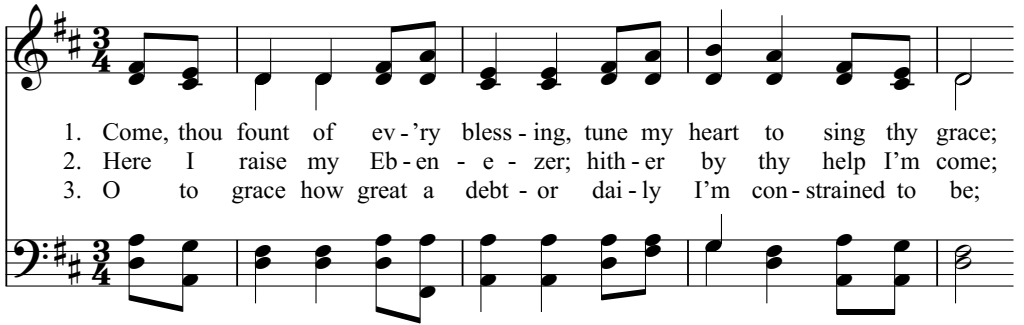


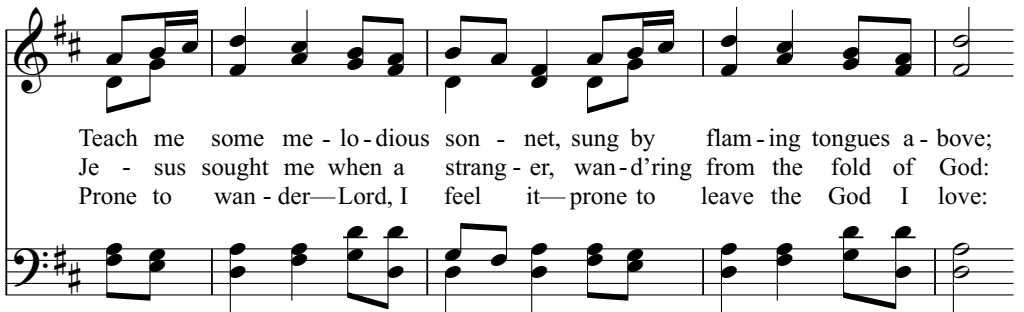
# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



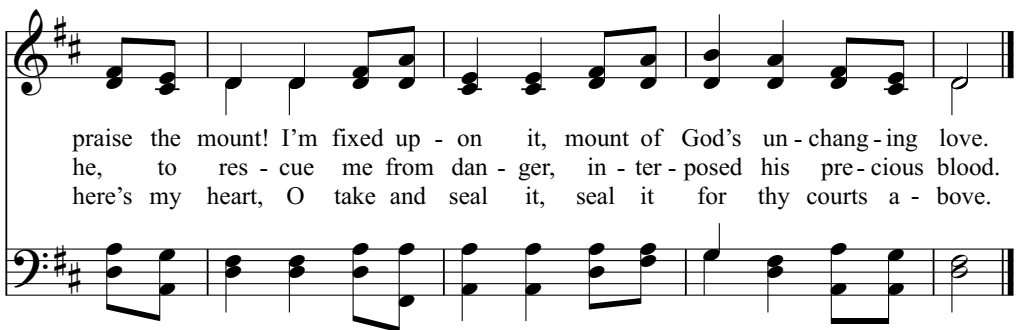
1. Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer; hith-er by thy help I'm come;  
3. O to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;



streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
let that grace now, 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 strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:  
Prone 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 God's un - chang - 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.