

Come Thou Fount

Auteur : Robert Robinson

{c: Verse 1}
[G]Come Thou Fount of every [D]blessing,
Tune my [C]heart to [D]sing Thy [G]grace;
[G]Streams of [Em]mercy, never [D]ceasing,
Call for [C]songs of [D]loudest [G]praise.
[G]Teach me [Em]some melodious [C]sonnet,
[G]Sung by f[Em]laming tongues [C]above;
Praise the [G]mount! I'm fixed [D]upon it,
[D]Mount of [C]Thy re[D]deeming [G]love.

{c: Verse 2}
[G]Here I raise my 'Ebenez[D]er';
Hither b[C]y Thy hel[D]p I'm come;[G]
[G]And I hope,[Em] by Thy good[D] pleasure,
[D]Safely to[C] arrive at[D] home. [G]
[G]Jesus sou[Em]ght me when a s[C]tranger,
[G]Wandering[Em] from the fold[C] of God;
He, to resc[G]ue me from danger,[D]
[D]Interpose[C]d His[D] precious[G] blood.

{c: Verse 3}
Oh, to[G] grace how great a[D] debtor,
Daily[C] I'm cons[D]trained to [G]be!
[G]Let Thy [Em]goodness, like a[D] fetter,
Bind my[C] wand'ring [D]heart to [G]Thee.
[G]Prone to[Em] wander, Lord, I[C] feel it,
[G]Prone to[Em] leave the God I l[C]ove;
Here's my [G]heart, Oh, take an[D]d seal it,
[D]Seal it f[C]or Thy c[D]ourts a[G]bove.

{c: Outro}
Here's my h[G]eart, Oh, take an[D]d seal it,
[D]Seal it f[C]or Thy c[D]ourts ab[G]ove.