

# Come, thou fount of every blessing

Hymnal 1982 no. 686, Melody: Nettleton

R. Robinson  
(1735-1790)

Anon. 1813



1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my  
2. Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er,  
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly



heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, call for  
by thy help, I've come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly  
I'm con - strained to be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my



songs of loud - est praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
wan - d'ring heart to thee: prone to wan - der, Lord, I



son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
stran - ger wan - d'ring from the fold of God; he, to  
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my



mount! Oh, fix me on it, mount of God's un - chang - ing love.  
res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.  
heart, oh, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.