

Come, Thou Fount of Ev'ry Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

Thurlow Weed, 2008

Forest Rose
8.7.8.7. D

1. Come, Thou_ Fount of ev - ry_ bles - sing, tune my heart to sing thy grace. Streams of
2. Here I'll_ raise my Eb - e - ne - zer, Hi - ther by thy help, I'm come. And I_

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mer - cy, ne - ver_ ceas - ing call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious
hope, by thy_ good_ mea - sure safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when_ a

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son - net sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of
stran - ger wan d'ring from the fold of God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter -

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Thy re - - - deem - ing love!
posed His pre - cious blood.