Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Comethou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace; streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, call for songs of lou-dest praise. Teach me some me-lo dious son-net, sung by fla-ming tongues a-bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of thy re-deem-ing love.

2. Here I raise mine E-be-ne-zer; hi-ther by thy help I'm come; and I hope, by thy good plea-sure, safe-ly be! Let thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my heart, to ar-rive at home. Je-sus sought me when a wan dering heart to thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my stran-ger, wan-dering from the fold of God; he, to re-scue me from dan-ger, in-ter-posed his pre ei-ous blood. heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a-bove.

3. O to grace how great a deb-tor dai-ly I'm con-strained to grace; streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, call for songs of lou-dest praise. Teach me some me-lo dious son-net, sung by fla-ming tongues a-bove. Praise the mount! I'm fixed up-on it, mount of thy re-deem-ing love.