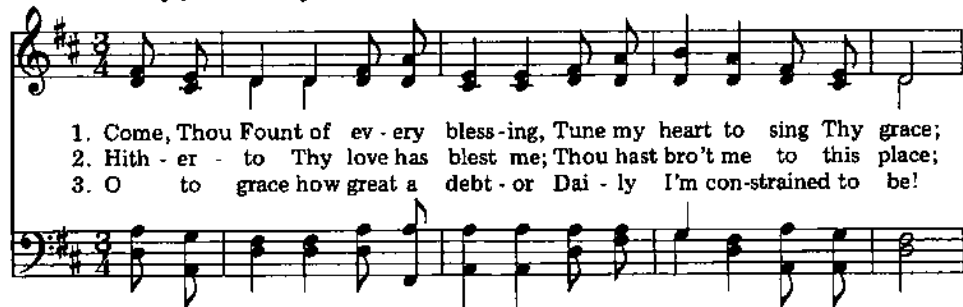
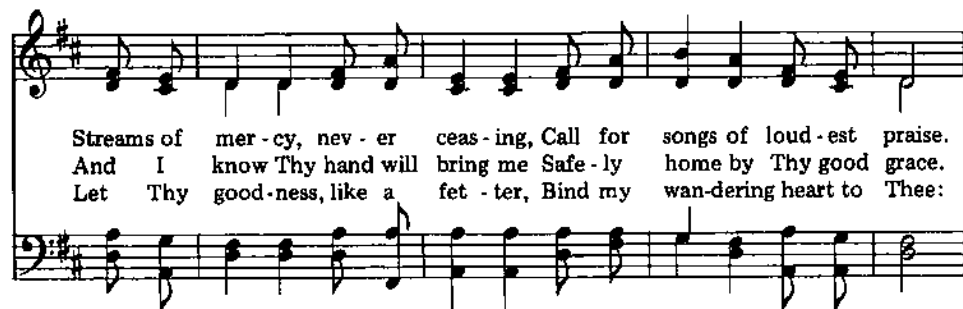


2 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

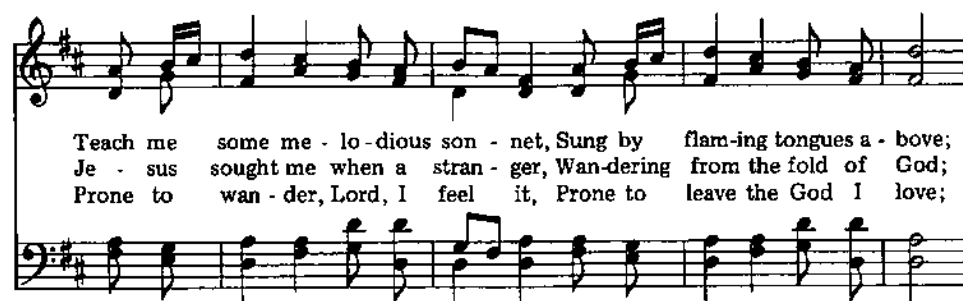
The blessing of the Lord brings wealth. Prov. 10:22



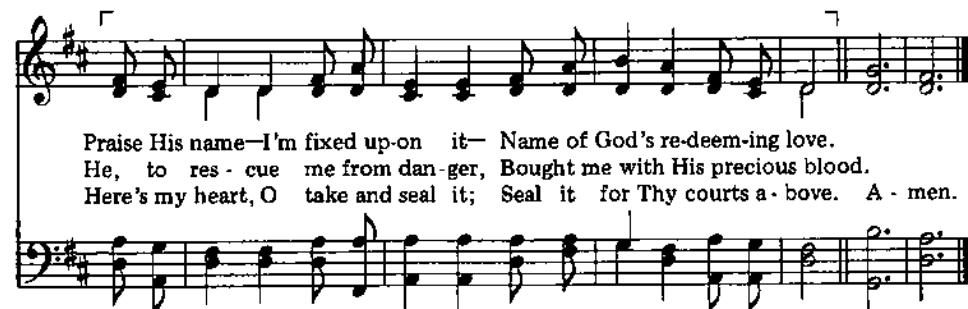
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Hith - er - to Thy love has blest me; Thou hast bro't me to this place;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I know Thy hand will bring me Safe - ly home by Thy good grace.
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to Thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan - dering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise His name—I'm fixed up-on it— Name of God's re - deem - ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Bought me with His precious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - men.