

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Nettleton, 87.87.87.87

Robert Robinson, 1758
Modified by Paul W. Davis, 2011
Ebenezer Baptist Church

John Wyeth, 1813

$\text{♩} = 80$

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hi - ther by Thy help I've come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be.
4. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Streams of mer - cy, ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I will, by Thy good plea - sure, Be brought safe - ly to thy home.
Let that grace, now like a fet - ter, Bind my yield - ed heart to Thee
Clothed then in the blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy won - 'drous grace;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.
Res - cued now from sin and dan - ger, Pur - chased by the Sav - iour's blood;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a - way;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
I would walk on earth a stran - ger, As be - comes a son of God.
Here's my heart, LORD Thou hast sealed it, Sealed it for Thy courts a - bove.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.