

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Traditional American melody

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.