

## Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Public Domain. Words: Robert Robinson. Music: American folk tune.

                  D                  A  
1. Come Thou Fount of every blessing

                  G          A          D  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

                  D                  A  
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,

                  G          A          D  
Call for songs of loudest praise

                  D  A  G          D  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,

                  D  A  G          D  
Sung by flaming tongues above.

                  D                  A  
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,

                  G          A          D  
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace now like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.