

## HYMN

## Come, thou fount of every blessing

D A D G D A<sup>7</sup> 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;<sup>a</sup> 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 A<sup>7</sup> D

streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for songs of loud - est praise.  
 and I hope, by thy good pleas - ure, 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 stran - ger, 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 A<sup>7</sup> 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.

Text: Robert Robinson, 1758  
 Tune: Asahel Nettleton, 1825

8 7 8 7 D  
 NETTLETON

<sup>a</sup> Rock of Help