201   Come, thou fount of every blessing

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;[a] 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!

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 thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, bind my wan-dering heart to thee.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a strang - er, wan-dering from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it, prone to leave the God I love;

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.
here's my heart, O take and seal it, seal it for thy courts a - bove.

a Rock of help, 1 Sam. 7:12