

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

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1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some mel - o dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Je - sus sought me when a stranger, 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 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.