

# Come, Thou fount of every blessing

"(...) Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." 1 Samuel 7:12

Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; hith-er by Thy help I'm come;  
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, Lord, 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 Thy re - deem - 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.