

PRAISE THE LORD

# 11 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

*The blessing of the Lord brings wealth. Proverbs 10:22*

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

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 2. Hith - er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;  
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

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

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:  
*Grace, Lord,*

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

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;  
 Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, Wan - d'ring from the fold of God;  
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;

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

Praise His name - I'm fixed up - on it - Name of God's re - deem - ing love.  
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Bo't me with His pre - cious blood.  
 Here's my heart, *Lord,* take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson; adapted by Margaret Clarkson  
 MUSIC: Traditional American melody; John Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, 1813  
 Last stanza setting and Choral ending by Carl Seal

NETTLETON  
 8.7.8.7.D