

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

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

D A7 D D/F# A D D/F# G D D/A 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 D/F# A D D/F# G D D/A A7 D

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 wan - d'ring heart to Thee.

D/F# Em D F#m G D G/D D D/F# Em D F#m 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 - d'ring from the fold of God:
 Prone to wan - der— Lord, I feel it— prone to leave the God I love:

A7 D D/F# A D D/F# G D D/A 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.