

GRACE AND PROVIDENCE

3 Come, Thou Fount

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
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 hope, by Thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wand'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.
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.

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758

Music: American folk melody, 1813; setting from The Evangelical Hymnal, 1921

NETTLETON LISTEN & PRACTICE

8.7.8.7 D



HYMN TRAINER

