



Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Words: Robert Johnson, 1735-1790

Music: Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813

As Performed by Norton Hall Band

♩ = 82

D Em⁷ G Bm⁷ A/C# G

Elec. Guitar

D Em⁷

Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 (2)Hither - to Thy love has blessed me, Thou has brought me to this place;
 (3)O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!
 (4)Oh that day when freed from sin - ning I shall see Thy love - ly face;

Bm A(sus4) G

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise;
 and I know Thy hand will bring me safe - ly home by Thy good grace;
 Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee;
 Full ar - rayed in blood - washed lin - en, How I'll sing Thy sovereign grace;

D Bm⁷ G

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
 Come, my Lord, no lon - ger ta - rry, bring Thy pro - mi - ses to pass;

D A G

Praise the name! I'm fixed up - on it, name of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dang - er, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.
 For I know Thy pow'r will keep me till I'm home with Thee at last.

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D Em⁷ G Bm⁷ A/C# G

Elec. Guitar