

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

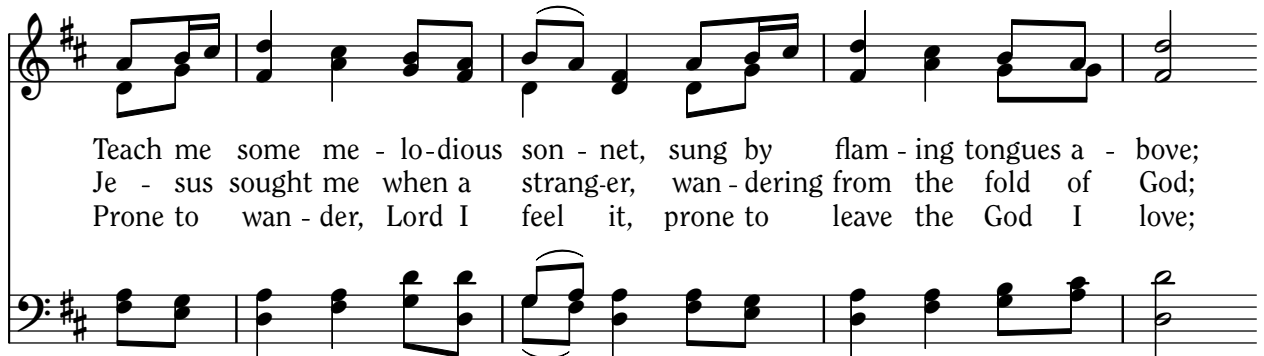
Nettleton



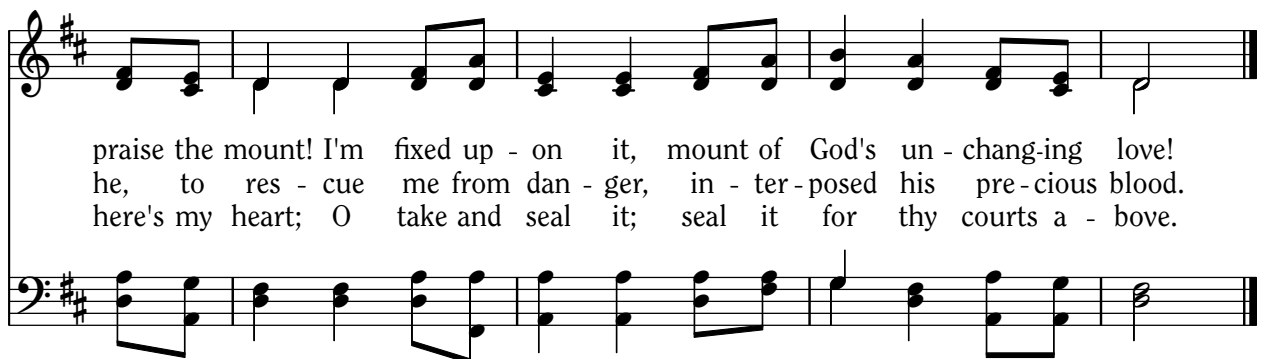
1 Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by thy help I'm come;
3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - dering 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 - dering 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 up - on 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.