Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

1. Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise:
   Some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues above;
   Praise the mount!

2. Here I raise mine Ebenezer; Hi-ther by Thy help I'm come;
   And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home:
   Sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
   He, to re-scue me from dan-ger.

3. O to grace how great a debtor Dai-ly I'm con-strained to be!
   Let Thy grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand-ring heart to Thee:
   Wan-der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
   Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

   Teach me_prone to___
   Jesus_prone to___
   Prone to_prone to___
   God I love;God above;God love;God above;

   He, to re-scue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
   Praise the mount! I'm fixed up -
   He, to re-scue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
   Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.