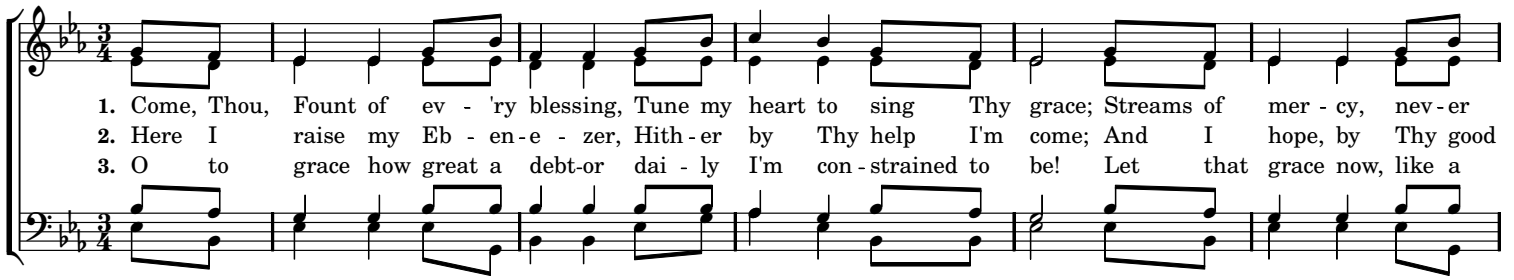


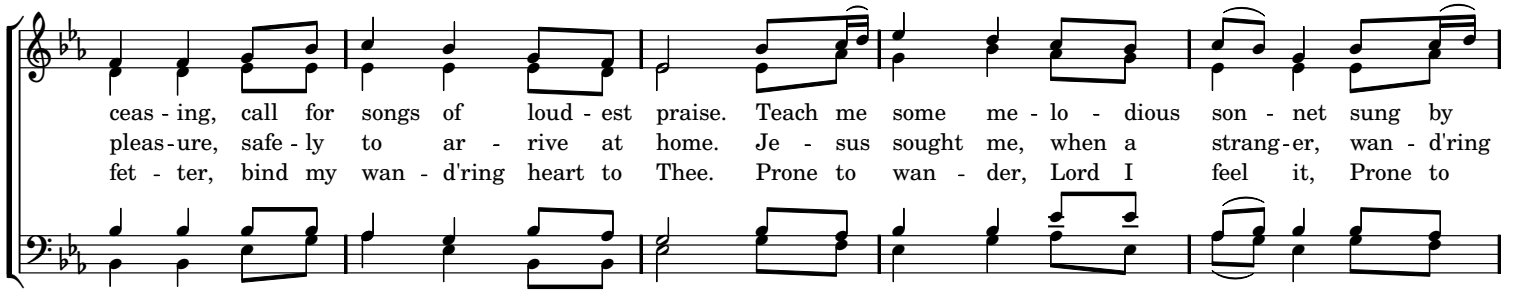
8. Come, Thou, Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

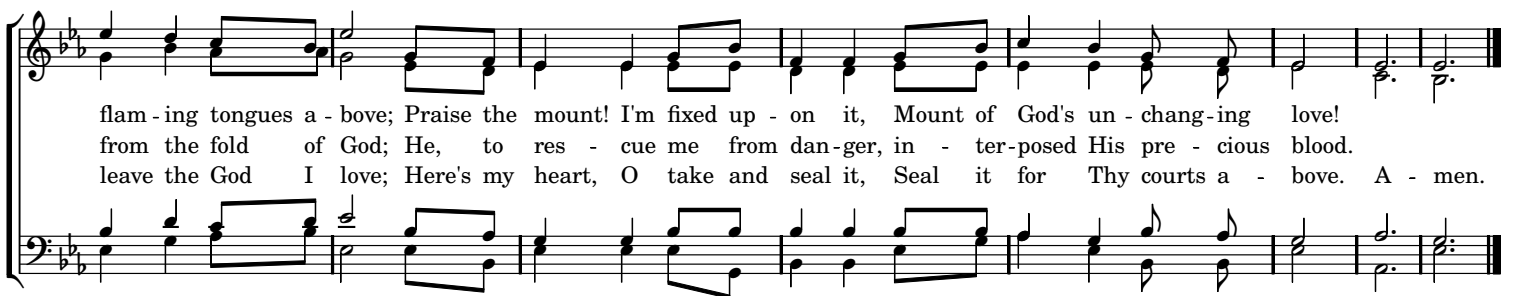
John Wyeth, 1813



1. Come, Thou, Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good
3. O to grace how great a debt-or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let that grace now, like a



ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net sung by
pleas - ure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me, when a strang - er, wan - d'ring
fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord I feel it, Prone to



flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love!
from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
leave the God I love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.