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## Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Nettleton. 8.7.8.7.D.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758

ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith - er by Thy help I've 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 me clos - er still to Thee.



Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee, May I still Thy goodness prove,  
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wan - dering from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



While the hope of end - less glo - ry Fills my heart with joy and 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.

