Come Thou Fount

Trad. Arr. by Matt Bollinger

D D/C#
Come, thou fount of every blessing,
G
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
D D/C#
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
G
Call for songs of loudest praise.
A G
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
A G
Sung by flaming tongues above;
A G
Praise the mount! Oh, fix me on it
A G
Mount of God's unchanging love

Here I find my greatest treasure;
Hither, by thy help, I've 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.

O 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, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

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