Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing
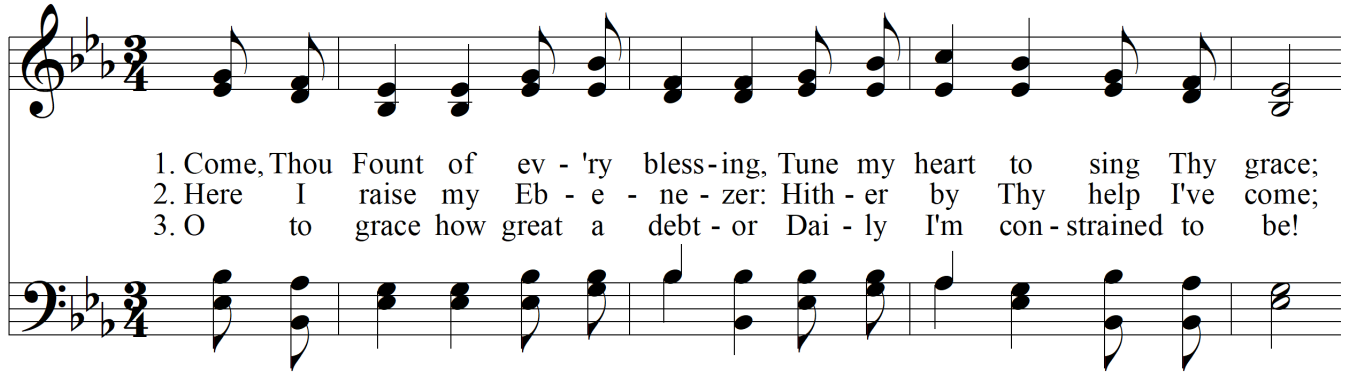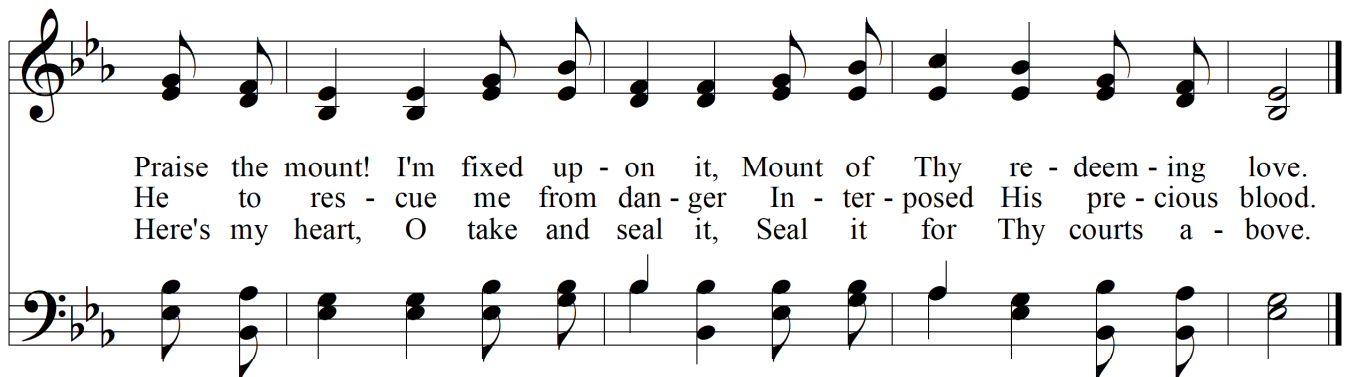
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - e - ne - zer: Hith - er by Thy help I've come;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
And I hope by Thy good pleas - ure Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let Thy good - ness like a fet - ter Bind my wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

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;
Proned 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 Thy re - deem - 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.

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