

Come, Thou Fount - Hymn Page

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

NETTLETON



Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy
Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: "Hith - er by thy help I've
Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to



grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for
come"; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly
be; let that grace now like a fet - ter bind my



songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious
to ar - rive at home. Je - sus - sought me when a
wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to - wan - der, Lord, I



son - net sung by - flam - ing tongues a - bove; praise the
strang - er, wan - d'ring - from the fold of God; he, to
feel - it; prone to - leave the God I love. Here's my



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.