

# Come thou Fount of Every Blessing

Acoustic Old Hymn

[Composer]

D<sup>2</sup> A sus4 G A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup>

5 B m7 A/C# D/F# G A D<sup>2</sup>

9 B m7 A/C# D/F# D<sup>2</sup>

13 D<sup>2</sup> A sus4 D/F# G A<sup>2</sup> D<sup>2</sup>

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise  
Teach me some mel-odious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues above  
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of Thy redeeming love

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

Oh to grace how great a debtor, Daily I'm constrained to be  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee  
Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love  
Here's my heart, Oh take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts above