

## HYMN

## Come, thou fount of every blessing

D A D G D A<sup>7</sup> 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<sup>a</sup>; 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!

A D G D A<sup>7</sup> D

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.

G D G D

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;

A D G D A<sup>7</sup> D

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.

<sup>a</sup> 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