

11 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. Proverbs 10:22

D A⁷ D D F[♯] A D D F[♯] G D D/A A⁷ D

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Hith-er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!

D A⁷ D D F[♯] A D D F[♯] G D D/A A⁷ D

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe-ly home by Thy good grace.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:

D F[♯] Em D F[♯]m G D G/D D D F[♯] Em D F[♯]m G D

Teach me some me-lo-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 D F[♯] A D D F[♯] G D D/A A⁷ D

Praise His name- I'm fixed up-on it- Name of God's re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, Bo't me with His pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson
 MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813
 Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Carl Seal

NETTLETON
8.7.8.7.D