

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

C G7 C F C G7

1. Come thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by thy help I'm
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or, Dai - ly I'm con - strained to

4 C G7 C F C G7 C G7

grace; Streams of mer - cy ne - ver ceas - ing, Call for song of loud - est praise. Teach me
 come; And I hope, by thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus
 be! Let thy good - ness like a fet - ter Bind my wan - dering heart to thee. Prone to

9 C Em F C G7 C Em F C

some mel - o - dious son - net Sung by ___ flam - ing tongues a - bove; Praise the
 sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - dering from the fold of God; He to
 wan - der, Lord, I feel ___ it, Prone to ___ leave the God I love; Here's my

13 G7 F C G7 C F C

mount - I'm fixed u - pon it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
 res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove. A - men.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1735-1790.

Tune: John Wyeth, 1770-1858.