

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

American Folk Tune

Nettleton  
87.87.D

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the treble clef starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The bass line consists of chords: G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, and G2-B2-E2. A measure rest is indicated by a vertical line with a diagonal slash. The system ends with a measure containing a quarter note G4 and a measure with a fermata over a quarter note G4. A measure number '5' is placed above the first measure of the second system.

The second system of musical notation continues from the first. The treble clef melody continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5. The bass line continues with chords: G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, and G2-B2-E2. A measure rest is indicated by a vertical line with a diagonal slash. The system ends with a measure containing a quarter note G4 and a measure with a fermata over a quarter note G4. A measure number '10' is placed above the first measure of the third system.

The third system of musical notation continues from the second. The treble clef melody continues with quarter notes A5, B5, and C6. The bass line continues with chords: G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, G2-B2-E2, and G2-B2-E2. A measure rest is indicated by a vertical line with a diagonal slash. The system ends with a measure containing a quarter note G4 and a measure with a fermata over a quarter note G4. A measure number '15' is placed above the first measure of the fourth system.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above.  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come,  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

Robert Robinson