

# Come, Thou Fount

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
 3. *Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!*  
 4. Oh! that day, when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;  
 5. If Thou ev - er didst dis - cov - er To my faith the prom - ised land,

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
*Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee;*  
 Rich - ly clothed in blood - washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov - reign grace;  
 Bid me now the stream pass o - ver, On the Heav'n - ly bor - der stand;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
*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;  
 Now surmount what - e'er op - pos - es, In - to Thine em - brace I'd fly;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it— Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
*Here's my heart, oh, 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.  
 Speak the word Thou spake to Mo - ses; Bid me, "Get thee up and die."

Music: John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, II, 1813  
 Text: Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

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