

# Come, Thou Fount

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NETTLETON

Robert Robinson, 1735-1790

John Wyeth, 1770-1858

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Here I raise mine 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 Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to Thee:

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - dering 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 Thy 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. A - MEN.