


Come, Thou Fount Of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

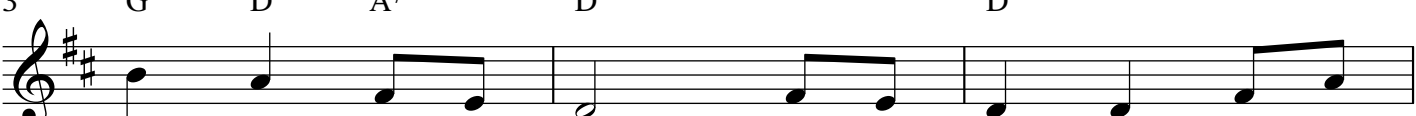
John Wyeth

D A D




Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my
Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer, Hith - er
O to grace how great a debt - or Da - ly

3 G D A⁷ D D




heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good
I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness like a

6 A D G D A⁷ D




ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me___
plea - sure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus___
fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee. Prone to___

9 G D G




some me - lo - dious son - net, Sunt by___ flam - ing tongues a -
sought me when a strang - er, Wan d'ring from the fold of
wan - der, Lord, I feel___ it, Prone to___ leave the God I

12 D A⁷ D A D



bove; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of
God; He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter -
love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it

15 G D A⁷ D



Thy re - deem - ing love.
posed His pre - cious blood.
for Thy courts a - bove.