

Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

words: Robert Robinson

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tune: *Nettleton*

D A D D/F# G D/F# D/A A

1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bles - sing, tune my heart to sing thy
 2. Here I find me grea - test 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 A D A D D/F# G D/F# D/A A

grace! Streams of mer - cy ne - ver cea - sing, call for songs of lou - dest
 come, and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at
 be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to

D D/F# G D F#m G D/F# G D A Bm F#m G A

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by fla - ming tongues a -
 home. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger wan - d'ring from the fold of
 thee: prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I

Bm A D A D D/F# G D/F# D/A A D

bove. Praise the mount! Oh, fix me on it, mount of God's un - chan - ging love.
 God. He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 love; here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.