

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

John Wyeth, *Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813

D A7 D A D G D A7 D



1. Come thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - 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;
4. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see thy love - ly face;

A7 D A D G D A7 D



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 that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to thee.
Cloth - ed then in blood-washed lin - en how I'll sing Thy sov - 'reign grace.

A7 D G D A7 D G D



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love:
Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, take my ran - somed soul a - way;

A7 D A D G D A7 D



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang - 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.
Send thine an - gels now to car - ry me to end - less realms of day.



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