

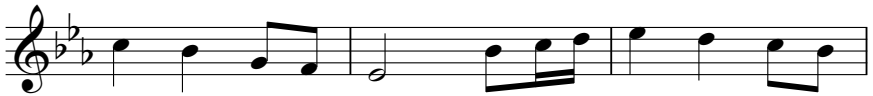
# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1. Comethou Fount of ev-ery bles-sing, tune my heart to sing thy  
2. Here I raise mine E-be-ne-zer; hi-ther by thy help I'm  
3. O to grace how great a deb-tor dai-ly I'm constrained to



grace; streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, call for  
come; and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly  
be! Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my



songs of lou-dest praise. Teach me\_ some me-lo dious  
to ar-rive at home. Je-sus\_ sought me when a  
wan-dering heart to thee. Prone to\_ wan-der, Lord, I



son-net, sung by\_ fla-ming tongues a-bove. Praise the  
stran-ger, wan-dering from the fold of God; he, to  
feel\_ it, prone to\_ leave the God I love; here's my



mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of thy re-deem-ing love.  
re-scue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre-cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it, hang it for thy courts a-bove.