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.
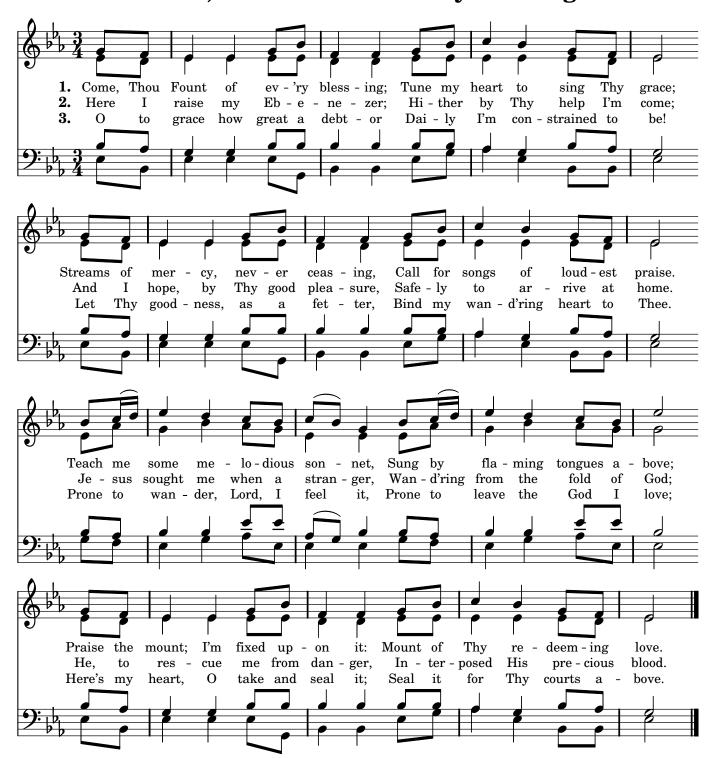Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Text: Robert Robinson (1735–1790), 1758
Music: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, by John Wyeth (1770–1858), 1813
Tune Name: 'Nettleton'