

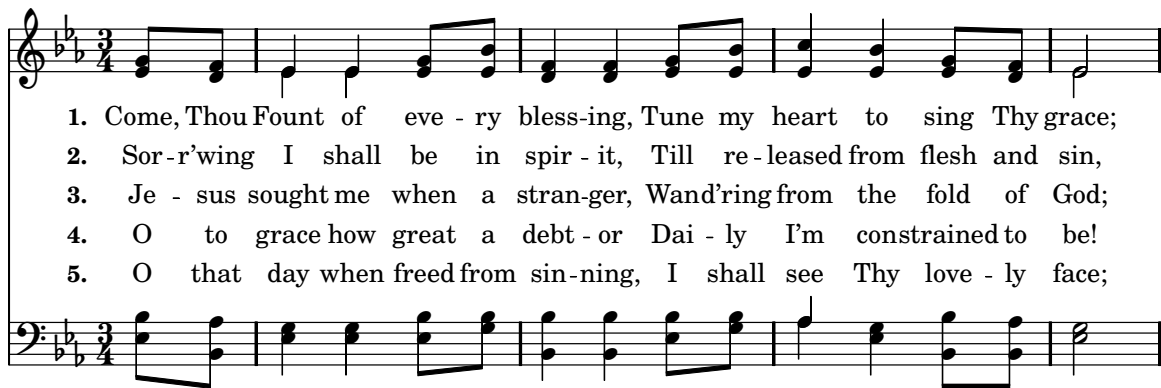
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Matthew 18:12

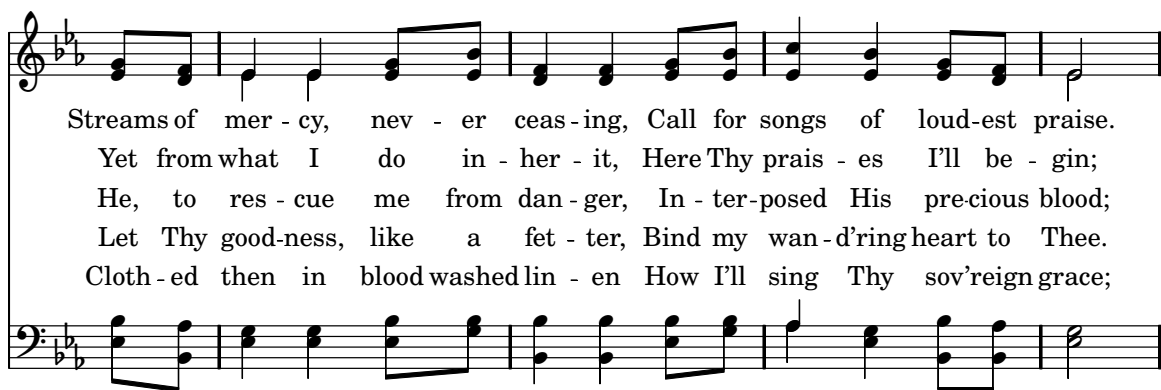
Robert Robinson, 1758

Nettleton

Attr., Asahel Nettleton, 1813



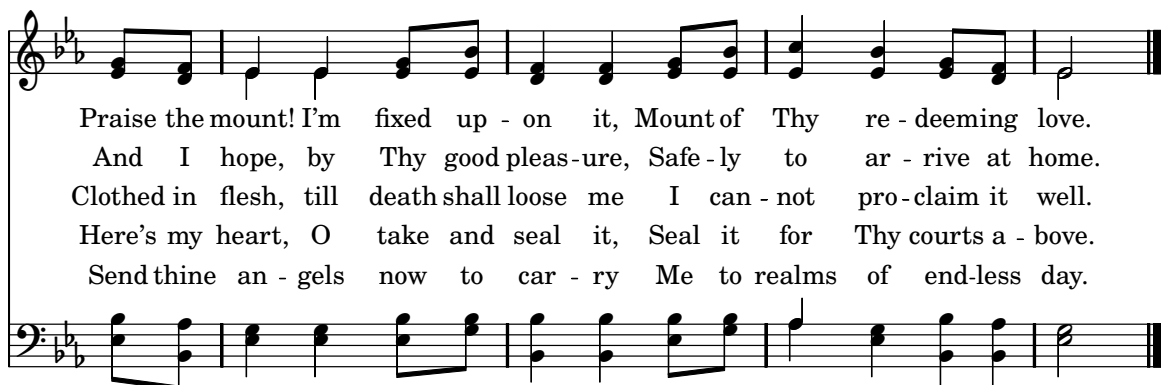
1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Sor - r'wing I shall be in spir - it, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,
3. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
5. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood;
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.
Cloth - ed then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov'reign grace;



Teach me some me - lodious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;
How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er tell,
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.