

*8 pc*  
Robert Robinson, 1758

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

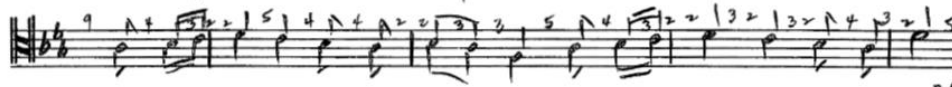
Asa Nettleton, 1825 (WHH, 1958)



Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;<sup>15</sup>  
UNISON → Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I've come,



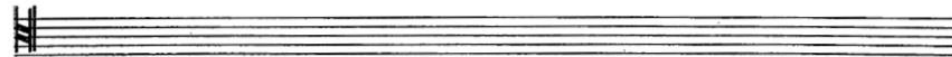
Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.<sup>18</sup>  
UNISON → And I hope by Thy good pleasure Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.



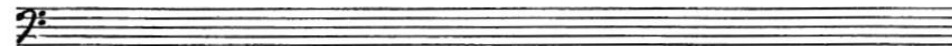
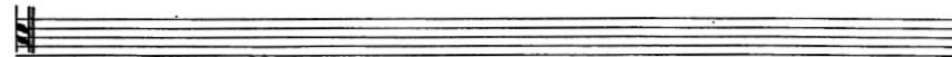
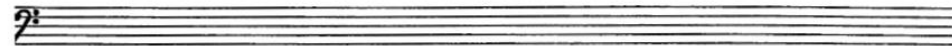
Teach me ev-er to a - dore Thee, May I still Thy goodness prove,<sup>20</sup>  
Je - sus sought me when a strang-er, Wan-dering from the fold of God;



While the hope of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.<sup>15</sup>  
He to res-cue me from danger In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.



CHURCH HYMNAL, REVIEW AND HERALD  
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Come Thou Fount (2)



O, to grace how great a debtor Dai-ly I'm constrained to be



Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind me clos-er still to Thee.



Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Here's my heart--- O, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

