

# Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

CONSECRATION

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758. Music: 'Nettleton' Asahel Nettleton, 1812.

Setting: "The Evangelical Hymnal", 1921.

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♩ = 90

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Sorr'w - ing I shall be in spi - rit, Till re - leased from flesh and sin,  
 3. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'r - ing from the fold of God;  
 4. O to grace how great a debt - or Dail - y I'm con - strained to be!  
 5. 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.  
 Yet from what I do in - her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin;  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood;  
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'r - ing heart to Thee.  
 Cloth - èd then in blood washed lin - en How I'll sing Thy sover - eign grace;

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by fla - ming tongues a - bove.  
 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Here by Thy great help I've come;  
 How His kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can ne - ver tell,  
 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 u - pon it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
 And I hope, by Thy good plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
 Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me I can - not pro - claim it well.  
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.  
 Send thine an - gels now to car - ry Me to realms of end - less day.