

## Come Thou Fount Of Every Blessing (Blue Hymnal #98)

Words: Robert Robinson

Music: Traditional American melody

[ CAPO 2 ]

[ CHORDS ]

C	G	Am
0==0=0	==00==	00===0
0		0
0	0	00
0	0     00	

[ INTRO ]

| C | G | Am G | C |

[ VERSE 1 ]

Come,	Thou	Fount	of	ev'ry	bless-ing,	Tune	my	heart	to	sing	thy	grace;
Streams	of	mer-cy,	nev-er	ceas-ing,	call	for	songs	of	loud-est	praise:		
Teach	me	some	me-lo-dious	son-net,	Sung	by	flam-ing	tongues	a-bove;			
Praise	the	mount!	I'm	fixed	up-on	it,	Mount	of	Thy	re-deem-ing	love.	

[ VERSE 2 ]

Here I raise mine Eb-e-ne-zer; Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home:  
Je-sus sought me when a strang-er, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;  
He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.

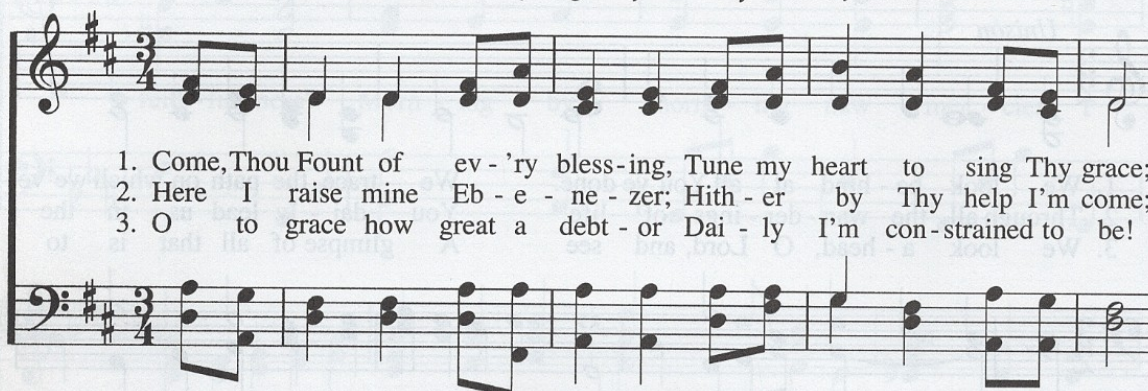
[ VERSE 3 ]

O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!  
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-d'ring heart to Thee:  
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

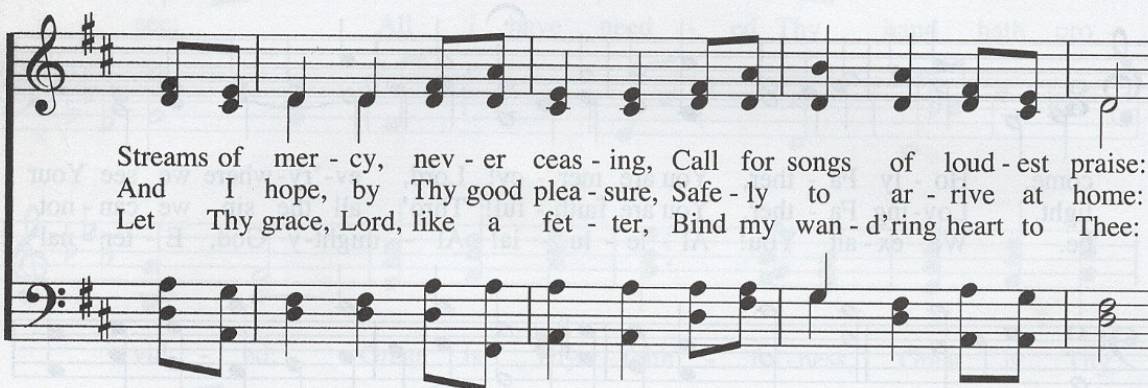
HIS FAITHFULNESS, GRACE, LOVE, MERCY

# 98 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

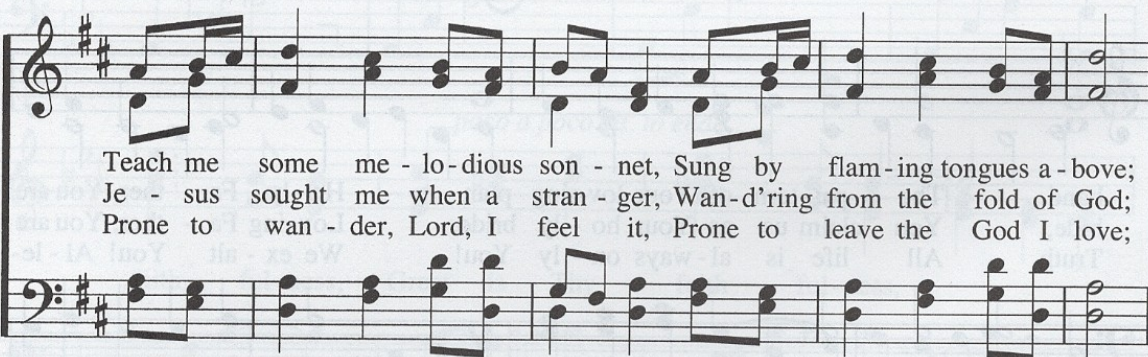
*We have all received grace after grace from His fullness. John 1:16*



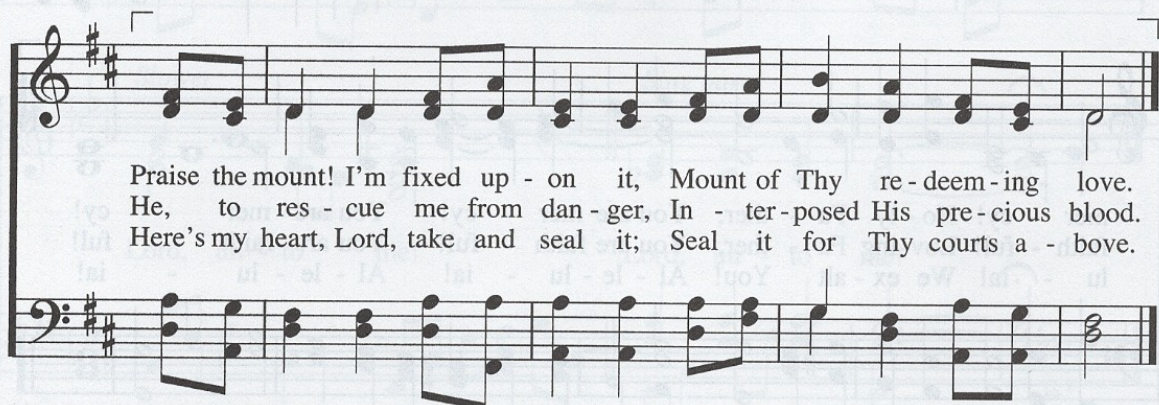
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
2. Here I raise mine Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



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 Thy grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee:



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;



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, Lord, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

WORDS: Robert Robinson