

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON (8 7. 8 7. D)

Asahel Nettleton, 1825

Robert Robinson, 1758

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm come.
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.