

217 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

"On that day there shall be a fountain opened..." (Zech. 13:1)

ROBERT ROBINSON

FROM JOHN WYETH'S *REPOSITORY OF SACRED MUSIC*

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!

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, as a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Bought me with His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it—Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.