

## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 400

1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to  
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con -

sing thy grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,  
 help I'm come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure,  
 strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter,

call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
 safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
 bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I

son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! I'm  
 stran - ger, wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to res - cue  
 feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart, O

fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem - ing love.  
 me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
 take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

WORDS: Robert Robinson, 1758 (1 Sam. 7:12)  
 MUSIC: Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second, 1813

NETTLETON  
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