

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

HOLY SPIRIT:
THE COMFORTER

The blessing of the Lord brings wealth. Pr 10:22

A7 D Em G A7 D

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

A7 B m7 Em7 G Maj 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:

A7 D A/C# B m G D

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

A7 D B m7 Em7 G Maj 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, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

TEXT: Robert Robinson
MUSIC: John Wyeth's Repository of Sacred Music, 1813

NETTLETON
Дух Святой, Дух благодати