

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Robert Robinson, 1758
Bob Kauflin, alt. lyrics vs. 4

Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*
Part Second, 1813

D A7 D A D D/F# G D D/A A7

1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy
2. Hith - er - to thy love has blessed me, thou hast brought me to this
3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to
4. O that day when freed from sin - ning, I shall see thy love - ly

D A7 D A D D/F# G D D/A A

grace; streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est
place, and I know thy hand will bring me safe - ly home by thy good
be; let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring heart to
face, full ar - rayed in blood - washed li - nen, how I'll sing thy sov - ereign

D D/F# Em D F#m G D G/D D D/F# Em D F#m G D

praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a -
grace. Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of
thee. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I
grace. Come, my Lord, no long - er tar - ry, bring thy prom - is - es to

A7 D A D D/F# G D D/A A7 D

bove; praise the Name! I'm fixed up - on it, Name of thy re - deem - ing love.
God: he, to res - cue me from dan - ger, in - ter - posed his pre - cious blood.
love: here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.
pass, for I know thy pow'r will keep me till I'm home with thee at last.