

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1758

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace: streams of
 2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come; and I
 3. O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be; let that

mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me
 hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar-rive at home. Je-sus
 grace now, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-d'ring heart to thee. Prone to

some me-lo-dious son-net, sung by flam-ing tongues a-
 sought me when a strang-er, wan-d'ring from the fold of
 wan-der Lord I feel it-prone to leave the God I

bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
 God: he, to res-cue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.
 love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.