

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

D A D A D G D D A 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;

D A D A D G D D A 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.

D Em D F#m G D G D D Em D F#m G D D

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
Prone to wan - der - Lord, I feel it - prone to leave the God I love:

D A D A D G D D A D

praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - changing 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.