

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Lyrics: Robert Robinson, 1757

(Original Lyrics)

Arr. Reed H. Larsen

♩ = 90

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev' - ry bles - sing, Tune my heart to sing Thy  
2. Sor - r'wing I shall be in spi - rit, 'Til re - leased from flesh and  
3. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wand - 'ring from the fold of  
4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to  
5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly

4  
grace; Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me  
sin, Yet from what I do in he - rit, Here Thy prais - es I'll be gin; Here I  
God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood; How His  
be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand - 'ring heart to Thee. Prone to  
face; Cloth - ed then in blood wash'd lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace; Come, my

9  
some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come; And I  
kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell, Clothed in  
wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my  
Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way; Send thine

13  
mount, I'm fix'd up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
flesh, 'til death shall loose me I can not pro - claim it well.  
heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a bove.  
an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.