

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson (1735 - 1790)

Asahel Nettleton



1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my eb - e - ne - zer; hi - ther 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 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by fla - ming tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;



praise his name; I'm fixed up - on it: name of God's re - deem - 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.