Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON

Traditional American melody

Robert Robinson, 1758

John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second 1813

1. Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of
mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me
some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues a-
sought me when a stranger, wand'ring from the fold of
above; praise the mount! I'm fixed up on it, mount of God's unchang-ing love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer; hither by thy help I'm come; and I
hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home. Jesus
grace now, like a fetter, bind my wand'ring heart to thee. Prone to
God: he, to res-cue me from danger, in-ter-posed his prec-i-ous blood.

3. O to grace how great a debt or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be; let that
how, O my heart, 'mid the tem-tations I'm prone to leave the God I
love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-

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