

Come, thou fount of every blessing

Hymns Ancient & Modern version

Words: Robert Robinson (1735–1790)

Music: NETTLETON



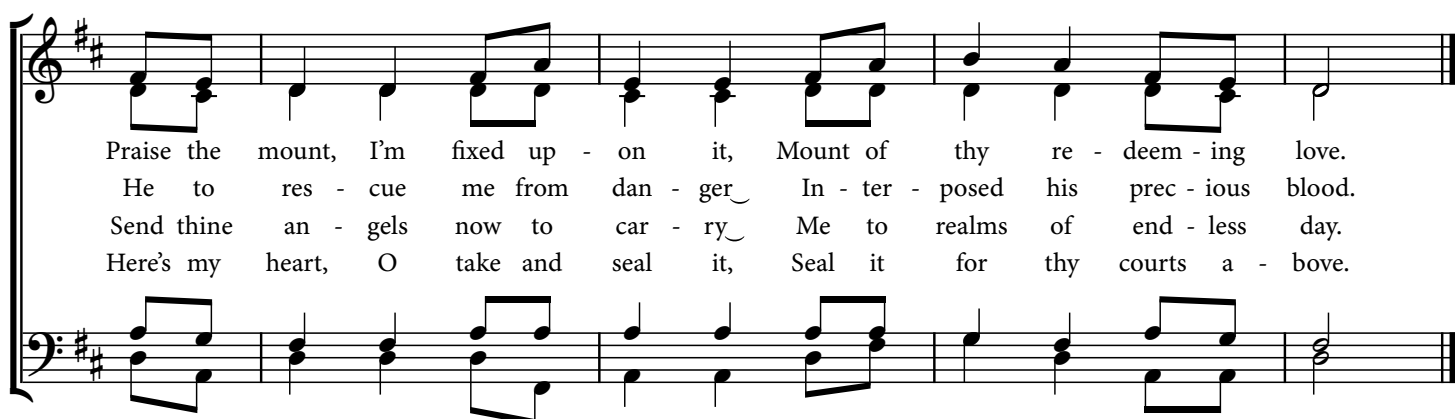
1. Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace.
2. Here I raise my E - be - nez - er; Here by thy great help I've come.
3. O that day when, freed from sin - ning, I shall see thy love - ly face,
4. O, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be.



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.
Cloth - ed then in blood - washed lin - en, How I'll sing thy sov - 'reign grace.
Let thy good - ness like a fet - ter Bind my wand - '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 stran - ger, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Come, my__ Lord, no long - er tar - ry; Take my__ ran - somed soul a - way.
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 prec - ious blood.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.