

702 - Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

ROBERT ROBINSON

(NETTLETON)

TRADITIONAL AMERICAN MELODY
John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*
Arranged by Dennis Allen

Key: C major (w/ opt. modulation to D major) - 3/4

INTRO **C2(no3) | F2(no3) | C2(no3) | F2(no3)**

VERSE 1

	C2(no3)	G
Come, Thou	Fount of every	blessing,
	F2	C2(no3)
Tune my	heart to sing Thy	grace;
F/C	C2(no3)	G
Streams of	mercy, never	ceasing,
	F2	C2(no3)
Call for	songs of loudest	praise:
G	Am7	F2(no3)
Teach me	some melodious	sonnet,
	Am7	Dm7(4)
Sung by	flaming tongues a-	bove;
	C2(no3)	G
Praise the	mount! I'm fixed up-	on it,
	F2	C2(no3)
Mount of	Thy redeeming	love.

TURN-
AROUND

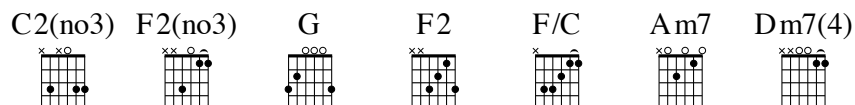
F2(no3) | C2(no3) | F2(no3)

VERSE 2

Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.

VERSE 3

O to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fetter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, 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 above.



OPT. **F2(no3) | D2(no3) | G2(no3)**
 MOD.

VERSE 4 **D2(no3) A**
 O to | grace how great a | debtor
G2 D2(no3)

Daily | I'm constrained to | be!

G/D D2(no3) A

Let Thy | grace, Lord, like a | fetter,

G2 D2(no3)

Bind my | wand'ring heart to | Thee:

TAG **A Bm7 G2(no3)**

Prone to | wander, Lord, I | feel it,

Bm7 Em7(4)

Prone to | leave the God I | love;

D2(no3) A

Here's my | heart, Lord, take and | seal it;

G2 D2(no3)

Seal it | for Thy courts a- | bove.

ENDING **G2(no3) | D2(no3) | G2(no3) | D2(no3)**



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INTRO

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Teach me | some melodious | sonnet,

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TURN-
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VERSE 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hither by Thy help I'm come;
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OPT.
MOD.

| |

VERSE 4 O to | grace how great a | debtor

Daily | I'm constrained to | be!

Let Thy | grace, Lord, like a | fetter,

Bind my | wand'ring heart to | Thee:

TAG Prone to | wander, 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.

ENDING

| | |