

# Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

*By the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain;...*

*I laboured... yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. 1 Cor. 15:10 Hitherto hath the LORD helped us. 1 Sam. 7:12*

1. Come, Thou Fount of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer: Here by Thy great help I've come;  
3. Oh, 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 pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.  
Let that grace now, like a fet - ter, Bind my yield - ed 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 - d'ring from the fold of God;  
Let me know Thee in Thy full - ness; Guide me by Thy might - y hand,

Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.  
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.  
Till, trans - formed, in Thine own im - age In Thy pres - ence I shall stand.