

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 475



1 Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing; tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2 Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;  
3 O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud-est praise.  
and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.



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



praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, mount of God's un-chang-ing love!  
he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter-posed his pre-cious blood.  
here's my heart; O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

