

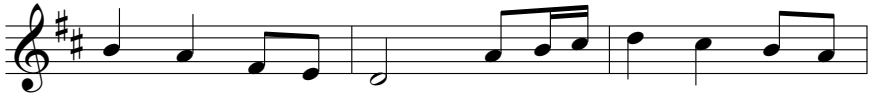
# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing



1 Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, tune my heart to sing thy  
2 Here I find my great - est trea - sure; hith - er by thy help I've  
3 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or dai - ly I'm con - strained to



grace; streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, call for  
come; and I hope, by thy good plea - sure, safe - ly  
be! Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, bind my



songs of lou - dest praise. Teach me some me - lo - dious  
to ar - rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a  
wan - dering heart to thee: prone to wan - der, Lord, I



son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove. Praise the  
strang - er, wan - dering from the fold of God; he, to  
feel it, prone to leave the God I love; here's my



mount—I'm fixed up - on it mount of God's re - deem - ing love.  
res - cue me from dan - ger, bought me with his pre - cious blood.  
heart, O take and seal it; seal it for thy courts a - bove.