

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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D A7 D A D G D D/A A7 D

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tunemy heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith-er by Thy help I've come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

D A7 D A D G D D/A A7 D

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

D D F#min G D D D F#min G D D

Teach me some mel - o - 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;

D A7 D A D G D D/A A7 D

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-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.