

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON (8.7.8.7 D)

Robert Robinson

Verse

Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing;
Here I find my great - est trea - sure;
O to grace how great a debt - or

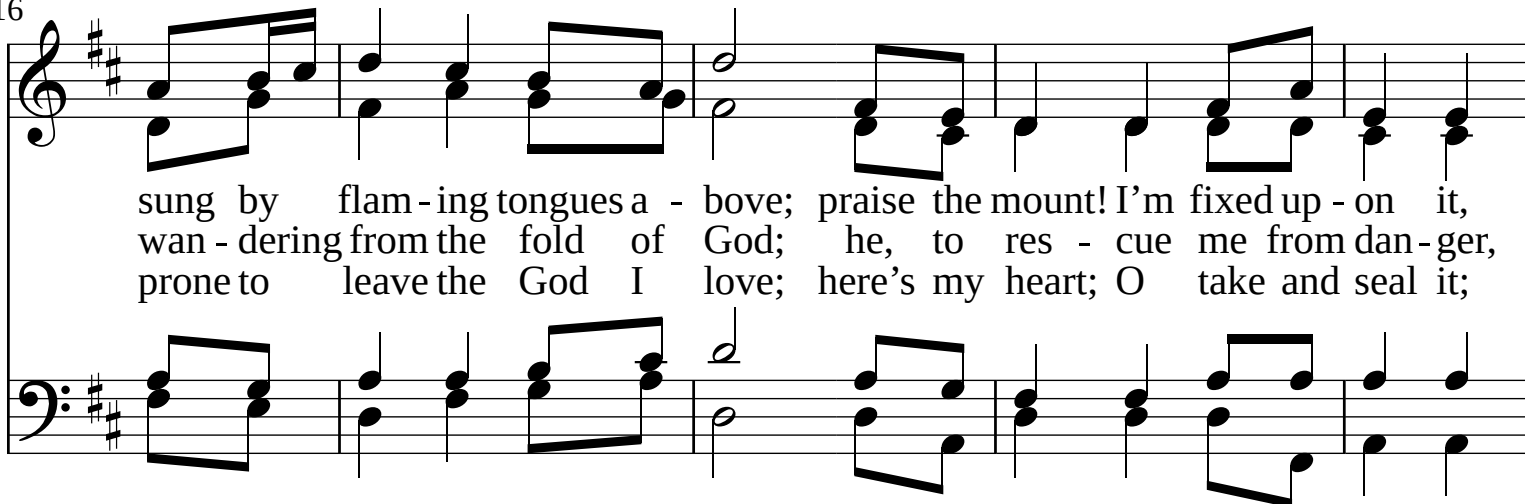
4

tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing,
hith - er by thy help I've come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure,
dai - ly I'm con - strained to be! Let that grace now, like a fet - ter,

10

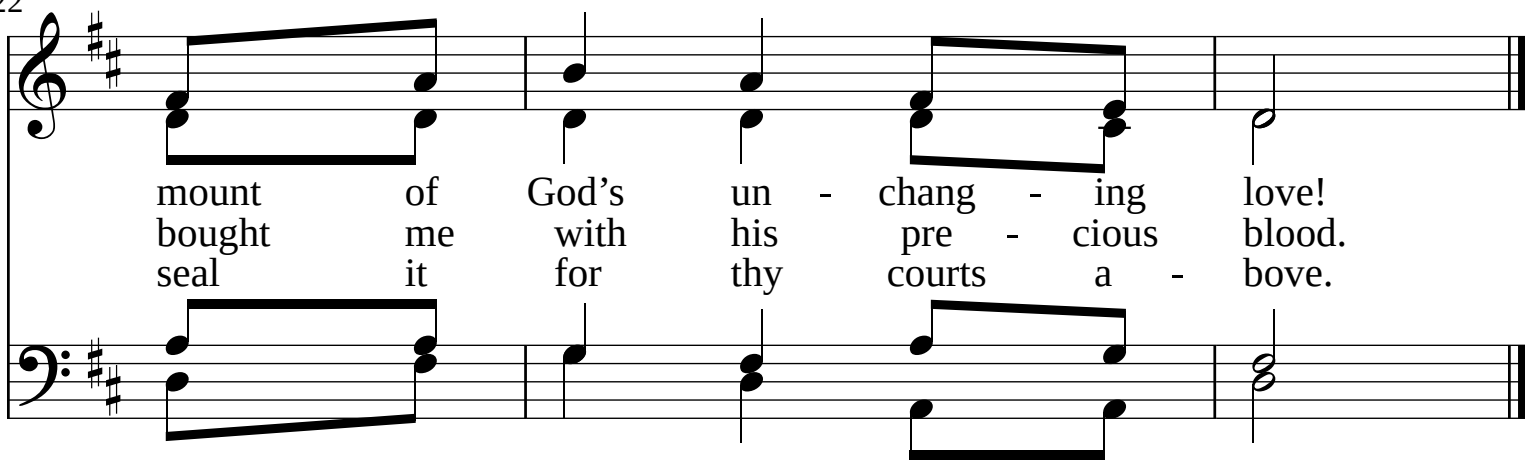
call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net,
safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger,
bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel - it,

16



sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove; praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it,
wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from dan - ger,
prone to leave the God I love; here's my heart; O take and seal it;

22



mount of God's un - chang - ing love!
bought me with his pre - cious blood.
seal it for thy courts a - bove.