

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

D
A⁷
D
A
D
G
D
A⁷

1 Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy
 2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er by thy help I've
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to

D
A⁷
D
A
D

grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for
 come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly
 be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my

G
D
A⁷
D
A⁷
D
G

songs of lou - dest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious
 to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a
 wan - dering heart to thee: prone to wan - der, Lord, I

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt.
 Tune: J. Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*,
 Part II, 1813



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 NETTLETON
www.hymnary.org/text/come_thou_fount_of_every_blessing

D A7 D G D A7

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

D A D G D A7 D

mount— I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's re - deem - ing love.
 res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with his pre - cious blood.
 heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.