

Hymns for Choir

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson (1735-1790)

John Wyeth (1770-1858)
ed. by Mark Feezell / DrFeezell.com

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of
2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm come; And I
3. O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy

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mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me___
hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus___
good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to Thee: Prone to___

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some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by___ flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the
sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - der - ing from the fold of God; He, to
wan - der, Lord, I feel___ it, Prone to___ leave the God I love; Here's my

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mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.