

# 521 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

A7 D A D G 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; hith-er by thy help I've come;  
 3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!

A7 D A D G 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 that grace now like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee:

A7 D G D A7 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;

A7 D A D G A7 D

Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it—mount of God's un-chang-ing love.  
 he, to res - cue me from dan-ger, in - ter-posed his pre - cious blood.  
 here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.

\* "Then Samuel took a stone . . . called its name Ebenezer, saying, 'Thus far the Lord has helped us'" (1 Sam. 7:12)

Words: Robert Robinson, 1758, alt., P.D.

Music (NETTLETON 8.7.8.7 D): J. Wyeth's *Repository of Sacred Music*, Part II, 1813, P.D.