

201 Come, thou fount of every blessing

D A D G D A⁷ D

1 Come, thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2 Here I raise my Eb-en - e - zer^a; 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!

A D G D A⁷ D

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 thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.

G D G D

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

A D G D A⁷ D

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.

^a Rock of help, 1 Sam. 7:12

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758

Tune: John Wyeth, *Repository of Sacred Music, Part II*, 1813