

# 68 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

D A7 D A D G D  $\frac{D}{A}$  A7 D

1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
 2 Here I raise to thee an al-tar, hith-er by thy help I've come;  
 3 O to grace how great a debt-or dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!

D A7 D A D G D  $\frac{D}{A}$  A7 D

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 good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee;

$\frac{D}{F\#}$   $\frac{A7}{E}$  D F#m G D  $\frac{G}{D}$  D  $\frac{D}{F\#}$   $\frac{A7}{E}$  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 stran-ger, wan-dering from the fold of God;  
 prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

D A7 D A D G D  $\frac{D}{A}$  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, bought me with his pre-cious blood.  
 here's my heart, O, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a-bove.