

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1758 (1735-1790)

John Wyeth, 1813 (1770-1858)

NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

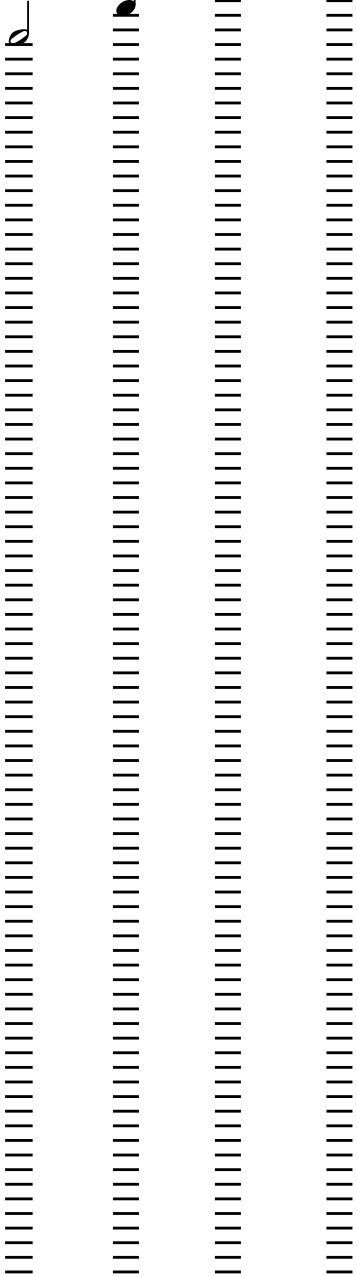
G C Am G C F C G⁷

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy,
2. Here I raise my Eben - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I've come, And I hope by
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness,

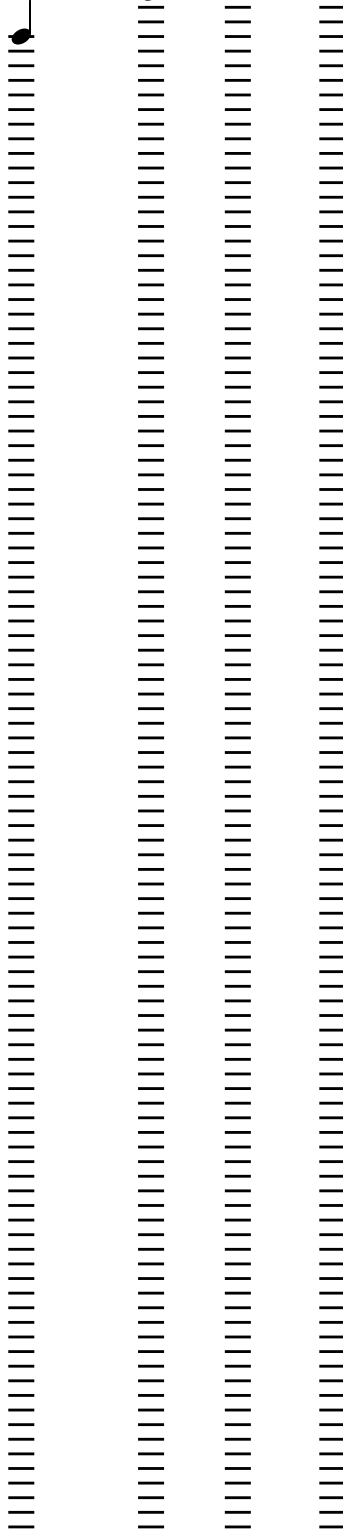
C G C Am G C F C G⁷

never ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me ev - er to a - dore Thee, May I
Thy good pleasure Safely to ar-rive at home. Jesus sought me when a strang-er, Wandering
like a fet-ter, Bind me clos-er still to Thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to

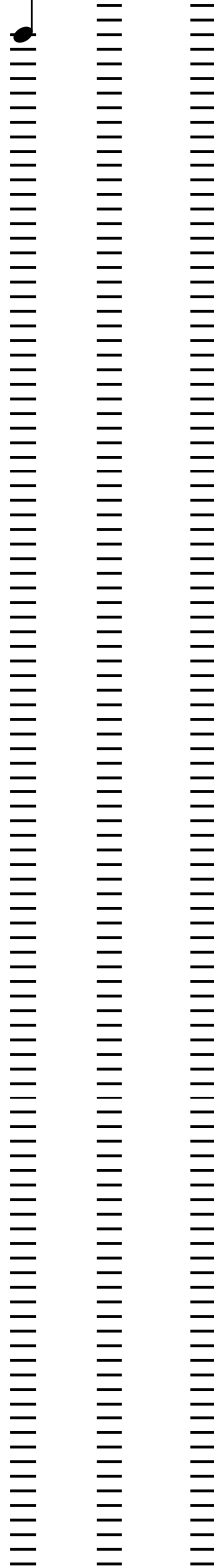
C



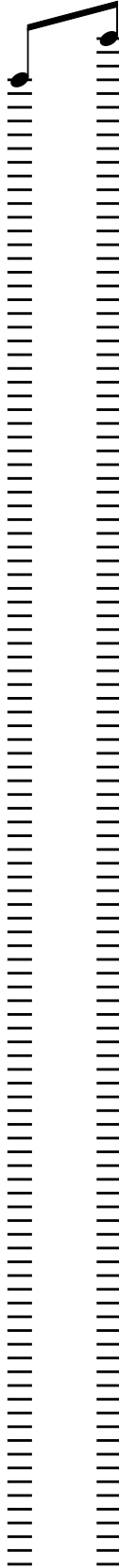
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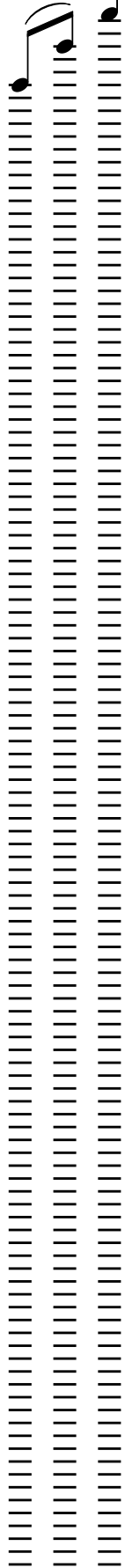
Em



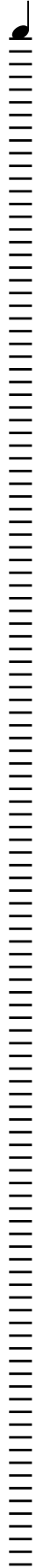
Am



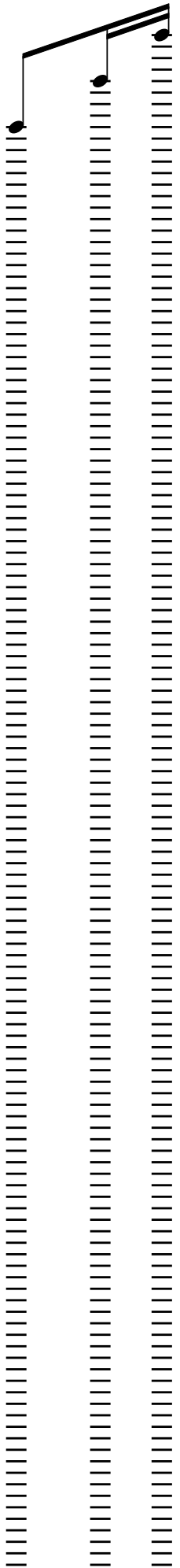
F



C



G



Am Em F C G C Am⁷ G C F C G⁷ C