

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

457

Samuel ... named it Ebenezer, saying, "Thus far has the LORD helped us." 1 Sam. 7:12

♯ D A⁷ D A D G D A⁷ D

1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; 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;

A⁷ D 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 that grace now, like a fet - ter, bind my wan - d'ring 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 strang - er, wan - d'ring from the fold of God:
 Prone to wan - der—Lord, I feel it—prone to leave the God I love:

A⁷ D A D 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, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.