

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my  
 2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hi-ther  
 3. O to grace how great a deb-tor Dai-ly

heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver  
 by Thy help I'm come; And I hope, by Thy good  
 I'm con-strained to be! Let Thy grace, Lord, like a

ceas-ing, Call for songs of lou-dest praise: Teach me—  
 plea-sure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home: Je-sus—  
 fet-ter, Bind my wand'-ring heart to Thee: Prone to—

some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by—fla-ming tongues a-bove;  
 sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to—leave the God I love;

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-  
 He, to re-scue me from  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and

on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.  
 dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.  
 seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.