

# Come, Thou Fount

NETTLETON

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my E - be - nez - er; hith - er by Thy help I've come;  
3. Oh, 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 - d'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.  
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'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 u - pon it— mount of God's un - chang - 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.

WORDS: Robert Robinson, 1758

8.7.8.7.D

MUSIC: John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813

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