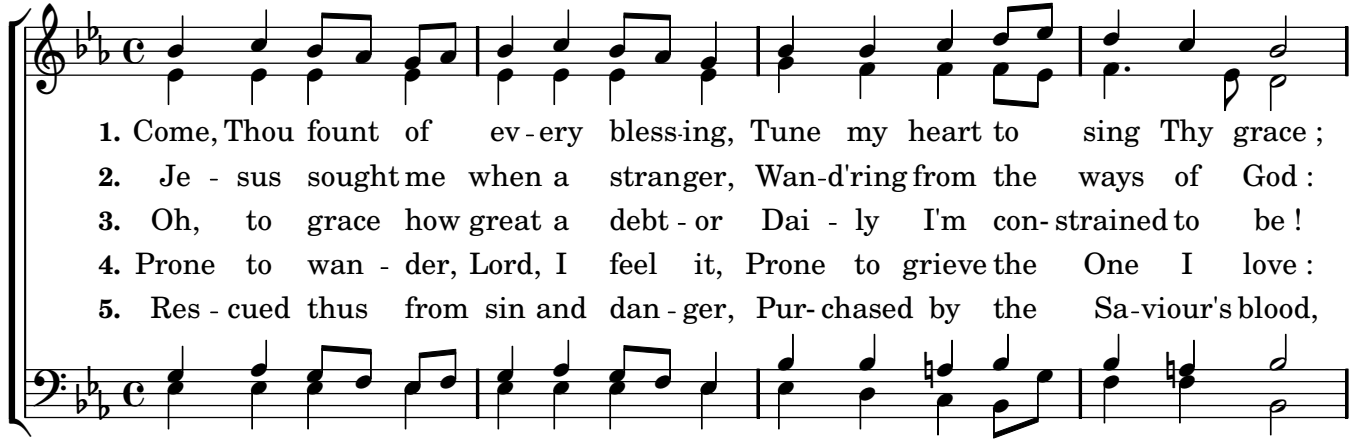


Come, Thou fount of every blessing

« Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs » n° 354

♩ = 92



1. Come, Thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
2. Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wan-d'ring from the ways of God :
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be !
4. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to grieve the One I love :
5. Res - cued thus from sin and dan - ger, Pur - chased by the Sa-viour's blood,



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood.
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.
Yet Thou, Lord, hast deigned to seal it, With Thy Spi - rit from a - bove.
May I walk on earth a stran-ger, As a son and heir of God.

Words from
Robert Robinson (1735-1790)
Meter : 77.77

Tune : Sicilian Mariners
Keswick Hymn Book n° 390