

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

The Sacred Harp

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tunemy heart to
2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer— Hith-er by Thy
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai - ly I'm con -

sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,
help I'm come; And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure,
strained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fet - ter,

Call for songs of loud-est praise.
Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. I am bound for the kingdom,
Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

Will you go to glo-ry with me? Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord!