
   Send thine home.

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{j} = 90}} \)

mount, I’m fixed up on it,
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safe to arrive at home.

flesh, ’till death shall loose me
Can not proclaim it well.

heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

angels now to carry Me to realms of endless day.

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