

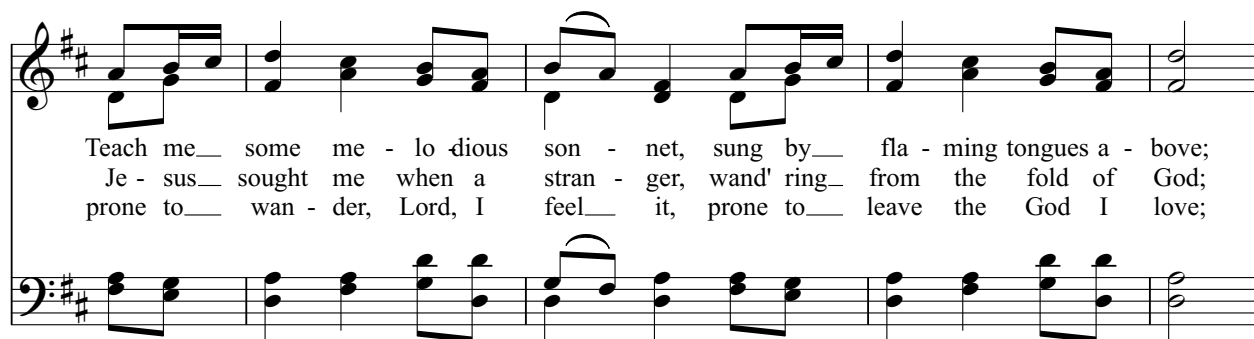
# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



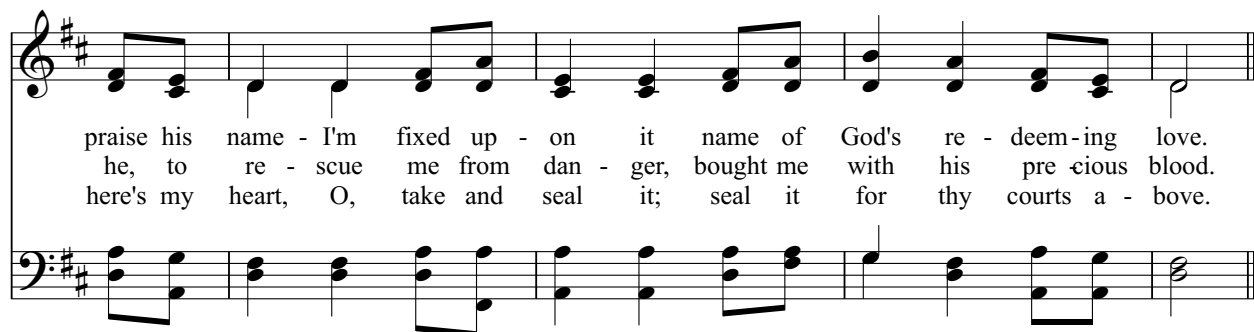
1 Comethou Fount of ev - ery bles - sing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2 Here I raise to thee an al - tar, hi - ther by thy help I've come;  
3 O to grace how great a deb - tor dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, call for songs of lou - dest praise.  
and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering 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, wand' ring from the fold of God;  
prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise his name - I'm fixed up - on it name of God's re - deem - ing love.  
he, to re - scue me from dan - ger, bought me with 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)

Tune: John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813



[www.hymnary.org/text/come\\_thou\\_fount\\_of\\_every\\_blessing](http://www.hymnary.org/text/come_thou_fount_of_every_blessing)

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