

11 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

The blessing of the Lord brings wealth. 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