

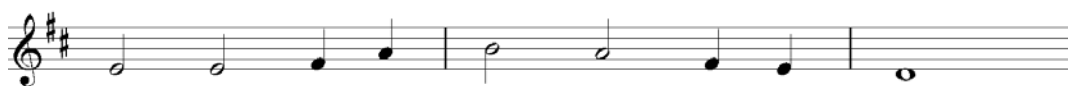
Come, thou fount of every blessing



1 Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my
 2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er
 by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good
 I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a



ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
 plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 fet - ter, bind my wan - dering heart to thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - dering
 prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to



flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me
 from the fold of God; he, to res - cue me from
 leave the God I love; here's my heart, oh, take and



on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.
 dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

Words: Robert Robinson (1735-1790), alt. Music: *Nettleton*, melody from *A Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813;
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