

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

American folk tune Nettleton from Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music

Text by Robert Robinson

music by Joel Richard Jude Jicha

♩ = 50-65 (♩ = 110-130)

**(alternate setting pg.2)*

(1.) Come, thou Fount of ev' - ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
*(2.) Here I pause a - long my jour - ney; by thy help thus - far I've come;
(3.) O to grace how great a debt - tor dai - ly I am called to be!

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.
and I hope, by thy great mer - cy, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
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 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 thy re - deem - ing love.
came to res - cue me from dan - ger, gave his bo - dy, shed his blood.
here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

$\text{♩} = 30-45$ ($\text{♩} = 60-90$)

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(2.) Here I pause a - long my jour - ney; by thy help thus - far I've come;

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and I hope, by thy great mer - cy, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.

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Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God;

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came to res - cue me from dan - ger, gave his bo - dy, shed his blood.