

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson & Martin Maden

C G7 F G7 C
Come, thou Fount of every blessing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;

G7 F G7 C
Streams of mercy, never ceasing, call for songs of loudest praise.

F C F C
Teach me some melodious sonnet, sung by flaming tongues above.

G7 F G7 C
Praise the mount I'm fixed upon it, mount of God's redeeming love.

C G7 F G7 C
Here I find my greatest treasure; hither by thy help I've come;

G7 F G7 C
And I hope, by thy good pleasure, safely to arrive at home.

F C F C
Jesus sought me when a stranger, wandering from the fold of God;

G7 F G7 C
He, to rescue me from danger, bought me with his precious blood.

C G7 F G7 C
Oh, to grace how great a debtor, daily I'm constrained to be!

G7 F G7 C
Let thy goodness, like a fetter, bind my wandering heart to thee:

F C F C
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

G7 F G7 C
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts above.