Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758
John Wyeth, 1813
Nettleton, 87.87 D

Ionian Mode (1-5-5) DAA

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-

2. Sor-rowing I shall be in spirit, Till released from flesh and sin, Yet from what I do interposed His precious blood; How His kind-ness yet pursues me Mortal tongue can ne-ver

3. Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand-ering I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a see Thy love-ly face; Clothed then in blood washed lin-

4. O to grace how great a debtor Daily is con-strained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a see Thy love-ly face; Clothed then in blood washed lin-

5. O that day when freed from sinning, I shall see Thy love-ly face; Clothed then in blood washed lin-

Public Domain
bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of
come; And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly
tell, Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can -
love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it
way; Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to

Thy re - deem - ing love.
to ar - rive at home.
not pro - claim it well.
for Thy courts a - bove.
realms of end - less day.