

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Traditional American melody

Robert Robinson, 1758

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

1. Come, thou fount of ev - ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come; and I
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be; let that

1. Komm, du Quelle allen Segens, stimm mein Herz zu deinem Preis! Ströme reichen Liebesregens wollen Dank, wie dein Geheiß.
 Lehr mich dir ein Loblied singen wie der Engel Zungen rein; Lob der Liebe will ich bringen, meine Zuflucht sollst du sein!

mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
 hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus
 grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee. Prone to

3. O könnt ich es nur ermessen, wie groß täglich meine Schuld, wie so oft ich pflichtvergessen, und du trotzdem hast Geduld!
 Nein, verlassen könnt ich nimmer dich, du gnadenreicher Hort, dir gehört mein Herz für immer, wo ich bin, an jedem Ort.

some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a -
 sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of
 wan - der Lord I feel it - prone to leave the God I

bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 God: he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

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