

PRAISE THE LORD

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. Proverbs 10:22

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Hith - er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;
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 know Thy hand will bring me Safe - ly home by Thy good grace.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'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 strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise His name - I'm fixed up - on it - Name of God's re - deem - ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Bo't me with His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson
MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813
Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Carl Seal

NETTLETON
8.7.8.7.D

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Optional last stanza setting
Unison

3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm con- strained to

be! Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan- d'ring heart 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.

Optional choral ending

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