

Come, thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON

Asahel Nettleton, 1825



1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; 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;
4. Oh, that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see thy love - ly face:



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 that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.
Clothed then in the blood-washed lin - en, how I'll sing thy won - drous grace!



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
Prone to wan - der - Lord, I feel it - prone to leave the God I love:
Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry; take my ran - som'd soul a - way;



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - 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.
send thine an - gels soon to car - ry me to realms of end - less day.