

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing; Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hi - ther 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 plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good - ness, as a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by fla - ming 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 Thy re - deem - 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.

Text: Robert Robinson (1735 - 1790), 1758

Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, by John Wyeth (1770 - 1858), 1813

Tune Name: Nettleton

Meter: 8 7 8 7 D