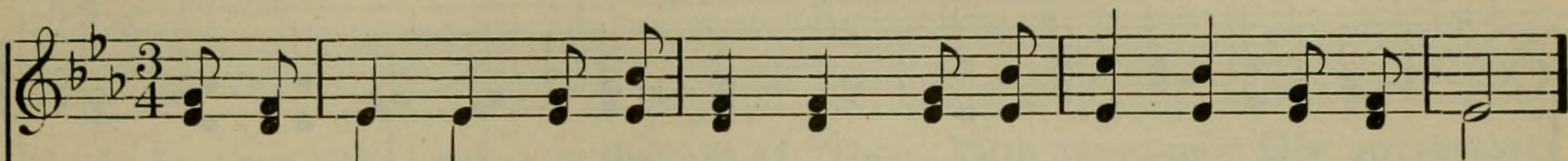


Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 117

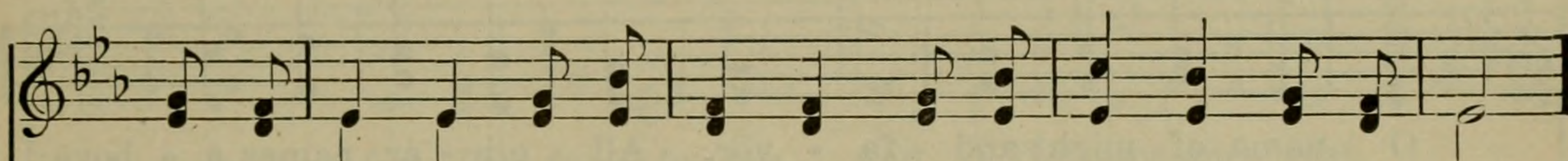
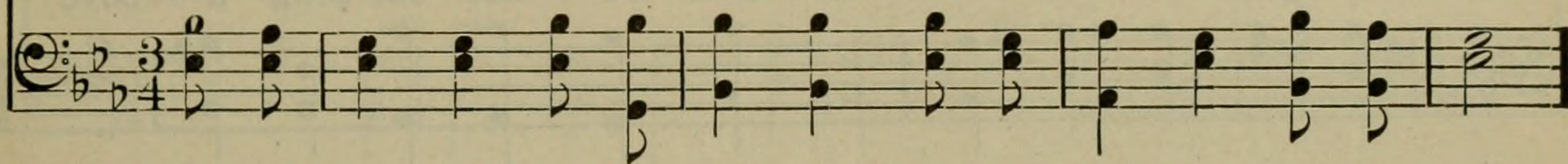
(NETTLETON. 8, 7, 8, 7, D.)

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758

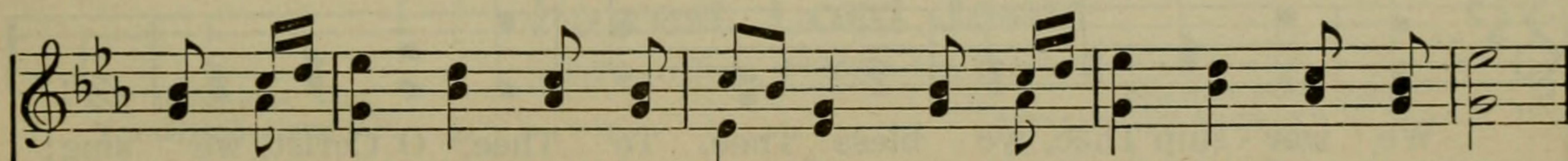
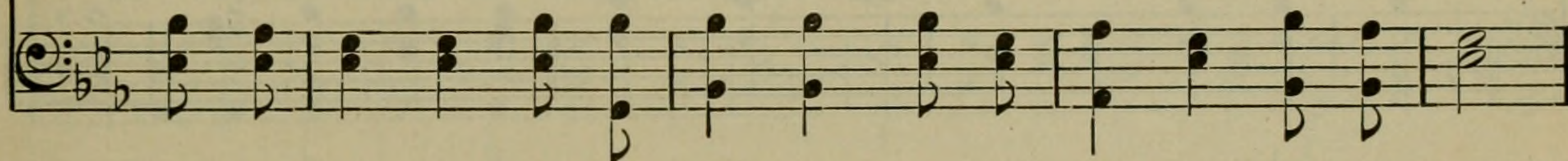
JOHN WYETH, 1812



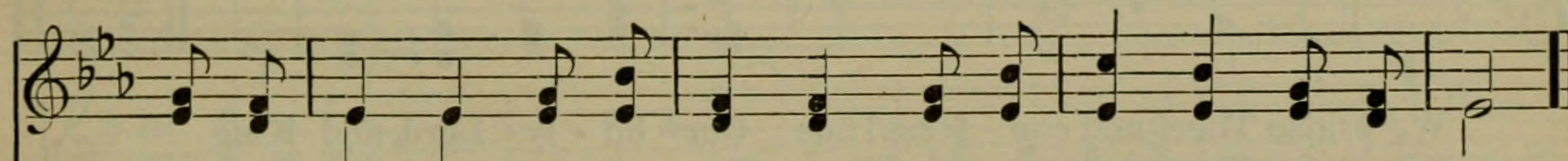
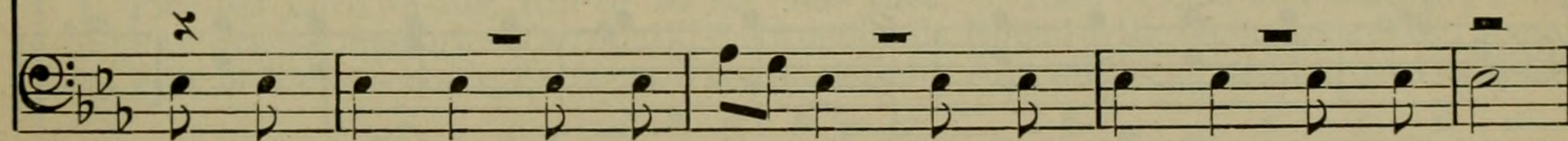
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring 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 God's un - chang - ing love!
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed with pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.

