

# 429 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

arr. Scott M. Finch 2026

D(add2) A G A D



1.Come Thou Fount of ev'-ry bles-sing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of  
2.Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer, hith-er by Thy help I've come; and I  
3.O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be; let that

5 Bm A G A D Bm



mer - cy nev - er ceas-ing, call for songs of loud-est praise. Teach me\_ some mel - od ious  
hope, by Thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home. Je - sus\_sought me when a  
grace now, like a fet - ter; bind my wan-'dring heart to Thee. Prone to\_\_ wan - der, Lord, I

10 G Bm G



son - net, sung by\_\_ flam - ming tongues a - bove; praise the  
strang - er; wand' - ring\_\_ from the throne of God: He to  
feel\_\_ it, prone to\_\_ leave the God I love: here's my

13 D(add2) A G A D



mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un - chang-ing love.  
res - cue me from dang - er in - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it, seal it for Thy courts a - bove.