

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson

Asahel Nettleton

Eb
Bb7
Eb
Bb
Eb

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my
 2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; Hith - er
 3. Sor - rowing I shall be in spir - it, Till re -
 4. O that day when freed from sinn - ing, I shall
 5. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly

Ab
Eb
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb
Eb
Bb7
Eb

heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er
 by Thy help I've come; And I hope, by Thy good
 leased from flesh and sin, Yet from what I do in -
 see Thy love - ly face; Cloth - ed then in blood washed
 I'm con - strained to be! Let Thy good - ness, like a

Bb
Eb
Ab
Eb
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb
Eb

ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise. Teach me
 pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus
 her - it, Here Thy prais - es I'll be - gin; How His
 lin - en How I'll sing Thy sov' - reign grace; Come, my
 fet - ter, Bind my wand - 'ring heart to Thee. Prone to

Eb
Gmin
Ab
Eb
Eb
Eb
Gmin
Ab
Eb

some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a -
 sought me when a stran - ger, Wandring from the fold of
 kind - ness yet pur - sues me Mor - tal tongue can nev - er
 Lord, no long - er tar - ry, Take my ran - somed soul a -
 wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I

Eb
Eb
Bb7
Eb
Bb

bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it,
 God; He, to res - cue me from dang - er,
 tell, Clothed in flesh, till death shall loose me
 way; Send Thine an - gels now to car - ry
 love; Here's my heart, O take and seal it,

Eb
Ab
Eb
Eb/Bb
Bb7
Eb

Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 In - ter - posed His prec - ious blood;
 I can - not His pro - claim it well.
 Me to realms of end - less day.
 Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.