

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing 45

Praise be to the Lord, to God our Savior, who daily bears our burdens. Ps. 68:19

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, hith - er by thy help I've come;
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 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:

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 pre - cious blood.
here's my heart, O, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

* 1 Samuel 7:12