

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Robert Robinson

John Wyeth

arr. by J. Philip Cranford

Suppliantly ♩ = 60-80

1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing; Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Sor - 'ring I shall be in spir - it, Till re - leased from flesh and sin;
3. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;
How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell,

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly ar - rive at home.
Cloth'd in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.