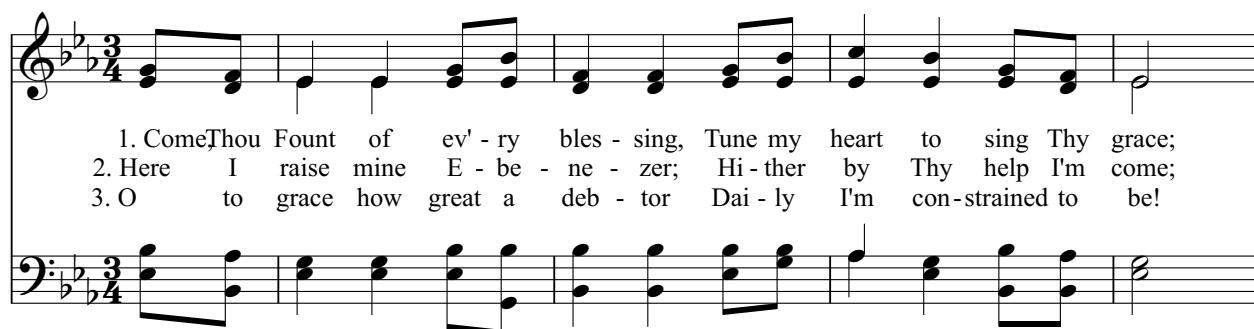



Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1. Come Thou Fount of ev' - ry bles - sing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine E - be - ne - zer; Hi - ther by Thy help I'm 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 grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand' - 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, Wand' 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 re - scue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1735-1790
Tune: *Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music,*
Part Second, 1813



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NETTLETON
www.hymnary.org/text/come_thou_fount_of_every_blessing