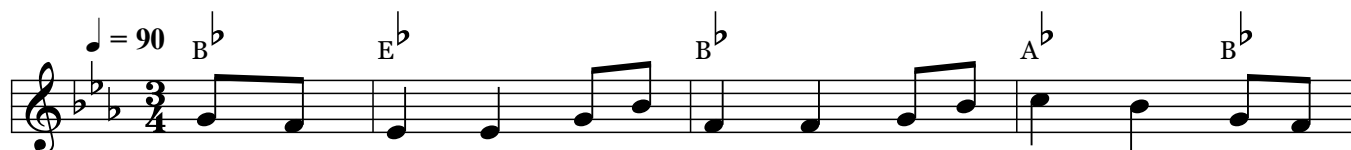


Come, Thou Fount (Rejoice 11)

Words by Robert Robinson

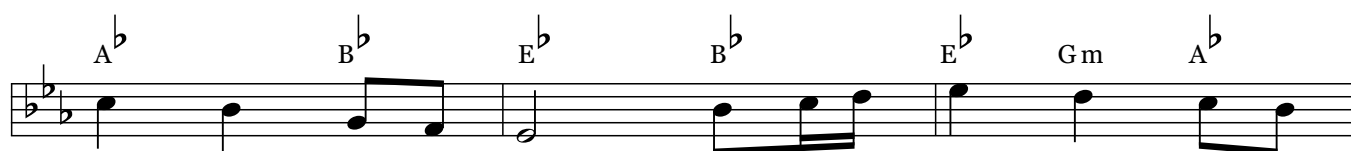
Nettleton



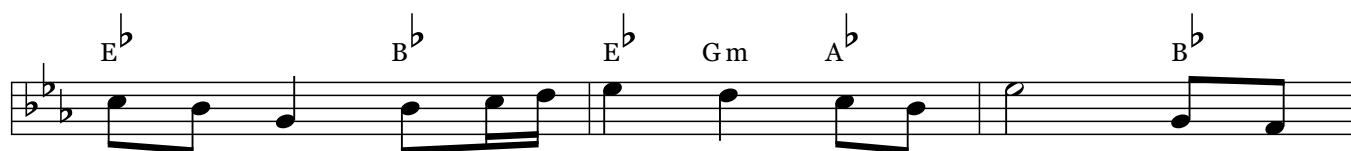
1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing Tune my heart to sing Thy
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to



grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for
come; And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Sage - ly
be! Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my



songs of loud - est praise: Teach me some me - lo - dious
to ar - rive at home: Je - sus sought me when a
wan - d'ring heart to Thee: Prone to wan - der, Lord, I



son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the
strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God; He to
feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.