

HYMN

Come, thou fount of every blessing

D A D G D A⁷ D

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

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - dering 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.

^a Rock of help, 1 Sam. 7:12

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758

Tune: John Wyeth, *Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813

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NETTLETON