

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.