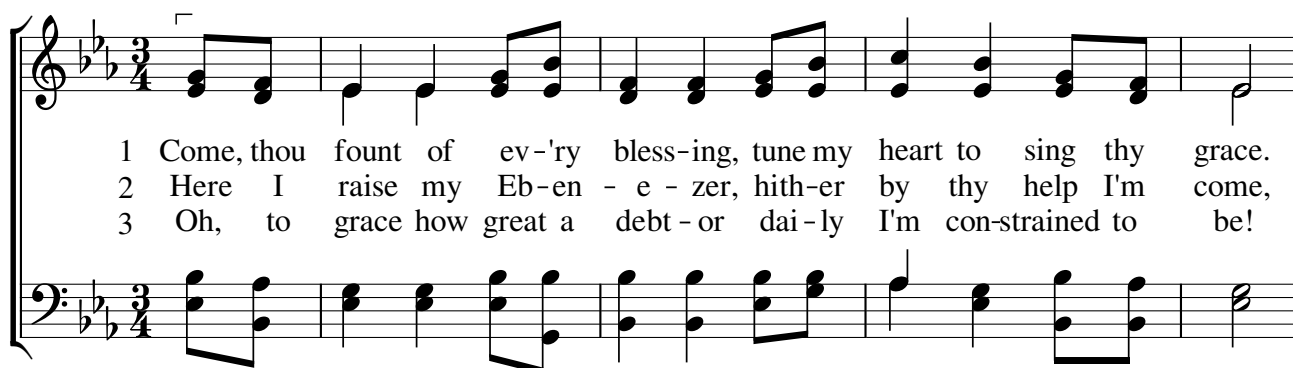


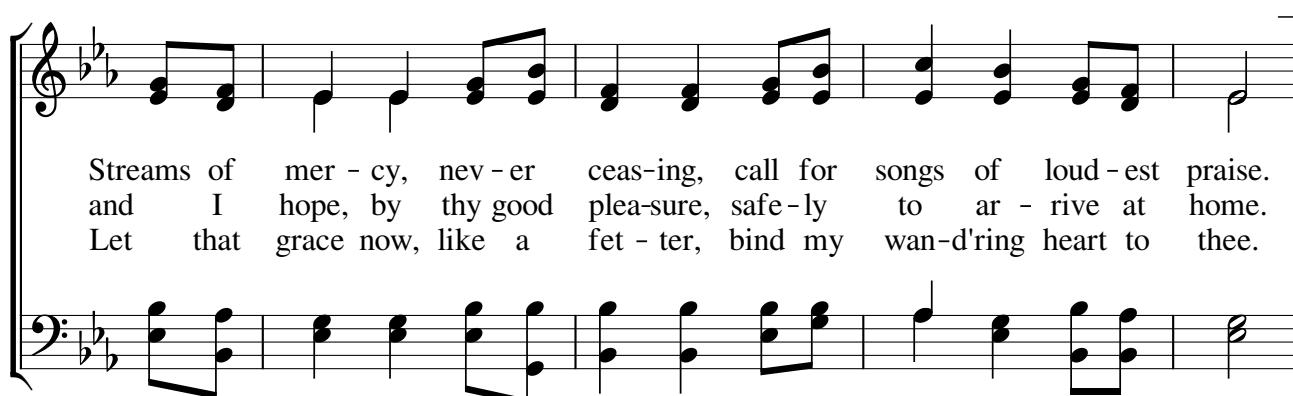
15

Come, thou fount

NETTLETON 87. 87D



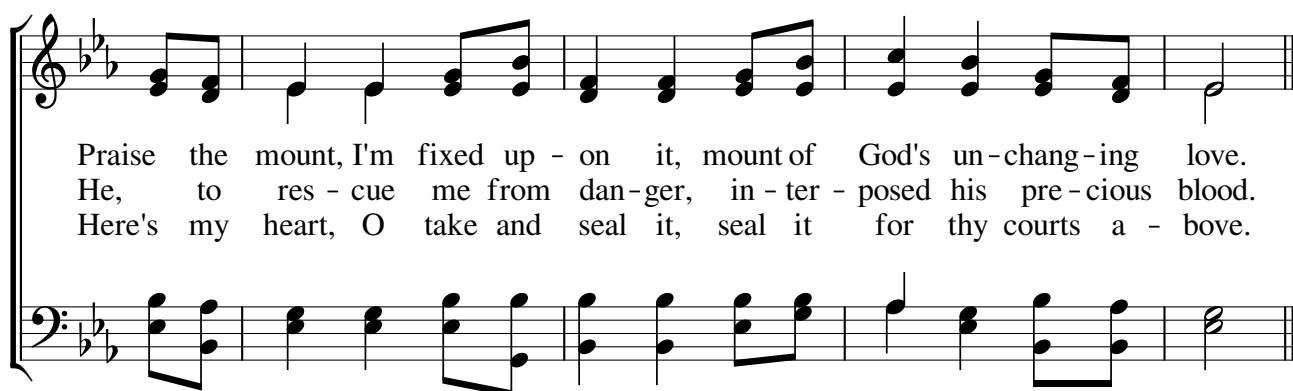
1 Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace.
 2 Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, hith-er by thy help I'm come,
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!



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-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 stran - ger, wan-d'ring 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.

Text : Robert Robinson, 1758, *A Collection of Hymns ...*, 1759Music : American folk melody, in John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music, Part Second*, 1813